

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.

Greece has added an article to her constitution granting civic rights to women.

The American government has accepted the invitation of Great Britain to be represented on the commission which is to investigate alleged Turkish atrocities in Anatolia.

Richard A. Ballinger, who was secretary of the interior during President Taft's administration, died in Seattle Tuesday night at his home after an illness of two days.

Private advices received in soviet circles in Berlin Saturday stated that Premier Lenin suffered a stroke last Thursday. Maxim Litvinoff, Karl Radok and other soviet leaders here left immediately for Moscow.

The republicans of King county, Washington in their convention last week went on record in favor of repeal of the poll tax law. Not a voice was raised to resist this action.

The charge of bigamy against Rodolph Valentino, film actor, was dismissed Tuesday in the township court in Los Angeles. Whether it will be taken before the Los Angeles county grand jury was still under consideration. District Attorney Woolwine said.

Over the strong protest of the three labor representatives on the United States Railroad Labor board, a new wage cut of 7 cents an hour for railway shop mechanics and 9 cents for freight car men, cutting 400,000 shop men approximately \$60,000,000 a year, was ordered by the board Tuesday.

Fifty members of the class of 1922 at George Peabody college in Nashville, Tenn., have taken out life insurance policies for \$1000 each with the college as beneficiary. They have specified that the income from the fund sought to be created shall be used for student loans, scholarships and fellowships as rapidly as it becomes available.

Dr. Gustav P. Hoffman of South Orange, N. J., took a pair of worn shoes—and \$4000 worth of his wife's diamonds—to a repair shop in Newark Monday. The police are looking for the gems. Not until the doctor returned from his errand did his wife discover that the shoes, in which she had stowed the diamonds, were missing from the customary place.

British infantry, cavalry, artillery and whippet tanks took part in the first offensive action of the British troops on the Ulster borderland early Monday afternoon when Pettigo, which straddles the line, though a large part of the town is in Free State territory, was stormed and retaken from troops of the Irish republican army who entered on May 30.

John Lewis Phillips, republican state chairman for Georgia, for whose arrest a warrant was issued late Saturday on complaint of the department of justice, alleging conspiracy to defraud the United States in connection with a war contract for the disposal of surplus lumber, surrendered to a deputy United States marshal on his arrival here Monday from Philadelphia.

Frank W. Anderson, floor manager in a department store in Kansas City, was found shot to death in a hotel room early Sunday and Miss Peggy Marie Beal of Springfield, Ill., was found unconscious on the floor, a revolver in her hand and a bullet in her breast. Her condition was critical. The two met during the war, when Anderson was a captain in the aviation service and Miss Beal was an army nurse.

Arrangements were being completed in Seattle Tuesday for the funeral of George W. Carnack, whose discovery of "pay dirt" on Bonanza creek, August 17, 1896, sent 60,000 prospectors scurrying into the Klondike goldfields and opened a vast territory visited up to that time only by trappers, traders and missionaries. Carnack died in Vancouver, B. C., Monday night after a brief illness. The body was brought to Seattle.

\$40,000,000 CUT EXPECTED

New Reductions in Rail Pay Effective July 1—Clerks Hit Hardest.

Chicago.—Wage reductions estimated at not exceeding \$40,000,000 for 350,000 additional railway employees, whose wages the carriers seek to lower through the railroad labor board, are expected to issue from the board within a few days to be effective July 1. The new decision will make a total of approximately \$150,000,000 to be cut from the annual pay rolls of the roads.

About 5000 train dispatchers, generally considered as subordinate officials, while coming under the pending decision, will not suffer any reduction, according to authoritative information. Supervisory officials in the shop crafts, whose pay was recently slashed \$60,000,000, likewise receive no cuts.

Coal passers, oilers and water tenders, including in the general classification of stationary engineers and firemen and freight handlers, and other common labor included in the station employees' group, are expected to receive a reduction of approximately five cents an hour, the same cut applied to common labor in the maintenance of way department. There are about 125,000 unskilled laborers in these two classes.

