

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.

Richard Smith, managing editor of the Indianapolis News for the last 15 years and previous to that connected with the Associated Press, died early Sunday.

Bituminous coal production during the present week decreased by 3,000,000 tons over last week, according to an estimate Saturday by the geological survey.

The Pacific fleet of 25 war vessels, headed by the California, flagship, with Rear-Admiral Edward W. Eberle in command, arrived in San Francisco harbor Tuesday. There are seven super-dreadnoughts and 18 destroyers.

New things must be offered by the church to her young people if their interest is to be held, Bishop Charles L. Meade, presiding officer of the Methodist church conference in Missoula, Mont., told conference members.

The body of a girl, apparently about 12 years of age, found tied in a runny sack and floating in the Missouri river near Kansas City, Mo., was Wednesday the subject of a searching police inquiry.

John Higgins, who, according to his own statement is 104 years old and who admitted that after an unblemished period of 30 years he had become slightly intoxicated recently, was discharged in the Chicago municipal court Tuesday.

Mrs. Thomas Steed of Revelstoke, B. C., and Miss Anna Lister, matron of the Revelstoke hospital, were drowned Saturday when an automobile in which they were riding with four other persons went over a bank and into Summit lake.

American women are beginning to be better dressed, but they have a long way to go before they reach the point of ideal perfection, according to Paul Poiret, the French high priest of fashion, who aired his views in Philadelphia Tuesday.

Senator Robert M. La Follette of Madison, Wis., assumed a tremendous lead over his opponent, W. A. Ganfield of Waukesha, for the republican senatorial nomination with one-fourth of the precincts in the state tabulated early Wednesday morning.

Secretary Davis in a Labor day message to the American people, declared that "we can look with pride and gratitude upon the achievements of the last 12 months," and that during this period "America has been brought to the threshold of an era of unexampled prosperity."

Announcement was made at the opening meeting of the council of the American Chemical society in Pittsburgh late Tuesday that a prize of \$25,000 will be given every year to the American who makes the most notable contribution to chemical science. The award will become operative next year.

Fifteen squaws, ten buckets of war paint, several bales of feathers and other incidentals were willed to State Senator McGarry of Walker by Chief Schmoec-Omi-Mom of the Leech Lake reservation, in northern Minnesota, who died recently, the senator announced in St. Paul, Minn., Sunday. Senator McGarry said he was undecided as to what he would do about it.

At 10 o'clock Wednesday morning at the municipal auditorium in Portland, the formal opening session of the 47th triennial convention of the Protestant Episcopal church was held. With 100 bishops of this great denomination, garbed in their colorful, flowing robes, and assembled around their noted leader, the Right Rev. Daniel Sylvester Tuttle, presiding bishop, the assemblage was a notable one in the history of Portland.

Prohibition agents have come across the workings of a gigantic liquor ring, operating with headquarters in a big Chicago hotel and manipulating "sacramental" wine and whisky certificates. The ring brings political influence, chicanery, protection by officials, wholesale graft and religious pressure to bear in its operations. Books of a Kentucky distillery show that one house alone shipped 177 barrels of whisky for "sacramental" purposes to this ring.

MILL FIRE LOSS \$1,000,000

Huge Hammond Plant at Astoria Destroyed—Overheated Box Cause.

Astoria, Or.—A property loss of close to \$1,000,000 was sustained, more than 500 men were deprived of employment and the city was robbed of a payroll exceeding \$75,000 a month by a fire, the most disastrous Astoria has suffered in many months, which starting at 5 o'clock Monday afternoon, destroyed the Hammond Lumber company's main mill, two dry kilns with their contents, and the big power plant. The outer docks, an elevated tramway, a large quantity of lumber and a substantial portion of the lumber stored in the yard were saved.

About 20 railway cars loaded with lumber ready for shipment were hauled away from the plant to safety while the fire was in progress.

The mill took fire from an overheated box on the big edger in the main mill about 5 o'clock, just as the night crew was going to work. Within an instant it had spread throughout the plant and before the fire-fighting crew could get water on the blaze the entire structure was in flames. The city department responded to the general alarm and its big pumper was sent to the river side of the plant, preventing the flames from spreading to the wharf and confining them to the main buildings. There was but little wind and the firemen working on the shore side of the plant were able to save the company offices, stores, hotel and the residences, although to accomplish this dynamite was used to blow up a portion of the burning structures.

