

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.

May Walsh, 7 feet 6 inches tall, said to be the tallest woman in the world, died Sunday at the municipal tuberculosis sanitarium in Chicago.

Approximately 1000 acres of certified Jenkins club wheat on the big farm of the Peringer Ranch company, eight miles east of Penleton on the Umatilla Indian reservation, was burned Monday afternoon. Between 45,000 and 50,000 bushels of the finest grain in Umatilla county was destroyed.

President Harding has accepted the resignation of Elmer Dover, Tacoma, Wash., as assistant secretary of the treasury in charge of internal revenue and customs, it is announced at the White House.

Special delivery letters will not be sent out from any postoffice in the country after 11 o'clock at night, under new postal regulations issued Tuesday. Such letters not delivered prior to that hour will be "delivered as soon as possible" the next morning.

Approximately 5000 Seattle residents subscribed a total of \$3,000,000 in bonds to finance the erection of a new hotel, sponsored by the chamber of commerce as a community enterprise, it was announced at noon Tuesday, when the subscription campaign concluded.

Manuel Nunes, inventor of the ukulele, the musical instrument of Hawaii, died at his home in Honolulu, T. H., of heart disease after a long illness. His death brought to light that, contrary to general belief, the ukulele was known to the Hawaiians only after the advent of the white man.

Burglars broke open 80 vaults on six floors of the Paulsen building in Spokane Saturday night and stole in excess of \$100,000, it was learned Monday morning. This is the largest burglary ever committed in Spokane, according to local police. The police believe the robbery was the work of professionals.

William Githens, 40, of West Philadelphia, "stunt swimmer" who had exhibited all over the country for years, Tuesday night performed for the last time. His body was dragged from Allegheny river, near the Sixth street bridge, 15 minutes after he started to cross the stream with his hands and feet tied. The knots failed to slip.

Agreement upon a tentative plan for distribution of coal and for restriction of unfair prices was announced Monday night by Secretary Hoover after a series of conferences during the day with representatives of producing operators, the railroads, the interstate commerce commission and other departments of the government.

Support of the railroad labor board as the only agency created by law for handling the transportation tie-up, acceleration of coal production and control of fuel distribution were given by administration spokesmen Tuesday as the three fundamentals of the government's policy toward the industrial crisis involved in the coal and railroad strikes.

Major Max Aiser of the United States army quartermaster's corps and Captain Frank Tingley, also of the United States army, were indicted Tuesday by the federal grand jury in Los Angeles, together with six dealers in army supplies, charged with conspiring to defraud the United States government by manipulating sales of supplies at Camp Kearney.

Colonel A. A. Sprague, chairman of the American Legion's national rehabilitation committee, in a letter to Brigadier-General Charles E. Sawyer, personal physician to President Harding, and chief co-ordinator of the federal board of hospitalization, made public Tuesday, charged General Sawyer with standing in the way of proper care for wounded and shell-shocked veterans, and with holding up hospital plans voted by congress.

WOOL SCHEDULE IS PASSED

Lodge Declares Republicans Will Not Abandon Tariff Program.

Washington, D. C.—Consideration of the wool schedule, which has developed the one big fight in the administration tariff bill, was completed Monday by the senate after the approval without change of imposts proposed by the finance committee majority on blankets, wearing apparel and floor coverings.

The silk schedule then was taken up and leaders were hopeful that committee amendments to this could be disposed of tomorrow.

After the silk schedule will come those dealing with paper and books and sundries, including hides and laces; the free list and the administration provisions with the flexible tariff plan proposed by President Harding. When the senate winds up work on these, it must go back over the entire bill, paragraph by paragraph, for action or individual amendments.

There still was divided opinion Monday as to when a final vote on the measure could be had, but republican leaders were unanimous in declaring that the senate would pass the bill. Taking cognizance of a report published in Washington that the senate would abandon the measure, Senator Lodge of Massachusetts, the majority leader, made this statement:

"This bill is going to be passed by the senate and that at the first opportunity. We are going to stick to it and pass it as soon as we can get a vote. Reports that it might be laid aside or allowed to fall are absolutely without foundation. The bill will be passed and put on the statute books as soon as possible."

While the split in the republican ranks was noticeable, there was only one sizeable controversy over wool duties, some republicans and most of the democrats voting against the duties on clothing. Senator Smoot, republican, Utah, in charge of the schedule, said, and Senator Walsh of Massachusetts, conducting the fight for the minority, agreed that only novelties were imported; that the American ready-made clothing industry could compete with the world. Senator Walsh argued, however, that the duties were an invitation to domestic manufacturers to combine and increase their prices to the level of the tariff.

Deficit Period Passed.