The signal men and marine employees, numbering 15,000 and 800, respectively, are expected to come under the reduction but no figures were available to indicate the amount of their cut.

Anticipating a reduction, however, D. W. Heit, president of the signal men, declared the board would "probably hamstring us," adding that he could find no justification for the cut and that he expected them to vote to strike as soon as the decision was issued.

STARTS MOVE FOR CLEANER FILMS

New York.—Moving picture reforms of a sweeping nature, both as regards the morality of the screen and the economic structure of the motion picture business, were predicted as a result of a conference held behind closed doors Monday between representatives of the producing field, headed by Will H. Hayes, and the exhibitors headed by Sidney S. Cohen.

The conference represented the first real test of the leadership of the exhibitor members in his new position, according to motion picture men. Relations between producers and exhibitors have been discordant, and Mr. Hayes hopes to bring about greater harmony in all branches of the business.

Theater owners sought to obtain reductions in film rentals, saying that they have felt the general business slump and asking that the producers help them meet it by cutting rentals.

FEDERAL EXPENSES GET ANOTHER CUT

Washington, D. C.—Expenditures for carrying on the ordinary business of the government for the current fiscal year will be nearly \$1,700,000,000 less than last year, or about \$100,000,000 more than the latest estimate by Director of the Budget Dawes, treasury officials predicted Monday. Expenditures of the government, chargeable against ordinary receipts exclusive of the principal of the public debt for the fiscal year to date, have amounted to \$3,523,136,768 compared with \$5,138,806,937 for the corresponding period last year, according to the latest daily treasury statement.

Pressure by the budget bureau, officials declared, would prevent undue last minute expenditures before July 30 so that General Dawes' estimate would be more than borne out by the results for the year.

English Is Compulsory.

Berlin.—It is now compulsory to teach English, instead of French, in the Bavarian high schools. The budget committee of the Bavarian reichstag, in accepting the proposal to substitute English for French in the schools, explained that French culture has passed its zenith, while English has an entirely different value because it is the most widely spoken language in world commerce.

Starek Is Confirmed.

Washington, D. C.—The nomination of Fred Starek of Ohio to be a director of the war finance corporation was confirmed by the senate late Monday. Mr. Starek, a former Washington newspaper correspondent and widely known in political circles, will fill the vacancy caused by the recent resignation of Angus McLean.

50 PERSONS DIE IN SEVERE STORM

Cloudburst and Wild Winds Rake New York.

FORTY ARE DROWNED

Ferris Wheel is Wrecked When Six Lose Lives as Big Machine Collapses In Storm.

New York.—A violent storm accompanied by shifting winds that reached a velocity of 88 miles an hour took the lives of more than 50 persons, injured more than 100 and caused enormous property loss in the metropolitan section late Sunday.

Forty persons were reported to have lost their lives while boating in Long island sound and many others were killed by falling trees and lightning and accidents caused by the wind. Ten bodies of the drowned have been recovered and the waters about New York were being searched for 30 missing.

The storm came at the close of one of the most torrid days of the season. The wind, coming gently from the south and southwest, shifted suddenly into the northwest and increased in velocity to 88 miles, and sweeping through New Jersey, West Chester county, across City Island, the Bronx and Manhattan, left death and destruction in its wake.

Torrential rains, then lightning, followed the wind.

Hundreds of thousands of New Yorkers were on the beaches and at various outlying resorts, seeking relief from the heat, when the storm broke and it was from these that the storm took its death toll.

Six persons were killed and more than 40 hurt when the wind caught a huge ferris wheel at an amusement park and crushed it to the ground.

A woman and her 7-year-old daughter were crushed through the roof of the crowded dining room of the Red Lion inn, on Boston post road.

The bodies of seven canoeists caught in Long island sound off City Island at the height of the storm, were washed ashore after nightfall.

Miss Edda Smith, 17, walking with a companion along the reservoir road at Ossining, was blown into the water and drowned.

A tree fell across a party of motorists seeking shelter on the Brookline road, Long Island, killing Harry Halleran of Oyster Bay and seriously injuring his three male companions.