The loss is roughly estimated at about \$1,000,000 on which some insurance was carried. As J. H. Rankin, manager of the mill, is in California, no figures on the insurance could be obtained, nor could any announcement be obtained as to whether the plant would be rebuilt.

Two Story Awards Ahead.

New York.—Two awards of \$1000 and \$400 will be made by Columbia university this year for the best stories published in the English language, here or abroad, during the last five years on the history, geography, archaeology, ethnology, philology or numismatics of North America. It has been announced at the university. These awards are known as the Loubat prizes in recognition of their donor, Josef F. Loubat.

Heavy Loss of Life Shown.

Southampton.—There was a considerable loss of life when the German steamer Hammonia foundered off Vigo Saturday. Confirmation of this was obtained at 1:15 o'clock Monday when the British steamer Kinfauns Castle docked here with 285 of the rescued passengers and crew on board. Kinfauns Castle said the loss of life possibly would reach 80. Others on board estimated the dead at 150.

Woman Burns to Death.

Oakdale, Cal.—Mrs. M. E. Carr, 66, died Monday from burns received when phosphorus balls for squirrel poison she was taking home in her automobile ignited, supposedly from the heat of the machine, and set fire to her clothing. The accident occurred in front of the Carr ranch near Knights Ferry, but Mrs. Carr's husband did not hear her screams until too late to save her.

Mrs. Harding Shows Improvement.

Washington, D. C.—Mrs. Harding was said to be "getting along very nicely" by Dr. Carl Sawyer, son of Brigadier-General Sawyer, at 10:05 o'clock Monday night. "Her improvement is continuing," he said to newspapermen as he entered an automobile for a ride with Mrs. Sawyer and Chairman Lasker of the shipping board.

Missing Actor Sought.

New York.—The missing persons bureau Monday requested the Washington police to look through all of the sanitariums in the capital for Wallace McCutcheon, actor and former husband of Pearl White. McCutcheon, who was shell-shocked during the war, when he was a major, disappeared from his home here.

Two Trains Restored.

Spokane, Wash.—Restoration of Northern Pacific passenger trains No. 312 and No. 313 between Spokane and Lewiston, Idaho, withdrawn July 19 in the interest of fuel economy, was announced Monday by W. H. Ude, general agent of the road here.

Eighteen Blacks Drown.

Homerville, Ga.—Eighteen negroes are believed to have been drowned Monday when a motor truck filled with fans en route to a baseball game plunged through a bridge. Fourteen bodies have been recovered.

100,000 GREEKS GIVE UP SMYRNA

Turk Troops Establish Civil Administration.

TYPHUS HITS TOWN

City Crowded With Refugees Without Food—High Commissioner Flees on Warship.

Constantinople.—One hundred thousand Greek troops have evacuated Smyrna and a Turkish civil administration has been established there.

History is said never to have recorded so complete a disaster as the Greeks have met. It is asserted that Austria's defeat in the Caporetto during the world war is as nothing compared with the debacle of the Greeks.

Paris.—The Greek evacuation of Smyrna has been completed, says a dispatch to the Havas Agency from Athens. The dispatch adds that M. Theotokis, the Greek high commissioner in Smyrna, is momentarily expected to arrive in Athens.

Another dispatch to the Havas Agency from Athens dated Sunday says that M. Kaloeropoulos has abandoned the task of forming a new Greek cabinet and that King Constantine has requested former Minister of the Interior Triantafyllakos to assume the task.

The Turkish Nationalists ending the two weeks' campaign have swept the Greeks out of Asia Minor, and the Kemalists, who entered Smyrna, took prisoners the remnants of the Greek forces remaining behind to cover the wild flight of the Greek army that a month ago held securely a large part of western Asia Minor and talked of marching through Thrace into Constantinople.

The Turks ran a race with the diplomats, their leaders say, and won the race, for Turkish arms settled in a few days and settled finally, according to Ankara advices, the problem of how Asia Minor is to be divided, a problem with which diplomacy has been struggling for three years.

Smyrna, which has been in a state of chaos for three days since the Greek high commissioner took to a warship in fear of his life, is now a hotbed of typhus and plague and is crowded with thousands of refugees without food.

