

# 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 senate judiciary committee Tuesday recommended confirmation of Pierce Butler, St. Paul attorney, nominated by President Harding to be an associate justice of the supreme court.

W. F. Thiehoff, who entered the service of the Burlington railroad 39 years ago as a section laborer, has been appointed general manager of the lines east of the Missouri river, with headquarters in Chicago.

President Harding, in a telegram received at the executive offices at Salem, Tuesday, appealed to the people of Oregon to give freely for the relief of more than a million destitute women and children in Grecian territory and the near east.

Three children were burned to death, two were reported dying, 30 more received painful burns and were put under care of physicians, and others had narrow escapes from a fire that destroyed the High Point school, about seven miles south of Covington, Ga., Tuesday.

Discovery of rich deposits of radium ore in the Belgian Congo has caused a break of \$50,000 a gram in the price, but the full extent of the find will not be known until the deposits have been further explored, officials of the Standard Chemical company of Pittsburgh said Tuesday.

Experiments carried out with the support of the West Coast Lumbermen's association by W. T. Dumbleton and W. A. Leuenberger of Tacoma have culminated in a wood briquet that equals anthracite coal in heating value, Robert B. Allen of this city, secretary of the association, announced Tuesday.

Although the naval academy authorities refused to discuss Secretary Denby's charges of intoxication among the midshipmen after the football game at Philadelphia last Saturday in the absence of official information, it is known that the officials are anxious to find the guilty midshipmen and punish them.

A spirit of uncertainty and a note of pessimism were apparent Wednesday in the near east conference at Lausanne, yet the chief delegations pointed out that the work of the conference was steadily continuing and that the various delegates were gradually and helpfully getting a clearer understanding of one another's views.

Teachers should have a vocabulary of between 1500 and 4000 words. The professional man should have from 1500 to 3000 words, while the ditch digger may get along with 200 words. This was told to the teachers of Marion county assembled in annual institute in Salem, Or., Tuesday by Dr. Carl G. Doney, president of Willamette university.

About two months ago Mrs. D. B. Looney of Lebam, Wash., lost a valuable diamond out of its setting in a ring that she prized very highly. After many days of search and worry over the loss of her diamond, to her great surprise and delight she found it recently in the gizzard of a chicken that it was so badly pitted all over by chemical action that it was hardly recognizable.

Colonel Alvin W. Owsley, national commander of the American Legion, believes that the best way for the legion to serve the country is for it to obtain legislation that would take care of all disabled ex-service men and to prevent unemployment. He announced that he would start on December 28 on a nation-wide tour of inspection for the legion. Texas, California, Oregon and Washington will be among the first states visited.

Iowa's foreign language act of 1919, prohibiting the use of any languages except English in all secular schools below the eighth grade, was attacked in the U. S. supreme court Tuesday in a case brought by August Bartels. The case presented many contentions recently raised before the court in two cases from Ohio, which the court now has under advisement, and is to be followed by other cases from Nebraska, in which broadly similar questions are raised under the laws of the state.

## WAR CONTRACTORS SUED

\$29,000,000 Sought From Army Camp Builders—Fraud Charged.

Washington, D. C.—Six additional suits seeking recovery of large sums alleged to have been misspent in construction of the wartime army cantonments were filed Monday in as many cities by representatives of the department of justice. The six actions sought to recover \$29,000,000 and brought the total claimed by the government from war contractors to more than \$50,000,000.

According to official figures, Camp Lee was, with one exception, the costliest of the war cantonment projects. More than \$18,670,000 was spent on the Virginia training center, \$13,845,000 at Center, \$11,296,000 at Dodge, \$13,545,000 at Dix, \$12,748,000 at Pike and \$9,880,000 at Travis. Camp Knox at Sitson, Ky., holds the high record in cost, \$18,733,189 having been paid, according to war department records, for its construction.

The projects, contractors and sums involved in the six suits were: Camp Travis, San Antonio, Tex., Stone & Webster, \$3,000,000; Camp Lee, Petersburg, Kan., Rhinehard & Dennis, Inc., \$7,000,000; Camp Custer, Battle Creek, Mich., Porter Bros., \$5,000,000; Camp Pike, Little Rock, Ark., James Stewart & Co., Inc., \$3,000,000; Camp Dodge, Des Moines, Ia., Charles Weltz Sons, \$4,500,000, and Camp Dix, Wrightstown, N. J., Irwin & Leighton, \$6,500,000.

