

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.

William Rockefeller, oil magnate and brother of John D. Rockefeller, died in Tarrytown, N. Y., Saturday from pneumonia shortly before 7 o'clock.

Plans for the erection of a \$9,000,000 hotel in downtown Washington as a part of the famous system of Ritz Carlton hotels were announced Sunday by the Ritz Carlton Holding corporation.

President Harding and members of his cabinet were said Saturday at the White House to be in entire agreement with the proposal to allow heads of departments to speak to congress on occasions when their presence is desired or when they have arguments to make.

The interstate commerce commission in a notice Saturday declared that it would probably take some time in October in its general railroad consolidation hearing the matter of the Southern Pacific and Central Pacific railroad merger.

Japan has sealed her pledge to promote world peace, taken at the limitation of armament conference at Washington, by declaring her final decision to withdraw her troops from Siberia and announcing to the world a policy of non-aggression.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, novelist, lecturer and advocate of spiritualism, who has been in this country four months lecturing on spiritualism and psychic problems, sailed Saturday for home on the White Star steamer Adriatic, bound for Liverpool.

Ignoring local prohibition officials, the Hotel association of New York at its quarterly meeting made a direct appeal to President Harding, Secretary of the Treasury Mellon and Prohibition Commissioner Haynes to stop the brazen sale of liquor in restaurants and other places here.

The house late Tuesday adopted the conference report on the 1922 naval bill, accepting senate increases which put the total appropriation around \$289,000,000. Some minor amendments were adopted and the report went back to the senate for final action before being sent to the president.

Nine men were blown to atoms, two suffered serious injuries and seven others received minor hurts shortly after noon Tuesday near Strawberry plains, east of Knoxville, Tenn., when 24 cases of dynamite exploded at the Holston Quarry company's plant. All were employees of the quarry.

Death Tuesday claimed the last survivor of that band of Wisconsin men who, at Ripon in 1854, founded the republican party. The last survivor was Edwin U. Judd, who died in Anacortes, Wash., just a month less than 96 years of age. He was one of the most interesting careers on theacific coast.

Madam Sun Yat Sen, wife of the deposed president of south China, who arrived in Shanghai Monday from Canton, described in an interview with the Associated Press her husband's fight and her last stand in the presidential palace with a body guard of 50 soldiers against Chan Chung Ming's troops.

Asked by Lord Robert Cecil in the house of commons Monday afternoon whether he could state the government's attitude toward the admission of Germany to membership in the league of nations, Prime Minister Lloyd George replied that Great Britain would be willing to support a proposal for Germany's admission.

Special investigators have been detailed by Secretary of Agriculture Wallace to inquire into alleged exorbitant prices charged by commission men for handling livestock at Portland, Or., and a dozen other leading stock markets. It is complained that commission men are maintaining their wartime charges despite the slump in the prices for livestock.

Walter McCredie, for 20 years a landmark in organized baseball, was removed as manager of the Seattle baseball club Monday night upon his return from the south. Jack Adams, "Deacon John," as he is affectionately termed by his team mates, has been promoted from the ranks to succeed his ex-chief, and will wear the managerial toga hereafter.

STATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Seaside.—Bungalow pavilion, the dance hall here, has been purchased by five local business men for \$10,000.

St. Helens.—County Agent Hollibaugh has been making a tour of Columbia county gathering exhibits for the Columbia county booth at the state fair.

St. Helens.—The home of Dan Richardson here was burned Sunday afternoon, with a loss of about \$4000. There was \$1300 insurance on the building and contents.

Eugene.—As an indication that the county officials are in earnest in prosecuting the campaign against Canada thistle, the arrest of three brothers who own adjoining farms near Irving was made Saturday and each paid a fine of \$15.

Jone.—Bob Sperry was killed and Wayne Sperry and Oscar Bergstrom were injured in an automobile accident three miles from Jone, on the Oregon-Washington highway, at 8 o'clock Saturday night.

Salem.—The West Coast Pulp & Paper company, with headquarters in Salem and capital stock of \$10,000, filed articles Saturday in the state corporation department. The incorporators are H. S. Gile, W. T. Jenks and William H. Trindle.

Astoria.—A contract was closed Saturday by the Astoria Amusement Company with E. W. Houghton of Seattle for the erection of a fireproof moving picture theater at the corner of Twelfth and Commercial streets, the cost of which will be \$75,000.

