

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.

Eight thousand Russian refugees from Vladivostok have arrived at Gensan, Corea. They include white soldiers, civilians and their families, besides several hundred sick and wounded.

Twenty-five dollars in gold or no crossing of the international line by Americans except on brief visits, was the requirement of the Mexican government made effective at Mexicali Tuesday.

Reuter's Rome correspondent reports a small conflict between the fascists and communists there Sunday afternoon. One person was killed and several were injured. Order was quickly restored.

By next Saturday the entire Asiatic fleet of the United States navy, with the exception of warships at Vladivostok and some small gunboats in Chinese waters, will be assembled in Manila bay.

Because he loved her too much and insisted upon making their married life a "protracted honeymoon," Mrs. Marie Reilly of Chicago has filed suit for divorce against John F. Reilly of Rockford, Ill.

President Harding has sent the following birthday message to Emperor Yoshihito of Japan: "I take pleasure in extending to your majesty cordial greetings on this birthday anniversary with assurances of our own high regard and good will."

Effective Wednesday another reduction of 1 cent a gallon in the price of gasoline was announced by the Standard Oil company of Indiana, making the Chicago price 18 cents a gallon at tank wagons and 20 cents at service stations.

Suit for \$1,000,000 damages was filed in the federal district court at Chicago Tuesday night against the United States shipping board and the Munson steamship line by Captain B. M. Haagensen, formerly employed by the Munson line.

Mrs. Merle Brumfield, widow of Dr. Richard M. Brumfield, murderer of Dennis Russell, was married to Howard Mozena, a laborer, at Seattle, September 26, 19 days after Dr. Brumfield committed suicide in the Oregon state penitentiary, it was learned Tuesday.

The movement of refrigerator cars to the northwest is going along at a rapid rate, according to reports received by the American Railway association. These reports show that lines east of Buffalo promised to deliver 650 and instead are delivering 1007.

With a threat to shoot if any effort were made to dislodge him, a man said to be Captain Freeman, owner of the launch Narbethong, took possession of the customs house in Prince Rupert, B. C., Tuesday, holding the building for several hours until he was induced by officials to yield peacefully.

Another request that the United States actively participate with the allied governments in the settlement of European difficulties, this time involving the establishment of peace between Turkey and the allies, and the status of the Dardanelles and Bosphorus straits, was received Saturday by the Washington government.

W. W. Sterrett, an expert accountant of Devon, near Philadelphia, who, with his wife, was poisoned Thursday by a piece of cake mailed to their home, died Monday night in the Bryn Mawr hospital. Mrs. Sterrett, who is in the same institution, was reported in a critical condition, and attending physicians hold little hope for her recovery.

The cattlemen of Argentina, whose industry is once more in a critical condition, want the packing business nationalized and a special law enacted which would enforce government control of packing houses. These projects, with the creation of a bureau to control the meat industry and the passage of an anti-trust law, were advocated Tuesday night in resolutions unanimously adopted at a large meeting of stock breeders.

50 MINERS KILLED IN BLAST

Thirty-one Rescued Men Are Sent to Hospital—Bodies Left in Scaft.

Spangler, Pa.—Between 50 and 60 miners were killed in the Reilly mine of the Reilly Coal company, near here, Monday morning, according to an official estimate made public at midnight by rescue workers and company officials.

This estimate was arrived at after rescue workers who had searched the explosion-wrecked mine for two hours reported they believed there were no more survivors in the workings.

Thirty-one rescued men were in the Spangler hospital.

Officials of the company were still uncertain as to the exact number of men who went to work just a short time before the blast.

They believed that the total was between 90 and 95.

Rescue men who had attempted to count the bodies they stumbled over in the workings declared they counted approximately 50, but said it was probably that a few more men perished in the unexplored chambers.

Examination of the mine workings by experts caused officials of the company to announce that the property damage in the explosion was very small.

"There are dead miners strewn all along the entries down there," said J. J. Bourquin, leader of the United States bureau of mine rescue crew, as he came from the head of the mine.

