

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.

Gabriele D'Annunzio, Italy's noted soldier-poet, was seriously injured in the head by a fall recently in the garden of his villa in Gardone, Italy.

Immediate resumption of coal production in bituminous mines scattered over seven states was ordered Tuesday night, and in some places the cutting started Tuesday.

Because the bottom has fallen out of the market, hops in northern California will not be picked this fall, it was declared by prominent growers, and thousands of acres of hops will remain unpicked.

For the present Japan will not make any formal move for exchange of ratifications between herself, the United States and Great Britain of the naval limitations treaty signed at the Washington conference.

A "go-slow and irritation" strike has been suggested by the New South Wales labor council to combat any reduction in wages and the plan has been submitted to a conference of union secretaries and officials.

Twelve persons are believed to have perished in a fire that destroyed the Jewish boys' orphanage at Strawberry, Canada, Sunday night and threatened the village. The cause of the fire is unknown.

The cost of living in Austria was increased 124 per cent within the last 30 days, according to the monthly index figure which became public Tuesday. Rumors are gaining strength that the days of the Seipl government are numbered.

Triplets, all girls, were born Monday to Mr. and Mrs. Rex Oberon at Falls City, Oregon. The infants weighed 2-1-2, 2-3-4 and 3 pounds. All were well developed and apparently healthy. These are the first children born to Mr. and Mrs. Oberon.

The 13th allied conference on German reparations broke down Tuesday, "agreeing to disagree," as the spokesman for both France and Great Britain put it, there having been a complete lack of unanimity on the important points discussed.

Telegrams from Tampico Tuesday said that the city government is bankrupt because citizens are unable to pay the excessive taxes. Thousands of Mexicans and hundreds of Americans are out of work. Many of the latter are sleeping in parks, having no money to pay for lodging.

Motive power upon certain important carriers of the country because of the present strike is progressively deteriorating, Chairman McChord of the interstate commerce commission informed President Harding Monday night, and in a letter of reply was told by the president "to insist upon the full enforcement of the law."

Approximately 500 independent oil producers gathered in Tulsa, Okla., from five states of the southwest, unanimously voted for a complete shut-down of drilling operations as the only means of preventing further declines in the price of crude oil. The five states represented were Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas, Kansas and Oklahoma.

Reports of a severe cloudburst, which swept an area about 20 miles in length and ten miles wide between the Columbia district and Dufur, Oregon, were received at The Dalles Tuesday. The cloudburst was said to have started late yesterday and to have lasted about an hour and a half, doing several thousand dollars' damage to wheat, mostly to uncut grain, which was beaten to the ground by the water which was said to have fallen literally in sheets.

Immediate green fruit losses to San Joaquin valley growers, because of rail embargoes, which had left only the Southern Pacific gateway to El Paso open to shipment, total \$37,000,000, according to figures vouched for by E. J. Gorman, traffic manager of the E. J. Foley company of Fresno. Mr. Gorman estimated that of 40,000 cars of green fruit to be shipped only 2500 have been sent out. Nothing can be done to salvage the crops spoiling in the fields, he said.

FRANCE INSISTS ON PAY

Germany Must Make Settlement, Says Prime Minister Poincare.

Bar le Duc, France.—France is firmly determined to make Germany pay for the devastation she caused in the war, and rather than depart from this fixed intention, she will act alone, Premier Poincare declared at the opening meeting of the general council of the department of the Meuse Monday, in a speech generally regarded as the complete official declaration of French reparations policy.

The necessity and justice of the payment of reparations by Germany were emphasized by the French premier, who placed the blame for the present situation on the attitude of the reparations commission and the failure of Great Britain to understand the desperate plight of her allies and the need for the payment of the indemnity.

M. Poincare recited figures in an effort to prove that Germany was responsible for her own collapse and had deliberately failed to live up to the demands of the reparations commission. He vigorously denied that the French sought to enslave Germany in revenge for the devastation of the war.

Premier Poincare held out the hope of German and French co-operation together some day, if Germany would change her tactics and do her best to repair in peace the damage she caused in war. France was eager to co-operate with her allies, he said, but would take independent action rather than be deprived of her just compensation.