Salem.—Twenty-two foreigners, all residing in Marion county, will appear before Judge Bingham in the circuit court here soon in quest of naturalization papers. Of the total applicants nine are new, while 19 others were continued for hearing from last March.

Stayton.—The paving of Stayton's business streets was completed Saturday, and the contractors and men have left. The appearance of the town has been greatly improved.

Tillamook.—A company of the National Guard will be formed in this city in a few days, as Adjutant-General White has notified those interested that he will detail an officer, who will be here three or four days in advance of the mustering officer to assist in getting the enlistments.

Salem.—Appeals were received at the state hospital here Sunday for patients to enter the berry fields during the next two weeks in an effort to save the crops. The recent warm weather has ripened the berries rapidly and unless more pickers are obtained a large part of the yield will be lost.

Harrisburg.—A dead carrier pigeon, evidently killed by flying into a telegraph wire, was picked up by a section crew here Wednesday. To all appearances the bird had not been dead over a day. Its feathers were stamped "J231" and the leg band bears the following letters and figures: "AJ 20 F 4231."

Brownsville.—Not for ten years has this city seen so much construction as is now going on, and prospects for a great season of prosperity are good. If the Natron cut-off road is completed and the main line comes through Brownsville, it will work wonders for this community, according to members of the chamber of commerce.

Hood River.—S. C. Lancaster has opened his Columbia Gorge camp at Bonneville to the public. A crew of men has been engaged the past two weeks improving the forested tract along the Columbia river highway. Electric lights have been installed and a spring higher up on the canyon side has been tapped to furnish water.

Salem.—Of the 15 constitutional amendments and measures, which it is proposed to refer to the voters of Oregon at the general election to be held November 7, only three have been completed through the filing of proper petitions with the secretary of state, July 6, under the law, is the last day on which completed petitions for the November election may be filed.

Bend.—In order to block the move of sheepmen of the Maupin and Antelope country to obtain a driveway through the Warm Springs Indian reservation to national forest range in the Cascades, Meredith Bailey, cattleman of Sisters, has purchased a ranch which includes the bridge which wool growers had built to enable their bands to cross the Metolius river at the south end of the proposed driveway. Reservation Indians and cattlemen alike are aroused over the attempt of sheep owners to cross what has for many years been cattle range. At present the only means of transporting 20,000 head of sheep to summer feeding grounds is by rail.

BIG STRIKE FAILS TO HALT TRAFFIC

Roads Operate Despite Shopmen's Walkout.

OFFICIALS CONFIDENT

Labor Leaders Say Strike Nearly 100 Per Cent. Effective; No Violence Is Reported.

Chicago.—With the country-wide strike of shopmen declared by union leaders to be practically 100 per cent perfect, the nation's great transportation machine continued its work without interruption Saturday.

Railway executives were unanimous in expressing their belief that the strike would have little effect on the operation of their roads and at the same time asserted that any move toward a settlement would have to come from the United States labor board or the employees.

R. M. Jewell, president of the railway department of the American Federation of Labor, who refused to appear at a federal inquiry into the strike call, reiterated that the only basis for a settlement was for the roads to agree not to put into effect wage decreases recently ordered for the shop men by the labor board.

Ben W. Hooper, chairman of the labor board, declared in a formal statement that the power of the government, coupled with public sentiment, will give every protection to every railway employee who remains on the job and to all new men who take the places of the strikers in the present walkout.

The walkout began in all sections of the country promptly at 10 A. M. Saturday and in many places took on the aspect of a holiday, the men singing and cheering as they threw down their tools. As reports came in to union headquarters during the day leaders asserted that the ranks of the strikers would number more than three-quarters of the 400,000 membership before nightfall. Later Mr. Jewell said that reports from 128 of the 201 class 1 roads showed practically a 100 per cent walkout.

The only display of force reported during the day was at Beardstown, Ill., where several hundred shopmen, after failing to persuade four companions to join them in the walkout, picked them up bodily and carried them out. "We sent them home," the leader was quoted as saying, "to avoid trouble." In Chicago, the hub of the walkout, where it is estimated 100,000 men are affected, no disturbances of any kind were reported and all of the roads claimed that both passengers and freight were being handled without interruption of any kind.

Baltimore Has Big Fire.

