

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.

F. S. Peabody, one of the country's largest coal operators, died in Chicago Monday after suffering a stroke while horseback riding on his farm near Hinsdale. Mr. Peabody was 63 years old.

The will of the late Field Marshal Sir Henry Wilson, who was murdered by Irish republicans, leaves his total estate of £10,678 to his widow for her life. Then the estate will go to his brothers.

The citizens of Cork listened throughout Tuesday night from midnight to early morning to intense machine gun and rifle fire, followed by several bomb explosions and counter rifle firing.

Sharp reductions in liquor prices will be announced by the British Columbia government Thursday and will go into effect then, officials say. Even heavier cuts on beer and light wines have been decided on.

Only six persons, including two passengers, out of a total of 322 on board the Chilean steamship Itata, were saved when the vessel sank Tuesday off the Chilean coast near Coquimbo.

A Visalia, Cal., baby had an exciting experience with lightning Monday during a thunder storm, but was not injured. Lightning struck the rail of an iron crib in which the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Hawkins was sleeping, ran around the rail and burned the bed covering.

Discovery that an organized ring of rum runners is using a fleet of at least 11 powerful airplanes in smuggling liquor into the United States from Canada has led the prohibition authorities to plan for the use of aircraft in trailing international bootleggers, says a New York dispatch.

Twenty of Montreal's smartest and prettiest girls, rebelling against the attempt of style creators to foist long skirts on women, have formed a "no longer skirt league." Members are pledged to cling to the abbreviated variety and do all they can to induce other young women to keep their skirts short.

An improved aerial troop transport with a hull of tubular steel large enough to accommodate 25 soldiers and their equipment has been ordered by the English government. The contract was awarded by the air ministry under the recently announced £2,000,000 expansion scheme to provide 500 machines for home defense.

Thunder of a summer shower drowned out the noise of an approaching train and seven of a party of 11 Filipinos walking the tracks in the province of Nueva Ecija were struck by the train and killed, according to word reaching Manila Tuesday. The four who lived said that the headlight of the locomotive was not lighted.

Valentine Radecki, 20 years old, who pleaded guilty of first degree murder in Los Angeles last Thursday, was sentenced to imprisonment for life. Radecki was one of three young men arrested for the murder here April 29 of Mrs. Nancy M. Wheelock, an aged woman, who was strangled and whose apartment then was robbed. The other defendants have not yet pleaded.

Charged with having driven the automobile in which Michael Collins rode to his death, Edward Isherwood, an Englishman, was taken from his residence in Cork Tuesday by an armed band and shot. His wounds were not mortal, however, and after feigning death for several hours he escaped and made his way to a hospital. Placed to his breast was a tag inscribed: "Convicted spy. I. R. A. Beware."

The financial statement of the Ford Motor company, as filed with the Massachusetts commissioner of corporations and covering the year ended April 30, 1922, was published in the financial district Tuesday. The statement, which is in the form of a general balance sheet, shows a profit and loss surplus of \$240,478,736 on that date against \$182,871,636 on April 30, 1921, and \$165,659,133 on the same date in 1920. Cash on hand and debts receivable totaled \$148,615,334 against \$86,595,165 last year.

AGENTS CHECK SPEECHES

Labor Leaders Who Attack Injunction
May Be Summoned.

Washington, D. C.—Department of Justice agents Monday were engaged in listening to Labor day addresses of organized labor leaders throughout the country for assertions which might be construed as violations of the federal injunction against the railroad shopmen's strike.

So far as can be learned here, the Labor day expressions of speakers in many cities were confined to denunciation of the injunction as a method of dealing with the strike, but could not be regarded as coming within the scope of the injunction itself.

According to some government officials addresses by persons outside the specific organizations enjoined which were directed toward an encouragement of the strike might lead to an extension of the injunction and the attorney-general, in a telegram from Columbus, O., to an eastern newspaper, intimated that labor leaders who are indulging in defiant talk as a result of the governments course may be brought in court.

