

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.

Marshal Joffre, in the name of the French government, Tuesday decorated with the insignia of officer of the Legion of Honor, Samuel Hill of Seattle, who escorted the marshal across the United States on his recent trip.

The season of sealion hunting is on, and William Hunter, who last year contracted with the state of Oregon to slaughter the animals along the Oregon coast, started at the Cape Blanco reef, killing in his first raid 227.

Legislation is being prepared, with President Harding's sanction, which will return to approximately 30,000 Germans and Austrians property taken over during the war by the alien property custodian in amounts of \$10,000 or less.

President Harding has given formal approval to plans of republican leaders in the house to bring the administration ship subsidy bill to a vote at this session immediately after the tariff bill has been sent to conference by the house.

Removal of Dr. C. Ellsworth of Pendleton, Ore., said to be an acknowledged member of the Ku Klux Klan, from the state board of chiropractic examiners for the "good of the service," was announced by Governor Olcott Monday morning.

To meet conditions which its friends declared have been emphasized by the women's suffrage amendment, the house Tuesday by a vote of 266 to 9, passed a bill which would open to alien married women substantially all naturalization and citizenship rights enjoyed by alien men.

President Harding's tentatively projected Alaskan trip this summer has been abandoned, it was announced definitely Tuesday at the White House. The president was said to regret greatly that he saw no possibility of leaving Washington under prevailing conditions of public business.

Senor Marconi, wonder man of wireless, has announced the invention of what might be termed a radio searchlight, by means of which radio waves, which can be reflected like light waves, may be sent in a given direction in a beam, instead of being scattered to all points of the compass.

Disaster for the striking railway unions and unfortunate results for their membership was predicted to follow the threatened walkout, on which a strike vote is now being taken by nine railroad organizations, in a letter from Ben W. Hooper, chairman of the railroad labor board, to the union leaders Tuesday.

The sheriff's office at Los Angeles gets all sorts of jobs, but a writ of attachment that came in Tuesday caused it to pause for a moment. The writ directed the sheriff to take and safely keep one den of alligators and one tank of performing sealions, all the property of a show that had gotten into financial shoals.

A woman has been nominated for United States senator by a major political party for the first time in the history of the country. This became apparent Tuesday when returns from half the precincts participating in Monday's primary election showed Mrs. Anna Dickie Olsen had captured the senatorial nomination of the democratic party in Minnesota from two male opponents.

The administration is considering the matter of decreasing second-class postal rates, it was said Tuesday at the White House. Considerable discussion was given to the subject at the cabinet meeting and President Harding and Postmaster-General Work are inclined to believe that at least a part of the increase in the second-class rates made during the war should now be removed.

Rev. Donald D. Stewart, well-known throughout California as a temperance worker, credited with having caused the elimination of segregated districts from a number of towns of the state, and author of the song "We'll Make California Dry," was arrested near Sierra Madre, 20 miles northeast of Los Angeles, Tuesday. It is charged that he had committed bigamy in several states and had swindled his wives out of thousands of dollars.

RAIL MEN FAVOR WALKOUT

40,000 Union Ballots Indicate Overwhelming Sentiment.

Detroit, Mich.—Early returns on the strike vote taken by the United Brotherhood of Maintenance of Way Employes and Railway Shop Laborers, following the recent wage cut ordered by the United States railroad labor board, indicate an "overwhelming majority" in favor of a walkout, conditional, however, upon similar action by other crafts affected by board reductions, it was announced here Monday night at the general headquarters of the maintenance men.

Tabulation of the ballots started Tuesday morning, and it was said about 40,000 had been checked. It was added the vote was considered "fairly representative."

Exact figures were withheld under instruction from E. F. Grabie, grand president, now in Chicago conferring with the leaders of other unions whose membership has been affected by wage cuts and who, it was said, would consider taking some joint action in protest.

Some of the membership, according to officials, favor striking irrespective of the action taken by other unions but the greater percentage, it was emphasized, favors a strike only in the event other workers participate.

Mrs. Len Small Dies.