"We only stopped with the dead long enough to see that the spark of life had fled and then moved on in search of the living," he continued. "Quite a bit of mine remained to be explored, but I can say if there are any more live men in there it won't take us long to get to them."

Engineer Bourquin and his men passed the greater part of the afternoon in the workings. They were equipped with oxygen helmets, and so eager were they to force their way through the gas that they made seven trips without pausing to have the gas tanks recharged.

Behind a brattice, hastily constructed by the entombed miners to shut out the deadly after-damp from the heading where they had taken refuge, the rescuers found four men alive and one dead.

A little later they came across another brattice, made of mine cars and bearing the legend burned on with a miner's lamp: "There are 29 men behind this." The air was so bad here that "Sally," the bureau's pet canary bird used in testing the air, died.

"It was a shame," said one of the crew, "We could have saved her if we had retreated to the good air. But where the lives of miners are concerned I guess Sally would O. K. our act in going ahead."

Huge Sum to be Spent.

Seattle, Wash.—The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway has arranged to expend more than \$22,500,000 for new cars and locomotives to handle increasing traffic, B. B. Geers of Chicago, vice-president in charge of operations announced here Monday. Orders for new equipment now ready to be placed include 10,000 box and coal cars to be delivered next year, and 100 steam locomotives, to be ready for operation next spring, according to the announcement.

Mr. Geers, who is in Seattle on a trip of inspection over the railway's Pacific coast lines, said the car shortage situation in the west was being improved to some extent through the turning over of more cars to eastern roads by eastern lines.

Bonus Given Shopmen.

Tacoma.—Shopmen who refused to go on strike at the South Tacoma shops of the Northern Pacific have received a substantial bonus payment, it is learned here. Foremen who declined to strike received checks for \$500 in addition to their regular pay since July 1, and machinists received \$500 bonus. The checks came direct from the Northern Pacific headquarters in St. Paul, and were not a part of the regular payroll.

South Africa Deluged.

Capetown, South Africa.—Storms accompanied by floods have occurred over a wide range of country at the cape and in the Transvaal. Owing to the storms shipping at Port Elizabeth was obliged to quit the roadstead for better shelter. The rains will prove beneficial in many parts of the country, where they have been much needed.

\$20,000 in Furs Stolen.

Chicago.—Nathan Tietbaum, a merchant, reported to the police Monday that four armed robbers bound him and his wife and five employees and looted his store of furs valued at \$20,000. The robbers escaped with their booty in a motor truck.

TURKS OCCUPY CONSTANTINOPLE

Evacuation By Allied Troops Is Demanded.

PEACE PACT TORN UP

Nationalists Begin Moving Into Chanak Area and Other Neutral Zones—Rioters Slain.

Constantinople.—The nationalist government has seized control of Constantinople, Rafet Pasha has been made the new governor and Hamid Bey, the representative of the Angora government, has ordered the allied troops out. In a note to the entente he has demanded evacuation of the allied forces.

The Turks have torn up the Mudania armistice convention and have begun advancing into the Chanak area, occupied by the British, and other neutral zones.

Since noon Saturday, the nationalist administration is declared to have been established and in celebration of this masses of excited Turks have been engaged in disorders.

Students marched against the palace and engaged in such manifestations that it became necessary for the allied police to fire on them, several of the Turks being killed or wounded.

The Christians in the Stamboul quarter throughout Saturday night were seeking shelter and protection from what they plainly feared a Turkish massacre.

Sunday, however, the government authorities issued orders that all disturbances should be rigorously put down. The allied high commissioners accepted the new regime and there was nothing left for the sultan's ministry but resignation.

Tewfik Pasha, the grand vizier, realizing that his power had disappeared, dispatched messages to the representatives of the sublime porte in the various capitols to transfer their archives to the representatives of the Angora government.

There seemed danger for a time that the radical forces would gain the upper hand. The sultan was denounced, together with monarchy, and Mustapha Kemal Pasha was acclaimed as "our president." It became necessary to throw guards of troops around the sultan's palace within which Mohammed VI, now caliph only, is spending fearful hours.

Mohammed VI has given no evidence of conforming to the determination of the new government to rid Turkey of the high office of sultan, but the quickly developing popular movement may soon compel him to accept the inevitable.

