

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.

John Wanamaker, internationally famous merchant and ex-postmaster-general, died at his home in Philadelphia Tuesday. He was 85 years old.

Children of aliens would be granted citizenship upon the naturalization of either parent under a bill introduced by Representative Cable, republican, of Ohio.

Mrs. Irene Osgood, novelist and playwright, died at her home in Northampton, England, Tuesday after a month's illness. She was born in the United States and retained her American citizenship.

Mason Mitchell of New York, American consul on the island of Malta, was shot and wounded Tuesday near Laracca. His assailant escaped but pursuit was taken up. Mr. Mitchell was taken to a physician for treatment.

Narcotics valued at \$50,000 and the names and addresses of about 1000 persons said by the police to be selling agents and addicts, were seized early Tuesday by Deputy Police Commissioner Simon and a force of agents in New York.

A verdict for the defendant was returned at 6:08 Tuesday night in the suit for damages instituted by Miss Frances Birkhead, stenographer, against Governor Lee M. Russell of Mississippi, for damages based on charges of seduction and other allegations.

Wage boards at the various navy-yards and stations throughout the country were instructed Tuesday by the navy department to reconsider their recommendations made recently on wage scales for employes the coming year. The recommendations are for increases.

A loan of \$10,000,000 from the government to the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad was authorized by the interstate commerce commission. The authorization is for a loan to run until March 1, 1930, and will enable the company to meet maturing indebtedness of a like amount which the government now holds against the road.

Surrounded by friends of France and his own land, Georges Clemenceau Tuesday night came to the end of his "peace mission" and took leave of the United States. He appeared in the grand ball room of the Hotel Pennsylvania, New York, before 1300 members of the American committee for devastated France. Immediately after he had spoken he motored to the steamer Paris on which he departed for home.

Bainbridge Colby, secretary of state in President Wilson's cabinet, announced Tuesday that his law partnership with the ex-president would terminate December 31 at the expiration of their co-partnership. The announcement was made from the local offices of Wilson & Colby. Beyond saying that the ex-president "is turning his energies once more to subjects which have long invited him," Mr. Colby made no statement as to Mr. Wilson's plans for the future.

In a spectacular hold-up in the main lobby of the Bvestock exchange building in Kansas City late Tuesday, three unmasked bandits obtained \$96,000 and shot Thomas F. A. Henry, credit manager of the Drovers National bank. Henry is expected to recover. He was in charge of a detail of five men sent by the bank to get the money at a postoffice sub-station in the exchange building. They received the money in five packages. Joined by Jack Kelley, house detective, they started back to the bank.

Federal relief for Astoria, Ore., in the shape of a \$3,000,000 appropriation for the immediate rebuilding of streets, sewers and viaducts was asked Tuesday in a telegram sent President Harding and the Oregon congressional delegation by the general relief committee. Unless the city receives immediate government aid, it was pointed out, the city government will cease to function and bankruptcy of the people will result. That the situation is critical was the plea made in the telegram.

VETERANS MAY REINSTATE

Rights of Ex-Soldiers to Insurance Is Guaranteed by Congress.

It will be news to many World war veterans to learn that the United States Veterans' Bureau has inaugurated a reinstatement campaign for the benefit of those who, either through misunderstanding or inability to meet premium payments, have permitted their term (war time) insurance to lapse.

Director Forbes announces that no matter how long a time has passed since the last premium was paid, an ex-service man may easily renew his term (war time) insurance contract if he is in good health, or if he is disabled provided the disability from which he is suffering is due to service and is not of a total and permanent nature. Veterans will be particularly interested in learning that they may reinstate \$1000 or any higher amount, in multiples of \$500, of the amount of insurance they carried while in the service. It will also be of interest to the public to know that over 500,000 of the men who applied for insurance during the war have continued their policy in force and that these ex-service men and women are carrying insurance protection amounting to the enormous sum of over three billion dollars (\$3,000,000,000).

