

# 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.

The strike of Berlin printers, which has kept the German capital without most of its daily newspapers for several days, came to an end Tuesday.

The transport Henderson, bearing Secretary of the Navy Denby and his party, left from Yokohama Tuesday morning for Nagasaki. The transport will pass through the inland sea route.

The London Evening News Tuesday says arrangements for repayment of the British loan to America in a lump sum in the near future are in an advanced stage. It declares repayment will be made by means of a loan to be raised jointly in England and America.

Sun Yat Sen, deposed president of South China, sailed into Canton harbor Monday aboard the gunboat Wing-fung, escorted by two cruisers and one destroyer, after bombarding the Macao forts two miles below the city. Sun declared he would not again bombard the city proper.

Appearance Tuesday of Francis P. Garvan, formerly alien property custodian and now head of the Chemical Foundation, Inc., before the special war frauds grand jury was said in official circles to have inaugurated a sweeping inquiry into every act of the custodian's office from its inception.

Mrs. Helen Elwood Stokes, New York, won her fight to have her dower rights to property valued at more than \$6,000,000 restored when Supreme Court Justice Cohan handed down a decision in the suit she had brought against her husband, W. E. D. Stokes, wealthy hotel man and real estate operator.

The American relief administration this week expects to reach the maximum of its famine relief programme in Russia, supplying meals to 10,000,000 persons. Rationing will be gradually reduced as the harvest comes in, regardless of whether it is decided definitely to abandon the work in Russia after September.

The Tacoma city council Tuesday morning granted a franchise for the operation of 12 16-passenger buses in competition with two lines of the Tacoma Railway & Power company. The buses will operate on regular schedules and charge 5-cent fares in competition with the 10-cent single trolley fares or 12 tickets for \$1.

Three armed men jumped from an automobile and holding up W. A. Copeland, collector for a chain of grocery stores, in Los Angeles, Cal., robbed him of a satchel of receipts containing \$7000 in cash. The robbery occurred in front of the grocery company's offices, 912 East Third street, and was witnessed by two women.

Administrative officers of the executive establishments of the government who were assembled Tuesday for their third semi-annual business meeting were called upon by President Harding for the "utmost economy" of expenditure during the current fiscal year and the use of their "pruning knives" upon the estimates for the succeeding 12 months.

The reparations commission at Paris decided Tuesday to relieve the German crisis to the extent of reducing the monthly installment of 50,000,000 gold marks, due Saturday on the schedule of payment, to 32,000,000 gold marks. Germany had announced her willingness to pay the whole amount, but the commission ruled that in view of the crisis the smaller figure was all that would be required.

The state department announced Tuesday that a tentative programme for evacuation of Santo Domingo by American military forces had been agreed upon with a group of Dominican leaders who have been in Washington some months on their own initiative in conference with department officials. The programme will be carried out, the statement said, "as soon as it can be ascertained whether it meets with the approval of a majority of the Dominican people."

## ASK OPERATORS TO RESUME

Harding Urges Mine Owners to Start Up Production.

Washington, D. C. — Bituminous coal-mine operators were "invited" by President Harding at the White House Monday "to return to your mine properties and resume operations" after they had replied to the president's tender of arbitration for settling the national coal strike with a collective offer to put their properties and their service at the disposal of the government "in this crisis."

Speaking as chairman of the group of operators after the White House conference, Alfred M. Ogle said the employers would make the attempt to resume operations.

Meanwhile the miners' union through an adjournment sine die of its controlling policy committee, made certain its refusal to accept the arbitration proposal and many of its officials immediately left Washington.

The bituminous operators were likewise not a unit in accepting the government arbitration proposals, but the president said that a "large majority of them by unqualified acceptance" had given him occasion to "express my own and the public's gratitude."

There were intimations in official circles that all the implications of the decision to ask that the mines be opened had been fully considered by the government and there was a possibility that the protection of troops and the American flag would be furnished in districts where men were willing to work. Employers generally held the view that some coal production would result in union fields in Pennsylvania and Ohio, if nowhere else, even though executives of the nonunion mines south of the Ohio river reported that output was being cut off sharply through lack of transportation, due to the railroad strike.