Chicago.—Montgomery Ward & Co. after operating at a deficit for the last two years—\$9,887,000 loss in 1921 and \$7,855,000 loss in 1920—again is earning a profit, according to a statement issued to stockholders Monday by Theodore F. Merselles, president. The statement says the company made a net profit of \$1,241,117 in the first six months of 1922. The number of orders received increased 35.03 per cent.

Hungarian Crown Drops.

Budapest.—The fall in the crown is continuing. The value of the dollar is now nearing 2000 crowns. Bread is at 250 crowns a loaf. Hungarian money has lost 60 per cent in value during the last fortnight. This is generally attributed to the collapse of the German mark.

Mine Afire; Two Trapped.

Winnemucca, Nev.—Superintendent Joseph Bolam and Peter Madison are trapped in the long tunnel of the burning National mine, 75 miles north of here, according to a telephone message received Sunday night. The message asked that rescue parties be sent to the scene.

Japan Will Negotiate.

Moscow.—The negotiations between Japan and the far eastern republic, broken off after protracted discussion at Darian, will be resumed soon as the result of an exchange of notes. Japan has agreed to evacuate all her troops from the Premosky district by November.

City Prays For Peace.

Denison, Tex.—Denison prayed for settlement of the railroad strike Tuesday. The mayor, in a proclamation, asked business houses to close for one hour and urged citizens to assemble in churches and pray that the conferences of executives and shopmen result in peace.

Northcliffe Still Ill.

London.—The physicians in attendance upon Lord Northcliffe said Monday night his condition is causing them anxiety. The endocarditis, they assert, is showing no noticeable signs of improvement.

PEACE IN SIGHT IN RAIL WALKOUT

Harding's Plan Is Reported Already Accepted.

ROADS MAY PROTEST

Union Officials Are Declared to Have Agreed to President's Settlement Offers.

Chicago.—Peace terms already have been agreed to in the country-wide railway strike and formal ratification has been assured through President Harding's efforts, it was asserted Sunday night by a man in close official touch with the situation.

All that now remains before the strike, which has cost the workers upward of \$40,000,000 in wages, passes into history, it was asserted, was the formal indorsement of the terms of settlement by the railway executives, meeting in New York, and the strike leaders, who will convene in Chicago at the same hour.

"The acceptance of President Harding's proposal was a foregone conclusion before T. De Witt Cuyler issued the call for the meeting of the rail executives in New York and B. M. Jewell, head of the striking shopmen, summoned a similar meeting of union chiefs for the same date, this man who has been in closest touch with the entire situation declared.

"The rail executives will finally decide to yield for the good of the country, sweeping aside the seniority issue, he continued, but their gesture will give little consolation to the men who walked out on July 1, for besides their loss in pay they will lose some of their seniority rights to the men who remained at work, see their original grievances returned to the United States railroad labor board for rehearing and the question of a national adjustment board and certain other points taken up by congress.

Exact Terms Not Yet Known.
"The exact terms probably will not be known until after Tuesday's meeting, but whatever they are the objections of a minority on either side will not be sufficiently strong to obstruct or prevent their ratification by both sides. The seniority issue has been raised since the beginning of the strike, it must be remembered, and is not as great a stumbling block as it has seemed at times. When the time comes it will be disposed of with justice to all and to the satisfaction of the great majority of the workers."

Fire-Ball Held Meteor.

Santa Barbara, Cal.—Consensus of opinion here is that the great flaming object which fell from the sky into the ocean off Santa Barbara or on Santa Cruz island, 18 miles south Saturday night, was a meteor. As no report came from the islands that anyone there had seen the object strike the earth, the general belief was that it fell into the ocean.

A burning aircraft were generally disbelieved. Early reports that the object was believed.

Coolidge Starts West.

Washington, D. C.—Vice-President Coolidge left Washington Saturday night for Boston, starting a trip that will occupy two or three weeks and take him to the Pacific coast.

The Vice-President plans to leave August 4 for San Francisco, where he will address the American Bar association convention August 10. The present itinerary of Mr. Coolidge calls for a visit to Portland, Or.

Russia Saves Platinum.

Paris.—The Russian soviet government is declared in a dispatch from Vienna to have been for some time accumulating a platinum reserve with the purpose of establishing a coinage which will replace the gold standard. The message does not give the authority for this report.

It says the preparations for the move are expected to be completed within three months.

Gompers Here 59 Years.

Washington, D. C.—Samuel Gompers, who has been called the grand old man of American labor, by virtue of his long tenure of office as president of the American Federation of Labor, observed Saturday the fifty-ninth anniversary of what he considers one of the biggest events of his life—his landing in the United States as an English immigrant.



MARY MARIE

BY ELEANOR H. PORTER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY R.H. LIVINGSTONE.

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FATHER

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 and about her mother's "prospective suitors." Then Mary goes to her other home, to visit her father. Aunt Jane's questions.