Kankakee, Ill.—Mrs. Len Small, wife of Governor Small of Illinois, died Monday morning.

Mrs. Small was stricken with apoplexy Saturday night during the excitement incident to the celebration by friends and fellow townsmen of the governor's acquittal that afternoon at Waukegan, Ill. With her at the time of her death were the governor and their three children, Leslie and Budd Small and Mrs. A. E. Ingles, all of Kankakee.

The long trial of nine weeks at Waukegan, where the governor was charged with conspiracy to defraud the state of interest on public funds during his term as state treasurer, several years ago, had been a heavy strain both on the governor and his wife. Mrs. Small, however, had borne up under the strain exceedingly well, it had appeared, until she was stricken and sank into the governor's arms as the noise of the celebrators filled the neighborhood about their home at the joyous homecoming Saturday.

Heat of Desert Kills Three.

Brawley, Cal.—"Death from heat prostration" was the verdict reached by a coroner's jury here Monday at an inquest over the bodies of three men who died in the desert a few miles southeast of Niland, near the Southern Pacific main line, last Saturday.

The men were J. J. Everhart and Henry C. Brown of Los Angeles and David Wilcox, an aged prospector, who had lived in many western mining districts.

Wilcox's body was found about ten miles from Niland beside a small wagon drawn by two burros, which were standing patiently in the intense heat.

Everhart's body was found in an automobile about six miles from Niland, and a short distance away was Brown, still alive, but died soon after arrival.

It was estimated the temperature where the deaths occurred was between 132 and 152 degrees.

Schooner Frozen Tight.

Nome, Alaska.—The schooner Teddy Bear, missing nearly eight months and believed lost, is frozen in at Potem river, 12 miles south of Emma, East Cape, Siberia. All on board are well and waiting for the ice to clear out of the river before returning to Nome. This information was telegraphed to Captain Ross of the local coast guard unit Monday by Captain Cochran of the United States coast guard cutter Bear.

Lion Beside Tot's Crib.

Eureka, Cal.—Mrs. J. Crispo, wife of a homesteader at Bigbar, awoke Sunday morning to discover a large mountain lion crouched beside the crib where her year-old child was sleeping. The lion had entered through the open door of the tent house. Mrs. Crispo screamed, awakening her husband, who seized his rifle and fired two shots at the lion. The lion escaped.

Quick Decision Urged.

San Francisco.—A call to "every merchant and shipper in California" urging them to go on record immediately regarding the threatened separation of the Southern Pacific and Central Pacific systems was issued here by Wallace M. Alexander, president of the chamber of commerce.

RATHENAU SLAIN; REPUBLIC SHAKEN

German Minister is Victim of Assassins.

SEVEN BULLETS HIT

Hand Grenades Also Thrown by Murderers—Young Republic Facing Serious Situation.

Berlin.—Dr. Walter Rathenau, German foreign minister, and more closely identified than any other German with the efforts for rehabilitation of his country since the war, was shot and killed by two or more unknown assassins while on his way from his residence Saturday morning to the foreign office.

The minister was subjected to a veritable hail of bullets, one of them striking him in the throat and passing upward to the brain, while others struck him in various parts of the body. Hand grenades also were thrown, almost wrecking the car in which Dr. Rathenau was riding and inflicting further injuries to the minister.

Chancellor Wirth's government marshaled the nation's elements to the defense of the young German republic and organized labor, represented in both socialist parties, again was first to buckle on the armor, just as it did during the Kapp revolt. Announcement was made that the government would establish extraordinary courts for the trial of nationalist plotters and that a state of emergency for Prussia would be proclaimed.

All regimental reunions and militaristic demonstrations are to be prohibited. Yet, despite vociferous cries of "long live the republic," which resounded through the reichstag chamber at the close of a memorial session to Rathenau Saturday, thoughtful men of all ranks and parties were silently but gravely apprehensive for the nation.

While the heat of resentment and partisan feeling has not yet sufficiently cooled to warrant a sure appraisal of the direction in which the political effect of Rathenau's assassination will spread, yet this much is certain—the government is facing a far more precarious situation than it did when nationalist bullets struck down Erzberger in the Black forest 10 months ago.

