

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.

Masked women, estimated at fully 300, paraded Atlanta's streets for the first time in the history of the city late Wednesday night. The paraders were said to be members of the Dixie Women's league, "a patriotic society."

William Brass Lloyd, wealthy radical, convicted of violation of the Illinois anti-syndicalist act, surrendered himself at the state prison at Joliet at 10:45 P. M. Tuesday night to begin serving a sentence of from one to five years.

Discovery was announced in Omaha Monday by Dr. Robert F. Gilder, an archeologist of that city, of two mounds near Blair, Neb., which he estimated contained the skeletons of at least 1000 humans, probably Indians, so ancient that there are no modern records of them.

Five hundred dollars for 20 eggs is probably a world's record price, but that was the price paid to H. M. Leathers, poultry fancier of Woodland, Wash., for 20 eggs to be laid by his world champion hen, which laid 335 eggs in a year at the egg-laying experiment station at Puyallup this year.

Encouraged by the recommendation of President Harding in Tuesday's message that the nation's credit systems be broadened to provide relief for the farmers, members of congress from the agricultural states have inaugurated steps to bring about enactment of rural credit legislation before the end of the present congress next March.

Compulsory vaccination in Denver as a preventive of smallpox, which has been prevalent there for several weeks, was declared in effect Tuesday by Dr. William Sharpley, manager of health. A statement issued by Dr. Sharpley said that persons who disregarded the order would face a penalty of a fine of not less than \$10 or more than \$200.

Six convicted traffic law violators accompanied by two police officers were given an object lesson in reckless driving when they were ordered Tuesday by Municipal Judge Sawicki of Cleveland to attend the funeral of Catherine Gilmore, aged 7, who was killed by an automobile last Saturday while crossing the street in front of her home.

A slight earthquake was experienced at Hilo, Island of Hawaii, early Tuesday morning, but no damage was reported. The tremor caused considerable excitement because of reports from the United States Sunday telling of an earth disturbance that had practically wiped out the city. These reports were due to a mistake in radio reading.

The cabinet of the north China government has resigned as the result of the arrest of Lo Wen-Kan, minister of finance, on the charge of receiving a commission for the proposed flotation of a loan of \$6,000,000 by a group of German and Austrian financiers prior to the war, according to a cable dispatch received by the Honolulu Nippu Jiji, vernacular newspaper, from Tokio.

Fifty thousand dollars for a single strawberry plant was paid Tuesday by Frank E. Beatty, of Three Rivers, Mich., president of the R. M. Kellogg company, fruit growers. The plant is to be known as the "Rockhill," in honor of its breeder, Harlow Rockhill of Conrad, Ia. The price is believed here to be the highest ever paid for a single strawberry plant. The plant bears in early summer and begins again in the late summer, bearing continually until frost comes.

Mrs. W. H. Felton of Georgia took the oath of office Tuesday as the first woman United States senator. It was true that her term probably will be only for a day, but the ceremony crowned with success the efforts the 87-year-old woman had made to "blaze the path for American womanhood" in the senate, and it was indicated that she would be content to step aside in favor of Walter F. George, who was elected November 7 as her successor to fill the unexpired term of the late Senator Watson.

SHIP SUBSIDY IS CHANGED

Plan for Income Tax Rebate for Shippers Using U. S. Vessels Is Defeated.

Washington, D. C.—Thirty-seven shots in the shape of amendments were fired at the administration shipping bill in the house Monday and six hit spots more or less vital.

At adjournment the bill had covered exactly one-third of its tempestuous voyage toward the senate, Representative Graham of Illinois, a republican, went home with three of the half-dozen amendments in his shooting bag, all of which were put through with the aid of republican votes.

Early in the fight Representative Edmonds, Pennsylvania, ranking republican of the merchant marine committee, which framed the bill, formally announced on the floor that the section under which the Standard Oil company, for example, would share in the government's subsidy for transporting its own goods in its own ships would be stricken out bodily. This in the view of western republicans added to its chance of passage.

Rated as the most important amendment to stand up was the Graham proposal, which cut out of the bill the provision under which shippers, sending their goods abroad in American vessels, would receive a 5 per cent income tax rebate, which in some instances, it was charged in the house, would have enabled some shippers to recoup all payments. It was defeated by a vote of 56 to 47 after it had been characterized by Mr. Graham as "vicious and extremely dangerous."