MANY COAL MINERS RETURN TO WORK

Wilkesbarre, Pa.—The anthracite wage agreement sending the miners back to work at once after more than five months of idleness was ratified by the tri-district convention of the hard coal diggers Saturday night.

Under the agreement 155,000 mine workers will return to work at the rate of wages they received when they suspended mining March 31.

The new contract will be in effect until August 31 of next year, when a new arrangement is to be negotiated "in the light" of a report to be made by a commission which both sides recommended be created by congress to investigate every phase of the anthracite industry.

Locks Off, Girl Suicide.

Rochester, N. Y.—Worry over the fact that she had had her hair bobbed is believed responsible for the death of Miss Norma Tefner, 21, of Batavia, who committed suicide by drowning in Horseshoe lake, near Batavia. In her clothing was found a note addressed to her brother containing the sentence: "Since my hair is gone my looks are gone, too, and it makes me so nervous." The body was recovered Sunday.

300 Fishermen Drown.

Honolulu, T. H.—Three hundred Japanese fishermen were drowned off the Chishima, or Kulle, islands, south of the Kamchatka peninsula, August 25, when seven sampans capsized during the violent storm in which the Japanese cruiser Nittaka sank. A cablegram Saturday from Tokyo to the Nippu Jiji, a Japanese newspaper here, brought this news.

340 Rescued at Sea.

London.—A radio dispatch received by Lloyd's from the British steamer Kinfauns Castle reported that the steamer rescued 340 persons from the German steamer Hammonia, which sank Saturday at 6:26 P. M. in latitude 41:50 north, longitude 10:50 west.

Mary Marie

By ELEANOR H. PORTER

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CHAPTER VI—Continued.

TWO DAYS AFTER THANKSGIVING

The violinist has got a rival. I'm sure he has. It's Mr. Easterbrook. He's old—much as forty—and bald-headed and fat, and has got lots of money. And he's a very estimable man. (I heard Aunt Hattie say that.) He's awfully jolly, and I like him. He brings me the loveliest boxes of candy, and calls me Puss. (I don't like that, particularly. I'd prefer him to call me Miss Anderson.) He's not nearly so good-looking as the violinist. The violinist is lots more thrilling, but I shouldn't wonder if Mr. Easterbrook was more comfortable to live with.

The violinist is the kind of a man that makes you want to sit up and take notice, and have your hair and finger nails and shoes just right; but with Mr. Easterbrook you wouldn't mind a bit sitting in a big chair before the fire with a pair of old slippers on, if your feet were tired.

Mr. Easterbrook doesn't care for music. He's a broker. He looks awfully bored when the violinist is playing, and he fidgets with his watch-chain, and clears his throat very loudly just before he speaks every time. His automobile is bigger and handsomer than the violinist's. (Aunt Hattie says the violinist's automobile is a hired one.) And Mr. Easterbrook's flowers that he sends to Mother are handsomer, too, and lots more of them, than the violinist's. Aunt Hattie has noticed that, too. In fact, I guess there isn't anything about Mr. Easterbrook that she doesn't notice.

Aunt Hattie likes Mr. Easterbrook lots better than she does the violinist. I heard her talking to Mother one day.

ONE WEEK LATER

There hasn't much happened—only one or two things. But maybe I'd better tell them before I forget it, especially as they have a good deal to do with the love part of the story. And I'm always so glad to get anything of that kind. I've been so afraid this wouldn't be much of a love story, after all. But I guess it will be, all right. Anyway, I know Mother's part will be, for it's getting more and more exciting—about Mr. Easterbrook and the violinist, I mean.

They both want Mother. Anybody can see that now, and, of course, Mother sees it. But which she'll take I don't know. Nobody knows. It's perfectly plain to be seen, though, which one Grandfather and Aunt Hattie want her to take! It's Mr. Easterbrook.

And he is awfully nice. He brought me a perfectly beautiful bracelet the other day—but Mother wouldn't let me keep it. So he had to take it back. I don't think he liked it very well, and I didn't like it, either. I wanted that bracelet. But Mother says I'm much too young to wear much jewelry. Oh, will the time ever come when I'll be old enough to take my proper place in the world? Sometimes it seems as if it never would!