Rafet Pasha sprang the news of the change in government in a dramatic fashion on the allied generals. The generals had summoned Rafet to discuss the question of the admission of Kemalist gendarmes to the Gallipoli and Chanak sections. At the termination of the discussion, Rafet, by way of an afterthought, broke the startling news like this:

"I must inform your excellencies that, since noon the Constantinople government no longer exists, and I have assumed the governorship."

Ex-Kaiser Weds.

Doorn, Holland.—The German emperor and Princess Hermione of Reuss were married Sunday at the house of Doorn, where the lord abides in exile. This second venture was in strange contrast with that day in 1881 when, as crown prince, he wedded Augusta Victoria, daughter of Grand Duke Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein.

Several of the offspring of that first union were present to set the seal of family approval to the new alliance.

There were two ceremonies, a civil contract drawn up and signed by "Wilhelm II" and "Hermione, Reuss," as they affixed their names; the second, a religious ceremony, conducted by the ex-court chaplain, Dr. Vogel, according to the Lutheran rites.

Reds' Demands Severe.

Moscow.—Soviet Russia insists on full representation in the Lausanne peace conference upon the same basis as the other participating powers. M. Tchitcherin, the foreign minister, makes this known in a note he has sent to Great Britain, France and Italy, in reply to the invitation of the entente that Russia take part only in the discussions relating to the straits. The note also demanded the participation of Ukraine and Georgia.



MARY MARIE

ELEANOR H. PORTER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY R.H. LIVINGSTONE.

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CHAPTER IX—Continued.

All the evening I was watching and listening with her eyes and her ears everything he did, everything he said. I so wanted Mother to like him! I so wanted Mother to see how really fine and splendid and noble he was. But that evening—Why couldn't he stop talking about the prizes he'd won, and the big racing car he'd just ordered for next summer? There was nothing fine and splendid and noble about that. And were his finger nails always so dirty?

Why, Mother would think—Mother did not stay in the room all the time; but she was in more or less often to watch the game; and at half-past nine she brought in some little cakes and lemonade as a surprise. I thought it was lovely; but I could have shaken Paul when he pretended to be afraid of it, and asked Mother if there was a stick in it.

The idea—Mother! A stick! I just knew Mother wouldn't like that. But if she didn't, she never showed a thing in her face. She just smiled, and said no, there wasn't any stick in it; and passed the cakes.

When he had gone I remember I didn't like to meet Mother's eyes, and I didn't ask her how she liked Paul Mayhew. I kept right on talking fast about something else. Some way, I didn't want Mother to talk then, for fear of what she would say.

And Mother didn't say anything about Paul Mayhew—then. But only a few days later she told me to invite him again to the house (this time to a chafing-dish supper), and to ask Carrie Heywood and Fred Small, too.

We had a beautiful time, only again Paul Mayhew didn't "show off" at all in the way I wanted him to—though he most emphatically "showed off" in his way! It seemed to me that he bragged even more about himself and his belongings than he had before. And I didn't like at all the way he ate his food. Why, Father didn't eat like that—with such a noisy mouth, and such a rattling of the silverware!

And so it went—wise mother that she was! Far from prohibiting me to have anything to do with Paul Mayhew, she let me see all I wanted to of him, particularly in my own home. She let me go out with him, properly chaperoned, and she never, by word or manner, hinted that she didn't admire his conceit and braggadocio.

And it all came out exactly as I suspect she had planned from the beginning. When Paul Mayhew asked to be my escort to the class reception in June, I declined with thanks, and immediately afterward told Fred Small I would go with him. But even when I told Mother nonchalantly, and with carefully averted eyes, that I was going to the reception with Fred Small—even then her pleasant "Well, that's good!" conveyed only cheery mother interest; nor did a hasty glance into her face discover so much as a lifted eyebrow to hint, "I thought you'd come to your senses sometime!"

