

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.

A bill designed to prevent the sacrifice of domestic animals in army and navy research work was introduced by Representative Johnson, republican, Washington.

The retirement of Bolivia from the league of nations appears to be imminent, says a telegram from the correspondent in La Paz of El Tiempo, which that newspaper published recently.

The temporary restraining order granted the government September 1 against the striking railroad shop crafts and their leaders, Saturday was continued in effect for not to exceed 10 days.

Captain Adams Dodd, 86 years old, one of the early-day maritime notables of the Pacific coast, died at his home in San Francisco Saturday after a brief illness. He had lived in San Francisco 35 years.

Senator Henry Cabot Lodge was renominated by the republicans Tuesday by a majority over Joseph Walker which had reached 40,000 in the returns from two-thirds of the cities and towns outside of Boston.

New treasury certificates dated September 15 and bearing interest at 3% per cent were offered for subscription Saturday by Secretary Mellon. The issue will be for about \$200,000,000 and will be payable September 15, 1923.

Discriminations affecting more than 4,000,000 women have been removed since the beginning of the "equal rights" campaign in 1921, according to a detailed report of the Woman's Party activities, prepared by Alice Paul, vice-president, and made public Sunday.

The federal grand jury in session at Santa Fe, N. M., has returned an indictment against W. P. Seyfried, president of the state federation of labor, and Andrew Bruno, Albuquerque taxi driver, charging them with conspiracy in violation of the federal penal code.

President Harding will not veto the soldiers' compensation bill, R. G. Storey, national committeeman from Texas of the American Legion, announced at the state convention of the legion in Waco, Tex., Tuesday. The statement brought the delegates to their feet amid applause.

Public spooning has reached the limit when the spooners pick out Arlington cemetery for their activities, army officers have decided. Upon protest of indignant residents adjacent to the cemetery, raids have been instituted to clear the roads around Arlington of midnight parties.

Wesley Williams, 12, of Reno, Nev., tossed a one-pound shell against a tree Saturday morning while playing with a friend. The shell exploded and the boy died two hours later. The shell was a relic of the world war brought back by a returning soldier and forgotten in a hotel yard.

With more than 2000 affidavits of assaults by strikers and strike sympathizers on railroad workers in every section of the country, the government has launched its effort to show a concerted effort by the striking shop-crafts to interfere with interstate traffic by driving railroad employes from their work.

Of 65 leading cities in the United States, 39 reported increased employment during August as compared with July, while 28 recorded decreases, according to the industrial analysis for last month issued by the department of labor. The soundness of business, it was said, was reflected in the employment increase in many industries, surmounting the reaction of the rail and fuel situation.

American responsibility for the armistice which closed the European war was denied Monday by Secretary of War Weeks and placed on French and British leaders. This contribution to the history of the war was made as a result of publication of the interview with Rudyard Kipling in which the British poet charged the United States with having entered the war late and with having quit too early.

ALL TRAPPED MINERS DEAD

47 Bodies Are Found in Shaft of Argonaut—Gas Snuffs Out Lives.

Jackson, Cal.—All 47 of the miners entombed in the Argonaut mine August 27 are dead, it was announced officially shortly before 9 o'clock Monday.

A note found on one of the bodies indicated that all the men had died within five hours of the beginning of the fire August 27, officials said.

All the miners were found behind the second of two bulkheads they had built in a cross-cut 4350 feet down in the Argonaut mine. Byron O. Pickard, chief of the federal bureau of mines for this district, was the first man to go behind the bulkhead and discover the bodies.

Mr. Pickard, on an earlier exploration behind this bulkhead, had counted 42 bodies and expressed the belief that there were others there.

The note read as follows: "Three A. M., gas bad."

The same note bore a scrawled figure "4," apparently indicating the same man had attempted to leave word for those who might come after of the condition of the mine at that hour.

Mine officials declared that the conditions of the cross-cut behind the bulkhead was such that life could not have been sustained there by the entombed men for more than five hours.

The bodies were found piled one on top of another and decomposition had progressed so far that identification would be impossible, Mr. Pickard reported.

The officials declared the mute evidence of the men's struggle showed they were 47 of the most cool-headed men imaginable.

Sixteen of the entrapped miners removed their clothes to provide material for stuffing the cracks in the wooden barrier, hastily constructed, which was found early in the evening.