## CONGRESS BEGINS REGULAR SESSION

Washington, D. C.—Congress put "off the old and on the new" Monday with the ending of the special session, which had been called primarily to consider the shipping bill, and the convening of the regular statutory December session. The change in congressional sessions was made within ten minutes, the extra session, begun two weeks ago, adjourning at 11:50 o'clock and the new being called to order at high noon.

The routine sessions winding up the special session and opening the new developed little business and drew small crowds. Formal surrender of the senate republicans to the democratic filibuster against the Dyer anti-lynching bill ended the tie-up and allowed confirmation of about 1700 delayed nominations before the final gavel of the special session, but the nomination of Pierce Butler, St. Paul attorney, to be associate justice of the supreme court, failed and went over until the new session through opposition of Senators La Follette, republican, of Wisconsin; Norris, republican, of Nebraska, and others.

Receipt of the annual budget was the principal business of the session. The usual committees called on President Harding and notified him of the assembling of the new session, but were not advised definitely when the president would present his opening message. It was believed the president would address congress in joint session with a message stressing the administration desire for enactment of the shipping bill, farm credits legislation and the annual supply bills in the hope of cleaning up all business by March 3 and avoiding an extra session of the new congress next spring.

The shipping bill, passed last week by the house, is scheduled to be brought before the senate late this week. It will be taken up Wednesday by the commerce committee with a view to prompt return to the senate. There were indications Monday, however, of some delay in this programme. Republican members are disposed to fight the Madden amendment requiring annual appropriations out of the merchant marine fund for direct aid to ship owners.

**Shoe Styles Wasteful.**  
Cleveland, O.—Women of the United States wear more than 1,600,000 different styles of shoes, William A. Durgin, chief of the division of simplified practice of the department of commerce, declared here before the convention of the Shippers' Warehouse and Distributing association. Hundreds of thousands of dollars would be saved, he said, if the sizes and types of containers used in packing shoes should be reduced.

**Wife's "Friend" Is Man.**  
Chicago.—E. F. Carroll of Birmingham, Ala., who reported that his wife, Vida, had run away with another woman, learned Monday in court that his wife's companion was a man, made up and dressed as a girl. The "girl friend's" disguise was so perfect that Carroll said that he was completely deceived when his wife introduced her "chum" to him as "Millie." "Millie" was in court and admitted that his name was Bill McCain.

## LAXITY DENIED BY DAUGHERTY

Charges Laid to Efforts to Shield Defendants.

14 CHARGES MADE

Attorney-General Cites Steps Taken Against Corporations Under Anti-Trust Law.

Washington, D. C.—With the charge that his assailants are seeking to shield persons who are being or about to be prosecuted, Attorney-General Daugherty slammed back Sunday night at the groups in and out of congress who are pressing for his impeachment.

The attorney-general made public his answer to the 14 specifications supporting the resolution proposing the impeachment of Mr. Daugherty, which was introduced by Rev. Mr. Keller, Minnesota.

Taking up each one of the 14 charges of failure or refusal to enforce anti-trust and other laws, of unwarranted exercise of clemency in the cases of influential offenders, of neglect to prosecute war profiteers and of unconstitutional and unjust procedure in the railroad injunction case, the attorney-general sweepingly denies the existence of any basis of fact for the allegations.

The answer is addressed to the committee on judiciary, which will hear testimony bearing on the charges brought by Representative Keller. Mr. Daugherty has insisted on a thorough airing of the accusations, confident that the committee will find no ground for recommending impeachment, but he declines to produce many documents demanded, asserting that they would disclose much valuable information to offenders who are being or may be prosecuted.

"This extraordinary proceeding," says Mr. Daugherty's letter, "is inspired more by a desire to protect those charged and those who will be charged with violating the law than to aid the department of justice in the prosecution of grafters, profiteers and those who have defrauded their government during the emergencies of war.