The reinstatement requirements have been made most liberal; in fact, if an ex-soldier is in good health it is only necessary for him to furnish medical proof of that fact, and pay two monthly premiums on the amount of term insurance to be reinstated. Physicians have been appointed in all of the branch offices of the bureau where ex-service men can secure the necessary medical examination without cost. Detailed information may be obtained by writing to the U. S. Veterans' Bureau, Washington, D. C., but in the interest of accurate identification and promptness, the person writing should be sure to give his full name, rank and organization when in the service and if possible, his serial number.

\$200,000 TAKEN IN RAID ON MINT

Denver, Colo. — Masked bandits shortly after 10:40 o'clock Monday morning shot and killed Charles Linton, guard of the Denver branch of the Kansas City federal reserve bank, stole \$200,000 in currency and escaped after waging a gun fight with armed guards on duty at the United States mint. Every peace officer in Colorado is combing the highways leading from Denver in a search for the outlaws. The money was being transferred from the mint to a delivery truck of the reserve bank standing at the curb and was in 50 packages of \$4000 each. All of the money was in \$5 denomination.

Police expected to be aided in their search for the escaped bandits by the fact that one, apparently the leader, was shot seriously if not mortally by a government guard on duty at the mint as the bandit turned to fire a volley at the guards as the car sped away from the scene of the holdup.

An automobile carrying seven men, two wearing masks and one drooping over the edge of the machine, bleeding profusely, was reported to police as having been seen speeding northward out of the city shortly after the robbery. Denver police unhesitatingly declared the robbery the most sensational daylight holdup ever executed in Colorado.

All patrolmen and detectives of the local police department were armed with riot guns and were being assisted in the search by the county and federal authorities.

The disregard of the bandits for human life marked the robbery, according to police, as one of the most determined in police annals. With sawed-off shotguns, two of the bandits bombarded the front door of the mint as they leaped from the automobile. Fifty government employes summoned by an alarm bell seized shotguns and rushed to the doors or windows of the mint, shooting at the holdup men, who returned the fire and at the same time calmly proceeded to load the 50 packages of currency into their own car.

Fusillades of shots ripped through buildings across the street and spat against granite walls as the guards and bandits exchanged shots.

Alcohol Deaths Grow.

Chicago.—Deaths directly traceable to alcoholism and poisonous "hooch" have increased more than 190 per cent in Chicago since the ratification of the Volstead act, according to figures compiled at the psychopathic hospital. Prior to the enactment of the Volstead act the number of alcoholic deaths averaged seven or eight yearly at the psychopathic hospital, but 22 have died from the effects of bad booze in the first 9 months of the present year.

EUROPE MUST MEND WAYS, SAYS BORAH

Aid Opposed Unless Allies Cut Military Expenses.

COURSE UNDECIDED

Administration Foresees Difficulty in Helping With Prospect Opposition by Congress.

Washington, D. C.—A statement issued Sunday night by Senator William E. Borah makes clear that the contingent of irreconcilable senators whose views Mr. Borah represents will oppose American governmental participation in the efforts to adjust the German reparations question unless the European allied nations materially change their present attitude toward Germany.

More than that—Mr. Borah would have the allies put their own house in order before anything toward saving Europe from chaos is attempted. In fact, he holds that these things—which involve reduction of land forces and other measures—must be done before any basis can be established for the return of Europe to normal economic and political conditions.

The Borah statement is further evidence of the extreme difficulties which confront the United States government in its desire to be of assistance in the current European situation. Without the support of congress, at least its moral support, the government's good intentions are immeasurably embarrassed at a time when there appears to be a hope that the influence of the United States may be exerted in the interest of a European settlement. That this influence is very great is conceded by officials acquainted with the present state of allied opinion, but beyond that hint they are unwilling to suggest how that influence may be exerted.

According to the official view the existing endeavor to adjust the reparations problem on permanent basis will be seriously hampered by too much discussion and speculation in the American press. The fear is expressed that the hopes of statesmen and people of the countries affected will be raised to such a height by the reports of expected action from Washington that there is bound to be a dangerous reaction among them, no matter what the outcome of the existing activities.

