

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.

The reichstag has decided to prolong the term of Friederich Ebert in the German presidency until June 30, 1925. The vote for the extension was 314 to 76.

The Terminal Railroad association in St. Louis has re-employed about 450 of its 600 union shopmen who went on strike July 1, it was announced Thursday.

Forced into debt by the advent of prohibition, according to its officials, the town of Gross Point, Ill., Tuesday announced its city hall was for sale and advertised for bids on it.

The Japanese cruiser Chikuma has been ordered to proceed to Vladivostok at the request of the consul-general there, according to a cable dispatch to the Nippon Jiji, Japanese language newspaper in Honolulu.

One thousand tons of food supplies bought by the American Red Cross for the relief of Smyrna refugees left New York port Tuesday for Athens. Other shipments will be made as fast as sailings for the near east can be negotiated.

Under the terms of the convention concluded between the British and American governments in May, wilful deserters or wilful non-supporters of minor or dependent children are subject to extradition between the United States and Canada.

Overseas casual detachment No. 49 of the American army of occupation left Coblenz Monday night for Bremen to board the steamer America for New York. The detachment comprises about 60 men, being the first to leave not containing any war brides or children.

The supreme court of the United States will be asked to issue an order restraining the government from enforcing the prohibition laws against transportation of liquor on foreign ships touching at American ports and on American ships outside of American coastal waters.

The money spent for the reconstruction of northern France devastated by the Germans in the great war is entirely responsible for the deficit of four billion francs in the French budget for 1923, declared Maurice Bakanowski, budget reporter, to the chamber of deputies.

An earthquake of "moderate intensity," estimated to be about 5200 miles south of Washington, D. C. was recorded Tuesday on the seismograph at Georgetown university. Father Tondoren, director of the observatory, said the tremors began at 4:34 P. M. and continued until about 5:30.

Informal communications from the five central American governments invited by the United States to meet in conference in Washington, D. C. in December for discussion of arms limitation projects and other matters, indicated early acceptance of the invitation and appointment of the five delegations.

Detectives in Macon, Ga., Monday, found that the altar had been converted into a bar. Through a broken stained glass window they saw a man lifting a glass of liquor to his lips, the officers said. They rushed in and say they seized two jugs of moonshine whisky, hidden under what had been the mourners' bench. One arrest was made.

"Foolish and vulgar display of wealth," is one of America's greatest problems, Bishop Francis McConnell of Pittsburg told the board of managers of the Women's Home Missionary society of the Methodist Episcopal church in annual convention here Monday afternoon. Bishop McConnell was inclined to blame women for much of the display.

A modification of Great Britain's position regarding reparations, indicated by Sir John Bradbury at a meeting of the reparations commission Tuesday, will make it possible for the commission to leave Paris for Berlin next Sunday with an unanimous allied agreement on what measures will be imposed on Germany's financial administration for the purpose of averting a total collapse of that country.

ALLIES QUIT SIBERIAN R. R.

China Informed U. S. Is Concerned in Preservation of Road.

Washington, D. C.—Withdrawal of allied troops from Siberia has been followed by relinquished control of the Chinese Eastern railway on the part of the American, British, French, Italian and Japanese governments through their representatives on the inter-allied committee at Vladivostok and the technical board at Harbin.

Each of the five governments, it was announced Monday at the state department, has instructed its representatives on the two commissions to conclude their affairs and immediately terminate further activities, leaving future management of the railway in the hands of its board of directors.

It was recalled in connection with the announcement that consideration had been given the Chinese Eastern railway question during the Washington conference and at that time suggestions had been made to the Chinese government that it would be advisable for it to invite the continued co-operation of the five nations in maintaining and operating the railway as a trust, pending re-establishment of a recognized government in Russia and a final disposition of the railway's affairs. Failure of the Chinese government to extend the invitation in accordance with these suggestions, it was indicated officially, had been followed by the allied action as announced Monday.