A day and a night of almost continuous sessions did not suffice to make the bituminous employers a unit for acceptance of the detailed arbitration proposals of the government, even though anthracite operators last week had given quick acceptance. On a final vote, a general letter, accepting the principle of arbitration and making the tender of mines and services, was agreed upon and presented to the president.

## WAR VETERANS HAVE 5 YEARS TO CLAIM PENSION

War veterans of the Pacific Northwest have five years after discharge from service to file claim for government compensation because of war disabilities, according to instruction given officials of the Seattle district office of the United States Veterans' Bureau by Director Charles R. Forbes during his visit to this district last week.

This displaces the interpretation of the federal law which indicated that a certificate of injury showing war injury had to be secured by the veteran before August 9 of this year to qualify as an applicant for compensation after that date. Colonel Forbes, however, urged all veterans of the northwest district who believe that they are incapacitated in any degree because of their war service to secure a certificate of injury from the Veterans' Bureau before August 9, stating that such procedure will aid the veteran materially in case claim for government compensation is filed at a later date.

## Flyer Derailed; Two Hurt.

Battle Creek, Mich.—The westbound Wolverine flyer, the Michigan Central's finest train, went over loosened tracks two miles east of Battle Creek at noon Saturday and five rear coaches were derailed, while the main line track was torn up for about a quarter of a mile. Two persons were slightly injured. All cars remained connected and upright. Engineer Black of the flyer expressed the belief that the rail spread was due to unfinished repair work. Local officials, however, said that repair gangs had not been working in the vicinity of the accident.

## Kilauea Vomiting Again.

Honolulu, T. H.—Kilauea volcano, whose lake of molten lava some weeks ago dropped hundreds of feet and led to speculations as to whether the crater ever again would be active, broke forth again Monday with its old-time vigor.

Lave spouted 100 feet from the bottom, making a livid pool 300 feet in diameter with brilliant molten fountains spraying more than 40 feet into the air.

## Aginaldo Can't Come.

Manila.—Emilio Aginaldo, formerly leader of the Filipino revolutionists, who had planned to attend the Spanish War Veterans' convention in Los Angeles, likely will be unable to make the trip. Public funds to finance the trip are lacking.

## 100 SHOTS FIRED IN STRIKE CLASH

Disorder in Texas Is Quickly Quelled.

## INJUNCTION ISSUED

Protection of San Bernardino, Cal., Railroad Property Is Requested by Sheriff and Mayor.

Ennis, Texas.—First disorders here in connection with the shopmen's strike occurred early Saturday morning when more than 100 shots were exchanged between alleged strikers and sympathizers and 20 guards in the Houston & Texas Central (Southern Pacific) yards. No casualties were reported and the disorder was quelled in 15 minutes.

The trouble started when a car inspector went into the yards to inspect a southbound passenger train. Strike leaders claim the first shots were fired by railroad guards.

The vicinity was quiet Sunday.

Houston, Tex.—A temporary injunction was signed by Federal Judge Hutcheson Saturday "straitly enjoining" the striking railway shop crafts and their members "from intimidating workers, from interfering with the handling of the mails and interstate commerce, from congregating on the streets or in front of homes of employes, from trespassing on railroad premises and from conspiring to do any of these things."

"Straitly enjoining" is "narrowly to restrict," it was explained.

Sacramento, Cal.—An appeal for state troops to protect railroad property at San Bernardino against the attacks of striking shopmen Saturday, was received by Governor Stephens from Sheriff Shay of San Bernardino county, and from the mayor of San Bernardino.

Governor Stephens replied to the appeal with a telegram asking the sheriff what steps he had taken to maintain order in the county.

San Bernardino, Cal.—The sheriff of San Bernardino county and the mayor of San Bernardino Saturday telegraphed Governor Stephens requesting him to send state troops to control the strike situation here.

The telegram said: "Strike situation in this city and county very grave. We are unable to control mobs which gather on railroad property, stoning cars and committing acts of violence."