The most that appears to be possible to say is that at this time the government is feeling its way with the idea that some opportunity may be presented which will give it a chance to be of real assistance to Europe. Nothing has yet appeared to justify a statement that the steps Washington is taking have progressed beyond the stage of informal conversations and inquiries.

Food Prices Advance.

Washington, D. C.—Both retail and wholesale food prices increased 2 per cent or more during November, according to figures made public by the department of labor. Notwithstanding the increase, the department said there was a decrease of 5 per cent for the year ending November 15 in retail food prices, while wholesale food prices increased about 1½ per cent during the year.

As compared with 1913 retail food prices in November were given as 45 per cent higher in Chicago and Pittsburgh, 44 per cent in Dallas and San Francisco, 42 per cent in Cincinnati, Cleveland, Los Angeles and Minneapolis, 39 per cent in Omaha and Seattle, and 35 per cent in Louisville and Portland, Ore.

Infant Mortality Low.

New York.—One square mile on the lower east side, where 500,000 persons live, shows one of the lowest infant mortality rates in the world, Dr. Royal S. Copeland, United States senator-elect, declared in an address here. In this crowded area, Dr. Copeland said, among every 1000 children born 50 die in the first year of life. In contrast, he said, in the upper Fifth avenue district 100 of every 1000 children die the first year.

Ship's Passengers Safe.

St. Johns, N. F.—One hundred and twenty passengers of the steamer Prospero, which ran aground on Small Island, near Green's pond, on the east coast of Newfoundland Saturday night, were safely landed Sunday morning. The vessel, which is owned by the Newfoundland government, was refloated later with Nos. 1 and 2 holds damaged.

The Mardi Gras Mystery

By H. BEDFORD-JONES

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GRAMONT AND FELL

SYNOPSIS—During the height of the New Orleans carnival season Jachin 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, but masked, who accompanies them to the ball. Lucie Ledanois, recently the ward of her uncle, Joseph Maillard, is the Columbine. At the ball, Bob Maillard, son of the banker, again proposes to her and is refused. He offers to buy some of her property. A Franciscan monk interests her. He turns out to be Prince Gramont. In his library Joseph Maillard and a group of his friends are surprised by the Midnight Masquer.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

"You money trickster! Do you think I would spare such a man as you? You draw your rents from the poor and destitute, your mortgages cover half the parishes in the state, and in your heart is neither compassion nor pity for man or woman. Bah! I could shoot you down without a qualm!"

In his voice was so deadly a menace that Maillard trembled.

"There is nothing of mine in that safe," he said, his voice a low growl. "I have given it to my son to use. He is not here."

"That," said the Masquer calmly, "is exactly why I desire you to open it. Your son must make his contribution, for I keenly regret his absence. If you are a criminal, he is worse! You rob and steal under shelter of the law, but you have certain limitations, certain bounds of an almost outgrown honor. He has none, that son of yours. Why, he would not hesitate to turn your own tricks back upon you, to rob you, if he could! Open that safe or take the consequences; no more talk, now!"

The command cracked out like a whiplash. With a shrug of helplessness the banker turned and fumbled with the protruding knob of the safe. With one exception all eyes were fastened upon this amazing Masquer. The exception was Jachin Fell, who, suddenly alert and watchful, had turned his attention to Maillard and the safe, a keen speculation in his gaze as though he were wondering what that steel vault would produce.

All were silent. There was something about this Midnight Masquer that held them intently. Perhaps some were inclined to think him a jester, one of the party masquerading under the famous bandit's guise; if so, his last words to Maillard had removed all such thought. That indictment had been deadly and terrible—and true, as they knew. Bob Maillard was not greatly admired by those among his father's friends who best knew him.

Now the door of the safe swung open. The compartments appeared empty.

"Take out the drawers and turn them up over the table," commanded the Masquer.

Maillard obeyed. From the last drawer there fell out on the table a large envelope, sealed. The Masquer leaned forward, seized upon this envelope, and crushed it into his pocket.

"Thank you," he observed. "That is all."