Formal notification of the decision of this country to relinquish control of the railway, in company with the four other governments, was contained in a note made public at the state department and cabled to Minister Schurman for delivery to the Chinese foreign office at Peking.

This note made it plain, however, that the Washington government reaffirmed "its concern in the preservation of the Chinese Eastern railway with a view to its ultimate return to those in interest without impairing any existing rights as well as its continued interest in the efficient operation of the railway and its maintenance as a free avenue of commerce open to the citizens of all countries, without favor or discrimination."

ITALY'S EX-REBEL IS PUT IN POWER

Rome.—Benito Mussolini, the fascist leader, who triumphantly entered Rome Monday, has undertaken the government of the country with men of his own selection. He came to Rome on the invitation of the king, with whom he had a long audience, after which he named his ministers.

Prior to the selection of his cabinet and directly after his interview with King Victor Emmanuel, Mussolini, addressing the great crowds from the balcony of the hotel, declared with great emphasis:

"We have not accepted the form of ministry, but have accepted the form of government."

He laid great stress on the word "government," at which the crowds cheered.

"And," he added, "Italy will have a government from now on."

Mussolini then called upon the crowd to acclaim: "Long live the king!" "Long live Italy!" "Long live the fascist!"

The fact that the ex-revolutionist, now Italy's premier, placed the king first, was cheered by the multitude.

Wearing a black shirt and showing traces of his long journey by train and automobile, Mussolini presented himself before the king, who greeted him warmly. The square in front of the quirinal was filled to overflowing and fascisti and regulars joined in keeping order. His departure from the palace was the occasion for another enthusiastic demonstration, the crowds falling in behind his automobile and marching to the Hotel Savoia where the fascisti were in full charge, no regulars being visible.

365 Eggs Laid in Year.

Tacoma, Wash.—Two world's records for egg laying have just been broken in the third annual contest conducted by the western Washington experiment station of the Washington State college, it was announced here Monday night. The contest, conducted at the station at Puyallup, resulted in a White Leghorn pullet owned by H. M. Leathers of Woodland, Wash., laying 365 eggs with a day to go before the year expired.

Missionary Is Seized.

Shanghai.—A bandit army that looted and partly burned the town of Shangtsaihsien, province of Honan, Saturday night, carried off H. E. Ledgard of the China Inland mission and other missionary workers, according to advices received here from Hankow. Madam Ledgard and her child eluded the marauders and escaped.

RAIL BOARD BANS LIVING WAGE PLEA

Lines Would Be Ruined, Is Declaration.

PRESENT PAY JUST

Workers' Slogan Called Utterly Impractical and All Objections Declared Answered.

Chicago.—The public and railroad groups of the United States railroad labor board, attacking the theory of the "living wage" as a basis for determining the wages of railroad workers, in an opinion made public Sunday night declared that such a course "if carried to its legitimate conclusion would wreck every railroad in the United States and, if extended to other industries, would carry them into communitistic ruin."

The opinion in the form of a rejoinder to a dissenting opinion filed by A. O. Wharton, labor member, in the recent decision increasing the pay of maintenance of way employees two cents an hour, declared that if employees were granted a 72 to 75 cents minimum wage for common labor with corresponding differentials for other classes an increase of 125.7 per cent in the nation's railroad wage bill would be necessary. This, the opinion said, would add \$3,112,952,387 to the annual payroll, bringing it to \$5,589,445,993, which would mean, it adds, an annual deficit to the carriers of \$2,241,639,518.

Even if the 48-cent minimum wage requested by maintenance of way workers were granted and corresponding differentials were made for other classes of employees, the opinion said, an increase of 50.45 per cent in wages would be necessary, adding \$1,249,390,994 to the annual wage bill of the roads, bringing it up to \$3,725,884,549, thus forcing the carriers to raise an annual deficit of \$378,078,125.

