

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.

New York bank clearings Tuesday reached the gigantic total of \$1,200,000,000, a new high mark for the year.

Four children were killed and 11 injured, some seriously, when an Alabama & Vicksburg freight train ran into a county school wagon 10 miles east of Vicksburg, Miss., Tuesday.

The French government announced Monday that it had withdrawn its protection from all of the Greeks, Armenians and Jews who have adopted the French nationality since the armistice.

Reduction in rates on vegetable oils from \$1.05 to 75 cents a hundred pounds, which transcontinental railroads proposed to put into effect Tuesday, have been suspended to await investigation.

Damage to the extent of \$225,000 was done by a fire which swept the plant of the False Creek Lumber company at Vancouver, B. C., early Tuesday and destroyed the plant, machinery and stocks.

George McConkey of Adel, Ia., who married Mattie Weeks two weeks ago, a fortnight after her husband, Eugene Weeks, was hanged at Fort Madison, Iowa, has brought suit for divorce, charging cruelty and infidelity. He is Mrs. McConkey's fifth husband.

Twenty-one women have thrown their bonnets into the ring and will stand up against men in the fight for seats in the house of representatives next month. Reports to party headquarters in Washington, D. C. indicated their percentage of victories would be nominal.

Walter F. George of Vienna received 304 county unit votes out of Georgia's total of 400 in Monday's special senatorial primary to nominate a successor to the late United States Senator Watson, according to complete unofficial returns compiled this morning by the Atlanta Constitution.

Evidence of the increasing prosperity and thrift of the public was reflected in the reports received last June 30 from national banks relating particularly to the number of savings accounts and savings deposits, says a statement issued by Comptroller of the Currency Crissinger.

The festivities in connection with the coronation of King Ferdinand and Queen Marie at Bucharest, Rumania, ended Tuesday night with a gala performance at the national theater. The day began with a reception to the foreign missions, the members of which formally presented their government's congratulations to the king and queen.

Total prohibition of alcoholic drinks, one of the tenets of the Mohammedan religion, will be applied throughout eastern Thrace as soon as the Kemal authorities are installed, according to dispatches received by the Constantinople newspapers from Angora, seat of the Turkish nationalist government.

The Southern Pacific has filed with the interstate commerce commission a petition which, it was said, if granted, will prevent the separation from its system of the lines of the Central Pacific, although this separation was ordered by the supreme court in a decision several months ago, and a rehearing of the case was subsequently denied by the court.

A robber with a six-shooter early Tuesday marched Marshal C. E. Pyn at Marysville, Wash., five miles north of Everett, to the home of L. C. Smith, vice-president of the Marysville State bank, routed the latter out of bed and conducted the two to a vault in the bank. The vault, time locked, was not opened. The robber left with \$41 in Canadian currency that he found in a drawer.

The dirigible C-2, the United States army's best and largest "blimp," on a return transcontinental flight from Ross field, California, to Langley field, Virginia, was burned Tuesday near San Antonio, Texas, and seven persons were injured, according to Major H. A. Strauss, commander of the ill-fated ship. The accident was due primarily to the pulling out of the fabric of the envelope during a strong wind.

BONAR LAW TAKES OFFICE

Forming New Cabinet Is Formally Undertaken in England.

London.—Andrew Bonar Law Monday, in the traditional phrase of the Court Circular, "kissed hands upon his appointment as prime minister and first lord of the treasury," and thus becomes England's first Canadian-born premier.

The day was devoted to the formalities necessary in a monarchical country to change the government. The king in the morning gave an audience to and took formal leave of the outgoing prime minister, Mr. Lloyd George. Then came the unionist meeting in the afternoon when Mr. Bonar Law was unanimously elected leader of the party. This was followed by an audience at Buckingham palace when Mr. Bonar Law, at the king's invitation, undertook to form a new administration.

The king will hold a privy council probably Wednesday, if the prime minister has by then completed his ministry, for the swearing in of the new ministers. The king will, on the advice of the prime minister, proclaim the dissolution of parliament and, according to present arrangements, elections will be held November 15.

Mr. Bonar Law is understood to have his cabinet list almost completed and it is expected the composition of the ministry will be announced soon.

