

## 1000 LIVES LOST IN CHILE QUAKE

Many Thousands Left Hungry  
and Homeless.

## TIDAL WAVE WRECKS

Seaports Are Flooded and Docks Are  
Wrecked By Huge Walls of  
Water—Houses Topple.

Santiago, Chile.—With partial re-establishment of communications, Chile's earthquake catastrophe has been revealed in even greater magnitude than first reports indicated.

It is estimated that at least 1000 were killed and many thousands left in distress, needing food and shelter. In addition to heavy casualties of dead and injured at Copiapo and Coquimbo, it was reported Sunday that 500 were killed at Valparaiso and the surrounding district. Valparaiso was virtually destroyed and the survivors were left in a critical condition.

It seemed certain that there have been casualties in other towns and villages around Copiapo to the south, concerning which no news is available.

Already 24 bodies have been recovered at Coquimbo, where there were 100 or more dead. At Chanaral a number were killed by falling houses.

It was earthquake and tidal wave combined that accounted for the vast destruction in the provinces of Antofagasta, Atacama and Coquimbo. The movement of the ocean was described as phenomenal. It gave evidence of a terrific disturbance in the bed of the Pacific itself. There must have been such a tearing at the bottom of the sea that immense quantities of water were sucked through, causing a tremendous recession of the waters along the Chilean coast.

Several times the ocean swept outward and came back in the shape of a great wave, flooding the seaports and in some instances sweeping away the water front. The violent effects of the tidal waves were felt from Antofagasta on the north to Valdivia on the south, covering about 15 degrees of latitude, or more than 1200 miles.

All types of craft lying in the various harbors were swept on shore, wrecked, or left high and dry, and at scores of small ports, wharves and quays were destroyed. Chilean naval vessels in the harbor at Talcahuano, about 300 miles south of Valparaiso, when they felt the force of the waters, slipped their cables and proceeded out to the open sea.

President Alessandri has ordered the various government departments to take all measures possible for the relief of the sufferers in the stricken districts, those most sorely afflicted lying between Coquimbo and Copiapo. The navy department has sent ships along the coast to aid in the work.

## BRITISH FLEEING TURK, IS REPORT

Paris.—A telegram in code, indicating that British officials and civilians have begun fleeing from Constantinople, was delivered Sunday at the World office in Paris. The message was signed by a fictitious name, but it was obviously sent by a correspondent of the New York World in the Turkish capital, in whom the World has every confidence. The message read:

"Harding left today for Alexandria on a British destroyer with the intention of opening his main office at Cairo."

"Harding" apparently meant General Harrington, British high commissioner in Constantinople. The message indicated that the serious situation in the capital had forced him to leave the city and that he planned to escape and establish headquarters at Cairo.

For several days rumors have been coming from Constantinople to the effect that war between the Turks and allied forces is imminent.

### Explosion Kills Four.

Corning, N. Y.—Four men were killed and three injured late Saturday night as the result of the explosion of a locomotive boiler at Moreland, 13 miles from here. The dead are Frank Fermer and Frank Harding of Corning; W. C. Thompson of Penn Yan and C. W. Hostrander of Dresden. The locomotive was one of two attached to a southbound New York Central freight train. The boiler was thrown 400 feet ahead of the train.

## JAPANESE LOSE CITIZENSHIP

Supreme Court Passes on Federal Statute—Two Old Cases Settled.

Washington, D. C.—Japanese cannot be naturalized in the United States and cannot become citizens of this country, the supreme court of the United States decided Monday, in its first construction of federal statutes bearing on the subject. The decision was the first delivered by Justice Sutherland as a member of the court and was handed down in a case brought by Taka Ozawa, who in 1914 applied for citizenship in Hawaii.

The ruling is expected to attract wide attention not only in the United States but abroad, notwithstanding the failure of the court to make any reference to its diplomatic significance. The case has been long pending in the supreme court, and last term when reached for argument during the conference on limitation of armament and far eastern questions, its consideration was postponed at the request of the department of justice.

No reference is to be found in the decision to the "gentlemen's agreement" under which Japanese immigration into the country has been regulated.