The phrase "living wage" was termed in the opinion as "a bit of mellifluous phraseology, well calculated to deceive the unthinking."

"If the contentions were that the board should establish a 'living wage' the majority would readily accede to the proposition," the opinion said, "and, as a matter of fact, the board in this instance, as in all others, has granted a living wage."

"But the abstract elusive thing called 'the living wage', confessedly based upon a makeshift and a guess, cannot receive the sanction of this board, because it would be utterly impractical and would not be 'just and reasonable' as the law demands."

Mr. Wharton's dissenting opinion and the supporting opinion in reply were attached to the formal decision increasing the pay of maintenance of way employees 2 cents an hour, establishing minimal ranging from 25 to 37 cents.

The United Brotherhood of Maintenance of Way Employees and railway shop laborers held a strike order affecting 400,000 men in abeyance last July after the board had reduced wages pending a request for an increase based on the contention that the cost of living had advanced and wages in other industries had been raised.

Washington, D. C.—The Association Against the Prohibition Amendment announced Sunday night that it would support 249 candidates for the senate and house who stood for a modification of the Volstead act to permit the manufacture of light wine and beer. In a preliminary statement ten days ago the association listed 202 candidates. The additional 47 are running in eight states, and the statement said the association would "immediately get behind them."

Farmer, Aged 117, Dead.

Saskatoon, Sask. — News reached here Sunday of the death of Henry Lorenz, a farmer in Pleasantdale, at the age of 117. According to family records, he was born in Austria May 9, 1805. Up to a year ago he was a heavy smoker, but the increased price of tobacco caused him to stop, he said. He did the chores on his farm until a few days before his death.

Frank Costs Boy's Life.

Omaha, Neb.—A Halloween prank cost the life of Edward Jaada, 17, Saturday night. He was electrocuted when he attached a wire to a gate which he and five companions carried to a street intersection and attempted to suspend it from an arc light wire.

Mary Marie

By ELEANOR H. PORTER

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CHAPTER IX—Continued.

It was almost dark when I had finished the manuscript. It was written on the top sheet of a still thick pad of paper, and my fingers fairly tingled suddenly, to go on and cover those unused white sheets—tell what happened next—tell the rest of the story; not for the sake of the story—but for my sake. It might help me. It might make things clearer. It might help to justify myself in my own eyes. Not that I have any doubts, of course



And the Way He Drew Her Into His Arms and Kissed Her.

(about leaving Jerry, I mean), but that when I saw it in black and white I could be even more convinced that I was doing what was best for him and best for me.

So I brought the manuscript down to my own room, and this evening I have commenced to write. I can't finish it tonight, of course. But I have tomorrow, and still tomorrow. (I have so many tomorrows now! And what do they all amount to?) And so I'll just keep writing, as I have time, till I bring it to the end.

I'm sorry that it must be so sad and sorry an end. But there's no other way, of course. There can be but one ending, as I can see. I'm sorry. Mother'll be sorry, too. She doesn't know yet. I hate to tell her. Nobody knows—not even Jerry himself—yet. They all think I'm just making a visit to Mother—and I am—till I write that letter to Jerry. And then—

I believe now that I'll wait till I've finished writing this. I'll feel better then. My mind will be clearer. I'll know more what to say. Just the effort of writing it down—

Of course, if Jerry and I hadn't— But this is no way to begin. Like the little Mary Marie of long ago I am in danger of starting my dinner with ice-cream instead of soup! And so I must begin where I left off, of course. And that was at the wedding.

*Remember that wedding as if it were yesterday. I can see now, with Mary Marie's manuscript before me, why it made so great an impression upon me. It was a very quiet wedding, of course—just the members of the family present. But I shall never forget the fine, sweet loveliness of Mother's face, nor the splendid strength and tenderness of Father's. And the way he drew her into his arms and kissed her, after it was all over—well, I remember distinctly that even Aunt Hattie choked up and had to turn her back to wipe her eyes.