"Strikers assaulting and beating up citizens and threatening to take charge of railroad shops in San Bernardino, which if done will result in great loss of life and property."

"Two shootings have already occurred and parties wounded. If help not given us, fear loss of life and property will ensue. Railroad officials and citizens in this city and county asking for restoration of law and order."

"Destruction of property will result in city and county being held for damages. If laws are to be upheld and citizens protected, must have your assistance immediately with troops, until crisis is past."

"W. A. SHAY, Sheriff.  
"S. W. McNabb, Mayor."

## Pact Conclusion Near.

Washington, D. C.—All legislation necessary to give effect to the treaties negotiated by the Washington conference has now been enacted by both houses of parliament. As soon as the assent of the self-governing dominions—Australia, India and South Africa (Canada already having acted favorably)—is received arrangements will be made for exchange of ratifications of all of the treaties in Washington.

## Man Dies in Motor Car.

Los Angeles, Cal.—Charles E. McKinley, mining man of Prescott, Ariz., said to have been a cousin of the late President McKinley, died Sunday night at the wheel of his automobile on the highway between Pasadena and Eagle Rock, near here. He had been ill for some time and was accompanied by a nurse. He was 46 years of age.

## Three Burned in Plane.

Los Angeles, Cal.—W. H. Robinson, aviator, and two men passengers were burned to death here Sunday night when the airplane in which they were riding caught fire. It plunged to earth.

# Mary Marie

By ELEANOR H. PORTER

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## "THAT'S ALL!"

SYNOPSIS—In a preface Mary Marie explains her apparent "double personality" and just why it 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 mother wanted to call her Viola and her father insisted 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. 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. Mary tells of the time spent "out west" where the "perfectly all right and genteel and respectable" divorce was being arranged for, and her mother's (to her) unaccountable behavior. By the court's decree the child is to spend six months of the year with her mother and six months with her father. Boston is Mother's home. Mary describes her life as Marie with her mother in Boston.

## CHAPTER—IV—Continued.

Well, to resume and go on. There's the violinist. I mustn't forget him. But, then, nobody could forget him. He's lovely: so handsome and distinguished-looking with his perfectly beautiful dark eyes and white, teeth. And he plays—well, I'm simply crazy over his playing. I only wish Carrie Heywood could hear him. She thinks her brother can play. He's a traveling violinist with a show; and he came home once to Andersonville. And I heard him. But he's not the real thing at all. Not a bit. Why, he might be anybody, our grocer, or the butcher, or there playing that violin. His eyes are little and blue, and his hair is red and very short. I wish she could hear our violinist play!

And there's another man that comes to the parties and teas;—oh, of course there are others, lots of them, married men with wives, and unmarried men with and without sisters. But I mean another man specially. His name is Harlow. He's a little man with a brown pointed beard and big soft brown eyes. He's really awfully good-looking, too. I don't know what he does do; but he's married. I know that. He never brings his wife, though; but Mother's always asking for her, clear and distinct, and she always smiles, and her voice kind of tinkles like little silver bells. But just the same he never brings her.

He never takes her anywhere. I heard Aunt Hattie tell Mother so at the very first, when he came. She said they weren't a bit happy together, and that there'd probably be a divorce before long. But Mother asked for her just the same the very next time. And she's done it ever since.

I think I know now why she does. I found out, and I was simply thrilled. It was so exciting! You see, they were lovers once themselves—Mother and this Mr. Harlow. Then something happened and they quarreled. That was just before Father came.

Of course Mother didn't tell me this, nor Aunt Hattie. It was two ladies. I heard them talking at a tea one day. I was right behind them, and I couldn't get away, so I just couldn't help hearing what they said.

I'm not sure, anyway, that Mother'd want to get married again. From little things she says I rather guess she doesn't think much of marriage, anyway. One day I heard her say to Aunt Hattie that it was a very pretty theory that marriages were made in heaven, but that the real facts of the case were that they were made on earth. And another day I heard her say that one trouble with marriage was that the husband and wife didn't know how to play together and to rest together. And lots of times I've heard her say little things to Aunt Hattie that showed how unhappy her marriage had been.