The premier spoke at length of the divergent courses now being taken by France and England. He declared that it was only natural that nations, like people, should think first of their own interests. France could not continue to bear the burden of all the allied commitments, he asserted. He went on to record as advocating an allied conference for the settlement of war debts which would be attended by all the nations interested, "without exception." The latter phrase was taken to mean that he referred to the United States.

Ban Put on Potatoes.

Helena, Mont.—Quarantine against uncertified shipments of potatoes from California into Montana was issued in an order from Governor Dixon Monday morning, on request of the state department of agriculture. The order sets forth that potato ellworm and potato tuber moth are prevalent over an indeterminate area in California. Shipments will be admitted from California only when accompanied by a certificate from an authorized inspector stating that the field and the shipment both have been inspected and found free of infestation.

Rich Indian to Be Bride.

Muskogee, Okla.—Fifty-five miles away in the town of Fame, and Exie Fife, a full-blooded Creek Indian, is its belle. She has a small, unpainted cabin, a big touring car and an income of \$1200 a day.

Exie is in love with Berlin Jackson, 20, and she is even younger than that, being born in 1903. Jackson is not an Indian. It is reported that Exie and Berlin are looking for a "town house," something in Eufala, Checotah or even Muskogee.

Of course, Exie has 150 acres on which there is much oil.

Spring Deals Death.

Klamath Falls, Or.—Frank Albert, 50 years old, was so badly scalded Sunday when he fell into the hot spring known as the "Devil's tea kettle," in East Main street, that he died a few hours later. Albert, who had gone to the spring for water, lost his footing and plunged into the water, the temperature of which is 127 degrees. The spring is only about 3 feet deep, but the slippery bank made it impossible for him to climb out.

15 Locomotives Placed.

Philadelphia.—Samuel Vauclein, president of the Baldwin Locomotive works, announced Monday the receipt of an order from the Union Pacific railroad for 15 locomotives to cost \$900,000. Construction of these engines will begin at once.

Mr. Vauclein said his company now has \$16,000,000 worth of unfilled orders in its books, the largest volume of business since April, 1921.

Settlers Get Cut Rate.

Chicago.—Homeseekers' excursion tickets at one fare plus \$2 for the round trip, to apply to the entire west and northwest, will be put into effect on August 29 by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad, it was announced Monday. The tickets will be sold every Tuesday.

HARDING BLAMES ROADS AND LABOR

Coal Strike Story Also Put Before Congress.

"LAWLESSNESS" HIT

President Resolved to Use Power of Government to Maintain Rail Transportation.

Washington, D. C.—President Harding laid the whole story of the rail and coal strikes before the American people Friday with a pledge that, whatever the cost, the government by law will be sustained.

Summing up before joint session of senate and house his efforts toward industrial peace, the president asserted that neither employers nor employees could escape responsibility for the present situation and that no "small minority" would be permitted by "armed lawlessness," "conspiracy," or "barbarity and butchery" to override the paramount interests of the public.

"We must reassert the doctrine that in this republic the first obligation and the first allegiance of every citizen, high or low, is to his government," said the president. "No matter what clouds may gather, no matter what storms may ensue, no matter what hardships may attend or what sacrifice may be necessary, government by law must and will be sustained."

"Wherefore I am resolved to use all the power of the government to maintain transportation and to sustain the rights of men to work."

To strengthen the hand of the administration in dealing with present and future coal troubles, Mr. Harding asked for authorization of a national agency to purchase, sell and distribute coal and for creation of a commission to inquire into "every phase of coal production, sale and distribution."

No similar request was made for emergency rail legislation, the president asserting that, although the railroad labor board had inadequate authority, other agencies of the government were armed with statutes to prevent conspiracy against interstate commerce and to insure safety in railway operation.

"It is my purpose," he continued, "to invoke these laws, civil and criminal, against all offenders alike."

One other legislative enactment, a law to permit the federal government to step in and protect aliens where state protection fails, was advocated by the chief executive as a result of what he termed the "butchery of human beings wrought in madness," at Herrin, Ill. Despite the protests of foreign governments whose nationals suffered in the Herrin mine battle, he said, federal officials were powerless to take in hand the situation created by "the mockery of local inquiry and the failure of justice in Illinois."