Then another barrier was built of rock, earth and debris. However, the gas and fumes from the fire apparently seeped through the first bulkhead and the men fled from the site where they were building the second one, to start a third farther on.

This third attempt to wall off the death-dealing gas was made at the end of the 4350-foot cross-cut in the Argonaut, but the fact that only a bare start was made at it proved, the mine officials said, that the deadly carbon monoxide and the suffocating carbon dioxide had reached it and performed their fatal office before the 47 unfortunates could raise even an excuse for a barrier.

Mine officials said that death had come to the entombed men painlessly. The gasses, they said, would produce first a lethargy, then a coma and finally death.

BRITAIN MOVES AS IF FOR WAR

Vancouver, B. C. — British naval reservists, resident here, are being called up for service, it was stated Monday, orders having been received from London for them to report at once. Military officers who have served in Mesopotamia and the near east are reported to have received word to hold themselves in readiness to proceed overseas.

The second electrician of the Royal Mail ship Empress of Australia, who is a naval reservist of the engineering branch, received a cable from London instructing him to report immediately for duty with the British fleet, it was announced. Captain Lemarr, formerly of the army service corps, said he had received instructions to hold himself in readiness for service. Other cablegrams are also said to have been received by reservists and ex-army officers.

Rail Labor Bill Rises.

Washington, D. C. — Compilations completed by the bureau of railway economics show that out of every dollar of gross operating revenue in 1921 the railroads paid out 46.9 cents for salaries and wages as against 55.4 cents in 1920, 51.4 cents in 1919, 49.8 cents in 1918, 46.3 cents in 1917, and 38 cents in 1916. The analysis made from the bureau shows a steady increase in the labor bill from 1916 to 1920, when it reached the peak.

Tembior on Rampage.

Honolulu.—The Nippu Jiji has received a cablegram stating that 800 earthquake shocks have been registered in Formosa within the last two weeks, culminating in a violent disturbance Saturday which destroyed several buildings. It was reported no lives were lost.

Pensacola Is Floated.

Guam.—The U. S. S. Pensacola, which was driven aground in a typhoon near here Saturday, has returned to her anchorage. The vessel was reported undamaged.

ALLIED TROOPS TO PROTECT STRAITS

Turks Make No Direct Move on Constantinople.

ALL READY FOR CLASH

Combined Land and Sea Contingents Prepared to Protect City and Neutral Zone.

London.—With British troops entrenching at strategic points on the Dardanelles, French and Italian battalions rushing to join them, and from far New Zealand word that an Anzac contingent will be dispatched to the zones of their heroic sacrifices in the late war to assist in dealing with the Turkish nationalists, there has been a swift carrying into effect of the allied pronouncements regarding a firm determination to preserve the freedom of the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus.

The British troops are supported by heavy artillery and backed by the fleet, and officials here are confident that the combined allied land and sea forces, which are declared to be prepared for any eventuality, can hold Constantinople against all odds.

The Turks having bombarded the last departing Greek transports from the Cheshire peninsula, despite the British appeal for mercy on the ground that the Greeks were helpless and no longer combatants, Mustapha Kemal Pasha is now supreme over all Anatolia, but has yet made no direct move toward Constantinople or the straits, and the warnings which the allies have voiced throughout Europe and the near east may have served their purpose.

Smyrna, which last month was the center of Greek rule, is a shambles, with fire raging for three days and continuing, but diminished in violence. Only the Moslem quarter has escaped.

Thousands have suffered death and outrages at the hands of the Turks, and a thousand helpless in the hospitals were burned to death. The half-crazed population and refugees are suffering indescribable misery. Six lone American relief workers are attempting the superhuman task of ministering to the dead and dying.

The British foreign office had received no news of loss of life among British subjects.

Great Britain also has invited Greece, Rumania, Jugo-Slavia and the British dominions to give their assistance in this, if necessary. France and Italy are said to agree with Great Britain on the necessity of maintaining the neutrality of the straits.

It is indicated, however, that Great Britain has not abandoned the original agreement that the Turks should have Constantinople if other matters were satisfactorily composed and the London government proposes an immediate conference to effect peace with the Turks.

White Robin Pays Visit.

Brownsville, Or.—A beautiful white robin in company with a small flock of robins made its appearance here Friday and honored the city with its presence over the week end. So far as known it is the first white robin ever seen in Linn county. The society of this "rara avis" seemed to be much sought after by the robins of the ordinary hue, and it was noted that wherever the white bird went the rest of the flock was sure to follow.