Replying to a message asking him to comment on the criticism of the government's action, the attorney-general said:

"You may say that the government's answer to all these discussions will in due time be made in open court, if it is necessary, and that the government, in the meantime, will pay no attention to loose and irresponsible conversation on the part of people who may themselves yet be brought into court."

Matthew Woll of Chicago, vice-president of the American Federation of Labor, discussing the situation, said:

"While the executive council of the federation has not the authority to call a general strike, in my opinion, the labor movement of America will stand shoulder to shoulder with the striking railroad workers. It will encourage, support, furnish sustenance and provide intelligent and fearless leadership if the government succeeds in silencing present leaders.

"It is no longer a question of protecting vested interests, under the cloak of protecting public convenience and necessity. It is now a question of protecting the people's rights and liberties against encroachment from judicial proclamation and executive despotism."

Japanese Park Opposed.

Los Angeles, Cal.—A proposed lease of 10 acres at White Point, near Fort MacArthur, on San Pedro harbor, to Japanese, for 33 years as a pleasure park, will be halted by injunction, if possible, according to announcement by Thomas Lee Woolwine, district attorney.

Efforts to prevent completion of the lease through appeals to the war and state departments at Washington and to Senator Shortridge have also been made.

Bomb Found on Train.

San Bernardino, Cal.—A bomb weighing 15 pounds was found Monday in a car of lubricating oil on a Union Pacific westbound freight train three hours after the train arrived here. The bomb was carried to the athletic field, several hundred feet from the Santa Fe depot, by a deputy United States marshal, and exploded from concussion as the marshal threw it over a bluff into the field. Fragments were hurled hundreds of feet.

Boxer Strikes and Dies.

Easton, Pa.—Five minutes after he knocked down Elmer Cross, his sparring partner, in a training bout Monday, Louis Barrese, a boxer, dropped dead. Over-exertion was given as the cause of his death, but Cross was held by the police pending a coroner's verdict.

Legion Men Honor Dead.

London.—The delegation of American Legion members now touring England held memorial services in Brookwood cemetery near London Monday. Wreaths were laid on the graves of 450 American victims of the war buried here.

Harvest to Commence

Astoria, Or.—The harvesting of the cranberry crop at the Clatsop plains bogs will commence this week. The berries are said to be in fine condition and the yield is expected to be in the neighborhood of 10,000 bushels.

New Mexico Gets Jolt.

Las Vegas, N. M.—Two distinct earth shocks were felt here Monday afternoon. The first shock was severe enough to rattle doors and windows. No damage was reported.

HANDS OFF ROADS, SAYS UNCLE SAM

Drastic Step Taken to Keep
All Cars Moving.

INJUNCTION ISSUED

Sweeping Order Given in Federal
Court Forbidding Any Inter-
ference With Traffic.

Chicago.—By one of the most drastic steps ever taken in a strike situation, the United States government Friday obtained a temporary federal order restraining striking railroad shopmen, their officers and affiliated bodies throughout the country from interfering in any way whatever with the operation of the nation's railroads.

The restraining order, hearing on which was set for September 11, was issued by Federal Judge Wilkerson, upon the petition of Attorney-General Daugherty, who came here from Washington to argue the action.

The order enjoins, until the hearing, all railway employees, attorneys, servants, agents, associates and all persons acting in aid or in conjunction with them from in any manner interfering with, hindering or obstructing railway companies, their agents, servants or employees in the operation of their respective railroads and systems of transportation, or the performance of their public duties and obligations in the transportation of passengers and property, in interstate commerce and the carriage of the mails, and from in any manner interfering with employees engaged in inspection, repair, operation and use of trains, locomotives, cars and other equipment, and from attempting to prevent any person from freely entering into or continuing in the employ of the companies for the purpose of inspection and repairing of locomotives and cars or otherwise.

The underlying principle involved in the action, the attorney-general said in concluding his argument for the order, is "the survival and the supremacy of the government of the United States."

Declaring that his request was not aimed at union labor, the attorney-general said that the step was necessary to the preservation of the unions themselves. At the same time he asserted that the government expected to use its authority to prevent the "labor union from destroying the open shop."