Man Turns to Stone.

Pittsfield, Mass.—James Burke, 37, whose body for nine years had been slowly turning to stone, died Saturday in the Mother Margaret Mary home in Cheshire.

Nine years ago, while holding a clerical position in the Panama canal zone, he became infected from an insect bite; his joints soon thereafter started to stiffen and the process of ossification was under way. Many forms of treatment were tried, but none benefited him. While suffering much discomfort he had little pain and always was cheerful.

Early City Unearthed.

Mexico City.—A prehistoric city at the foot of the volcano Ixtaccihuatl, four miles long and three miles wide, was discovered Friday by explorers of the national museum of Mexico. Half of the buried city is surrounded by a stone wall 8 to 20 feet wide at the top, and contains 28 pyramids about 100 feet high, above the debris of centuries covering them. The ruins apparently are of as great a city as the famous Teotihuacan, a show place of Mexico.

Lightning Kills Golfer.

Salt Lake City.—Clarence A. Cohn, 42 years old, vice-president of a department store here, was killed Sunday afternoon when struck by lightning while playing on the golf links of the Salt Lake Country club. Mr. Cohn was struck in the head, the bolt tearing off the right side of his face. Two players crossing the links in company with Mr. Cohn were rendered unconscious. A caddy was knocked down, but not seriously hurt.

Mary Marie

By ELEANOR H. PORTER

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CHAPTER V—Continued.

When he got up from the table he said to me: "I shall expect to see you tomorrow in the library at four, Mary." And Mary answered: "Yes, Father." And she told him how highly she prized his opinion, and he was a man of such splendid judgment, and she felt so alone now with no strong man's shoulder to lean upon, and she would be so much obliged if he only would tell her whether he considered that offer a good one or not.

The next day I watched again at four for Father to come up the walk; and when he had come in I went down to the library. He was there in his pet seat before the fireplace. (Father always sits before the fireplace, whether there's a fire there or not. And sometimes he looks so funny sitting there, staring into those gray ashes just as if it was the liveliest kind of a fire he was watching.)

As I said, he was there, but I had to speak twice before he looked up. Then, for a minute, he stared vaguely. "Eh? Oh! Ah—yes, to be sure," he muttered then. "You have come with your books. Yes, I remember."

But there wasn't any twinkle in his eyes, nor the least little bit of an understanding smile; and I was disappointed. I had been looking for it. I knew then, when I felt so suddenly lost and heart-achey, that I had been expecting and planning all day on that twinkle understanding smile. You know you feel worse when you've just found a father and then lost him!

Well, he took my books and heard my lessons, and told me what I was to study next day. He's done that two days now.

Oh, I'm so tired of being Mary! And I've got more than four whole months of it left. I didn't get Mother's letter today. Maybe that's why I'm specially lonesome tonight.

JULY FIRST.

School is done, both the regular school and my school. Not that my school has amounted to much. Really it hasn't. Oh, for three or four days he asked questions quite like just a teacher. Then he got to talking. Sometimes it would be about something in the lessons; sometimes it would be about a star, or the moon. And he'd get so interested that I'd think for a minute that maybe the understanding twinkle would come into his eyes again. But it never did.

Naturally the lessons haven't amounted to much, as you can imagine. But the term was nearly finished, anyway; and my real school is in Boston, of course.

It's vacation now. I do hope that will amount to something!

AUGUST FIRST.

It hasn't, so far—I mean vacation. Really, what a world of disappointment this is! How on earth I'm going to stand being Mary for three months more I don't know. But I've got to, I suppose. I've been here May, June, and July; and that leaves August, September, and October yet to come. And when I think of Mother and Boston and Marie, and the darling good times down there where you're really wanted, I am simply crazy.

If Father wanted me, really wanted me, I wouldn't care a bit. I'd be willing to be Mary six whole months. Yes, I'd be glad to. But he doesn't. I'm just here by order of the court. And what can you do when you're nothing but a daughter by order of the court?