Wise little mother that she was! In the days and weeks that followed (though nothing was said) I detected a subtle change in certain matters, however. And as I look back at it now, I am sure I can trace its origin to my "affair" with Paul Mayhew. Evidently Mother had no intention of running the risk of any more courtships; also evidently she intended to know who my friends were. At all events, the old Anderson mansion soon became the rendezvous of all the boys and girls of my acquaintance. And such good times as we had, with Mother always one of us, and ever proposing something new and interesting!

And because boys—not a boy, but boys—were as free to come to the house as were girls, they soon seemed to me as commonplace and matter-of-course and free from sentimental interest as were the girls. Again, wise little mother! But, of course, even this did not prevent my falling in love with some one older than myself, some one quite outside of my own circle of intimates. My especial attack of this kind came to me when I was barely eighteen, the spring I was being graduated from the Andersonville High school. And the visible embodiment of my adoration was the head master, Mr. Harold Hartshorn, a handsome, clean-shaven, well-set-up man of (I should judge) thirty-five years of age, rather grave, a little stern, and very dignified.

But how I adored him! How I hung upon his every word, his every glance! How I maneuvered to win from him a few minutes' conversation on a Latin verb or a French translation! How I thrilled if he bestowed upon me one of his infrequent smiles! How I grieved over his stern aloofness!

By the end of a month I had evolved this: his stern aloofness meant that he had been disappointed in love! his melancholy was loneliness—his heart

was breaking. How I longed to help, to heal, to cure! How I thrilled at the thought of the love and companionship I could give him somewhere in a rose-embowered cottage far from the madding crowd! (He boarded at the Andersonville hotel alone now.) If only he could see it as I saw it. If only by some sign or token he could know of the warm love that was his but for the asking! Could he not see that no longer need he pine alone and unappreciated in the Andersonville hotel? Why, in just a few weeks I was to be through school. And then—

On the night before commencement Mr. Harold Hartshorn ascended our front steps, rang the bell, and called for my father. I knew because I was upstairs in my room over the front door; and I saw him come up the walk and heard him ask for Father.

Oh, joy! Oh, happy day! He knew. He had seen it as I saw it. He had come to gain Father's permission, that he might be a duly accredited suitor for my hand!

During the next ecstatic ten minutes, with my hand pressed against my wildly beating heart, I planned my wedding dress, selected with care and discrimination my trousseau, furnished the rose-embowered cottage far from



Jerry Was an Artist, It Seemed.

the madding crowd—and wondered why Father did not send for me. Then the slam of the screen door downstairs sent me to the window, a sickening terror within me.

Was he going—without seeing me, his future bride? Impossible!

Father and Mr. Harold Hartshorn stood on the front steps below, talking. In another minute Mr. Harold Hartshorn had walked away, and Father had turned back on to the piazza.

As soon as I could control my shaking knees, I went downstairs. Father was in his favorite rocking-chair. I advanced slowly. I did not sit down.

"Was that Mr. Hartshorn?" I asked, trying to keep the shake out of my voice.

"Yes."

"Mr. H-Hartshorn," I repeated stupidly.

"Yes. He came to see me about the Downer place," nodded Father. "He wants to rent it for next year."

"To rent it—the Downer place?" (The Downer place was no rose-embowered cottage far from the madding crowd! Why, it was big, and brick, and right next to the hotel! I didn't want to live there.)

"Yes—for his wife and family. He's going to bring them back with him next year," explained Father.

"His wife and family?" I can imagine about how I gasped out those four words.

"Yes. He has five children, I believe, and—"

But I had fled to my room.

After all, my recovery was rapid. I was in love with love, you see; not with Mr. Harold Hartshorn. Besides, the next year I went to college. And it was while I was at college that I met Jerry.

Jerry was the brother of my college friend, Helen Weston. Helen's elder sister was a senior in that same college, and was graduated at the close of my freshman year. The father, mother and brother came on to the graduation. And that is where I met Jerry.

If it might be called meeting him. He lifted his hat, bowed, said a polite nothing with his lips, and an indifferent "Oh, some friend of Helen's," with his eyes, and turned to a radiant blonde senior at my side.