Baltimore, Md.—Lightning Sunday night struck the roof of one of the several great grain elevators at the Baltimore & Ohio railroad's terminals at Locust Point and in a few minutes the immense structure was in flames. The fire spread rapidly, soon enveloping elevators B and C and pier 5, all of which were wrecked. The elevators contained over 500,000 bushels of grain, which, with 60 carloads of export tobacco on the pier, was destroyed. The railroad company's loss is estimated at between \$3,200,000 and \$4,000,000. Several firemen were injured.

Sun Attack Rumored.

Canton.—A rumor that Dr. Sun Yat Sen, deposed president of the Canton government of China, intends to attack this city and drive out the forces of General Chen Chung-Ming, who ousted him from it, has caused many shops here to close and set about a hurried movement of valuable merchandise from the native section of the city to the Shameen, or foreign settlement.

With 2000 troops and six warships, Dr. Sun still is at Whampoa, on the river near here Monday. He refused to discuss the report that he planned to attack his former capital.

Lottery Law Violated.

Havana.—Alleged illegal collection of nearly \$10,000,000 a year from the Cuban people through violations of the national lottery law was ended Saturday by presidential decree. Pointing to the wide variance between present methods of conducting the lottery and those set forth in the laws of July 7, 1909, President Zayas ordered reforms intended to remove the lottery from the category of political spoils.



MARY MARIE

BY ELEANOR H. PORTER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY R.H. LIVINGSTONE.

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GETTING DIVORCED

SYNOPSIS.—In a preface Mary Marie explains her apparent "double personality" and just why she is a cross-current and a contradiction; she also tells her reasons for writing the diary—later to be a novel. The diary is commenced at Andersonville. Mary begins with Nurse Sarah's account of her (Mary's) birth, which, as usually interested her father, who is a famous astronomer, less than a new star which was discovered the same night. Her name is a compromise, her father insisting on Abigail Jane. The child quickly learned that her household seemed a strange one to those of her small friends, and was puzzled that Nurse Sarah tells her of her mother's arrival at Andersonville as a bride and how astonished they all were at the sight of the dainty eighteen-year-old girl when the sedate professor had chosen for a wife. Nurse Sarah makes it plain why the household seemed a strange one to the child and how her father and mother drifted apart through misunderstanding, each too proud to in any way attempt to smooth over the situation.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

"I didn't even think of asking Father, of course. I never ask him questions. Nurse says I did ask him once why he didn't love me like other papas loved their little girls. But I was very little then, and I don't remember it at all. But Nurse said Father didn't like it very well, and maybe I did remember that part, without really knowing it. Anyhow, I never think of asking Father questions."

"I asked the doctor first. I thought maybe 'twas some kind of a disease, and if he knew it was coming, he could give them some sort of a medicine to keep it away—like being vaccinated so's not to have smallpox, you know. And I told him so."

"He gave a funny little laugh, that somehow didn't sound like a laugh at all. Then he grew very, very sober, and said:

"'I'm sorry, little girl, but I'm afraid I haven't got any medicine that will prevent a divorce. If I did have, there'd be no eating or drinking or sleeping for me. I'm thinking—I'd be so busy answering my calls.'

"Then it is a disease!" I cried. And I can remember just how frightened I felt. "But isn't there any doctor anywhere that can stop it?"

"He shook his head and gave that queer little laugh again.

"I'm afraid not," he sighed. "As for it's being a disease—there are people that call it a disease, and there are others who call it a cure; and there are still others who say it's a remedy worse than the disease it tries to cure. But, there, you baby! What am I saying? Come, come, my dear, just forget it. It's nothing you should bother your little head over now. Wait till you're older."

"But I'm older, indeed! How I hate to have folks talk to me like that! And they do—they do it all the time. As if I was a child now, when I'm almost standing there where the brook and river meet!"

But that was just the kind of talk I got, everywhere, nearly every time I asked any one what a divorce was. Some laughed, and some sighed. Some looked real worried 'cause I'd asked it, and one got mad. (That was the dressermaker. I found out afterward that she'd had a divorce already, so probably she thought I asked the question on purpose to plague her.) But nobody would answer me—really answer me sensibly, so I'd know what it meant; and "most everybody said," "Run away, child," or "You shouldn't talk of such things," or "Wait, my dear, till you're older"; and all that.