As I said before, if only there was somebody here that wanted me. But there isn't. Of course Father doesn't. That goes without saying. And Aunt Jane doesn't. That goes, too, without saying. Carrie Heywood has gone away for all summer, so I can't have even her, and of course, I wouldn't associate with any of the other girls, even if they would associate with me—which they won't.

That leaves only Mother's letters. They are dear, and I love them. I don't know what I'd do without them. And yet, sometimes I think maybe they're worse than if I didn't have them. They make me so homesick, and I always cry so after I get them. Still, I know I just couldn't live a minute if it wasn't for Mother's letters.

Father doesn't like ladies. I know he doesn't. He always runs away from them. But they don't run away from him! Listen.

Quite a lot of them call here to see Aunt Jane, and they come lots of times evenings and late afternoons, and I know now why they do it. They come then because they think Father'll be at home at that time; and they want to see him.

I know it now, but I never thought of it till the other day when I heard our hired girl, Susie, talking about it with Bridget, the Smalls' hired girl, over the fence when I was weeding the garden one day. Then I knew. It was like this:

Mrs. Darling had been over the night before as usual, and had stayed an awfully long time talking to Aunt Jane on the front piazza. Father had been there, too, awhile. She stopped him on his way into the house. I was there and I heard her. She said: "Oh, Mr. Anderson, I'm so glad I saw you! I wanted to ask your advice about selling poor dear Mr. Darling's law library."

And then she went on to tell him how she'd had an offer, but she wasn't sure whether it was a good one or not. And she told him how highly she prized his opinion, and he was a man of such splendid judgment, and she felt so alone now with no strong man's shoulder to lean upon, and she would be so much obliged if he only would tell her whether he considered that offer a good one or not.

Father hitched and ahemed and moved nearer the door all the time she was talking, and he didn't seem to hear her when she pushed a chair toward him and asked him to please sit down and tell her what to do; that she was so alone in the world since poor dear Mr. Darling had gone. (She always calls him poor dear Mr. Darling now, but Susie says she didn't when he was alive; she called him something quite different. I wonder what it was.)

Well, as I said, Father hitched and fidgeted, and said he didn't know, he was sure; that she'd better take wiser counsel than his, and that he was very sorry, but she really must excuse him. And he got through the door while he was talking just as fast as he could himself, so that she couldn't get in a single word to keep him. Then he was gone.

Mrs. Darling stayed on the piazza two whole hours longer, but Father never came out at all again.

It was the next morning that Susie said this over the back-yard fence to Bridget:

"It does beat all how popular this house is with the ladies—after college hours!"

And Bridget chuckled and answered back:

"Sure it is! An' I do be thinkin' the Widder Darlin' is a heap fonder of Miss Jane now than she would have been had poor dear Mr. Darlin' lived!"

And she chuckled again, and so did Susie. And then, all of a sudden, I



Paul is No Silly Boy. He's Old Enough to Get a License to Drive His Own Car.

knew. It was Father Mrs. Darling wanted. They came here to see him. They wanted to marry him. As if I didn't know what Susie and Bridget meant! I'm no child!

But all this doesn't make Father like them. I'm not sure but it makes him dislike them. Anyhow, he won't have anything to do with them. He always runs away over to the observatory, or somewhere, and won't see them; and I've heard him say things about them to Aunt Jane, too—words that sound all right, but that don't mean what they say, and everybody knows they don't. So, as I said before, I don't see any chance of Father's having a love story to help out this book—not right away, anyhow.

As for my love story—I don't see any chance of that's beginning, either. Yet, seems as if there ought to be the beginning of it by this time—I'm going on fifteen. Oh, there have been beginnings, lots of them—only Aunt Jane wouldn't let them go on and be endings, though I told her good and plain that I thought it perfectly all right; and I reminded her about the brook and river meeting where I stood, and all that.

But I couldn't make her see it at all. She said, "Stuff and nonsense"—and when Aunt Jane says both stuff and nonsense I know there's nothing doing. (Oh, dear, that's slang! Aunt Jane says she does wish I would eliminate the slang from my vocabulary. Well, I wish she'd eliminate some of the long words from hers. Marie said that—not Marie.)