And that was all—for him. But for me—

All that day I watched him whenever opportunity offered; and I suspect that I took care that opportunity offered frequently. I was fascinated. I had never seen any one like him before. Tall, handsome, brilliant, at perfect ease, he plainly dominated every group of which he was a part. Toward him every face was turned—yet he never seemed to know it. (Whatever his faults, Jerry is not conceited. I will give him credit for that!) To me he did not speak again that day. I am not sure that he even looked at me. If he did there must still have been in his eyes only the "Oh, some friend of Helen's," that I had seen at the morning introduction.

I did not meet him again for nearly a year; but that did not mean that I did not hear of him. I wonder if Helen ever noticed how often I used to get her to talk of her home and her family life; and how interested I was in her gallery of portraits on the mantel—there were two fine ones of her brother there.

Helen was very fond of her brother. I soon found that she loved to talk about him—if she had a good listener. Needless to say she had a very good one in me.

Jerry was an artist, it seemed. He was twenty-eight years old, and already he had won no small distinction. Prizes, medals, honorable mention, and a special course abroad—all these Helen told me about. She told me, too, about the wonderful success he had just had with the portrait of a certain New York society woman. She said that it was just going to "make" Jerry; that he could have anything he wanted now—anything.

I saw Jerry myself during the Easter vacation of my second year in college. Helen invited me to go home with her, and Mother wrote that I might go. Helen had been home with me for the Christmas vacation, and Mother and Father liked her very much. There was no hesitation, therefore, in their consent that I should visit Helen at Easter time. So I went.

Helen lived in New York. Their home was a Fifth Avenue mansion with nine servants, four automobiles and two chauffeurs. Naturally such a scale of living was entirely new to me, and correspondingly fascinating. From the elaborately uniformed footman that opened the door for me to the awe-inspiring French maid who "did" my hair, I adored them all, and moved as in a dream of enchantment. Then came Jerry home from a week-end's trip—and I forgot everything else.

I knew from the minute his eyes looked into mine that whatever I had been before, I was now certainly no mere "Oh, some friend of Helen's." I was (so his eyes said) "a deucedly pretty girl, and one well worth cultivating." Whereupon he began at once to do the "cultivating."

In less than thirty-six hours I was caught up in the whirlwind of his wooing, and would not have escaped it if I could.

When I went back to college he held my promise that if he could gain the consent of Father and Mother, he might put the engagement ring on my finger.

Back at college, alone in my own room, I drew a long breath, and began to think. It was the first chance I had had, for even Helen now had become Jerry—by reflection.

The more I thought, the more frightened, dismayed, and despairing I became. In the clear light of calm, sane reasoning, it was all so absurd, so impossible! What could I have been thinking of? I must forget Jerry.

I pictured him in Andersonville, in my own home. I tried to picture him talking to Father, to Mother.

Absurd. What had Jerry to do with learned treatises on stars, or with the humdrum, everyday life of a stupid, small town? For that matter, what had Father and Mother to do with dancing and motoring and painting society queens' portraits? Nothing.

Plainly, even if Jerry, for the sake of the daughter, liked Father and Mother, Father and Mother certainly would not like Jerry. That was certain.

Of course I cried myself to sleep that night. That was to be expected. Jerry was the world; and the world was lost. There was nothing left except, perhaps, a few remnants and pieces, scarcely worth the counting—excepting, of course, Father and Mother. But one could not always have one's father and mother. There would come a time when—

Jerry's letter came the next day—by special delivery. He had gone straight home from the station and begun to write to me. (How like Jerry that was—particularly the special-delivery stamp!) The most of his letter, aside from the usual lover's rhapsodies, had to do with plans for the summer—what we would do together at the Westons' summer cottage in Newport. He said he should run up to Andersonville early—very early; just as soon as I was back from college. In fact, so that he might meet Father and Mother, and put that ring on my finger.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Some Information.

She was an amiable old lady, and volunteered much information to the fair stranger, who had come down to see an important event in the country town—the laying of the foundation stone of the new church. "Yes," prattled the old lady, "that is the duke and duchess, and the couple behind them are the mayor and mayoress, and those two on the right are the vicar and—er—vixen."—Pearson's Weekly.

Mary Queen of Scots had a large collection of wigs, and it is said that she wore one at her execution.