But last night a funny thing happened. We were all in the library reading after dinner, and Grandpa looked up from his paper and said something about a woman that was sentenced to be hanged and how a whole lot of men were writing letters protesting against having a woman hanged; but there were only one or two letters from women. And Grandpa said that only went to prove how much more lacking in a sense of fitness of things women were than men. And he was just going to say more when Aunt Hattie bristled up and tossed her chin, and said, real indignantly:

"A sense of fitness of things, indeed! Oh, yes, that's all very well to say. There are plenty of men, no doubt, who are shocked beyond anything at the idea of hanging a woman; but those same men will think nothing of going straight home and mak-

ing life for some other woman so absolutely miserable that she'd think hanging would be a lucky escape from something worse."

"Harriet!" exclaimed Grandpa in a shocked voice.

"Well, I mean it!" declared Aunt Hattie emphatically. "Look at poor Madge here, and that wretch of a husband of hers!"

And just here is where the funny thing happened. Mother bristled up—Mother!—and even more than Aunt Hattie had. She turned red and then white, and her eyes blazed.

"That will do, Hattie, please, in my presence," she said, very cold, like ice. "Dr. Anderson is not a wretch at all. He is an honorable, scholarly gentleman. Without doubt he meant to be kind and considerate. He simply did not understand me. We weren't suited to each other. That's all."

And she got up and swept out of the room.

Now, wasn't that funny? But I just loved it, all the same. I always love Mother when she's superb and haughty and disdainful.

Well, after she had gone Aunt Hattie looked at Grandpa and Grandpa looked at Aunt Hattie. Grandpa shrugged his shoulders, and gave his hands a funny little flourish; and Aunt Hattie lifted her eyebrows and said: "Well, what do you know about that?" (Aunt Hattie forgot I was in the room, I know, or she'd never in the



"That Will Do, Hattie, Please, in My Presence," She Said, Very Cold, Like Ice.

world have used slang like that!) "And after all the things she's said about how unhappy she was!" finished Aunt Hattie.

Grandpa didn't say anything, but just gave his funny little shrug again.

And it was kind of queer, when you come to think of it—about Mother, I mean, wasn't it?

## ONE MONTH LATER

Well, I've been here another whole month, and it's growing nicer all the time. I just love it here.

And Mother is happy, I'm sure she is. Somebody is doing something for her every moment—seems so. They are so glad to get her back again. I know they are. I heard two ladies talking one day, and they said they were. They called her "Poor Madge," and "Dear Madge," and they said it was a shame that she should have had such a wretched experience, and that they for one should try to do everything they could to make her forget.

And that's what they all seem to be trying to do—to make her forget. There isn't a day goes by but that somebody sends flowers or books or candy, or invites her somewhere, or takes her to ride or to the theater, or comes to see her, so that Mother is in just one whirl of good times from morning till night. Why, she'd just have to forget. She doesn't have any time to remember. I think she is forgetting, too. Oh, of course she gets tired, and sometimes rainy days or twilights I find her on the sofa in her room not reading or anything, and her face looks "most as it used to some-times after they'd been having one of their incompatibility times. But I don't find her that way very often, and it doesn't last long. So I really think she is forgetting.

About the prospective suitors—I found that "prospective suitor" in a story a week ago, and I just love it. It means you probably will want to marry her, you know. I use it all the time now—in my mind—when I'm thinking about those gentlemen that come here (the unmarried ones). I forgot and used it out loud one day to Aunt Hattie; but I shan't again. She said, "Mercy!" and threw up her hands and looked over to Grandpa the way she does when I've said something she thinks is perfectly awful. There it is again! I'm not old

enough. When will I be allowed to take my proper place in life? Echo answers when.

Well, to resume and go on.