Well, Aunt Jane said stuff and nonsense, and that I was much too young to run around with silly boys. You see, Charlie Smith had walked home from school with me twice, but I had to stop that. And Fred Small was getting so he was over here a lot. Aunt Jane stopped him. Paul Mayhew—yes, Paul Mayhew, Stella's brother!—came home with me, too, and asked

me to go with him auto-riding. My, how I did want to go! I wanted the ride, of course, but especially I wanted to go because he was Mrs. Mayhew's son. I just wanted to show Mrs. Mayhew! But Aunt Jane wouldn't let me. That's the time she talked specially about running around with silly boys. But she needn't have. Paul is no silly boy. He's old enough to get a license to drive his own car.

Well, of course, that ended that. And there hasn't been any other since. That's why I say my love story doesn't seem to be getting along very well. Naturally, when it gets noised around town that your Aunt Jane won't let you go anywhere with a young man, or let a young man come to see you, or even walk home with you after the first time—why, the young men aren't going to do very much toward making your daily life into a love story.

TWO WEEKS LATER.

A queer thing happened last night. It was like this:

Yesterday Aunt Jane went to spend the day with her best friend. She said for me not to leave the house, as some member of the family should be there. She told me to sew an hour, weed an hour, dust the house downstairs and upstairs, and read some improving book an hour. The rest of the time I might amuse myself.

Amuse myself! A jolly time I could have all by myself! Even Father wasn't to be home for dinner, so I wouldn't have that excitement. He was out of town, and was not to come home till six o'clock.

It was an awfully hot day. The sun just beat down, and there wasn't a breath of air. By noon I was simply crazy with my stuffy, long-sleeved, high-necked blue gingham dress and my great clumpy shoes. It seemed all of a sudden as if I couldn't stand it—not another minute—not a single minute more—to be Mary, I mean. And suddenly I determined that for a while, just a little while, I'd be Marie again. Why couldn't I? There wasn't anybody going to be there but just myself, all day long.

I ran then upstairs to the guest-room closet where Aunt Jane had made me put all my Marie dresses and things when the Mary ones came. Well, I got out the very fluffiest, softest white dress there was there, and the little white slippers and the silk stockings that I loved, and the blue silk sash, and the little gold locket and chain that Mother gave me that Aunt Jane wouldn't let me wear. And I dressed up. My, didn't I dress up? And I just threw those old heavy shoes and black cotton stockings into the corner, and the blue gingham dress after them (though Mary went right away and picked the dress up, and hung it in the closet, of course); but I had the fun of throwing it, anyway.

Oh, how good those Marie things did feel to Mary's hot, dried flesh and bones, and how I did dance and sing around the room in those light little slippers! Then Susie rang the dinner-bell and I went down to the dining-room feeling like a really truly young lady. I can tell you.

Susie stared, of course, and said, "My, how fine we are today!" But I didn't mind Susie.

After dinner I went out into the hall and I sang all over the house. Then I went into the parlor and played every lively thing that I could think of on the piano. And I sang there, too—silly little songs that Marie used to sing to Lester. And I tried to think I was really down there to Boston, singing to Lester; and that Mother was right in the next room waiting for me.

Then I stopped and turned around on the piano stool, and the room was just as still as death. And I knew I wasn't in Boston. I was there in Andersonville. And there wasn't any Baby Lester there, nor any mother waiting for me in the next room. And all the fluffy white dresses and silk stockings in the world wouldn't make me Marie. I was really just Mary, and I had got to have three whole months more of it.

And then is when I began to cry. And I cried just as hard as I'd been singing a minute before. I was on the floor with my head in my arms on the piano stool when Father's voice came to me from the doorway.

"Mary, Mary, what in the world does this mean?"

I jumped up and stood "at attention," the way you have to, of course, when fathers speak to you.

"Yes, sir." I tried not to have my voice shake as I said it; but I couldn't quite help that.

"What is the meaning of this, Mary? Why are you crying?"

I shook my head. I didn't want to tell him, of course; so I just stammered out something about being sorry I had disturbed him. Then I edged toward the door to show him that if he would step one side I would go away at once and not bother him any longer.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Painful Part.

"Jones hates to have his wife go South every winter."
"Feels the separation, no doubt."
"Yes, from the necessary coin."