Oh, how I hate such talk when I really want to know something! How do they expect us to get our education if they won't answer our questions? I don't know which made me angrier—I mean angrier. (I'm speaking of two things, so I must, I suppose, I hate grammar!) To have them talk like that—not answer me, you know—or have them do as Mr. Jones, the storekeeper, did, and the men there with him.

It was one day when I was in there buying some white thread for Nurse Sarah, and it was a little while after I had asked the doctor if a divorce was a disease. Somebody had said something that made me think you could buy divorces, and I had suddenly determined to ask Mr. Jones if he had them for sale. (Of course all this sounds very silly to me now, for I know that a divorce is very simple and very common. It's just like a marriage certificate, only it unmarried you instead of marrying you; but I didn't know it then. And if I'm going to tell this story I've got to tell it just as it happened, of course.)

Well, I asked Mr. Jones if you could buy divorces, and if he had them for

fun in having it yourself. Besides, they were very unkind and disagreeable, and bragged a lot about their divorces. They said mine was lame, and had no sort of snap to it, when they found Mother didn't have a lover waiting in the next town, or Father hadn't run off with his stenographer, or nobody had shot anybody, or anything.

That made me mad, and I let them see it, good and plain. I told them our divorce was perfectly all right and correct and respectful; that Nurse Sarah said it was. Ours was going to be incompatibility, for one thing, which meant that you got on each other's nerves, and just naturally didn't care for each other any more. But they only laughed, and said even more disagreeable things, so that I didn't want to go to school any longer, and I told Mother so, and the reason, too, of course.

But, dear me, I wished right off that I hadn't. I supposed she was going to be superb and haughty and disdainful, and say things that would put those girls where they belonged. But, my stars! How could I know that she was going to burst into such a storm of sobs and clasp me to her bosom, and get my face all wet and cry out: "Oh, my baby, my baby—to think I have subjected you to this, my baby, my baby!"

And I couldn't say a thing to comfort her, or make her stop, even when I told her over and over again that I wasn't a baby. I was almost a young lady; and I wasn't being subjected to anything bad. I liked it—only I didn't like to have those girls brag so, when our divorce was away ahead of theirs, anyway.

But she only cried more and more, and held me tighter and tighter, rocking back and forth in her chair. She took me out of school, though, and had a lady come to teach me all by myself, so I didn't have to hear those girls brag any more, anyway. That was better. But she wasn't any happier herself. I could see that.

There were lots of other ladies there—beautiful ladies—only she didn't seem to like them any better than I did the girls. I wondered if maybe they bragged, too, and I asked her; but she only began to cry again, and moan, "What have I done, what have I done?"—and I had to try all over again to comfort her. But I couldn't.

She got so she just stayed in her room lots and lots. I tried to make her put on her pretty clothes, and do as the other ladies did, and go out and walk and sit on the big piazzas, and dance, and eat at the pretty little tables. She did, some, when we first came, and took me, and I just loved it. They were such beautiful ladies, with their bright eyes, and their red cheeks and jolly ways; and their dresses were so perfectly lovely, all silks and satins and sparkly spangles, and diamonds and rubies and emeralds, and silk stockings, and little bits of gold and silver slippers.

And once I saw two of them smoking. They had the cutest little cigarette holders (Mother said they were) in gold, and I saw them take out the pipe and I saw them take out the pipe and I saw them take out the pipe. And I saw them take out the pipe. And I saw them take out the pipe.

It was after that that she began to stay in her room so much, and not take me anywhere except for walks at the other end of the town where it was all quiet and stupid, and no music or lights or anything. And though I teased and teased to go back to the pretty, jolly places, she wouldn't ever take me; not once.

Then by and by, one day we met a little black-haired woman with white cheeks and very big sad eyes. There weren't any spangly dresses and gold slippers about her. I can tell you! She was crying on a bench in the park, and Mother told me to stay back and watch the swans while she went up and spoke to her. (Why do old folks always make us watch swans or read books or look into store windows or run and play all the time? Don't they suppose we understand perfectly well what it means—that they're going to say something they don't want us to hear?) Well, Mother and the lady on the bench talked and talked ever so long, and then Mother called me up, and the lady cried a little over me, and said, "Now, perhaps, if I'd had a little girl like that—" Then she stopped and cried some more.