*They went away at once, first to New York for a day or two, then to Andersonville, to prepare for the real wedding trip to the other side of the world. I stayed in Boston at school. In the spring, when Father and Mother returned, and we all went back to Andersonville, there followed a long period of just happy girlhood, and I suspect I was too satisfied and happy to think of writing. After all, I've noticed it's when we're sad or troubled over something that we have that tingling to cover perfectly good white paper with "confessions" and "stories of my life." As witness right now what I'm doing.

I had just passed my sixteenth birthday when we all came back to live in Andersonville. For the first few months I suspect that just the glory and the wonder and joy of living in the old home, with Father and Mother happy together, was enough to fill all my thoughts. Then, as school began in the fall, I came down to normal living again, and became a girl—just a growing girl in her teens.

How patient Mother was, and Father, too! I can see how gently and tactfully they helped me over the stones and stumbling-blocks that strewed the pathway of every sixteen-year-old girl who thinks, because she has turned down her dresses and turned up her hair, that she is grown up, and can do and think and talk as she pleases.

It was that winter that I went through the morbid period. Like our childhood's measles and whooping cough, it seems to come to most of us—us women children. I wonder why? Certainly it came to me. True to type I cried by the hour over fancied slights from my schoolmates, and brooded days at a time because Father or Mother "didn't understand." I questioned everything in the earth beneath and the heavens above; and in my dark despair over an averted glance from my most intimate friend, I meditated on whether life was, or was not, worth the living, with a preponderance toward the latter.

Mother—dear mother!—looked on aghast. She feared, I think for my life; certainly for my sanity and morals.

It was Father who came to the rescue. He pook-pooked Mother's fears; said it was indignation that ailed me, or that I was growing too fast; or perhaps I didn't get enough sleep, or needed, maybe, a good tonic. He took me out of school, and made it a point to accompany me on long walks. He talked with me—not to me—about the birds and the trees and the sunsets, and then about the deeper things of life, until, before I realized it, I was sane and sensible once more, serene and happy in the simple faith of my childhood.

I was seventeen, if I remember rightly, when I became worried, not over my heavenly estate now, but my earthly one. I must have a career, of course. No namby-pamby everyday living of dishes and dusting and meals and babies for me. It was all very well, of course, for some people. Such things had to be. But for me—

I could write, of course, but I was not sure but that I preferred the stage. At the same time there was within me a deep stirring as of a call to go out and enlighten the world, especially that portion of it in darkest Africa or deadliest India. I would be a missionary.

Before I was eighteen, however, I had abandoned all this. Father put his foot down hard on the missionary project, and Mother put hers down on the stage idea.

So I wrote stories—but I did not get any of them printed in spite of my earnest efforts. In time, therefore, that idea, also, was abandoned; and with it, regrettably, the idea of enlightening the world at all.

Besides, I had just then (again if I remember rightfully) fallen in love.

Not that it was the first time. Oh, no, not at eighteen, when at thirteen I had begun confidently and happily to look for it! What a sentimental little piece I was! How could they have been so patient with me—Father, Mother, everybody!

I think the first real attack—the first that I consciously called love, myself—was the winter after we had all come back to Andersonville to live. I was sixteen and in the high school. It was Paul Mayhew—yes, the same Paul Mayhew that had defied his mother and sister and walked home with me one night and invited me to go for an automobile ride, only to be sent sharply about his business by my stern, inexorable Aunt Jane. Paul was in the senior class now, and the handsomest, most admired boy in school. He didn't care for girls. That is, he said he didn't. He bore himself with a supreme indifference that was maddening, and that took (apparently) no notice of the fact that every girl in school was a willing slave to the mere nodding of his head or the beckoning of his hand.