"D—n you!" cried Maillard, shaking a fist. "You'd try blackmail, would you?"

The bandit regarded him a moment, then laughed.

"If you knew what was in that envelope, my dear financier, you might not speak so hastily. If I knew what was in it, I might answer you. But I don't know. I only suspect—and hope. And now, my friends—au revoir!"

The Masquer sprang backward into the hall. The door slammed, the key clicked. He was gone!

Maillard was the first to wake into voice and action. "The other door!" he cried. "Into the dining room—"

He flung open a second door and dashed into the dining room, followed by the other men. Here the windows, giving upon the garden, were open. Then Maillard came to a sudden halt, and after him the others; through the night was pulsating, with great distinctness, the throbbing roar of an airplane motor! From Maillard broke a bitter cry:

"The detectives—I'll get the fools here! You gentlemen search the house. That fellow can't possibly have escaped—"

They hastily separated. Maillard dashed away to summon the detectives, also to get other men to aid in the search.

The result was vain. No one had been seen to enter or leave the house, and certainly there had been no airplane about. The Masquer had not appeared except in the library, and now he was most indubitably not in the house. By all testimony, he had neither entered it nor left it!

"Well, I'm d—d!" said Maillard, helplessly, to Judge Forester, when

the search was concluded. "Not a trace of the scoundrel! Here, Fell—can't you help us out? Haven't you discovered a thing?"

"Nothing," responded Jachin Fell, calmly.

At this instant Bob Maillard rushed up. He had just learned of the Masquer's visit. In response to his excited questioning his father described the scene in the library, and added:

"I trust there was nothing important among those papers of yours, Robert?"

"No," said the younger man. "Nothing valuable at all."

Henry Gramont was passing. He caught the words and paused, his gaze resting for an instant upon the group. A faint smile rested upon his rather harshly drawn features.

"I just found this," he announced, holding out a paper. "It was pinned to the outside of the library door. I presume that your late visitor left it as a memento?"

Jachin Fell took the paper, the other men crowding around him.

"Ah, Maillard! The same handwriting as that of your letter!"

Upon the paper was penciled a single hasty line:

"My compliments to Robert Maillard—and my thanks."

Bob Maillard sprang forward, angrily inspecting the paper. When he relinquished it, Fell calmly claimed it.

"Confound the rogue!" muttered the banker's son, turning away. His features were pale, perhaps with anger. "There was nothing but stock certificates in that envelope—and they can be reissued."

The festivities were not broken up. News of the robbery gradually leaked out among the guests; the generally accepted verdict was that the Masquer had appeared, only to be frightened away before he could secure any loot.

It was nearly two in the morning when Jachin Fell, who was leaving, encountered Henry Gramont at the head of the wide stairway. He halted and turned to the younger man.

"Ah—have you a pencil, if you please?"

"I think so, Mr. Fell." Gramont felt beneath his Franciscan's robe, and extended a pencil.

Jachin Fell examined it, brought a paper from beneath his domino, and



"Did You Actually See the Midnight Masquer Last Night?"

wrote down a word. The paper was that on which the farewell message of the Midnight Masquer had been written.

"A hard lead, a very hard point indeed!" said Fell. He pocketed the paper again and regarded Gramont steadily as he returned the pencil. "Few men carry so hard a pencil, sir."

"You're quite right," and Gramont smiled. "I borrowed this from Bob Maillard only a moment ago. Its hardness surprised me."

"Do you know, a most curious thing—"

"Yes!" prompted Gramont, his eyes intent upon the little gray man.

"That paper you brought us—the paper which you found pinned to the library door," said Fell, apologetically. "Do you know, Mr. Gramont, that oddly enough there were no pin holes in that paper?"

Gramont smiled faintly, as though he were inwardly amused over the remark.

"Not at all curious," he said, his voice level. "It was pinned rather stoutly—I tore off the portion bearing the message. I'll wager that you'll find the end of the paper still on the door downstairs. You might make certain that its torn edge fits that of the paper in your pocket; if it did not, then the fact would be curious! I am most happy to have met you, Mr. Fell. I trust we shall meet again, often."