The emotion which marked the brief addresses of Chancellor Wirth and President Loeb before the reichstag reflected sentiments which were shared by many others, while the rioting of the radicals throughout what was to have been a decorous memorial to the dead foreign minister reflected the feeling of unrelenting vengeance vowed in behalf of the German proletariat. Never did the reichstag witness such scenes of turbulence and execrations. Dr. Karl Helfferich, the nationalist leader, who attacked Dr. Rathenau in a savage speech in the reichstag, sat curled up in his seat far to the right of the house. He appeared to be in a very depressed and somewhat fearful state.

Army of 137,000 Indorsed.

Washington, D. C.—The house Friday night concurred with the senate in fixing the size of the army at 125,000 enlisted men and 12,000 officers.

The conference report on the army bill, which fixes its strength between senate and house figures, was adopted by the house 175 to 39, without discussion.

While there were other items in the report to be accepted, including a senate appropriation of \$7,500,000 towards completion of the Wilson dam at Muscle Shoals, the enlisted and officers' personnel totals now have passed the legislative stage and only wait the president's approval.

Chinese City Stricken.

Shanghai.—An outbreak of pneumonia plague in Foochow is reported by Rev. Dr. C. M. Lacy, arriving here from Foochow Saturday.

The plague has not yet reached epidemic proportions, he said, but has already taken the lives of two medical missionaries. Dr. Edmond Fellows Lawson and Dr. Marcus McKenzie contracted the disease while attending the sick and died.

Five Suffocate in Mine.

Hartford, Ark.—At least five members of a picnic party were suffocated Sunday in an abandoned mine near here. Three others, who attempted to rescue the victims, were overcome and were reported to be in a serious condition.

Mary Marie

By ELEANOR H. PORTER

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FATHER AND MOTHER

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 seemingly 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 home was in some way different from those of her small friends, and was puzzled thereat. 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 whom the sedate professor had chosen for a wife.

CHAPTER II—Continued.

"An your ma—poor little thing! I couldn't think of anything but a doll that was thrown in the corner because somebody'd got tired of her. She was lonesome, an' no mistake. Anybody'd be sorry for her, to see her mopin' round the house, nothin' to do. Oh, she read, an' sewed with them bright-colored silks an' worsteds; but 'course there wasn't no real work for her to do. There was good help in the kitchen, an' I took what care of your grandpa was needed; an' she always gave her orders through me, so I practically run the house, an' there wasn't anything there for her to do.

"An' so your ma just had to mope it out alone. Oh, I don't mean your pa was unkind. He was always nice an' polite, when he was in the house, an' I'm sure he meant to treat her all right. He said yes, yes, to be sure, of course she was lonesome, an' he was sorry. 'Twas too bad he was so busy. An' he kissed her an' patted her. But he always began right away to talk of the comet; an' ten to one he didn't disappear into the observatory within the next five minutes. Then your ma would look so grieved an' sorry an' go off an' cry, an' maybe not come down to dinner, at all.

"Well then, one day things got so bad your grandma took a hand. She was up an' around the house, though she kept mostly to her own rooms. But of course she saw how things was goin'. Besides, I told her—some. 'Twas no more than my duty, as I looked at it. She just worshiped your pa, an' naturally she'd want things right for him. So one day she told me to tell her son's wife to come to her in her room.

"An' I did, an' she came. Poor little thing! I couldn't help bein' sorry for her. She didn't know a thing of what was wanted of her, an' she was so glad an' happy to come. You see, she was lonesome, I suppose.

"Me? Want me?—Mother Anderson? she cried. 'Oh, I'm so glad!' Then she made it worse by runnin' up the stairs an' bouncin' into the room like a rubber ball, an' cryin': 'Now, what shall I do, read to you, or sing to you, or shall we play games? I'd love to do any of them!' Just like that, she said it. I heard her. Then I went out, of course, an' left them. But I heard 'most everything that was said, just the same, for I was right in the next room dustin', an' the door wasn't quite shut.