This was the condition of things when I entered school that fall, and perhaps for a week thereafter. Then one day, very suddenly, and without apparent reason, he awoke to the fact of my existence. Candy, flowers, books—some one of these he brought to me every morning. All during the school day he was my devoted gallant, dancing attendance every possible minute outside of session hours, and walking home with me in the afternoon, proudly carrying my books. Did I say "home with me"? That is not strictly true—he always stopped just one block short of "home"—one block short of my gate. He evidently had not forgotten Aunt Jane, and did not intend to take any foolish risks! So he said good-by to me always at a safe distance.

This went on for perhaps a week. Then he asked me to attend a school sleigh-ride and supper with him.

I was wild with delight. At the same time I was wild with apprehension. I awoke suddenly to the fact of the existence of Father and Mother, and that their permission must be gained. And I had my doubts—I had very grave doubts. Yet it seemed to me at that moment that I just had to go on that sleigh-ride. That it was the only thing in the whole wide world worth while.

I can remember now, as if it were yesterday, the way I debated in my mind as to whether I should ask Father, Mother, or both together; and if I should let it be seen how greatly I desired to go, and how much it meant to me; or if I should just mention it as in passing, and take their permission practically for granted.

I chose the latter course, and I took

a time when they were both together. At the breakfast table I mentioned casually that the school was to have a sleigh-ride and supper the next Friday afternoon and evening, and that Paul Mayhew had asked me to go with him.

"A sleigh-ride, supper, and not come home until evening?" cried Mother. "And with whom, did you say?"

"Paul Mayhew," I answered. I still tried to speak casually; at the same time I tried to indicate by voice and manner something of the great honor that had been bestowed upon their daughter.

Father was impressed—plainly impressed; but not a bit in the way I had hoped he would be. He gave me a swift, sharp glance; then looked straight at Mother.

"Humph! Paul Mayhew! Yes, I know him," he said grimly. "And I'm dreading the time when he comes into college next year."

"You mean—" Mother hesitated and stopped.

"I mean I don't like the company he keeps—already," nodded Father.

"Then you don't think that Mary Marie—" Mother hesitated again, and glanced at me.

"Certainly not," said Father decidedly.

I knew then, of course, that he meant I couldn't go on the sleigh ride, even though he hadn't said the words right out. I forgot all about being casual and indifferent and matter-of-course then. I thought only of showing them how absolutely necessary it was for them to let me go on that sleigh ride, unless they wanted my life forevermore hopelessly blighted.

I explained carefully how he was the handsomest, most popular boy in school, and how all the girls were just crazy to be asked to go anywhere with him; and I argued what if Father had seen him with boys he did not like—then that was all the more reason why nice girls like me, when he asked them, should go with him, so as to keep him away from bad boys. And I reminded them again that he was the very handsomest, most popular boy in school; and that there wasn't a girl I knew who wouldn't be crazy to be in my shoes.

Then I stopped, all out of breath, and I can imagine just how pleading and palpitating I looked.

I thought Father was going to refuse right away, but I saw the glance that Mother threw him—the glance that said, "Let me attend to this,



All During the School Day He Was My Devoted Gallant.

dear." I'd seen that glance before, several times, and I knew just what it meant; so I wasn't surprised to see Father shrug his shoulders and turn away as Mother said to me:

"Very well, dear. I'll think it over and let you know tonight."

But I was surprised that night to have Mother say I could go, for I'd about given up hope, after all that talk at the breakfast table. And she said something else that surprised me, too. She said she'd like to know Paul Mayhew herself; that she always wanted to know the friends of her little girl. And she told me to ask him to call the next evening and play checkers or chess with me.

Happy! I could scarcely contain myself for joy. And when the next evening came, bringing Paul, and Mother, all prettily dressed as if he were really, truly company, came into the room and talked so beautifully to him, I was even more entranced. To be sure, it did bother me a little that Paul laughed so much, and so loudly, and that he couldn't seem to find anything to talk about only himself, and what he was doing, and what he was going to do. Some way, he had never seemed like that at school. And I was afraid Mother wouldn't like that.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Excuses are seldom of moment.