The government did not object to the argument of the case when it was reached at this term and the court advanced and heard at the same time the case brought by Takaji Yamashita and Charles Hiro Kono against the secretary of state of Washington. In the latter case the two Japanese had been naturalized by a superior court of Washington prior to 1906, the date of the present federal naturalization statute, and at a time when it was conceded section 2169 of the revised statutes, which restricts naturalization to "free white persons" and those of African birth or descent, was in full force.

In the Ozawa case the court stated that "there is not implied—either in the legislation or in our interpretation of it—any suggestion of individual unworthiness or racial inferiority. These considerations are in no manner involved."

## QUAKE DEATH LIST GROWING RAPIDLY

Santiago, Chile.—The latest advices from Valparaiso Monday night said the entire town had been destroyed. Only three houses were left standing. Thus far 600 dead had been counted, but many of the streets had not yet been cleared of debris, under which additional bodies were expected to be found.

The advices said that it was expected the total deaths in Valparaiso would reach 1000.

There was no way in which the number of dead at other devastated points could even be estimated.

Consternation was growing as the extent of the quake toll was beginning to be revealed. The number of dead also was growing hourly as belated reports came in from the stricken provinces of Coquimbo and Atacama.

The two provinces contained a total population of 300,000, and what part of this number were left homeless it was useless to attempt to estimate. Many towns and villages of populations of around 100 had not been heard from and their fate will be known only when communication is fully restored.

Only the more important places had been mentioned in the advices thus far received and the reports pictured them as scenes of ruin and desolation, with the inhabitants wandering aimlessly in search of food and camping in crude shelters. Many persons, helpless from injuries, were in need of medical attention. Numerous refugees, fearing a repetition of the phenomenon, continued to stay in the hills to which they fled when the earth shocks began.

The government was devoting its attention to relief measures, but owing to distances to be covered over the single railroad communicating with the different provinces the arrival there of adequate food and medical supplies was considered likely to be a matter of several days. Some naval vessels had reached suffering coast towns and others were on their way thither with supplies.

### Rail Fares Retained.

Chicago.—Announcement was made here by the Chicago & Northwestern and Union Pacific railroads that the same low round-trip tourist fares as were in effect last summer would be maintained for the summer season of 1923 to the Pacific coast. The announcement said that inasmuch as the fares had stimulated summer travel and since hotel rates had been reduced to pre-war levels the tourist fares would be retained.

## PIERCE IS ELECTED BY SAFE MAJORITY

Poindexter, Washington, Loses  
for U. S. Senate.

## SCHOOL BILL CARRIES

Exposition Measure Is Turned Down—  
Hawley, Sinnott Both Win,  
While McArthur Loses.

With returns lacking from only 83 of the 1725 precincts in the state, Walter M. Pierce, democrat, had a lead of 34,348 over Ben W. Olcott for governor. The vote as far as compiled Thursday night gave Olcott 98,219, Pierce 132,567.

The figures represented the complete unofficial returns in 22 counties and incomplete returns from the other 14. The 83 precincts yet to report are distributed over the state.

Returns from 1609 of 1726 precincts, including complete unofficial returns from 20 out of 36 counties, gave the compulsory school bill an affirmative majority of 14,646. The vote stood: For the bill 112,760, against 98,114.

The same precincts gave a majority of 10,117 against the proposed 1927 exposition tax measure. The vote stood: For 80,745, against 90,862.

N. J. Sinnott, incumbent, continued slightly to increase his lead over James Harvey Graham for representative in congress from the second congressional district. The vote from 443 out of 497 precincts gave Sinnott 21,38, Graham 15,662.

Elton Watkins, democrat, has defeated C. N. McArthur for representative in congress by 1082. Watkins will be the first democrat to serve as a congressional representative from Oregon since 1879. The vote for the congressional candidates of the democratic and republican parties remained close throughout the count, but Watkins took the lead and held it toward the last of the tabulation.

Seattle, Wash.—With returns tabulated from 2358 of the 2446 precincts of the state the lead of Clarence C. Dill, democrat, over Miles Poindexter, republican, for United States senator in Tuesday's election was 4727, Dill having 128,947 votes and Poindexter 124,220.