CHAPTER V—Continued.

ONE WEEK LATER.

Father's come. He came yesterday. But I didn't know it, and I came running downstairs, ending with a little bounce for the last step. And there, right in front of me in the hall was—Father.

I guess he was as much surprised as I was. Anyhow, he acted so. He just stood stock-still and stared, his face turning all kinds of colors.

"You?" he gasped, just above his breath. Then suddenly he seemed to remember. "Why, yes, yes, to be sure. You are here, aren't you? How do you do, Mary?"

He came up then and held out his hand, and I thought that was all he was going to do. But, after a funny little hesitation, he stooped and kissed my forehead. Then he turned and went into the library with very quick steps, and I didn't see him again till at the supper-table.

At the supper-table he said again, "How do you do, Mary?" Then he seemed to forget all about me. At least he didn't say anything more to me; for three or four times, when I glanced up, I found him looking at me. But just as soon as I looked back at him he turned his eyes away and cleared his throat, and began to eat or to talk to Aunt Jane.

After dinner—I mean supper—he went out to the observatory, just as he always used to. Aunt Jane said her head ached and she was going to bed. I said I guessed I would step over to Carrie Heywood's; but Aunt Jane said, certainly not; that I was much too young to be running around nights in the dark. Nights! And it was only seven o'clock, and not dark at all! But of course I couldn't go.

Aunt Jane went upstairs, and I was left alone. I didn't feel a bit like reading; besides, there wasn't a book or a magazine anywhere asking you to read. They just shrieked, "Touch me not!" behind the glass doors in the library. I hate sewing, I mean Marie hates it. Aunt Jane says Mary's got to learn.

After a while I opened the parlor door and peeked in. They used to keep it open when Mother was here; but Aunt Jane doesn't use it. I knew where the electric push button was, though, and I turned on the light.

I was just tingling to play something, and I remembered that Father was in the observatory, and Aunt Jane upstairs in the other part of the house where she couldn't possibly hear. So I began to play. I played the very slowest piece I had, and I played softly at first; but I know I forgot, and I know I hadn't played two pieces before I was having the best time ever, and making all the noise I wanted to.

Then all of a sudden I had a funny feeling as if somebody somewhere was watching me; but I just couldn't turn around. I stopped playing, though, at the end of that piece, and then I looked; but there wasn't anybody in sight. But the wax cross was there, and the coffin plate, and that awful hair wreath; and suddenly I felt as if the room was just full of folks with great staring eyes. I fairly shook with shivers, but I managed to shut the piano and get over to the door where

the light was. Then, a minute later, out in the big silent hall, I crept on tiptoe toward the stairs. I knew then, all of a sudden, why I'd felt somebody was listening. There was. Across the hall in the library in the big chair before the fire sat—Father! And for 'most a whole half-hour I had been banging away at that piano on marches and dance music! My! But I held my breath and stopped short, I can tell you. But he didn't move nor turn, and a minute later I was safely by the door and halfway up the stairs.

I stayed in my room the rest of that evening; and for the second time since I've been here I cried myself to sleep.

ANOTHER WEEK LATER

Well, I've got them—those brown and blue serge dresses and the calf-skin boots. My, but I hope they're stiff and homely enough—all of them! And hot, too. Aunt Jane did say today that she didn't know but what she'd made a mistake not to get gingham dresses. But, then, she'd have to get the gingham later, anyway, she said; then I'd have both.

Well, they can't be worse than the serge. That's sure. I hate the serge. They're awfully homely. Still, I don't know but it's just as well. Certainly it's lots easier to be Mary in a brown serge and clumpy boots than it is in the soft, fluffy things Marie used to wear. You couldn't be Marie in these things. Honestly, I'm feeling real Maryish these days.

I wonder if that's why the girls seem so queer at school. They are queer. Three times lately I've come up to a crowd of girls and heard them



I Was Having the Best Time Ever, and Making All the Noise I Wanted To.

stop talking right off short. They colored up, too; and pretty quick they began to slip away, one by one, till there wasn't anybody left but just me, just as they used to do in Boston. But of course it can't be for the same reason here, for they're known all along about the divorce and haven't minded it at all.

Aunt Jane doesn't care for music. Besides, it's noisy, she says, and would be likely to disturb Father. So I'm not to keep on with my music lessons here. She's going to teach me to sew instead. She says sewing is much more sensible and useful.

Sensible and useful! I wonder how many times I've heard those words since I've been here. And durable, too. And nourishing. That's another word. Honestly, Marie is getting awfully tired of Mary's sensible sewing and dusting, and her durable clumpy shoes and stuffy dresses, and her nourishing oatmeal and whole-wheat bread. But there, what can you do? I'm trying to remember that it's different, anyway, and that I said I liked something different.