It was estimated by the police that more than 200 small boats were overturned and it was also reported that an entire boatload of persons went down before the storm's fury. Police boats were rushed to the scene and all night threw powerful searchlights over the water, aiding the work of those who sought the dead.

Searching parties were working along the shores of the Island Pelham bay park to locate bodies that may have been washed ashore. Many of the searchers armed themselves with improvised torches.

The searchers returned to the police station laden with wearing apparel which they heaped into piles where anxious onlookers sought to identify garments belonging to missing relatives. The work of tabulating the articles was handicapped, as the police had to work by the light of candles, oil lamps and lanterns, the storm having wrecked the island lighting plant.

Eight Thought Lost in Bay.

Washington, D. C.—Virtually all hope has been abandoned by the commanding officer of the gunboat New Orleans, now at a Siberian station, of finding alive the eight men believed to have been caught in a sudden squall in Amur bay in a motor sailor June 4, it was said Saturday at the navy department.

A telegram from the commanding officer of the New Orleans stated Chinese and Korean fishermen had taken up the search, together with the ship's boat and a chartered tug. A searching party also has been landed on the north shore of Amur bay.

Bloody Battle Begun.

Buenos Aires.—Government troops and Paraguayan revolutionaries are locked in a sanguinary battle in the outskirts of Asuncion, the capital of Paraguay. A dispatch to the La Nacion of this city from the city of Formosa said machine guns and artillery were being used by the contending forces. The people of Asuncion have fled from the streets, telegraph and wireless stations are silent and the city is in darkness.

Mary Marie

By ELEANOR H. PORTER

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SOME GIRLS

"Father calls me Mary. Mother calls me Marie. Everybody else calls me Mary Marie. The rest of my name is Anderson. I'm thirteen years old, and I'm a cross-current and a contradiction."

Mary Marie is telling the truth, but not all the truth—she isn't doing herself justice. For she's also adorable; that's just what she is. And the story she tells proves it. You see, her austere father and her sunny mother are divorced and Mary lives fifty-fifty with them. So with her father she's Mary and with her mother she's Marie. And altogether she's a delicious blend of demureness and liveliness, of sense of duty and love of mischief.

While you're reading Mary Marie's story you're absorbed in its romance and love. After you get through you realize that you've read a powerful preachment on marriage and divorce—and real love.

The author? Oh, yes—Eleanor H. Porter, the most popular American woman writer, author of "Pollyanna," "Dawn" and a dozen other novels that have sold by the million.

PREFACE

Which Explains Things.

Father calls me Mary. Mother calls me Marie. Everybody else calls me Mary Marie. The rest of my name is Anderson.

I'm thirteen years old, and I'm a cross-current and a contradiction. That is, Sarah says I'm that. (Sarah is my old nurse.) She says she read it once—that the children of unlikes were always a cross-current and a contradiction. And my father and mother are unlikes, and I'm the children. That is, I'm the child. I'm all there is. And now I'm going to be a bigger cross-current and contradiction than ever, for I'm going to live half the time with Mother and the other half with Father. Mother will go to Boston to live, and Father will stay here—a divorce, you know.

I'm terribly excited over it. None of the other girls have got a divorce in their families, and I always did like to be different. Besides, it ought to be awfully interesting, more so than just living along, common, with your father and mother in the same house all the time—especially if it's been anything like my house with my father and mother in it!

That's why I've decided to make a book of it—that is, it really will be a book, only I shall have to call it a diary, on account of Father, you know. Won't it be funny when I don't have to do things on account of Father? And I won't, of course, the six months I'm living with Mother in Boston. But, oh, my!—the six months I'm living here with him—whew! But, then, I can stand it. I may even like it—some. Anyhow, it'll be different. And that's something.

Well, about making this into a book. As I started to say, he wouldn't let me. I know he wouldn't. He says novels are a silly waste of time, if not absolutely wicked. But, a diary—oh, he loves diaries. He keeps one himself, and he told me it would be an excellent and instructive discipline for me to do it, too—set down the weather and what I did every day.