It is the almost universal opinion that he succeeds to a most difficult and onerous task, and many misgivings are heard as to whether his health will stand the inevitable strain, but he has made it quite clear that if he finds his health unequal to the task he shall be allowed quietly to step aside.

The situation is unique in the annals of British election politics, inasmuch as only three weeks before the election date none of the leaders have yet announced his policy, each side appears to be waiting on the other. Mr. Lloyd George's opponents are making merry with the suggestion that the sword he announced himself as brandishing when he left London Sunday must have been lost somewhere on the way to Leeds.

The only real question before the electorate is whether they wish to be governed by a coalition. But that cannot properly be described as an election plank, because except in the event of a tremendous landslide in favor of one particular party, it is almost certain that no party will be returned strong enough to form a government without the co-operation of some other party.

Cuban Loan Sanctioned.

Washington, D. C.—A formal authorization permitting the Cuban government to float the \$50,000,000 loan recently negotiated with private bankers is in preparation at the state department and is expected to be delivered to Cuban officials soon.

Such a loan is believed by officials here to be a proper part of the financial rehabilitation scheme worked out in Cuba in co-operation with Major-General Crowder, acting as the personal representative of President Harding.

Aid for Spanish War Veterans.

Spanish-American war veterans of the Pacific northwest and veterans of the Philippine insurrection and Boxer rebellion will hereafter be entitled to treatment for mental, nervous and tubercular ailments and diseases in hospitals of this district under the direction of the United States veterans' bureau. This is a new move on the part of the government, announced by L. C. Jessop, district manager of the bureau. Heretofore no special provision had been made for hospitalization of these American war veterans.

Mayor to Run Railway.

Detroit.—Mayor Couzens, known as "the father of Detroit's municipal railway system," will take active charge of the railway, he announced Monday. He is to become general manager during the absence of Joseph S. Goodwin, who has asked for a leave of absence of six months because of illness. The mayor will spend half of each day at his own office in the city hall and the other half day in superintending the street railway department.

Admiral Sims Retires.

Newport, R. I.—Rear-Admiral William Sowden Sims, president of the naval college, who has completed 43 years continuous service, read before the college Saturday his orders placing him on the retired list because he has reached the age limit. Rear-Admiral C. S. Williams will succeed Admiral Sims as president.

Two Robbers Get \$6200.

Los Angeles.—In a robbery in the downtown business district shortly before noon Sunday two armed men entered the offices of the Pantheater theater and held up Arthur F. Schickle, auditor. After obtaining \$6200 from a vault they forced Schickle in it and escaped.

VESSELS MEASURE FOR LIQUOR TRIPS

Craft Leaving Foreign Ports Limiting Stores.

NINE LINES EXEMPT

Two American and Seven Alien Companies Hold Up New Ruling by U. S. Injunction.

Washington, D. C.—Ocean steamers which left foreign ports Sunday for the United States faced the necessity of carefully computing the amount of alcoholic beverages on board against the mileage shown by the ship's daily log. The last stein and decanter must be emptied before the ship crosses the three-mile line marking the accepted limit of the American maritime jurisdiction under an interpretation of the prohibition laws which became effective at 12:01 o'clock Monday morning.

Fleets of nine companies are temporarily exempt from operation of the law by reason of injunction proceedings pending before Federal Judge Hand in New York, and will be permitted to enter with their wet goods safely sealed under the system before Attorney-General Daugherty ruled that the eighteenth amendment and the Volstead act applied to American "territory" as a whole and not only to the continental terra firma.

The nine "exempt" lines include two American companies, the International Mercantile Marine and the United American line, and seven registered under foreign flags. They have sought permanent injunctions against enforcement of the law on the ground that Mr. Daugherty went further than the authors of the statute and amendment intended, or if he did not err in this respect, then the act itself was illegal scope.

All other ships come within the law's meaning set forth by the attorney general and approved by President Harding. Administration officials did not foresee an immediate contingency arising from a violation by some of the foreign ships. Bermuda, the nearest foreign port of regular call, is 48 hours from New York, while the trans-Atlantic liners require from 5 to 8 days to complete their voyage. It was considered probable therefore that a week might elapse before the enforcement agents would be called upon to apply the new restriction in a specific case.