"When the unions claim the right to dictate to the government and to dominate the American people and deprive the American people of the necessities of life," he warned, "then the government will destroy the unions, for the government of the United States is supreme and must endure."

The railway employees' department of the American Federation of Labor, B. M. Jewell, its president; J. F. McGrath, vice-president, and John Scott, secretary-treasurer, together with the six shopcrafts brotherhoods, the 120 system federations and their presidents and secretaries, were made defendants in the attorney-general's petition.

Officials of the shop crafts asserted that the order would have no effect on continuance of the strike.

Injured Soldier Dies.

Camp Lewis, Wash.—Private Carl C. Lobo of the 10th field artillery died at the camp hospital here Friday morning from injuries suffered when his horse slipped and fell with him. Lobo was doing guard duty at the time of the accident and was so badly crushed that he did not regain consciousness. His father, Joseph Lobo, lives in Seattle, and he has a brother, Howard, in the same battery.

Valuable Fox at Large.

Eugene, Or.—Somewhere in the timber above McKenzie bridge, a silver-gray fox, valued at \$1500, is roaming the woods and the owners of the animal, Greenup & Greiger, are making efforts to recover their property before it falls victim to the many hunters now in that vicinity.

Murderer is Convicted.

Los Angeles, Cal.—A verdict of guilty of first degree murder with a recommendation for a sentence of life imprisonment was returned at 9:40 o'clock Friday night by the jury in the trial of Herbert Wilson. Wilson was tried for the murder of Herbert R. Cox.



MARY MARIE

BY
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ILLUSTRATIONS BY
R.H. LIVINGSTONE.

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CHAPTER V.—Continued.

But at the table that noon Aunt Jane read it to Father out loud. So that's how I came to know just what was in it. She started first to hand it over to him to read; but as he put out his hand to take it I guess he saw the handwriting, for he drew back quickly, looking red and queer.

"From Mrs. Anderson to you?" he asked. And when Aunt Jane nodded her head he sat still farther back in his chair and said, with a little wave of his hand, "I never care to read—other people's letters."

Aunt Jane said, "Stuff and nonsense, Charles, don't be silly!" But she pulled back the letter and read it—after giving a kind of an uneasy glance in my direction.

Then Aunt Jane cleared her throat and spoke.

"You will not let her go, of course, Charles; but naturally I had to read the letter to you. I will write to Mrs. Anderson tonight."

Father looked up then.

"Yes," he said quietly; "and you may tell her, please, that Mary will go."

"Charles!"

Aunt Jane said that. But I—I almost ran around the table and hugged him. (Oh, how I wish he was the kind of a father you could do that to!)

"Charles!" said Aunt Jane again. "Surely you aren't going to give in so tamely as this to that child and her mother!"

"I'm not giving in at all, Jane," said Father, very quietly again. "I am consulting my own wishes in the matter. I prefer to have her go."

"I most cried out then. Some way, it hurt to have him say it like that. Right out—that he wanted me to go. You see, I'd begun to think he was getting so he didn't mind so very much having me here. All the last two weeks he'd been different, really different. But more of that anon. I'll go on with what happened at the table. And, as I said, I did feel bad to have him speak like that. And I can remember now just how the lump came right up in my throat.

Then Aunt Jane spoke, stiff and dignified.

"Oh, very well, of course, if you put it that way. I can quite well understand that you would want her to go for your sake. But I thought that, under the circumstances, you would manage somehow to put up with the noise and—"

"Jane!" Just like that he interrupted, and he thundered, too, so that Aunt Jane actually jumped. And I guess I did, too. He had sprung to his feet. "Jane, let us close this matter once for all. I am not letting the child go for my sake. I am letting her go for her own. So far as I am concerned, if I consulted no one's wishes but my own, I should—keep her here always."

With that he turned and strode from the room, leaving Aunt Jane and me just staring after him.

But only for a minute did I stare. It came to me then what he had said—that he would like to keep me here always. For I had heard it, even if he had said the last word very low, and in a queer, indistinct voice. I was sure I had heard it, and I suddenly realized what it meant. So I ran after him; and that time, if I had found him, I think I would have hugged him. But I didn't find him. He must have gone quite away from the house. He wasn't even out to the observatory. I went out to see.