Stepping in unexpectedly, Representative Oliver, democrat, Alabama, presented an amendment, acceptance of which virtually fixed an upset price for the sale of the steamship Leviathan, the biggest of the government fleet. This provided that the Leviathan, now being reconditioned, should not be sold at a price less than the cost of reconditioning. Precise figures obtained from the appropriations committee showed that this cost was \$8,166,000. First declared defeated, the Oliver proposal won 81 to 78, by a man to man count as members marched down the aisle.

The fight to riddle the bill was begun five minutes after the actual reading started. On his feet first, Mr. Graham put forward an amendment to strike out a section permitting the shipping board to sell ships without advertisement or competitive sale. Declaring that the worst scandal in the government reached into the sale of vast surplus stocks "by negotiated sale," Mr. Graham called upon republicans to take the section and throw it out.

Representative Mondell, Wyoming, the republican leader, asserted that while he saw no reason why it should not remain, he was not opposed to its elimination. Mr. Edmonds also took this view, a dozen members were eager to discuss it but a vote was demanded and the motion was adopted almost unanimously.

Poison Plot Confessed.

Chilton, Wis.—Miss Anna Lentz, who lives on a farm near here, late Monday confessed that she had mailed the poisoned candy which caused the death of Mrs. Frank Schneider, a mother of eight children, last Tuesday. The confession was made and signed before Federal Postal Inspector Niles of Fond du Lac. She said that she had purchased the poison for the purpose of sending poisoned candy to Mrs. Henry Schneider, a sister-in-law of the dead woman, but addressed the package by mistake to Mrs. Frank Schneider.

Boats Collide, 34 Dead.

Buenos Aires, Argentina.—Thirty-four lives were lost in a collision Sunday between a launch and a ferryboat in the Pana river near Zarate, northwest of Buenos Aires. The collision occurred in the darkness at 8 o'clock. The launch, filled with picnickers, many of them children, struck the ferryboat while going at full speed. So far as known there are only three survivors of the excursion party and the launch crew.

German Loan Proposed.

Washington, D. C.—Former Representative Bartholdt of Missouri called on President Harding Tuesday to urge that congress make available a credit of \$50,000,000 for Germany, to be used in the purchase by that country of goods in the United States. There was no indication of how the president received the proposal.

15 Convicts Get Away.

Marquette, Mich.—Fifteen convicts, four of them serving life terms, made their escape from the Marquette branch prison late Monday afternoon. Later two of them were captured. The searchers were impeded by a heavy snowstorm.

AMERICA JOLTS "BIG 3" ENVOYS

Open Door in Turkey Is Demanded at Lausanne.

BAN SECRET PACTS

U. S. Spokesman Announces Policy of Nation—Interference Seen in Plan for Spoils.

Lausanne.—America gave Great Britain, France and Italy a hard jolt Saturday when her spokesman, Richard Washburn Child, declared that the United States government has the support of the American people in its opposition to all secret treaties and agreements, particularly those designed to create zones of economic and commercial influence such as the San Remo tripartite agreement of 1920, which apportioned the Mesopotamian oil fields among the three big powers.

Mr. Child's exposition was merely a restatement of Secretary of State Hughes' aide-memoire of October 30, in which he defined for the benefit of the British, French and Italian governments the functions of the American observers to the Lausanne conference and broadly outlined America's open door policy for the near east—but it was a restatement under conditions that made it sensational.

It came as the conference was about to begin consideration of Turkey's Asiatic boundaries and it was a clear warning that America will not remain silent if the three inviting powers insist upon preferential rights in oil, mineral, railway and power development in present Turkish territory or in that which was lopped off by the war.

The Turkish delegates had already made clear that they would insist upon their country sharing in the Mosul petroleum fields of Mesopotamia, which the three holding powers have reserved for themselves; consequently it was not displeasing to the Turks for the United States to go on record against the San Remo agreement.

It was not possible for the delegates of the inviting powers to conceal their impatience at America's insistent reiteration of her policy, which they resent especially because of her refusal to accept a vote in the conference, to sign any report or to accept any responsibility further than to act as an adviser.