Racers Burn to Death.

Hartford, Conn.—Four racehorses, Almaden-Onward, Harry D. O. and Abe Direct, noted pacers, and Daybreak, well-known trotter, were burned to death in their stalls Sunday morning, when fire swept through the famous Charter Oak stables at Charter Oak park, near here. Wesley R., a trotter, was so badly burned that he was shot. The horses, which were privately owned, were valued at approximately \$30,000, Almaden-Onward alone being valued at \$10,000. They were not insured.

Redemption Is Ordered.

Washington, D. C.—Federal reserve banks have been authorized by Secretary Mellon, it was announced Sunday at the treasury, to redeem, in cash, beginning Monday and before December 15, treasury certificates of indebtedness of series TD 1922 dated December 15, 1921 and series TD-2, 1922, dated June 1, 1922, and both maturing December 15 next. Redemption will be at par and accrued interest to the date of redemption.

Three Shot in Feud.

Peoria, Ill.—Timothy Doyle was held in the county jail at Havana after having shot and probably fatally wounded one man and wounding two others on his farm three miles north of Mason City. The shooting was said to have been the climax to a long-standing family feud. The wounded were: Frank Hubbard, 42, shot in head; George Hubbard, 58, uncle of Frank Hubbard, shot in body, and Jake Hubbard, 62, father of Frank Hubbard, shot in body.

Warships in Near East.

Constantinople.—The flotilla of United States destroyers hurrying to new duties in the near east arrived at Constantinople Sunday morning, the American embassy was notified by wireless by the approaching vessels. At the entrance of the Bosphorus the flotilla will be reviewed by Rear-Admiral Mark L. Bristol, commander of the American naval forces in near eastern waters.

Mary Marie

By ELEANOR H. PORTER

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CHAPTER VIII—Continued.

"Was she so awfully pretty, Father?" I could feel the little thrills tingling all over me. Now I was getting a love story!

"She was, my dear. She was very lovely. But it wasn't just that—it was a joyous something that I could not describe. It was as if she were a bird, poised for flight. I know it now for what it was—the very incarnation of the spirit of youth. And she was young. Why, Mary, she was not so many years older than you yourself, now. You aren't sixteen yet. And your mother—I suspect she was too young. If she hadn't been quite so young—"

He stopped, and stared again straight ahead at the dancers—without seeing one of them. I knew. Then he drew a great deep sigh that seemed to come from the very bottom of his boots.

"But it was my fault, my fault, every bit of it," he muttered, still staring straight ahead. "If I hadn't been so thoughtless—As if I could impress that bright spirit of youth in a great dull cage of conventionality, and not expect it to bruise its wings by fluttering against the bars!"

And right there and then it came to me that Mother said it was her fault, too; and that if only she could live it over again, she'd do differently. And here was Father saying the same thing. And all of a sudden I thought, well, why can't they try it over again, if they both want to, and if each says it was their—no, his, no, hers—well, his and her fault. (How does the thing go? I hate grammar!) But I mean, if she says it's her fault, and he says it's his. That's what I thought, anyway. And I determined right then and there to give them the chance to try again, if speaking would do it.

I looked up at Father. He was still talking half under his breath, his eyes looking straight ahead. He had forgotten all about me. That was plain to be seen. If I'd been a cup of coffee without any coffee in it, he'd have been stirring me. I know he would. He was like that.

"Father, Father!" I had to speak twice, before he heard me. "Do you really mean that you would like to try again?" I asked.

"Eh? What?" And just the way he turned and looked at me showed how many miles he'd been away from me.

"Try it again, you know—what you said," I reminded him.

"Oh, that!" Such a funny look came to his face, half ashamed, half vexed. "I'm afraid I have been—talking, my dear."

"Yes, but would you?" I persisted.

He shook his head; then, with such an oh-that-it-could-be smile, he said: "Of course—we all wish that we could go back and do it over again—differently. But we never can."

"Yes, but, Father, you can go back. In this case, and so can Mother, 'cause you both want to," I hurried on, almost choking in my anxiety to get it all out quickly. "And Mother said it was her fault. I heard her."