"First your grandmother said real polite—she was always polite—but in a cold little voice that made even me shiver in the other room, that she did not desire to be read to or sung to, and that she did not wish to play games. She had called her daughter-in-law in to have a serious talk with her. Then she told her, still very polite, that she was noisy an' childish, an' undignified, an' that it was not only silly, but very wrong for her to expect to have her husband's entire attention; that he had his own work, an' it was a very important one. He was going to be president of the college some day, like his father before him; an' it was her place to help him in every way she could—help him to be popular an' well-liked by all the college people an' students; an' he couldn't be that if she insisted all the time on keepin' him to herself, or lookin' sour an' cross if she couldn't have him.

"Of course that ain't all she said; but I remember this part particular on account of what happened afterward. You see—your ma—she felt awful bad. She cried a little, an' sighed a lot, an' said she'd try, she really would try to help her husband in every way she could; an' she wouldn't ask him another once, not once, to stay with her. An' she wouldn't look sour an' cross, either. She'd promise she wouldn't. An' she'd try, she'd try, oh, so hard, to be proper an' dignified.

"She got up then an' went out of the room so quiet an' still you wouldn't know she was movin'. But I heard her up in her room cryin' half an hour later, when I stopped a minute at her door to see if she was there. An' she was.

"But she wasn't cryin' by night. Not much she was! She'd washed her face an' dressed herself up as pretty

as could be, an' she never so much as looked as if she wanted her husband to stay with her, when he said right after supper that he guessed he'd go out to the observatory. An' 'twas that way right along after that, I know, 'cause I watched. You see, I knew what she'd said she'd do. Well, she did it.

"Then, pretty quick after that, she began to get acquainted in the town. Folks called, an' there was parties an' receptions where she met folks, an' they began to come here to the house, 'specially them students, an' two or three of them young, unmarried professors. An' she began to go out a lot with them—skatin' an' sleighridin' an' snowshoelin'.

"Like it? Of course she liked it! Who wouldn't? Why, child, you never saw such a fuss as they made over your ma in them days. She was all the rage; an' of course she liked it. What woman wouldn't, that was gay an' lively an' young, an' had been so lonesome like your ma had? But some other folks didn't like it. An' your pa was one of them. This time 'twas him that made the trouble. I know, 'cause I heard what he said one day to her in the library.

"Yes, I guess I was in the next room that day, too—er—dustin', probably. Anyway, I heard him tell your ma good an' plain what he thought of her gallivantin' round from mornin' till night with them young students an' professors, an' havin' them here, too, such a lot, till the house was fairly overrun with them. He said he was shocked an' scandalized, an' didn't see how any regard for his honor an' decency, if she didn't for herself! An' oh, a whole lot more.

"Cry? No, your ma didn't cry this time. I met her in the hall right after they got through talkin', an' she was



"Yes, I Guess I Was in the Next Room That Day, Too—er—Dustin'."

white as a sheet, an' her eyes was like two blazin' stars. So I know how she must have looked while she was in the library. An' I must say she give it to him good an' plain, straight from the shoulder. She told him she was shocked an' scandalized that he didn't talk to his wife like that; an' he'd be have any more regard for her honor an' decency than to accuse her of runnin' after any man living—much less a dozen of them! An' then she told him a lot of what his mother had said to her, an' she said she had been merely tryin' to carry out those instructions. She was tryin' to make her husband an' her husband's wife an' her husband's home popular with the college folks, so she could help him to be president, if he wanted to be. But he answered back, cold an' chilly, that he thanked her, of course, but he didn't care for any more of that kind of assistance; an' if she would give a little more time to her home an' her household, as she ought to, he would be considerably better pleased.

An' she said, very well, she would see that he had no further cause to complain. An' the next minute I met her in the hall, as I just said, her head high and her eyes blazin'.

"An' things did change then, a lot, I'll own. Right away she began to refuse to go out with the students an' young professors, an' she sent down word she wasn't to come when they called. And pretty quick, of course, they stopped comin'.