The American observers, it was remarked, were dipping into the Lausanne conference and displaying a disposition to enunciate the American policy, which is quite unlike their retiring attitude at previous European conferences and which is causing much surprise among the other delegations.

The American new attitude, however, is according great satisfaction to the neutral countries represented here. Apparently authenticated reports that Italy is making her support of the Franco-British position on German reparations dependent upon her receipt of commercial opportunities equaling those of France and Great Britain in the near east convinced the neutrals that the American pronouncement was justified and timely.

Miss MacSwiney Firm.

Dublin.—Annie MacSwiney still is fasting outside the Mount Joy prison. Since she was ejected from a position at the inner gate of the prison last Thursday by the military she has occupied a position on a public platform. Miss MacSwiney has addressed a letter to every member of parliament protesting the action of the government in detaining her sister, Mary MacSwiney, who is on a hunger strike inside the prison.

Belgian Senator Lands.

New York.—Senator Lejeune of Belgium, who will unveil the statue given by Belgium to Leland Stanford Junior university in appreciation of Herbert Hoover's relief work in Belgium, arrived here Sunday and will leave for California Monday. The statue, which was modeled by Puttemans, a Belgian sculptor, will be unveiled at the university December 4.

Coal Output Increases.

Washington, D. C.—Bituminous coal production in the week ending November 18 was 11,213,000 tons as against 10,147,000 tons in the week preceding, according to the weekly report of the geological survey. Early returns for the past week, November 20-25, indicate that 11,000,000 tons will be raised.

The Mardi Gras Mystery

By H. BEDFORD-JONES

Copyright by DOUBLEDAY, PAGE AND COMPANY

The tale of a carnival joke that led to grim realities.

CHAPTER I. — Carnival.

Jachin Fell pushed aside the glass curtains between the voluminous overdraperies in the windows of the Chess and Checkers club, and gazed out upon the riotous streets of New Orleans. Half an hour he had been waiting here in the lounge room for Dr. Cyril Ansley, a middle-aged bachelor who had practiced in Opelousas for twenty years, and who had come to the city for the Mardi Gras festivities. Another man might have seemed irritated by the wait, but Jachin Fell was quite unruffled.

He had much the air of a clerk. His features were thin and unremarkable; his pale eyes constantly wore an expression of wondering aloofness, as though he saw around him much that he vainly tried to understand. In his entire manner was a shy reticence. He was no clerk, however; this was evident from his attire. He was garbed from head to foot in soberly blending shades of gray whose richness was notable only at close view. One fancied him a very precise sort of man, an old maid of the wrong sex.

Doctor Ansley, an Inverness flung over his evening clothes, entered the lounge room, and Fell turned to him with a dry, toneless chuckle.

"You're the limit! Did you forget we were going to the Mallards' tonight? However, we need not leave for fifteen minutes yet, at least."

Doctor Ansley laid aside his cape, stick and hat and dropped into one of the comfortable big chairs.

"You intend to mask for the Mallards'?" Ansley cast his eye over the gray business attire of the little man.

"I never mask." Jachin Fell shook his head. "I'll get a domino and go as I am. Excuse me—I'll order a domino now. Back in a moment."

Doctor Ansley followed the slight figure of the other man with speculative eyes. Well as he knew Jachin Fell, he invariably found the man a source of puzzled speculation. During many years Jachin Fell had been a member of the most exclusive New Orleans clubs. He was even received in the inner circles of Creole society, which in itself was evidence supreme as to his position. At this particular club he was famed as a wizard master of chess. He never entered a tournament, yet he consistently defeated the champions in private matches—defeated them with a bewildering ease, a shy and apologetic ease, an ease which left the beholders incredulous and aghast.

With all this, Jachin Fell was very much of a mystery, even among his closest friends. Very little was known of him; he was a lawyer, and certainly maintained offices in the Maison Blanche building, but he never appeared in the courts and no case of his pleading was known.

Ansley knew him as well as did most men, and Ansley knew of a few who could boast of having been a guest in Jachin Fell's home. There was a mother, an invalid, of whom Fell sometimes spoke and to whom he appeared to devote himself. The family, an old one in the city, promised to die out with Jachin Fell.