I don't see much of Father. Still, there's something kind of queer about it, after all. He only speaks to me about twice a day—just "Good-morning, Mary," and "Good-night." And so far as most of his actions are concerned you wouldn't think by them that he knew I was in the house. Yet, over and over again at the table, and at times when I didn't even know he was round, I've found him watching me, and with such a queer, funny look in his eyes. Then, very quickly all-ways, he looks right away.

But last night he didn't. And that's especially what I wanted to write about today. And this is the way it happened:

It was after supper, and I had gone into the library. Father had gone out to the observatory as usual, and Aunt Jane had gone upstairs to her room as usual, and as usual I was wandering round looking for something to do. I wanted to play on the piano, but I didn't dare to—not with all those dead-hair and wax-flower folks in the parlor watching me, and the chance of Father's coming in as he did before.

I was standing in the window staring out at nothing—it wasn't quite dark yet—when again I had that queer feeling that somebody was looking at me. I turned—and there was Father. He had come in and was sitting in the big chair by the table. But this time he didn't look right away as usual and give me a chance to slip quietly out of the room, as I always had before. Instead he said:

"What are you doing there, Mary?" "Just looking out the window."

"Come here. I want to talk to you."

"Yes, Father."

I went, of course, at once, and sat down in the chair near him. He hitched again in his seat.

"Why don't you do something—read, sew, knit?" he demanded. "Why do I always find you moping around, doing nothing?"

Just like that he said it; and when he had just told me—

"Why, Father!" I cried; and I know that I showed how surprised I was. "I thought you just said I couldn't do nothing—that nobody could!"

"Eh? What! Tut, tut!" He seemed very angry at first; then suddenly he looked sharply into my face. Next, if you'll believe it, he laughed—the queer little chuckle under his breath that I've heard him give two or three times when there was something he thought was funny. "Humph!" he grunted. Then he gave me another sharp look out of his eyes, and said: "I don't think you meant that to be quite so impertinent as it sounded, Mary, so we'll let it pass—this time. I'll put my question this way: Don't you ever knit or read or sew?"

"I do sew every day in Aunt Jane's room, ten minutes hemming, ten minutes sewing, and ten minutes busting patchwork squares together. I don't know how to knit."

"How about reading? Don't you care for reading?"

"Why, of course I do. I love it!" I cried. "And I do read lots—at home."

"At—home?"

I knew, then, of course, that I'd made another awful break. There wasn't any smile around Father's eyes now, and his lips came together hard and thin over that last word.

"At—at my home," I stammered. "I mean, my other home."

"Humph!" grunted Father. Then, after a minute: "But why, pray, can't you read here? I'm sure there are—books enough." He flourished his hands toward the bookcases all around the room.

"Oh, I do—a little; but, you see, I'm so afraid I'll leave some of them out when I'm through," I explained.

"Well, what of it? What if you do?" he demanded.

"Why, Father!" I tried to show by the way I said it that he knew—of course he knew. But he made me tell him right out that Aunt Jane wouldn't like it, and that the books always had to be kept exactly where they belonged.

"Well, why not? Why shouldn't they? Aren't books down there—in Boston—kept where they belong, pray?"

It was the first time since I'd come that he'd ever mentioned Boston; and I almost jumped out of my chair when I heard him. But I soon saw it wasn't going to be the last, for right then and there he began to question me, even worse than Aunt Jane had.

He'd been up on his feet, tramping up and down the room all the time I'd been talking; and now, all of a sudden, he wheels around and stops short.

"How is—your mother, Mary?" he asks. And it was just as if he'd opened the door to another room, he had such a whole lot of questions to ask after that. And when he'd finished he knew everything; what time we got up and went to bed, and what we did all day, and the parties and dinners and auto rides, and the folks that came such a lot to see Mother.

Then all of a sudden he stopped—asking questions, I mean. He stopped just as suddenly as he'd begun. Why, I was right in the middle of telling about a concert for charity we got up just before I came away, and how Mother had practiced for days and days with the young man who played the violin, when all of a sudden Father jerked his watch from his pocket and said:

"There, there, Mary, it's getting late. You've talked enough—too much. Now go to bed. Good night."

Talked too much, indeed! And who'd been making me do all the talking, I should like to know? But, of course, I couldn't say anything. That's the unfair part of it. Old folks can say anything, anything they want to you, but you can't say a thing back to them—not a thing.

"And there—she told me. And it was the divorce."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Always the Same Dreams.
What is called science has always pursued the elixir of life and the philosopher's stone, and is just as busy after them today as ever it was in the day of Paracelsus. We call them by different names, immunization or radiology, or what not; but the dreams which lure us into the adventures from which we learn are always at bottom the same.—Bernard Shaw.