With a smile, he extended his hand, which Mr. Fell shook cordially.

Upon gaining the lower hall Fell glanced at the door of the library. There, still pinned to the wood where it had been unregarded by the pass-

ers-by, was a small scrap of paper. Mr. Fell glanced at it again, then shook his head and slowly turned away, as though resisting a temptation.

"No," he muttered. "No. It would be sure to fit the paper in my pocket. It would be sure to fit, confound him!"

A little later he left the house, striding briskly down the avenue. When he approached the first street light he came to a pause, and began softly to pat his person as though searching for something.

"I told you that you'd pay for knowing too much about me, young man!" he said, softly. "What's this, now—what's this?"

A slight rustle of paper, as he walked along, had attracted his attention. He passed his hands over the loose, open domino that cloaked him; he detected a scrap of paper pinned to it in the rear. He loosened the paper, and under the street light managed to decipher the writing which it bore.

A faint smile crept to his lips as he read the penciled words:

"I do not love you, Jachin Fell. The reason why, I cannot tell. But this I know, and know full well, I do not love you, Jachin Fell!"

"Certainly the fellow has wit, if not originality," muttered Mr. Fell, as he carefully stowed away the paper. The writing upon it was in the hand of the Midnight Masquer.

CHAPTER IV.

Callers.

The house in which Lucie Ledanois lived had been her mother's; the furniture and other things in it had been her mother's; the two negro servants, who spoke only the Creole French patois, had been her mother's. It was a small house, but very beautiful inside. The exterior betrayed a lack of paint or the money with which to have painting done.

The Ledanois family, although distantly connected with others such as the Maillards, had sent forth its final bud of fruition in the girl Lucie. Her mother had died while she was yet an infant, and through the years she had accompanied her father, an invalid, during the latter days. He had never been a man to count dollars or costs, and to a large extent he had outworn himself and the family fortunes in a vain search for health.

With Lucie he had been in Europe at the outbreak of war, and had come home to America only to die shortly afterward. Once deprived of his fine recklessness, the girl had found her affairs in a bad tangle. Under the guardianship of Maillard the tangle had been somewhat resolved and simplified, but even Maillard would appear to have made mistakes, and of late Lucie had against her will suspected something amiss in the matter of these mistakes.

It was natural, then, that she should take Jachin Fell into her confidence. Maillard had been her guardian, but it was to Fell that she had always come with her girlish cares and troubles, during even the lifetime of her father.

At precisely three o'clock of the Sunday afternoon Jachin Fell rang the doorbell and Lucie herself admitted him.

"Tell me quickly, Uncle Jachin!" eagerly exclaimed the girl. "Did you actually see the Midnight Masquer last night? I didn't know until afterward that he had really been downstairs and had robbed—"

"I saw him, my dear," and the little gray man smiled. There was more warmth to his smile than usual just now. Perhaps it was a reflection from the eager vitality which so shone in the eyes of Lucie. "I saw him, yes."

A restful face was hers—not beautiful at first glance; a little too strong for beauty, one would say. The deep gray eyes were level and quiet and wide apart, and on most occasions were quite inscrutable. They were now filled with a quick eagerness as they rested upon Jachin Fell. Lucie called him uncle, but not as she called Joseph Maillard uncle; here was no relationship, no formal affectation of relationship, but a purely abiding trust and friendship.

Jachin Fell had done more for Lucie than she herself knew or would know; without her knowledge he had quietly taken care of her finances to an appreciable extent. Between them lay an affection that was very real. Lucie, better than most, knew the extraordinary capabilities of this little gray man; yet not even Lucie guessed a tenth of the character that lay beneath his surface. To her he was never reserved or secretive. Nonetheless, she touched sometimes an impenetrable wall that seemed ever present within him.

"When I have finished with the Masquer I shall take up his trail."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Silver Tongues.

Rev. Ernest F. Tittle of Evanston, Ill., says it's great to be a distinguished orator, but that it is greater to tell the truth!