Ansley puffed at his cigar and considered these things. Outside, in the New Orleans streets, was rocketing the mad mirth of carnival. The week preceding Mardi Gras was at its close.

Now, as ever, was Mardi Gras symbolized by masques. In New Orleans the masquerade was not the pale and pitiful frolic of colder climes, where the occasion is but one for display of jewels and costumes, and where actual concealment of identity is a farce. Here in New Orleans were jewels and costumes in a profusion of splendor; but here was preserved the underlying idea of the masque itself—that in concealment of identity lay the life of the thing!

When Jachin Fell returned and lighted his cigar he sank into one of the luxurious chairs beside Ansley and indicated a newspaper lying across the latter's knee, its glaring headlines standing out blackly.

"What's that about the Midnight Masquer? He's not appeared again?"

"What?" Ansley glanced at him in surprise. "You've not heard? Good heavens, man! He showed up last night at the Lapeyrouse dance, two minutes before midnight, as usual! A detective had been engaged, but was afterward found locked in a closet, bound with his own handcuffs. The Masquer wore his usual costume—and went through the party famously, stripping everyone in sight. Then he backed through the doors and vanished."

Fell pointed his cigar at the ceiling, and sighed. "Ah, most interesting! The loot was valued at about a hundred thousand?"

"I thought you said you'd not heard of it?" demanded Ansley.

Fell laughed softly and shyly. "I didn't. I merely hazarded a guess."

"Wizard!" The doctor laughed in unison. "Yes, about that amount." "The Masquer is a piker," observed Fell, in his toneless voice. "Eh? A piker—when he can make a hundred-thousand-dollar haul?" "Don't dream that those figures represent value, Doctor. They don't! All the loot the Masquer has taken since he began work is worth little to him. Jewels are hard to sell. Of course, the crook has obtained a bit of money, but not enough to be worth the risk."

"Yet he has got quite a bit," returned Ansley thoughtfully. "All the men have money, naturally; we don't want to find ourselves bare at some gay carnival moment! I'd warrant you've a hundred or so in your pocket right now!"

"Not I," rejoined Fell calmly. "One ten-dollar bill. Also I left my watch at home. And I'm not dressed; I don't care to lose my pearl studs."

"Eh?" Ansley frowned. "What do you mean?"

Jachin took a folded paper from his pocket and handed it to the physician.

"I met Maillard at the bank this morning. He called me into his office and handed me this—he had just received it in the mail."

Doctor Ansley opened the folded paper; an exclamation broke from him



"Eh? A Piker—When He Can Make a Hundred Thousand Dollar Haul?"

as he read the note, which was addressed to their host of the evening.

"Joseph Maillard, President, Exeter National Bank, City."

"I thank you for the masque that you are giving tonight. I shall be present. Please see that Mrs. M. wears her diamonds—I need them."

"THE MIDNIGHT MASQUER."

Ansley glanced up. "What's this—some hoax? Some carnival jest?" "Maillard pretended to think so," Fell shrugged his shoulders as he re-pocketed the note. "But he was nervous. He'll have a brace of detectives inside the house tonight, and others outside."

Ever since the first ball of the year by the Twelfth Night club this Midnight Masquer, as he was termed, had held New Orleans gripped in terror, fascination and vivid interest. During the past month he appeared at least once a week, now at some private ball, now at some restaurant banquet, but always in the same garb: the helmet, huge goggles and mask, and leathern clothes of a service aviator. On these occasions the throbbing roar of an airplane motor had been reported, so that it was popular gossip that he landed on the roof of his designated victims and made his getaway in the same manner—by airplane. No machine had ever been seen, and the theory was believed by some, hooted at by others.

Doctor Ansley glanced at his watch, and deposited his cigar in an ash tray.

"We'd best be moving, Fell. You'll want a domino?"

"I ordered one. It'll be here in a minute."

"Do you seriously think that note is genuine?"

Fell shrugged lightly. "Who knows? I'm not worried. Maillard can afford to be robbed."

"You're a calm one!" Ansley chuckled. "Oh, I believe the prince is to be there tonight. You've met him, I suppose?"

"No. Heard something about him, though. An American, isn't he? They say he's become quite popular in town."