The weather and what I did every day, indeed! Lovely reading that would make, wouldn't it? Like this:

"The sun shines this morning. I got up, ate my breakfast, went to school, came home, ate my dinner, played one hour over to Carrie Heywood's, practiced on the piano one hour, studied another hour. Talked with Mother upstairs in her room about the sunset and the snow on the trees. Ate my supper. Was talked to by Father down in the library about improving myself and taking care not to be light-minded and frivolous. (He meant like Mother, only he didn't say it right out loud. You don't have to say some things right out in plain words, you know.) Then I went to bed."

Just as if I was going to write my novel like that! Not much I am. But I shall call it a diary. Oh, yes, I shall call it a diary—fill I take it to be printed. Then I shall give it its true name—a novel. And I'm going to tell the printer that I've left it to him to make the spelling right, and put in all those tiresome little commas and periods and question marks that everybody seems to make such a fuss about. If I write the story part, I can't be expected to be bothered with looking up how words are spelt, every five minutes, nor fussing over putting in a whole lot of foolish little dots and dashes.

As if anybody who was reading the story cared for that part! The story's the thing.

I love stories. I've written lots of them for the girls, too—little short ones, I mean; not a long one like this is going to be, of course. And it'll be so exciting to be living a story instead of reading it—only when you're living a story you can't peek over to the back to see how it's all coming out. I shan't like that part. Still, it may be all the more exciting, after all, not to know what's coming.

I like love stories the best. "Father's got—oh, lots of books in the library, and I've read stacks of them, even some of the stupid old histories and

biographies. I had to read them when there wasn't anything else to read. But there weren't many love stories. Mother's got a few, though—lovely ones—and some books of poetry, on the little shelf in her room. But I read all those ages ago.

That's why I'm so thrilled over this new one—the one I'm living, I mean. For of course this will be a love story. There'll be my love story in two or three years, when I grow up, and while I'm waiting there's Father's and Mother's.

Nurse Sarah says that when you're divorced you're free just like you were before you were married, and that sometimes they marry again. That made me think right away: what if Father or Mother, or both of them, married again? And I should be there to see it, and the courting, and all! Wouldn't that be some love story? Well, I just guess!

And only think how all the girls would envy me—and they just living along their humdrum, everyday existence with fathers and mothers already married and living together, and nothing exciting to look forward to. For really, you know, when you come right down to it, there aren't many girls that have got the chance I've got.

And so that's why I've decided to write it into a book. Oh, yes, I know I'm young—only thirteen. But I feel really awfully old; and you know a woman is as old as she feels. Besides, Nurse Sarah says I am old for my age, and that it's no wonder, the kind of a life I've lived.

And maybe that is so. For of course it has been different, living with a father and mother that are getting



And So That's Why I've Decided to Write It into a Book.

ready to be divorced, from what it would have been living with the loving, happy-ever-after kind. Nurse Sarah says it's a shame and a pity, and that it's the children that always suffer. But I'm not suffering—not a mite. I'm just enjoying it. It's so exciting.

Of course if I was going to lose either one, it would be different. But I'm not, for I am to live with Mother six months, then with Father.

So I still have them both. And, really, when you come right down to it, I'd rather take them separate that way. Why, separate they're just perfectly all right, like that—what-do-you-call-it powder?—seditizer, or something like that. Anyhow, it's that white powder that you mix in two glasses, and that looks just like water till you put them together. And then, oh, my! such a fuss and fizz and splutter! Well, it's that way with Father and Mother. It'll be lots easier to take them separate, I know. For now I can be Mary six months, then Marie six months, and not try to be them both all at once, with maybe only five minutes between them.

And I think I shall love both Father and Mother better separate, too. Of course I love Mother, and I know I'd just adore Father if he'd let me—he's so tall and fine and splendid, when he's out among folks. All the girls are simply crazy over him. And I am, too. Only, at home—well, it's hard to be Mary always. And you see, he named me Mary—

But I mustn't tell that here. That's part of the story, and this is only the Preface. I'm going to begin it tomorrow—the real story—Chapter One.