Bankers Sent to Prison.

York, Neb.—Floyd R. Ward, vice-president of the Farmers' State bank of Benedict, Neb., was sentenced Saturday to serve seven years in the state penitentiary, and L. R. Cooper, cashier of the Waco, Neb., State bank, was sentenced to serve a term of six years. Both men entered pleas of guilty to charges of forgery and illegal banking methods.

Kilauea Spouts Flame.

Honolulu.—Kilauea volcano Saturday burst out in great activity, with the lava lake fountaining flame and reflecting a brilliant glow above the crater. Messages telling of the volcano's activity were received here from Hilo.

Probe Not Yet Ended.

Washington, D. C.—Announcement was made by the state department Saturday night that Nelson Johnson, consul-general, who has been on duty at the state department, left for England on the steamship President Harding.



MARY MARIE

BY ELEANOR H. PORTER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY R.H. LIVINGSTONE.

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CHAPTER VI—Continued.

Just like that she interrupted, and she looked so shocked. Then she began to walk again, up and down, up and down. Then, all of a sudden, she flung herself on the couch and began to cry and sob as if her heart would break. And when I tried to comfort her, I only seemed to make it worse, for she threw her arms around me and cried:

"Oh, my darling, my darling, don't you see how dreadful it is, how dreadful it is?"

And then is when she began to talk some more about being married, and unmarried as we were. She held me close again and began to sob and cry.

"Oh, my darling, don't you see how dreadful it all is—how unnatural it is for us to live—this way? And for you—you poor child!—what could be worse for you? And here I am, jealous—jealous of your own father, for fear you'll love him better than you do me!"

"Oh, I know I ought not to say all this to you—I know I ought not to. But I can't—help it. I want you! I want you every minute; but I have to give you up—six whole months of every year I have to give you up to him. And he's your father, Marie. And he's a good man. I know he's a good man. I know it all the better now since I've seen—other men. And I ought to tell you to love him. But I'm so afraid—you'll love him better than you do me, and want to leave—me. And I can't give you up! I can't give you up!"

Then I tried to tell her, of course, that she wouldn't have to give me up, and that I loved her a whole lot better than I did Father. But even that didn't comfort her, 'cause she said I ought to love him. That he was lonesome and needed me. He needed me just as much as she needed me, and maybe more. And then she went on again about how unnatural and awful it was to live the way we were living. And she called herself a wicked woman that she'd ever allowed things to get to such a pass. And she said if she could only have her life to live over again she'd do so differently—oh, so differently.

Then she began to cry again, and I couldn't do a thing with her; and, of course, that worked me all up and I began to cry.

She stopped then, right off short, and wiped her eyes fiercely with her wet ball of a handkerchief. And she asked what was she thinking of, and didn't she know any better than to talk like this to me. Then she said, come, we'd go for a ride.

And we did.

And all the rest of that day Mother was so gay and lively you'd think she didn't know how to cry.

Now, wasn't that funny?

Of course, I shall answer Father's letter right away, but I haven't the faintest idea what to say.

ONE WEEK LATER

I answered it—Father's letter, I mean—yesterday, and it's gone now. But I had an awful time over it. I just didn't know what in the world to say. I'd start out all right, and I'd think I was going to get along beautifully. Then, all of a sudden, it would come over me, what I was doing—writing a letter to my father! And I could imagine just how he'd look when he got it, all stern and dignified, sitting in his chair with his paper-cutter; and I'd imagine his eyes looking down and reading what I wrote. And when I thought of that, my pen just wouldn't go. The idea of my writing anything my father would want to read!

And so I'd try to think of things that I could write—big things—big things that would interest big men: About the President and our country—'tis-of-thee, and the state of the weather and the crops. And so I'd begin:

"Dear Father: I take my pen in hand to inform you that—"

Then I'd stop and think and think, and chew my pen-handle. Then I'd put down something. But it was awful, and I knew it was awful. So I'd have to tear it up and begin again.

Three times I did that; then I began to cry. It did seem as if I never could write that letter. Once I thought of asking Mother what to say, and getting her to help me. Then I remembered how she cried and took on and said things when the letter came, and talked about how dreadful and unnatural it all was, and how she was jealous for fear I'd love Father better than I did her. And I was afraid she'd do it again, and so I didn't like to ask her. And so I didn't do it.