Well, as I said, it's plain to be seen who it is that Grandfather and Aunt Hattie favor; but I'm not so sure about Mother. Mother acts funny. Sometimes she won't go with either of them anywhere; then she seems to want to go all the time. And she acts as if she didn't care which she went with, so long as she was just going—somewhere. I think, though, she really likes the violinist the best; and I guess Grandfather and Aunt Hattie think so, too.

Something happened last night. Grandfather began to talk at the dinner table. He'd heard something he didn't like about the violinist, I guess, and he started in to tell Mother. But they stopped him. Mother and Aunt Hattie looked at him and then at me, and then back to him, in their most see-who's-here!—you mustn't talk before-her way. So he shrugged his shoulders and stopped.

But I guess he told them in the library afterwards, for I heard them all talking very excitedly, and some loud; and I guess Mother didn't like what they said, and got quite angry, for I heard her say, when she came out through the door, that she didn't believe a word of it, and she thought it was a wicked, cruel shame to tell stories like that just because they didn't like a man.

ONE WEEK LATER

Well, I guess now something has happened all right! And let me say right away that I don't like that violinist now, either, any better than Grandfather and Aunt Hattie. And it's not entirely because of what happened last night, either. It's been coming on for a while—ever since I first saw him talking to Theresa in the hall when she let him in one night a week ago.

Theresa is awfully pretty, and I guess he thinks so. Anyway, I heard him telling her so in the hall, and she laughed and blushed and looked sideways at him. Then they saw me, and he stiffened up and said, very proper and dignified, "Kindly hand my card to Mrs. Anderson." And Theresa said, "Yes, sir." And she was very proper and dignified, too.

Well, four days ago I saw them again. He tried to put his arm around her that time, and the very next day

he tried to kiss her, and after a minute she let him. More than once, too. And last night I heard him tell her she was the dearest girl in all the world, and he'd be perfectly happy if he could only marry her.

Well, you can imagine how I felt, when I thought all the time it was Mother he was coming to see! And now to find out that it was Theresa he wanted all the time, and he was only coming to see Mother so he could see Theresa!

Of course, so far, I'm the only one that knows, for I haven't told it, and I'm the only one that's seen anything. Of course, I shall warn Mother, if I think it's necessary, so she'll understand it isn't her, but Theresa, that the violinist is really in love with and courting. She won't mind, I'm sure, after she thinks of it a minute. And won't it be a good joke on Aunt Hattie and Grandfather when they find out they've been fooled all the time, supposing it's Mother, and worrying about it?

Oh, I don't know! This is some love story, after all!

TWO DAYS LATER

What do you suppose has happened now? Why, that wretched violinist is nothing but a deep-dyed villain! Listen what he did. He proposed to Mother—actually proposed to her—and after all he'd said to that Theresa girl, about his being perfectly happy if he could marry her. And Mother—Mother all the time not knowing! Oh, I'm so glad I was there to rescue her! I don't mean at the proposal—I didn't hear that. But afterward.

It was like this: They had been out automobiling—Mother and the violinist. I was in my favorite window-seat, reading, when they came home and walked into the library. They never looked my way at all, but just walked toward the fireplace. And there he took hold of both her hands and said:

"Why must you wait, darling? Why can't you give me my answer now, and make me the happiest man in all the world?"

"Yes, yes, I know," answered Mother; and I knew by her voice that she was all shabby and trembling. "But if I could only be sure—sure of myself."

"But, dearest, you're sure of me!" cried the violinist. "You know how I



"Why Must You Wait, Darling?"

love you. You know you're the only woman I have ever loved, or ever could love!"

Yes, just like that he said it—that awful lie—and to my mother. My stars! Do you suppose I waited to hear any more? I guess not!

I fairly tumbled off my seat, and my book dropped with a bang, as I ran forward. Dear, dear, but how they did jump—both of them! And I guess they were surprised. I never thought how't was going to affect them—my breaking in like that. But I didn't wait—not a minute. I just started right in and began to talk. And I talked hard and fast, and lots of it.

I don't know now what I said, but I know I asked him what he meant by saying such an awful lie to my mother, when he'd just said the same thing, exactly 'most, to Theresa, and he'd hugged her and kissed her, and everything. I'd seen him. And—

But I didn't get a chance to say half I wanted to. I was going on to tell him what I thought of him; but Mother gasped out, "Marie! Marie! Stop!"