But, there—I mustn't call it a "chapter" out loud. Diaries don't have chapters, and this is a diary. I mustn't forget that it's a diary. But I can write it down as a chapter, for it's going to be a novel, after it's got done being a diary.

CHAPTER I

I Am Born

The sun was slowly setting in the west, casting golden beams of light into the somber old room.

That's the way it ought to begin, I

know, and I'd like to do it, but I can't. I'm beginning with my being born, of course, and Nurse Sarah says the sun wasn't shining at all. It was night and the stars were out. She remembers particularly about the stars, for Father was in the observatory, and couldn't be disturbed. (We never disturb Father when he's there, you know.) And so he didn't even know he had a daughter until the next morning when he came out to breakfast. And he was late to that, for he stopped to write down something he had found out about one of the constellations in the night.

He's always finding out something about those old stars just when we want him to pay attention to something else. And, oh, I forgot to say that I know it is "constellation," and not "consternation." But I used to call them that when I was a little girl, and Mother said it was a good name for them, anyway, for they were a consternation to her all right. Oh, she said right off afterward that she didn't mean that, and that I must forget she said it. Mother's always saying that about things she says.

Well, as I was saying, Father didn't know until after breakfast that he had a little daughter. (We never tell him disturbing, exciting things just before meals.) And then Nurse told him.

I asked what he said, and Nurse laughed and gave her funny little shrug to her shoulders.

"Yes, what did he say, indeed?" she retorted. "He frowned, looked kind of dazed, then muttered: 'Well, well, upon my soul! Yes, to be sure!'"

Then he came in to see me.

I don't know, of course, what he thought of me, but I guess he didn't think much of me, from what Nurse said. Of course I was very, very small, and I never yet saw a little bit of a baby that was pretty, or looked as if it was much account. So maybe you couldn't really blame him.

Nurse said he looked at me, muttered, "Well, well, upon my soul!" again, and seemed really quite interested till they started to put me in his arms. Then he threw up both hands, backed off, and cried, "Oh, no, no, no!" He turned to Mother and hoped she was feeling pretty well, then he got out of the room just as quick as he could. And Nurse said that was the end of it, so far as paying any more attention to me was concerned for quite a while.

He was much more interested in his new star than he was in his new daughter. We were both born the same night, you see, and that star was lots more consequence than I was. But, then, that's Father all over. And that's one of the things, I think, that bothers Mother. I heard her say once to Father that she didn't see why, when there were so many, many stars, a paltry one or two more need to be made such a fuss about. And I don't, either.

But Father just groaned, and shook his head, and threw up his hands, and looked so tired. And that's all he said that's all he says lots of times. But it's enough. It's enough to make you feel so small and mean and insignificant as if you were just a little green worm crawling on the ground. Did you ever feel like a green worm crawling on the ground? It's not a pleasant feeling at all.

Well, now, about the name. Of course they had to begin to talk about naming me pretty soon; and Nurse said they did talk a lot. But they couldn't settle it. Nurse said that that was about the first thing that showed how teetotally utterly they were going to disagree about things.

Mother wanted to call me Viola, after her mother, and Father wanted to call me Abigail Jane after his mother; and they wouldn't either one give in to the other. Mother was sick and nervous, and cried a lot those days, and she used to sob out that if they thought they were going to name her darling little baby that awful Abigail Jane, they were very much mistaken; that she would never give her consent to it—never. Then Father would say in his cold, stern way: "Very well, then, you needn't. But neither shall I give my consent to my daughter's being named that absurd Viola. The child is a human being—not a fiddle in an orchestra!"

And that's the way it went, Nurse said, until everybody was just about crazy. Then somebody suggested "Mary." And Father said, very well, they might call me Mary; and Mother said certainly, she would consent to Mary, only she should pronounce it Marie. And so it was settled. Father called me Marie, and Mother called me Marie. And right away everybody else began to call me Mary Marie. And that's the way it's been ever since.

"First I found out how they happened to marry—Father and Mother."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Cause.

Judge—Why does this prisoner's face look so pasty, officer?

Policeman—I patted him there, your honor.