"Her fault?" I could see that Father did not quite understand, even yet.

"Yes, yes, just as you said it was yours—about all those things at the first, you know, when—when she was a spirit of youth beating against the bars."

Father turned square around and faced me.

"Mary, what are you talking about?" he asked then. And I'd have been scared of his voice if it hadn't been for the great light that was shining in his eyes.

But I looked into his eyes, and wasn't scared; and I told him everything, every single thing—all about how Mother had cried over the little blue dress that day in the trunk-room, and how she had shown the tarnished lace and said that she had tarnished the happiness of him and of herself and of me; and that that it was all her fault; that she was thoughtless and willful and exacting and a spoiled child; and, oh, if she could only try it over again, how differently she would do! And there was a lot more. I told everything—everything I could remember. Some way, I didn't believe that Mother would mind now, after what Father had said. And I just knew she wouldn't mind if she could see the look in Father's eyes as I talked.

He didn't interrupt me—not long interruptions. He did speak out a quick little word now and then, at some of the parts; and once I know I saw him wipe a tear from his eyes. After that he put up his hand and sat with his eyes covered all the rest of the time I was talking. And he didn't take it down till I said:

"And so, Father, that's why I told you; 'cause it seemed to me if you wanted to try again, and she wanted to try again, why can't you do it? Oh, Father, think how perfectly lovely it would be if you did, and if it worked! Why, I wouldn't care whether I was Mary or Marie, or what I was. I'd have you and Mother both together, and, oh, how I should love it!"

It was here that Father's arm came out and slipped around me in a great big hug.

"Bless your heart! But, Mary, my dear, how are we going to—bring this about?" Then is when my second great idea came to me.

"Oh, Father!" I cried, "couldn't you come courting her again—calls and flowers and candy, and all the rest? Oh, Father, couldn't you? Why, Father, of course you could!"

This last I added in my most persuasive voice, for I could see the "no" on his face even before he began to shake his head.

"I'm afraid not, my dear," he said, then, "It would take more than a flower or a bonbon to win your mother back now, I fear."

"But you could try," I urged.

He shook his head again.

"She wouldn't see me—if I called, my dear," he answered.

He sighed as he said it, and I sighed, too. And for a minute I didn't say anything. Of course, if she wouldn't see him—

Then another idea came to me.

"But, Father, if she would see you—I mean, if you got a chance, you would tell her what you told me just now; about its being your fault, I mean, and the spirit of youth beating against the bars, and all that. You would, wouldn't you?"

He didn't say anything, not anything, for such a long time I thought he hadn't heard me. Then, with a queer, quick drawing in of his breath, he said:

"I think—little girl—if—if I ever got the chance I would say—a great deal more than I said to you tonight."

"Good!" I just crowed the word, and I think I clapped my hands; but right away I straightened up and was very fine and dignified, for I saw Aunt Hattie looking at me from across the room, as I said:

"Very good, then. You shall have the chance."

He turned and smiled a little, but he shook his head.

"Thank you, child; but I don't think you know quite what you're promising," he said.

"Yes, I do."

Then I told him my idea. At first he said no, and it couldn't be, and he was very sure she wouldn't see him, even if he called. But I said she would if he



At Exactly Ten o'clock He Came Up the Steps of the House Here, but He Didn't Ring the Bell.

would do exactly as I said. And I told him my plan. And after a time and quite a lot of talk, he said he would agree to it.

And this morning we did it.

At exactly ten o'clock he came up the steps of the house here, but he didn't ring the bell. I had told him not to do that, and I was on the watch for him. I knew that at ten o'clock Grandfather would be gone, Aunt Hattie probably downtown shopping, and Lester out with his governess. I wasn't so sure of Mother, but I knew it was Saturday, and I believed I could manage somehow to keep her here with me, so that everything would be all right there.

I did it, and five minutes before ten she was sitting quietly sewing in her own room. Then I went downstairs to watch for Father.

He came just on the dot, and I let him in and took him into the library. Then I went upstairs and told Mother there was some one downstairs who wanted to see her.