We saw this lady real often after that. She was nice and pretty and sweet, and I liked her; but she was always awfully sad, and I don't believe it was half so good for Mother to be with her as it would have been for her to be with those jolly, laughing ladies that were always having such good times. But I couldn't make Mother see it that way at all. There are times when it seems as if mother just couldn't see things the way I do. Honestly, it seems sometimes almost as if she was the cross-current and contradiction instead of me. I don't know.

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the way, just the same, I notice," spoke up somebody with a chuckle. "Divorce is a coward's retreat from the battle of life." Captain Harris said this. He spoke slow and decided. Captain Harris is old and rich, and not married. He's the hotel's star boarder, and what he says, goes, "most always." But it didn't do this time. I can remember just how old Mr. Carlton snapped out the next.

"Speak from your own experience, Tom Harris, an' I'm thinkin' you ain't fit ter judge. I tell you divorce is what three-fourths of the husbands an' wives in the world wish was waitin' for 'em at home this very night. But it ain't there." I knew, of course, he was thinking of his wife. She's some cross. I guess, and has two warts on her nose.

There was more, quite a lot more, said. But I've forgotten the rest. Besides, they weren't talking to me then, anyway. So I picked up my thread and slipped out of the store, glad to escape. But, as I said before, I didn't find many like them.

Of course I know now—what divorce is, I mean. And it's all settled. They granted us some kind of a decree or degree, and we're going to Boston next Monday.

It's been awful, though—this last year. First we had to go to that horrid place out west, and stay ages and ages. And I hated it. Mother did, too. I know she did. I went to school, and there were quite a lot of girls my age, and some boys; but I didn't care much for them. I couldn't even have the fun of surprising them with the divorce we were going to have. I found they were going to have one, too—every last one of them. And when everybody has a thing, you know there's no particular

fun in having it yourself. Besides, they were very unkind and disagreeable, and bragged a lot about their divorces. They said mine was lame, and had no sort of snap to it, when they found Mother didn't have a lover waiting in the next town, or Father hadn't run off with his stenographer, or nobody had shot anybody, or anything.

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And once I saw two of them smoking. They had the cutest little cigarette holders (Mother said they were) in gold, and I saw them take out the pipe and I saw them take out the pipe. And I saw them take out the pipe.

It was after that that she began to stay in her room so much, and not take me anywhere except for walks at the other end of the town where it was all quiet and stupid, and no music or lights or anything. And though I teased and teased to go back to the pretty, jolly places, she wouldn't ever take me; not once.

Then by and by, one day we met a little black-haired woman with white cheeks and very big sad eyes. There weren't any spangly dresses and gold slippers about her. I can tell you! She was crying on a bench in the park, and Mother told me to stay back and watch the swans while she went up and spoke to her. (Why do old folks always make us watch swans or read books or look into store windows or run and play all the time? Don't they suppose we understand perfectly well what it means—that they're going to say something they don't want us to hear?) Well, Mother and the lady on the bench talked and talked ever so long, and then Mother called me up, and the lady cried a little over me, and said, "Now, perhaps, if I'd had a little girl like that—" Then she stopped and cried some more.

We saw this lady real often after that. She was nice and pretty and sweet, and I liked her; but she was always awfully sad, and I don't believe it was half so good for Mother to be with her as it would have been for her to be with those jolly, laughing ladies that were always having such good times. But I couldn't make Mother see it that way at all. There are times when it seems as if mother just couldn't see things the way I do. Honestly, it seems sometimes almost as if she was the cross-current and contradiction instead of me. I don't know.

Well, as I said before, I didn't like it very well out there, and I don't believe Mother did, either. But it's all over now, and we're back home packing up to go to Boston.

But, dear me, I wished right off that I hadn't. I supposed she was going to be superb and haughty and disdainful, and say things that would put those girls where they belonged. But, my stars! How could I know that she was going to burst into such a storm of sobs and clasp me to her bosom, and get my face all wet and cry out: "Oh, my baby, my baby—to think I have subjected you to this, my baby, my baby!"

And I couldn't say a thing to comfort her, or make her stop, even when I told her over and over again that I wasn't a baby. I was almost a young lady; and I wasn't being subjected to anything bad. I liked it—only I didn't like to have those girls brag so, when our divorce was away ahead of theirs, anyway.

But she only cried more and more, and held me tighter and tighter, rocking back and forth in her chair. She took me out of school, though, and had a lady come to teach me all by myself, so I didn't have to hear those girls brag any more, anyway. That was better. But she wasn't any happier herself. I could see that.

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