"Housekeepin'? Attend to that? Well, y-yes, she did try to at first, a little; but of course your grandma had always given the orders—through me, I mean; an' there really wasn't anything your ma could do. An' I told her so, plain. Her ways were new an' different an' queer, an' we liked ours better, anyway. So she didn't bother us much that way very long. Besides, she wasn't feelin' very well, anyway, an' for the next few months she stayed in her room a lot, an' we didn't see much of her. Then by an' by you came, an'—well, I guess

that's all—too much, you little chatter-box!"

CHAPTER III

The Break is Made.

And that's the way Nurse Sarah finished her story, only she shrugged her shoulders again, and looked back, first one way, then another. As for her calling me "chatterbox"—she always calls me that when she's been doing all the talking.

As near as I can remember, I have told Nurse Sarah's story exactly as she told it to me, in her own words. But of course I know I didn't get it right all the time, and I know I've left out quite a lot. But, anyway, it's told a whole lot more than I could have told why they got married in the first place, and it brings my story right up to the point where I was born; and I've already told about naming me, and what a time they had over that.

Of course what's happened since, up to now, I don't know all about, for I was only a child for the first few years. Now I'm almost a young lady, "standing with reluctant feet where the brook and river meet." (I read that last night. I think it's perfectly beautiful. So kind of sad and sweet. It makes me want to cry every time I think of it.) But even if I don't know all of what's happened since I was born, I know a good deal, for I've seen quite a lot, and I've made Nurse tell me a lot more.

I know that ever since I can remember I've had to keep as still as a mouse the minute Father comes into the house; and I know that I never could imagine the kind of a mother that Nurse tells about, if it wasn't that sometimes when Father has gone off on a trip, Mother and I have romped all over the house, and had the most beautiful time. I know that Father says that Mother is always trying to make me a "Marie," and nothing else; and that Mother says she knows Father'll never be happy until he's made me into a stupid little "Mary," with never an atom of life of my own. And, do you know? It does seem sometimes, as if Mary and Marie were fighting inside of me, and I wonder which is going to beat. Funny, isn't it?

Father is president of the college now, and I don't know how many stars and comets and things he's discovered since the night the star and I were born together. But I know he's very famous, and that he's written up in the papers and magazines, and is in the big fat red "Who's Who" in the library, and has lots of noted men come to see him.

Nurse says that Grandma Anderson died very soon after I was born, but that it didn't make any particular difference in the housekeeping; for things went right on just as they had done, with her giving the orders as before; that she'd given them all alone anyway, mostly, the last year Grandma Anderson lived, and she knew just how Father liked things. She said Mother tried once or twice to take the reins herself, and once Nurse let her, just to see what would happen. But things got in an awful muddle right away, so that even Father noticed it and said things. After that Mother never tried again, I guess. Anyhow, she's never tried it since I can remember. She's always stayed most of the time up in her rooms in the east wing, except during meals, or when she went out with me, or went to the things she and Father had to go to together. For they did go to lots of things, Nurse says.

It seems that for a long time they didn't want folks to know there was going to be a divorce. So before folks they tried to be just as usual. But Nurse Sarah said she knew there was going to be one long ago. The first I ever heard of it was Nurse telling Nora, the girl we had in the kitchen then; and the minute I got a chance I asked Nurse what it was—a divorce.

My, I can remember now how scared she looked, and how she clapped her hand over my mouth. She wouldn't tell me—not a word. And that's the first time I ever saw her give that quick little look over each shoulder. She's done it lots of times since.

As I said, she wouldn't tell me, so I had to ask some one else. I wasn't going to let it go by and not find out—not when Nurse Sarah looked so scared, and when it was something my father and mother were going to have some day.

I didn't like to ask Mother. Some way, I had a feeling, from the way Nurse Sarah looked, that it was something Mother wasn't going to like. And I thought if maybe she didn't know yet she was going to have it, that certainly I didn't want to be the one to tell her. So I didn't ask Mother what a divorce was.

"Oh, my baby, my baby—to think I have subjected you to this!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Famous restaurants of Rome have been fined for keeping luxury taxes paid by Americans.