"The attorney-general cannot escape the conclusion that the sole object and purpose of this proceeding is not to remove him from office, but is in the nature avowedly of an attempt . . . to compel the publication and the disclosure in advance of the evidence upon which the government relies and must rely in the investigation and prosecution of cases of the greatest importance to the government."

**Woman Has Quintuplets.**  
Richmond, Va.—Dr. Ernest C. Levy, president of the American Health association, announced Sunday what he terms the strangest case known to medical science.

It is the birth to a woman in Venezuela of five normal children within eight hours.

The case was brought to Dr. Levy's attention by Dr. Charles Carracristi of Columbia university, just back from South America.

Dr. Carracristi says the mother is six feet four inches tall and is 62 years old. She worked as a laborer in a mine until two hours before the births.

**X-Ray Withers Expert.**

Paris.—Professor Vallante, director of the X-ray laboratory of Lariboisiere hospital, underwent his 13th operation for amputation Sunday made necessary by the withering effects of X-rays during the long experiments that have won him prominence. His right forearm was amputated in an effort to stop the creeping X-ray malady. The operations, which have succeeded one another, were begun on Professor Vallante's left side with the removal of his fingers and ending with the amputation of his arm at the shoulder. The disease has now attacked his right side.

**Ex-Kaiser Is Anxious.**

Paris.—The ex-German emperor, according to news reaching Paris, has been deeply interested in the trial of Prince Andrew at Athens. He received hourly bulletins. He expressed himself as much relieved when he heard the verdict. Whether his anxiety was due to his relationship to Andrew through the former Queen Sophia, or fear that something dangerously like a precedent might be established, was not stated.



# The MARDI GRAS MYSTERY

by H. Bedford Jones

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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## TAKES NO CHANCES ON MASQUER.

Synopsis—During the height of the New Orleans carnival season Jacin Fell, wealthy though somewhat mysterious citizen, and Dr. Ansley, are discussing a series of robberies by an individual known as the Midnight Masquer, who, invariably attired as an aviator, has long defied the police. Joseph Maillard, wealthy banker, is giving a ball that night, at which the Masquer has threatened to appear and rob the guests. Fell and Ansley, on their way to the affair, meet a girl dressed as Columbine, seemingly known to Fell.

## CHAPTER I—Continued.

"And Maillard would do the paying." Fell's dry chuckle held a note of bitterness. "Let him. Who cares? Look at his house, there, blazing with lights. Why pays for those lights? The people his financial tentacles have closed their sucker-like grip upon. His wife's jewels have been purchased with the coin of oppression and injustice. His son's life is one of roguery and drunken wildness."

"Man, are you mad?" Ansley indicated the Columbine between them. "We're not alone here—you must not talk that way—"

Jacin Fell only chuckled again. Columbine's laugh broke in with renewed gaiety:

"Nonsense, my dear Galen! We masquers may admit among ourselves that Bob Maillard is—"

"Is not the man we would have our daughters marry, provided we had daughters," said Fell.

They had come to a file of limousines and cars, and approached the gateway of the Maillard home. Jacin Fell touched the arm of Ansley and indicated an inconspicuous figure to one side of the entrance steps.

"An outer guardian," he murmured. "Our host, it seems, is neglecting no precaution! I feel sorry for the Masquer, if he appears here."

They came to the doorway. Columbine produced an invitation, duly numbered, and the three entered the house together.

## CHAPTER II.

Masquers.

Joseph Maillard might have hopefully considered the note from the Midnight Masquer to be a hoax perpetrated by some of his friends, but he took no chances. Two detectives were posted in the grounds outside the house; inside, two others, masked and costumed, were keeping a quietly efficient eye on all that transpired.

Each guest upon entering was conducted directly to the presence of Joseph Maillard himself, or of his wife; was bidden to unmask in this private audience, and was then presented with a favor and sent forth masked anew to the festivities. These favors were concealed, in the case of the ladies, in corsage bouquets; in that of the men, inside false cigars. There was to be a general opening of the favors at midnight, the time set for unmasking. All this ceremony was regarded by the guests as a delightful innovation, and by Joseph Maillard as a delightful way of assuring himself that only invited guests entered his house. Invitations might be forged—faces, never!