Senator Lodge has a lead of about 3000 in Massachusetts.

W. C. Hawley re-elected for congress in first district without opposition.

N. J. Sinnott, Republican, decisively defeated J. H. Graham, Democrat, for congress in the second district.

New York.—Governor Miller, republican, conceded the election of Alfred E. Smith, democrat, in the state contest for governor here. Five New York newspapers, three of them republican, conceded the election of Smith at 7:30, while it was estimated that the governor would carry the upstate by a plurality of 100,000 while Smith would carry the city by about 500,000, making the democratic plurality in the entire state about 400,000.

### Illinois Bonus Ahead.

Chicago.—The first 82 down-state precincts reporting on the soldiers' bonus referendum gave nearly three to one in favor of the \$55,000,000 bond issue, the figures being 21,788 for and 7859 against.

The same precincts gave 17,567 for the beer and light wines referendum and 8637 against it. Both measures are expected to win in Cook county.

### Congress Race Close.

New York.—The Associated Press' tabulation of the vote for the house of representatives showed at 8:30 o'clock Wednesday morning: Democrats 178, republicans 171, Socialists 1. Only twenty states were then complete. Two-hundred and eighteen members are required for a majority.

### Postoffice Is Raided.

Dublin.—The Rotund Rink postoffice was seized by armed raiders and burned to the ground Sunday morning. The raiders overpowered the military, secured £2340 from the building. The maternity hospital next door was for a time in great danger of being destroyed.

# Mary Marie

By  
ELEANOR H. PORTER

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### CHAPTER IX—Continued.

And while I read the letter, I just knew he would do it. Why, I could even see the sparkle of the ring on my finger. But in five minutes after the letter was folded and put away, I knew, with equal certitude—that he wouldn't.

I had been at home exactly eight hours when a telegram from Jerry asked permission to come at once. As gently as I could I broke the news to Father and Mother. He was Helen's brother. They must have heard me mention him. I knew him well, very well, indeed. In fact, the purpose of this visit was to ask them for the hand of their daughter.

Father frowned and scolded, and said, "Tut, tut!" and that I was nothing but a child. But Mother smiled and shook her head, even while she sighed, and reminded him that I was twenty-two whole years older than she was—when she married him; though in the same breath she admitted that I was young, and she certainly hoped I'd be willing to wait before I married, even if the young man was all that they could ask him to be.

Father was still a little rebellious, I think, but Mother—bless her dear sympathetic heart!—soon convinced him that they must at least consent to see this Gerald Weston. So I sent the wire inviting him to come.

Jerry came—and he had not been five minutes in the house before it might easily have seemed that he had always been there. He did know about stars; at least, he talked with Father about them, and so as to hold Father's interest, too. And he knew a lot about innumerable things in which Mother was interested. He stayed four days; and all the while he was there, I never so much as thought of ceremonious dress and dinners, and liveried butlers and footmen; nor did it once occur to me that our simple kitchen Nora, and Old John's son at the wheel of our one motorcar, were not beautifully and entirely adequate, so unassumingly and so perfectly did Jerry unmistakably "fit in." (There are no other words that so exactly express what I mean.) And in the end, even his charm and his triumph were so unobtrusively complete that I never thought of being surprised at the prompt capitulation of both Father and Mother.

Jerry had brought the ring. (Jerry always brings his "rings"—and he never fails to "put them on.") And he went back to New York with Mother's promise that I should visit them in July at their cottage in Newport.

They seemed like a dream—those four days—after he had gone; and I should have been tempted to doubt the whole thing had there not been the sparkle of the ring on my finger, and the frequent reference to Jerry on the lips of both Father and Mother.

They loved Jerry, both of them. Father said he was a fine, manly young fellow; and Mother said he was a dear boy, a very dear boy. Neither of them spoke much of his painting. Jerry himself had scarcely mentioned it to them, as I remember, after he had gone.