The next day he was more as he has been since we had that talk in the parlor. And he has been different since then, you know. He really has. He has talked quite a lot with me, as I have said, and I think he's been trying, part of the time, to find something I'll be interested in. Honestly, I think he's been trying to make up for Carrie Heywood and Stella Mayhew and Charlie Smith and Mr. Livingstone. I think that's why he took me to walk that day in the woods, and why he took me out to the observatory to see the stars quite a number of times. Twice he's asked me to play to him, and once he asked me if Mary wasn't about ready to dress up in Marie's clothes again. But he was joking then, I knew, for Aunt Jane was right there in the house. Besides, I saw the twinkle in his eyes that I've seen there once or twice before. I just love that twinkle in Father's eyes!

But that hasn't come any since Mother's letter to Aunt Jane arrived. He's been the same in one way, yet different in another. Honestly, if it didn't seem too wildly absurd for anything, I should say he was actually sorry to have me go. But, of course, that isn't possible. Oh, yes, I know he said that day at the dinner table that he should like to keep me always. But I don't think he really meant it. He hasn't acted a mite like that since, and

I guess he said it just to hush up Aunt Jane, and make her stop arguing the matter.

Anyway, I'm going tomorrow. And I'm so excited I can hardly breathe.

CHAPTER VI.

When I Am Both Together.
BOSTON AGAIN.

Well, I came last night. Mother and Grandfather and Aunt Hattie and Baby Lester all met me at the station. And, my! wasn't I glad to see them? Well, I just guess I was!

I was specially glad on account of having such a dreadful time with Father that morning. I mean, I was feeling specially lonesome and homesick, and not-belonging-anywhere like.

He never even spoke at the breakfast-table. (He wasn't there hardly long enough to speak, anyway, and he never ate a thing, only his coffee—I mean he drank it.) Then he pushed his chair back from the table and stalked out of the room.

He went to the station with me; but he didn't talk there much, only to ask if I was sure I hadn't forgotten anything, and was I warmly clad. Warmly clad, indeed! And there it was still August, and hot as it could be! But that only goes to show how absent-minded he was, and how little he was really thinking of me!

Oh, I did so hope he wouldn't go down to the junction. It's so hard to be taken care of "because it's my duty, you know!" But he went. I told him he needn't, when he was getting on the train with me. I told him I just knew I could do it beautifully all by myself, almost-a-young lady like me. But he only put his lips together hard,



There Was Company That Evening.
The Violinist.

and said, cold, like ice: "Are you then so eager to be rid of me?" Just as if I was the one that was eager to get rid of somebody!

Well, as I said, he went. But he wasn't much better on the train than he had been in the station. He was as nervous and fidgety as a witch, and he acted as if he did so wish it would be over, and over quick. But at the junction—at the junction a funny thing happened. He put me on the train, just as Mother had done, and spoke to the conductor. (How I hated to have him do that! Why, I'm six whole months older, most, than I was when I went up there!) And then, when he'd put me in my seat (Father, I mean; not the conductor), all of a sudden he leaned over and kissed me; kissed me—Father! Then, before I could speak, or even look at him, he was gone; and I didn't see him again, though it must have been five whole minutes before that train went.

I had a nice trip down to Boston, though nothing much happened. This conductor was not near so nice and polite as the one I had coming up; and there wasn't any lady with a baby to play with, nor any nice young gentlemen to loan me magazines or buy candy for me. But it wasn't a very long ride from the junction to Boston, anyway. So I didn't mind. Besides, I knew I had Mother waiting for me.

And wasn't I glad to get there? Well, I just guess I was! And they acted as if they were glad to see me—Mother, Grandfather, Aunt Hattie, and even Baby Lester. He knew me, and remembered me. He'd grown a lot, too. And they said I had, and that I looked very nice. (I forgot to say that, of course, I had put on the Marie clothes to come home in—though I

honestly think Aunt Jane wanted to send me home in Mary's blue gingham and calfskin shoes. As if I'd have appeared in Boston in that rig!)