And then I stopped. I had to, of course. Then she said that would do, and I might go to my room. And I went. And that's all I know about it, except that she came up, after a little, and said for me not to talk any more about it, to her, or to any one else; and to please try to forget it.

I tried to tell her what I'd seen, and what I'd heard that wicked, deep-dyed villain say; but she wouldn't let me. She shook her head, and said, "Hush, hush, dear"; and that no good could come of talking of it, and she

wanted me to forget it. She was very sweet and very gentle, and she smiled; but there were stern corners to her mouth, even when the smile was there. And I guess she told him what was what. Anyhow, I know they had quite a talk before she came up to me, for I was watching at the window for him to go; and when he did go he looked very red and cross and he stalked away with a never-will-I-darken-this-door-again kind of step, just as far as I could see him.

I don't know, of course, what will happen next, nor whether he'll ever come back for Theresa; but I shouldn't think even she would want him, after this, if she found out.

And now, where's my love story coming in, I should like to know?

TWO DAYS AFTER CHRISTMAS

Another wonderful thing has happened. I've had a letter from Father—from Father!—a letter—me!

It came this morning. Mother brought it in to me. She looked queer—a little. There were two red spots in her cheeks, and her eyes were very bright.

"I think you have a letter here from—your father," she said, handing it out.

I could see she was wondering what could be in it. But I guess she wasn't wondering any more than I was, only I was gladder to get it than she was, I suppose. Anyhow, when she saw how glad I was, and how I jumped for the letter, she drew back, and looked somewhat as if she'd been hurt, and said:

"I did not know, Marie, that a letter from—your father would mean so much to you."

I don't know what I did say to that. I guess I didn't say anything. I'd already begun to read the letter, and I was in such a hurry to find out what he'd said.

I'll copy it here. It wasn't long. It was like this:

"My Dear Marie: Some way Christmas has made me think of you. I wish I had sent you some gift. Yet I have not the slightest idea what would please you. To tell the truth, I tried to find something—but had to give it up.

"I am wondering if you had a good time, and what you did. After all, I'm pretty sure you did have a good time, for you are Marie now. You see, I have not forgotten how tired you got of being—Mary. Well, well, I do not know as I can blame you.

"And now that I have asked what you did for Christmas, I suspect it is no more than a fair turnout to tell you what I did. I suppose I had a very good time. Your Aunt Jane says I did. I heard her telling one of the neighbors that last night. She had a very fine dinner, and she invited Mrs. Darling and Miss Snow and Miss Sanborn to eat it with us. She said she didn't want me to feel lonesome. But you can feel real lonesome in a crowd sometimes. Did you know that, Marie?"

"But I left them to their chatter after dinner and went out to the observatory. I think I must have fallen asleep on the couch there, for it was quite dark when I awoke. But I didn't mind that, for there were some observations I wanted to take. It was a beautifully clear night, so I stayed there till nearly morning.

"How about it? I suppose Marie plays the piano every day, now, doesn't she? The piano here hasn't been touched since you went away. Oh, yes, it was touched once. Your aunt played hymns on it for a missionary meeting.

"Well, what did you do Christmas? Suppose you write and tell

"Your Father."

I'd been reading the letter out loud, and when I got through Mother was pacing up and down the room. For a minute she didn't say anything; then she whirled round suddenly and faced me, and said, just as if something inside of her was making her say it:

"I notice there is no mention of your mother in that letter, Marie. I suppose—your father has quite forgotten that there is such a person in the world as—I"

But I told her no, oh, no, and that I was sure he remembered her, for he used to ask me questions often about what she did, and the violinist and all. "The violinist!" cried Mother, whirling around on me again. (She'd begun to walk up and down once more.) "You don't mean to say you ever told your father about him!"

"Oh, no, not everything," I explained, trying to show how patient I was, so she would be patient, too. (But it didn't work.) "I couldn't tell him everything because everything hadn't happened then. But I told about his being here, and about the others, too; but, of course, I said I didn't know which you'd take, and—"

"You told him you didn't know which I'd take!" gasped Mother.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

After Election.

"The candidate shakes you by the hand."

"And then he shakes you."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Don't try to find all the faults. Leave some for the other fault-finders.