I went to Newport in July. "The cottage," as I suspected, was twice as large and twice as pretentious as the New York residence; and it sported twice the number of servants. Once again I was caught in the whirl of dinners and dances and motoring, with the addition of tennis and bathing. And always, at my side, was Jerry, seemingly living only upon my lightest whim and fancy. He wished to paint my portrait; but there was no time, especially as my visit, in accordance with Mother's inexorable decision, was of only one week's duration.

But what a wonderful week that was! I seemed to be under a kind of spell. It was as if I were in a new world—a world such as no one had ever been in before. Oh, I knew, of course, that others had loved—but not as we loved. I was sure that no one had ever loved as we loved. And it was so much more wonderful than anything I had ever dreamed of—this love of ours. Yet all my life since my early teens I had been thinking and planning and waiting for it—love. And now it had come—the real thing. The others—all the others had been shams and make-believes and counterfeits.

At Newport Jerry decided that he wanted to be married right away. He didn't want to wait two more endless years until I was graduated. The idea of waiting all that valuable time when we might be together! And when there was really no reason for it, either—no reason at all!

I smiled to myself, even as I thrilled at his sweet insistence. I was pretty sure I knew two reasons—two very good reasons—why I could not marry before graduation. One reason was Father; the other reason was Mother. I hinted as much.

"Ho! Is that all?" He laughed and kissed me. "I'll run down and see them about it," he said jauntily. I smiled again. I had no more idea that anything he could say would—

But I didn't know Jerry—then. I had not been home from Newport a week when Jerry kept his promise and "ran down." And he had not been

there two days before Father and Mother admitted that, perhaps, after all, it would not be so bad an idea if I shouldn't graduate, but should be married instead.

And so I was married. (Didn't I tell you that Jerry always brought rings and put them on?) And again I say, and so we were married.

But what did we know of each other?—the real other? True, we had danced together, been swimming together, dined together, played tennis together. But what did we really know of each other's whims and prejudices, opinions and personal habits and tastes? I knew, to a word, what Jerry would say about a sunset; and he knew, I fancy, what I would say about a dreamy waltz song. But we didn't either of us know what the other would say to a dinnerless home with the cook gone. We were leaving a good deal to be learned later on; but we didn't think of that. Love that is to last must be built upon the realization that troubles and trials and sorrows are sure to come, and that they must be borne together—if one back is not to break under the load. We were entering into a contract, not for a week, but, presumably, for a lifetime—and a good deal may come to one in a lifetime—not all of it pleasant. We had been brought up in two distinctly different social environments, but we didn't stop to think of that. We liked the same sunsets, and the same make of car, and the same kind of ice-cream; and we looked into each other's eyes and thought we knew each other—whereas we were really only seeing the mirrored reflection of ourselves.

And so we were married. It was everything that was blissful and delightful, of course, at first. We were still eating the ice-cream and admiring the sunsets. I had forgotten that there were things other than sun-

sets and ice-cream, I suspect. I was not twenty-one, remember, and my feet fairly ached to dance. The whole world was a show. Music, lights, laughter—how I loved them all!

Then came the baby, Eunice, my little girl; and with one touch of her tiny, clinging fingers, the whole world of sham—the lights and music and glare and glitter just faded all away into nothingness, where it belonged. As if anything counted, with her on the other side of the scales!

I found out then—oh, I found out lots of things. You see, it wasn't that way at all with Jerry. The lights and music and the glitter and the sham didn't fade away a mite, to him, when Eunice came. In fact, sometimes it seemed to me they just grew stronger, if anything.

He didn't like it because I couldn't go with him any more—to dances and things, I mean. He said the nurse could take care of Eunice. As if I'd leave my baby with any nurse that ever lived, for any old dance! The idea! But Jerry went. At first he stayed with me; but the baby cried, and Jerry didn't like that. It made him irritable and nervous, until I was glad to have him go.