My, but it was good to get into an automobile again and just go! And it was so good to have folks around you dressed in something besides don't-care black alpaca and stiff collars. And I said so. And Mother seemed so pleased.

"You did want to come back to me, darling, didn't you?" she cried, giving me a little hug. And she looked so happy when I told her all over again how good it seemed to be Marie again, and have her and Boston, and automobiles, and pretty dresses and folks and noise again.

She didn't say anything about Father then; but later, when we were up in my pretty room alone, and I was taking off my things, she made me tell her that Father hadn't won my love away from her, and that I didn't love him better than I did her; and that I wouldn't rather stay with him than with her.

And she asked was he lonesome; and I told her no, I didn't think so; and that, anyway, he could have all the ladies' company he wanted by just being around when they called. And when she asked what I meant, I told her about Mrs. Darling, and the rest, and how they came evenings and Sundays, and how Father didn't like them, but would lie to the observatory. And she laughed and looked funny, for a minute. But right away she changed and looked very sober, with the kind of expression she has when she stands up in church and says the Apostles' Creed on Sunday; only this time she said she was very sorry, she was sure; that she hoped my father would find some estimable woman who would make a good home for him.

Then the dinner-gong sounded, and she didn't say any more.

There was company that evening. The violinist. He brought his violin, and he and Mother played a whole hour together. He's awfully handsome. I think he's lovely. Oh, I do so hope he's the one! Anyhow, I hope there's some one. I don't want this novel to all fizzle out without there being any one to make it a love story! Besides, as I said before, I'm particularly anxious that Mother shall find somebody to marry her, so she'll stop being divorced, anyway.

A MONTH LATER

Yes, I know it's been ages since I've written here in this book; but there just hasn't been a minute's time.

First, of course, school began, and I had to attend to that. And, of course, I had to tell the girls all about Andersonville—except the parts I didn't want to tell, about Stella Mayhew, and my coming out of school. I didn't tell that. And right here let me say how glad I was to get back to this school—a real school—so different from that one up in Andersonville! For that matter, everything's different here from what it is in Andersonville. I'd so much rather be Marie than Mary. I know I won't ever be Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde here. I'll be the good one all the time.

Mother's a dear. And she's so happy! And, by the way, I think it is the violinist. He's here a lot, and she's out with him to concerts and plays, and riding in his automobile. And she always puts on her prettiest dresses, and she's very particular about her shoes, and her hats, that they're becoming, and all that. Oh, I'm so excited! And I'm having such a good time watching them! Oh, I don't mean watching them in a disagreeable way, so that they see it; and, of course, I have to get all I can—for the book, you know; and, of course, if I just happen to be in the window-seat corner in the library and hear things accidentally, why, that's all right. And I have heard things.

He says her eyes are lovely. He likes her best in blue. He's very lonely, and he never found a woman before who really understood him. He thinks her soul and his are tuned to the same string. (Oh, dear! That sounds funny and horrid, and not at all the way it did when he said it. It was beautiful then. But—well, that is what it meant, anyway.)

She told him she was lonely, too, and that she was very glad to have him for a friend; and he said he prized her friendship above everything else in the world. And he looks at her, and follows her around the room with his eyes; and she blushes up real pink and pretty lots of times when he comes into the room.

Now, if that isn't making love to each other, I don't know what is. I'm sure he's going to propose. Oh, I'm so excited!

I haven't heard from Father. Now just my writing that down that way shows that I expected to hear from him, though I don't really see why I should, either. Of course, he never has written to me; and, of course, I understand that I'm nothing but his daughter by order of the court. But, some way, I did think maybe he'd write me just a little bit of a note in answer to mine—my bread-and-butter letter, I mean; for, of course, Mother had me write that to him as soon as I got here.

But he hasn't.

I wonder how he's getting along, and if he misses me any. But, of course, he doesn't do that. If I was a star, now—!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Molasses on the Water.

During a hurricane in the West Indies the tank steamship Philip Publicker, carrying molasses in bulk, pumped overboard 250,000 gallons of the liquid to smooth off the seas and break their force. The action of the molasses on the water seemed to have the same effect as oil.—Ship News.