What was I talking about? Oh, I know—the prospective suitors. (Aunt Hattie can't bear me when I just write it, anyway.) Well, they all come just as they used to, only there are more of them now—two fat men, one slim one, and a man with a halo of hair round a bald spot. Oh, I don't mean that any of them are really suitors yet. They just come to call and to tea, and send her flowers and candy. And Mother isn't a mite nicer to one than she is to any of the others. Anybody can see that. And she shows very plainly she's no notion of picking anybody out yet. But of course I can't help being interested and watching.

As I said before, I don't believe Mother'll choose Mr. Harlow, anyway, even when the time comes. As for any of the others—I can't tell. She treats them all just exactly alike, as far as I can see. Polite and pleasant, but not at all lovable. I was talking to Peter one day about it, and I asked him, but he didn't seem to know, either, which one she will be likely to take, if any.

Peter's about the only one I can ask. Of course I couldn't ask Mother, or Aunt Hattie. And Grandfather—well, I should never think of asking Grandpa a question like that. But Peter—Peter's a real comfort. I'm sure I don't know what I should do for somebody to talk to and ask questions about things down here, if it wasn't for him. He takes me to school and back again every day; so of course I see him quite a lot.

Speaking of school, it's all right, and of course I like it, though not quite so well as I did. There are some of the girls—well, they act queer. I don't know what is the matter with them. They stop talking—some of them—when I come up, and they make me feel, sometimes, as if I didn't belong. Maybe it's because I came from a little country town like Andersonville. But they've known that all along, from the very first. And they didn't act at all like that at the beginning. Maybe it's just their way down here. If I think of it I'll ask Peter tomorrow.

Well, I guess that's all I can think of this time.

## MOST FOUR MONTHS LATER

It's been ages since I've written here, I know. But there's nothing special happened. Everything has been going along just about as it did at the first. Oh, there is one thing different—Peter's gone. He went two months ago. We've got an awfully old chauffeur now. One with gray hair and glasses, and homely, too. His name is Charles. The very first day he came, Aunt Hattie told me never to talk to Charles, or bother him with questions; that it was better he should keep his mind entirely on his driving. She needn't have worried. I should never dream of asking him the things I did Peter. He's too stupid. Now Peter and I got to be real good friends—until all of a sudden Grandpa told him he might go. I don't know why.

I don't see as I'm any nearer finding out who Mother's lover will be than I was four months ago. I suppose it's still too soon. Peter said one day he thought widows ought to wait at least a year, and he guessed grass-widows were just the same. My, how mad I was at him for using that name about my mother! Oh, I knew what he meant. I'd heard it at school. (I know now what it was that made those girls act so queer and horrid.) There was a girl—I never liked her, and I suspect she didn't like me, either. Well, she found out Mother had a divorce. (You see, I hadn't told it. I remembered how those girls out West bragged.) And she told a lot of the others. But it didn't work at all as it had in the West. None of the girls in this school here had a divorce in their families; and, if you'll believe it, they acted—some of them—as if it was a disgrace, even after I told them good and plain that ours was a perfectly respectable and genteel divorce. Nothing I could say made a mite of difference, with some of the girls, and then is when I first heard that perfectly horrid word, "grass-widow." So I knew what Peter meant, though I was furious at him for using it. And I let him see it good and plain.

And that's what they all seem to be trying to do—to make her forget. There isn't a day goes by but that somebody sends flowers or books or candy, or invites her somewhere, or takes her to ride or to the theater, or comes to see her, so that Mother is in just one whirl of good times from morning till night. Why, she'd just have to forget. She doesn't have any time to remember. I think she is forgetting, too. Oh, of course she gets tired, and sometimes rainy days or twilights I find her on the sofa in her room not reading or anything, and her face looks "most as it used to some-times after they'd been having one of their incompatibility times. But I don't find her that way very often, and it doesn't last long. So I really think she is forgetting.

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"There it is again! I'm not old enough!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Self-Penalized.

One day in school I had been whispering to the boy behind me. The principal looked over my way and said: "You two boys come up here in these two front seats." I picked up a book and walked up to the front and sat down. Two boys from the back of the room came up also. The principal looked at me rather curiously and then said: "I didn't catch you."—Chicago Journal.

One's artificial laugh at an old story is sometimes suspiciously too loud.