I think it was about this time that Jerry took up his painting again. I guess I have forgotten to mention that all through the first two years of our marriage, before the baby came, he just tended to me. He never painted a single picture. But after Eunice came—

But, after all, what is the use of going over these last miserable years like this? Eunice is five now. Her father is the most popular portrait painter in the country. I am almost tempted to say that he is the most popular man, as well. All the old charm and magnetism are there. Sometimes I watch him (for, of course, I do go out with him once in a while), and always I think of that first day I

met him at college. Brilliant, polished, witty—he still dominates every group of which he is a member. Men and women alike bow to his charm.

After all, I suspect that it's just that Jerry still loves the ice-cream and sunsets, and I don't. That's all. To me there's something more to life than that—something higher, deeper, more worth while. We haven't a taste in common, a thought in unison, an aspiration in harmony. I suspect—in fact I know—that I get on his nerves just as raspingly as he does on mine. For that reason I'm sure he'll be glad—when he gets my letter.

But, some way, I dread to tell Mother.

Well, it's finished. I've been about four days bringing this autobiography of Mary Marie's to an end. I've enjoyed doing it, in a way, though I'll have to admit I can't see as it's made things any clearer. But, then, it was clear before. There isn't any other way. I've got to write that letter. As I said before, I regret that it must be so sorry an ending.

I suppose tomorrow I'll have to tell Mother. I want to tell her, of course, before I write the letter to Jerry.

It'll grieve Mother. I know it will. And I'm sorry. Poor Mother! Already she's had so much unhappiness in her life. But she's happy now. She and Father are wonderful together—wonderful. Father is still president of the college. He got out a wonderful book on the "Eclipses of the Moon" two years ago, and he's publishing another one about the "Eclipses of the Sun" this year. Mother's correcting proof for him. Bless her heart. She loves it. She told me so.

Well, I shall have to tell her tomorrow, of course.

**TOMORROW—WHICH HAS BECOME TODAY.**

I wonder if Mother knew what I had come into her little sitting-room this morning to say. It seems as if she must have known. And yet—

I had wondered how I was going to begin, but, before I knew it, I was right in the middle of it—the subject, I mean. That's why I thought perhaps that Mother—

But I'm getting as bad as little Mary Marie of the long ago. I'll try now to tell what did happen.

I was wetting my lips, and swallowing, and wondering how I was going to begin to tell her that I was planning not to go back to Jerry, when all of a sudden I found myself saying something about little Eunice. And then Mother said:

"Yes, my dear; and that's what comforts me most of anything—because you are so devoted to Eunice. You see, I have feared sometimes—for you and Jerry; that you might separate. But I know, on account of Eunice, that you never will."

"But, Mother, that's the very reason—I mean, it would be the reason," I stammered. Then I stopped. My tongue just wouldn't move, my throat and lips were so dry.

But Mother was speaking again. "Eunice—yes. You mean that you never would make her go through what you went through when you were her age."

"Why, Mother, I—I—" And then I stopped again. And I was so angry and indignant with myself because I had to stop, when there were so many, many things that I wanted to say, if only my dry lips could articulate the words.

Mother drew her breath in with a little catch. She had grown rather white.

"I wonder if you remember—if you ever think of—your childhood," she said.

"Why, yes, of—of course—sometimes." It was my turn to stammer. I was thinking of that diary that I had just read—and added to.

Mother drew in her breath again, this time with a catch that was almost a sob. And then she began to talk—at first haltingly, with half-finished sentences; then hurriedly, with a rush of words that seemed not able to utter themselves fast enough to keep up with the thoughts behind them.

She told of her youth and marriage, and of my coming. She told of her life with Father, and of the mistakes she made. She told much, of course, that was in Mary Marie's diary; but she told, oh, so much more, until like a panorama the whole thing lay before me.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

**Movements of the Tides.**  
The spring tides, or tides having the greatest range, occur near the times of new moon and full moon. The neap tides, or tides having the lowest range, occur near the times of first and last quarters of the moon. The highest of the spring tides is from one to two days after new or full moon. At this time, also, the low waters will be lower than usual.

**Oldest English Clock.**  
The oldest English-made clock known is in the tower of the palace at Hampton court, where it was placed in 1551. It was so complete that it showed the motions of several of the planets, in addition to measuring the time.



At Newport Jerry Decided That He Wanted to Be Married Right Away.