Lucie Ledanois entered the presence of her stately relative, and after unmasking, dutifully exchanged kisses with Mrs. Maillard. Until some minutes previously, until she had come into the management of her own property—or what was left of it—Lucie had been the ward of the Maillards.

"Mercy, child, how marvelous you look tonight!" exclaimed Mrs. Maillard, holding her off and examining her high color with obvious suspicion.

"Thank you, ma'am," and Lucie made a mock courtesy. "Do you like little Columbine?"

"Very much. Here's Aunt Sally; take Miss Lucie's cloak, Sally."

An old colored servant bobbed her head in greeting to Lucie, who removed her cloak. As she did so, she saw that Mrs. Maillard's eyes were fastened in utter amazement upon her throat.

"Isn't it pretty, auntie?" she asked, smilingly.

"My goodness gracious!" The stern eyes hardened. "Where—where on earth did you obtain such a thing? Why—why—"

Columbine's features flinched. She was a poor relation, of course, so the look in the older woman's eyes and the implication of the words formed little less than an insult.

Quietly she put one hand to her throat and removed the collar, dropping it into the hand of Mrs. Maillard. It was a thing to make any woman's eyes widen—a collar of exquisitely wrought gold studded with ten great

blazing star sapphires. Beside it the diamonds that bejeweled Mrs. Maillard's ample front looked cold and lifeless.

"That?" queried Lucie, innocently, producing a scrap of chammois and dabbing at her nose. "Oh, that's very interesting! It was made for Queen Hortense—so was this scarf that keeps my ragged hair from lopping out! They were a present—only this morning."

"Girl!" The lady's voice was harsh. "A present? From whom, if you please?"

"Oh, I promised not to tell; he's a particular friend of mine. Aren't the stones pretty?"

Mrs. Maillard was speechless. She compressed her firm lips and watched Lucie replace the sapphire collar without a word to offer. Silently she extended a corsage bouquet from the pile beside her; then, in a trembling voice, forced herself to explain about the favor inside.

Slipping her mask into place Lucie was gone, not without relief. She knew very well that within half an hour Bob Maillard would be informed that she had accepted gifts of jewels from other men, with all the accompanying implications and additions that imagination could furnish. For, although Bob Maillard wanted very much indeed to marry her, his mother had no intention of sanctioning such a union.

"Neither has Uncle Joseph," she reflected, smiling to herself, "and neither have I! So we're all agreed, except Bob."

"Columbine!" A hand fell upon her wrist. "Columbine! Turn and confess thy sins!"

She had come to the foot of the wide, old-fashioned stairway that led to the floors above, and beside her had



"You Frighten Me, Holy Man!" She Cried, Gaily. "Confess to You, Indeed! Not I."

suddenly appeared a Franciscan monk, cowed and gowned in sober brown from head to foot.

"You frightened me, holy man!" she cried, gaily. "Confess to you, indeed! Not I."

"Never a better chance, butterfly of the world. Haste not to the dance, fair sister—tarry a while and invite the soul in speech of import! Having passed the dragon at the gate, tarry a moment with this man of vows—"

"Shrive me quickly, then," she said, laughing.

"Now, without confession? Would you have me read your thoughts and give penance?"

"If you can do that, holy man, I may confess; so prove it quickly!"

The Franciscan leaned forward. His voice came low, distinct, clear-cut, and he spoke in the French which Lucie understood as another mother-tongue, as do most of the older families of New Orleans.

"See how I read them, mademoiselle! One thought is of uneasy suspicion; it is typified by a hard-lipped, grasping man. One thought is of profound regret; it is typified by a darkly welling stream of oil. One thought—"

Suddenly Lucie had shrunk away from him. "Who—who are you?" she breathed, with a gasp that was almost of fear. "Who are you, monsieur?"

"A humble brother of minor orders," and he bowed. "Shall I not continue with my reading? The third, mademoiselle, is one of hope; it is typified by a small man who is dressed all in gray—"

Lucie turned away from him quickly. "I think that you have made some grave error, monsieur," she said. Her voice was cold, charged with dismissal

and offended dignity. "I pray you, excuse me."