Ansley nodded. "Quite a fine chap. His mother was an American—she married the prince de Gramont; an international affair of the past generation. De Gramont led her a dog's life, I hear, until he was killed in a duel. She lived in Paris with the boy, sent him to school here at home, and he was at Yale when the war broke out. He was technically a French subject, so he went back to serve his time."

"Still, he's an American now. Calls himself Henry Gramont, and would

drop the prince stuff altogether if these French people around here would let him."

A page brought the domino. Fell, discarding the mask, threw the domino about his shoulders, and the two men left the club in company.

They sought their destination afoot—the home of the banker Joseph Maillard. The streets were riotous, filled with an edging, laughing crowd of masquers and merry-makers of all ages and sexes; confetti twirled through the air, horns were deafening, and laughing voices rose into sharp screams of unrestrained delight.

At last gaining St. Charles avenue, with the Maillard residence a half-dozen blocks distant, the two companions found themselves well away from the main carnival throngs.

As they walked along they were suddenly aware of a lithe figure approaching from the rear; with a running leap and an exclamation of delight the figure forced itself in between them, grasping an arm of either man, and a bantering voice broke in upon their train of talk.

"Forfeit!" it cried. "Forfeit—where are your masks, sober gentlemen? This grave physician may be pardoned, but not a domino who refuses to mask! And for forfeit you shall be my escort and take me whither you are going."

Laughing, the two fell into step, glancing at the gay figure between them. A Columbine, she was both cloaked and masked. Encircling her hair was a magnificent scarf shot with metal designs of solid gold—a most unusual thing. Also, from her words it was evident that she had recognized them.

"Willingly, fair Columbine," responded Fell in his dry and unimpassioned tone of voice. "We shall be most happy indeed to protect and take you with us—"

"So far as the door, at least," interrupted Ansley, with evident caution. But Fell drily laughed aside this wary limitation.

"Nay, good physician, farther!" went on Fell. "Our Columbine has an excellent passport, I assure you. This gauzy scarf about her raven tresses was woven for the good Queen Hortense, and I would venture a random guess that, clasped about her slender throat, lies the queen's collar of star sapphires—"

"Oh!" From the Columbine broke a cry of warning and swift dismay. "Don't you dare speak my name, sir—don't you dare!"

Fell assented with a chuckle, and subsided.

Ansley regarded his two companions with sidelong curiosity. He could not recognize Columbine, and he could not tell whether Fell was speaking of the scarf and jewels in jest or earnest. Such historic things were not uncommon in New Orleans, yet Ansley never heard of these particular treasures. However, it seemed that Fell knew their companion, and accepted her as a fellow guest at the Maillard house.

"What are you doing out on the streets alone?" demanded Fell, suddenly. "Haven't you any friends or relatives to take care of you?"

Columbine's laughter pealed out, and she pressed Fell's arm confidently.

"Have I not some little rights in the world, monsieur?" she said in French. "I have been mingling with the dear crowds and enjoying them, before I go to be buried in the dull splendors of the rich man's house. Tell me, do you think that the Midnight Masquer will make an appearance tonight?"

"I have every reason to believe that he will," said Jachin Fell, gravely.

Columbine put one hand to her throat, and shivered a trifle.

"You—you really think so? You are not trying to frighten me!" Her voice was no longer gay. "But—the jewels—if they are taken by the Masquer—"

"In that case," said Fell, "let the blame be mine entirely. If they are lost, little Columbine, others will be lost with them, fear not! I think that this party would be a rich haul for the Masquer, eh? Take the rich man and his friends—they could bear plucking, that crowd! Rogues all."

"Confound you, Fell!" exclaimed Ansley, uneasily. "If the bandit does show up there would be the very devil to pay!"

Some thrills await you in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Pope's Good-by to Cardinal Gibbons.

I cannot help recalling an instance where a lady, a guest at the White House at luncheon, asked the late Cardinal Gibbons whether he really believed that the pope was infallible in all he said. The cardinal smiled and answered: "I can only respond to that, madame, by saying that when the pope bade me good-by the last time he said, 'Addio, Cardinale Gibbons!'"—Maurice Francis Egan in the Review of Reviews.

Circular Slide Rule.

A circular slide rule that can be carried in a coat pocket is the invention of a San Francisco man, a magnifying glass siding in reading it.