And she said, how funny, and wasn't there any name, and where was the maid. But I didn't seem to hear. I had gone into my room in quite a hurry, as if I had forgotten something I wanted to do there. But, of course, I didn't do a thing—except to make sure that she went downstairs to the library.

They're there now together. And he's been here a whole hour already. Seems as if he ought to say something in that length of time!

After I was sure Mother was down, I took out this, and began to write in it. And I've been writing ever since.

But, oh, I do so wonder what's going on down there. I'm so excited over—

ONE WEEK LATER

At just that minute Mother came into the room. I wish you could have seen her. My stars, but she looked pretty!—with her shining eyes and the lovely pink in her cheeks. And young! Honestly, I believe she looked younger than I did that minute.

She just came and put her arms around me and kissed me, and I saw then that her eyes were all misty with tears. She didn't say a word, hardly, only that Father wanted to see me, and I was to go right down.

And I went.

I thought, of course, that she was coming, too. But she didn't. And when I got down the stairs I found I was all alone; but I went right on into the library, and there was Father waiting for me.

He didn't say much, either, at first; but just like Mother he put his arms around me and kissed me, and held me there. Then, very soon, he began to talk; and, oh, he said such beautiful things—such tender, lovely, sacred things; too sacred even to write down here. Then he kissed me again and went away.

But he came back the next day, and he's been here some part of every day since. And, oh, what a wonderful week it has been!

They're going to be married. It's tomorrow. They'd have been married right away at the first, only they had to wait—something about licenses and a five-day notice, Mother said. Father fussed and fumed, and wanted to try for a special dispensation, or something; but Mother laughed, and said certainly not, and that she guessed it was just as well, for she positively had to have a few things; and he hadn't think he could walk right in like that on a body and expect her to get married at a moment's notice. But she didn't mean it. I know she didn't; for when Father reproached her, she laughed softly, and called him an old goose, and said, yes, of course, she'd have married him in two minutes if it hadn't been for the five-day notice, no matter whether she ever had a new dress or not.

And that's the way it is with them all the time. They're too funny and lovely together for anything. (Aunt Hattie says they're too silly for anything; but nobody minds Aunt Hattie.)

And, as I said before, it is all perfectly wonderful.

So it's all settled, and they're going right away on this trip and call it a wedding trip. And, of course, Grandfather had to get off his joke about how he thought it was a pretty dangerous business; and to see that this honeymoon didn't go into an eclipse while they were watching the other one. But nobody minds Grandfather.

I'm to stay here and finish school. Then, in the spring, when Father and Mother come back, we are all to go to Andersonville and begin to live in the old house again.

Won't it be lovely? It just seems too good to be true. Why, I don't care a bit now whether I'm Mary or Marie. But, then, nobody else does, either. In fact, both of them call me the whole name now, Mary Marie. I don't think they ever said they would. They just began to do it. That's all.

How about this being a love story now? Oh, I'm so excited!

CHAPTER IX.

Which is the Test.

ANDERSONVILLE. TWELVE YEARS LATER

Twelve years—yes. And I'm twenty-eight years old. Pretty old, little Mary Marie of the long ago would think. And, well, perhaps today I feel just as old as she would put it.

I came up into the attic this morning to pack away some things I shall no longer need, now that I am going to leave Jerry. (Jerry is my husband.) And in the bottom of my little trunk I found this manuscript. I had forgotten that such a thing existed; but with its laboriously written pages before me, it all came back to me; and I began to read; here a sentence; there a paragraph; somewhere else a page. Then, with a little half laugh and a half sob, I carried it to an old rocking-chair by the cobwebby dormer window, and settled myself to read it straight through.

And I have read it.

Poor little Mary Marie! Dear little Mary Marie! To meet you like this, to share with you your joys and sorrows, hopes and despairs, of those years, long ago, is like sitting hand in hand on a sofa with a childhood's friend, each listening to an eager "And do you remember?" falling constantly from delighted lips that cannot seem to talk half fast enough.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Pilsoll Line.

By the Pilsoll line is meant the mark on a ship, which, by the British merchant shipping act of 1876, forced through parliament by Samuel Pilsoll, must be visible above water, thus preventing overloading.