Not waiting any response, she hastily ran up the stairs. After her, for a moment, gazed the Franciscan, then shrugged his wide shoulders and plunged into the crowd.

While she danced, while she chattered and laughed and entered into the mad gaiety of the evening, Lucie Ledanois that ominous Franciscan. How could demons could not banish from her mind he have known? How could he have guessed what only she and one other barely suspected? There was no proof, of course; the very breath of suspicion seemed a calumny against an upright man!

Joseph Maillard had sold that Terrebonne land six months before any gas or oil had been discovered there, and eight months before Lucie had come into the management of her own affairs. He had not known about the minerals, of course; it was a case only of bad judgment. Yet, indubitably, he was now a shareholder and officer in the Bayou Oil company, the concern which had bought that strip of land.

Lucie strove angrily to banish the dark thoughts from her mind. Why, Maillard was a rich man, a banker, an honorable gentleman! To doubt his honor, although he was a harsh and a stern man, was impossible. Lucie knew him better than most, and could not believe—

"May I crave pardon for my error?" came a voice at her elbow. She turned, to see the Franciscan again beside her. "With a thousand apologies for impertinence, mademoiselle; I am very sorry for my faults. Will not that admission obtain for me one little dance, one hint of forgiveness from fair Columbine?"

Something in his voice spelt sincerity. Lucie, smiling, held out her hand.

"You are pardoned, holy man. If you can dance in that friar's robe, then try it!"

Could he dance, indeed! Who could not dance with Columbine for partner? So saying, the monk proved his word by the deed and proved it well. Nor did he again hint that he had recognized her; until, as they parted, he once more left her astonished and perturbed. As he bowed he murmured:

"Beware, sweet Columbine! Beware of the gay Aramis! Beware of his proposals!"

He was gone upon the word. Aramis? Why, that must be the Musketeer, of course—Bob Maillard! The name, with its implications, was a clever hit. But who was this brown monk, who seemed to know so much, who danced so divinely, whose French was like music? A vague suspicion was in the girl's mind, but she had no proof.

Half an hour after this Bob Maillard came to her, and with impatient words made a path through the circle which surrounded her. "I know you now, Lucie!" he murmured. "I must see you at once—in the conservatory."

She was minded to refuse, but assented briefly. The words of the monk intrigued her; what had the man guessed? If Bob were indeed about to propose, she would this time cut off his hopes for good. But—was it that sort of a proposal?

As she managed to rid herself of her admirers, and descended to the conservatory, she was highly vexed with herself and the Franciscan, and so came to her appointment in an equable frame of mind. She found Maillard waiting in the old-fashioned conservatory; he had unmasked, and was puffing a cigarette.

"By gad, Lucie, you're beautiful tonight. Where did you get that collar of jewels?"

"Indeed!" The girl proudly drew herself up. "What business is that of yours, sir?"

"Aren't you one of the family? D—n it—Lucie! Don't you know that I want to marry you—"

"My dear Robert, I certainly do not want to marry any man who swears to my face—you least of all!" she coldly intervened. "I have already refused you three times; let this be the fourth and last. Now, kindly inform me why you wished me to meet you here."

"I have a chance to make some money for you in a hurry," he said. "Your father left you a good deal of land up Bayou Terrebonne way—"

"Your father sold some of it," she put in, idly. His eyes flickered to the trust.

"Yes; but you've plenty left, near Paradis. It's away from the gas field, but I'm interested in an oil company. We've plenty of money, and we're going to go strong after the liquid gold. That land of yours is good for nothing else, and if you want to make some money out of it I'll swing the company into leasing at a good figure and drilling there."

"You think there's oil on the land?"

"No." He made a swift, energetic gesture of dissent. "To be frank, I don't. But I'd like to throw a bit of luck your way, Lucie. That fellow Gramont—the prince, you know him—he's an engineer and a geologist, and he's in the swim."

Next week — the Midnight Masquer.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Tell-Tale Traits.

You cannot rightly judge people by what others say about them, but you can by what they say about others.—Boston Transcript.

Perhaps the easiest way to have a good time is to go ahead and have it.