Then, after a time, I got out my letter and read it again. And all of a sudden I felt all warm and happy, just as I did when I first got it; and some way I was back with him in the observatory and he was telling me all about the stars. And I forgot all

Of course, there's Father left, and of course, when I go back to Andersonville this summer, there may be something doing there. But I doubt it. I forgot to say I haven't heard from Father again. I answered his Christmas letter, as I said, and wrote just as nice as I knew how, and told him all he asked me to. But he never answered, nor wrote again. I am disappointed, I'll own up. I thought he would write. I think Mother did, too. She's asked me ever so many times if I hadn't heard from him again. And she always looks so sort of funny when I say no—sort of glad and sorry together, all in one.

ONE WEEK LATER

It's come—Father's letter. It came last night. Oh, it was short, and it didn't say anything about what I wrote. But I was proud of it, just the same. I just guess I was! He didn't get Aunt Jane to write to Mother, as he did before. And then, besides, he must have forgotten his stars long enough to think of me a little—for he remembered about the school, and that I couldn't go there in Andersonville, and so he said I had better stay here till it finished.

And I was so glad to stay! It made me very happy—that letter. It made Mother happy, too. She liked it, and she thought it was very, very kind of Father to be willing to give me up almost three whole months of his six, so I could go to school here. And she said so. She said once to Aunt Hattie that she was almost tempted to write and thank him. But Aunt Hattie said, "Pooh," and it was no more than he ought to do, and that she wouldn't be seen writing to a man who so carefully avoided writing to her. So Mother didn't do it, I guess.

APRIL

Last week I had to have a new party dress, and we found a perfect darling of a pink silk, all gold beads, and gold slippers to match. And I knew I'd look perfectly divine in it; and once Mother would have got it for me. But not this time. She got a horrid white muslin with dots in it, and blue silk snash, suitable for a child—for any child.

Of course, I was disappointed, and I suppose I did show it—some. In fact, I'm afraid I showed it a whole lot. Mother didn't say anything then; but on the way home in the car she put her arm around me and said:

"I'm sorry about the pink dress, dear. I knew you wanted it. But it was not suitable at all for you—not until you're older, dear. Mother will have to look out that her little daughter isn't getting to be vain, and too fond of dress."

I knew then, of course, that it was just some more of that self-discipline business.

But Mother never used to say anything about self-discipline.

Is she getting to be like Aunt Jane?

ONE WEEK LATER

She is. I know she is now. I'm learning to cook—to cook! And it's Mother that says I must. She told Aunt Hattie—I heard her—that she thought every girl should know how to cook and keep house; and that if she had learned those things when she was a girl, her life would have been quite different, she was sure.

I am learning at a domestic science school, and Mother is going with me. I didn't mind so much when she said she'd go, too. And, really, it is quite a lot of fun—really it is. But it is queer—Mother and I going to school together to learn how to make bread and cake and boil potatoes! And, of course, Aunt Hattie laughs at us. But I don't mind. And Mother doesn't, either. But, oh, how Aunt Jane would love it, if she only knew!

MAY

What do you suppose I am learning now? You'd never guess. Stars, Yes, stars! And that is for Father, too.

Mother came into my room one day with a book of Grandfather's under her arm. She said it was a very wonderful work on astronomy, and she was sure I would find it interesting. She said she was going to read it aloud to me an hour a day. And then, when I got to Andersonville and Father talked to me, I'd know something. And he'd be pleased.

And so, for 'most a week now, Mother has read to be an hour a day out of that astronomy book. Then we talk about it. And it is interesting. Mother says it is, too. She says she wishes she'd known something about astronomy when she was a girl; that she's sure it would have made things a whole lot easier and happier all around, when she married Father; for then she would have known something about something he was interested in. She said she couldn't help that now, of course; but she could see that I knew something about such things.

It seems so funny to hear her talk such a lot about Father as she does, when before she never used to mention him—only to say how afraid she was that I would love him better than I did her, and to make me say over and over again that I didn't. And I said so one day to her—I mean, I said I thought it was funny, the way she talked now.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

As Times Change.

"Do you remember the old stories about the boy who went to the great city and came back home just in time to pay off the mortgage on the farm?" "Yes," replied Farmer Cornstossel. "It's different now. When a boy leaves the farm the home folks have to hold themselves in readiness to go to town and help him out with his rent and his grocery bill."



So I Sent it Off.