

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.

Word was received in Montreal Tuesday that the tenth fire to sweep a Catholic edifice in Canada this year had destroyed the parish church of Saint Thomas D'Alfred at Fasset Monday night.

The Italian government has extended to June 30, 1923, the temporary exemption from duty of imports of wheat, oats, yellow corn and rye, according to advices to the department of commerce from Commercial Attache MacLaren at Rome.

Miss Vera Jeffers, 23, of Horace, Neb., and her cousin, Arthur Clark, 25, of Randolph, Iowa, were drowned Tuesday night when the automobile Clark was driving to a Christmas dance at Glenwood, Iowa, plunged into a river near Randolph.

An order for 60 fast freight locomotives of the latest type has been placed for early spring delivery by the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroad, Vice-President Bracken announced Tuesday in Chicago, saying the order approximates \$3,180,000.

A small gray kitten playfully sprang at a rubber hose that connected up the gas stove in the Brooklyn home of Mrs. Catherine Carey Tuesday. A few hours later Mrs. Carey and the kitten were found asphyxiated. Three neighbors were saved by the use of pulmotors.

More than 50 persons were in hospitals in Boston Tuesday, suffering from alcohol poisoning as a result of drinking liquors obtained during the holidays. Two deaths due to this cause occurred. Eighteen of the patients were listed as in a critical condition.

Eight New York deaths are attributed to drinking poisonous Christmas liquor. A score or more of victims were confined to hospitals. Of those who died two were women. A woman was arrested as the seller of whisky which caused the death of one of the women.

A conference of representatives of steamship lines in the gulf, south Atlantic and north Atlantic districts will be held January 15 to discuss traffic matters with a view to revising any discrepancies and continuing their harmonious relations, the shipping board announced Tuesday.

The municipal voters' league of Chicago in a statement made public Tuesday, charged Mayor Thompson and his supporters in the city council with responsibility for alleged waste of city funds in what it declared excessive payments to five real estate and building experts employed by the city.

France gained an important victory in the allied reparations commission Tuesday when the commission by a vote of 3 to 1 declared Germany in voluntary default in her wood deliveries for 1922. France, Belgium and Italy voted in favor of the declaration while Great Britain cast its ballot against it.

Wolfe Lindenfeld, brought to this country recently by a department of justice agent in connection with the Wall street bomb explosion, will be barred from entering under a ruling affirmed Tuesday by the bureau of immigration. The bureau upheld the action of the immigration authorities at Ellis Island, where Lindenfeld now is held.

With the successful opening last week of a modern cooperative cane syrup blending and standardizing plant at Lufkin, Tex., officials of the department of agriculture feel that the industry has made an important step toward extending the market for cane syrup, which will permit growers to greatly increase their acreage of sugar cane.

John B. Hammond, chief of police of Des Moines, has announced that every drunken man who is brought into police headquarters will have his picture taken. When the offender has become sober again he will be presented with a picture of himself so that he may know how he looked when taken to jail. Hammond hopes this "picture cure" will be a potent weapon against drunkenness.

WORLD IN ECONOMIC GAIN

Prospect for 1923 Good, Says Hoover—Great Progress Expected.

Washington, D. C.—The story of 1922 is one of world economic progress and the prospects are favorable for 1923, Secretary of Commerce Hoover declared in a statement Sunday night, in which he reviewed the past and hazarded a forecast of the future year. His statement, compiled from reports of special investigators in all parts of the earth, expressed complete confidence concerning the remodeling of the delicate economic machine, so badly wrecked by the world war.

"An economic forecast cannot amount to more than a hazard in the future," Mr. Hoover said. "The world begins the year with greater economic strength than a year ago; production and trade are upon a larger and more substantial basis, with the single exception of the sore spot in central Europe. The healing force of business and commerce has gained substantial ascendancy over destructive political and social forces.

"There is ample reason why there should be continued progress during the next 12 months."

The secretary declared that outside of "three or four states in central Europe," the whole world had shaken itself free from the great after-war slump. Social stability has gained, he said, urging that the exceptions in Europe not be allowed to obscure the profound forces of progress elsewhere over the whole world. In the main, he added, even in the areas referred to as "sore spots," the difficulties are to a large extent fiscal and political rather than commercial and industrial.

In addition to the social betterment, Mr. Hoover mentioned as other net gains for the year 1922 and guide lines to 1923 the following:

"Bolshevism has greatly diminished and even in Russia has been replaced by a mixture of socialism and individualism.

"Active war, at least, has ceased for the first time since 1914.

"Famine and distress have diminished to much less numbers this winter than at any time since the great war began.

"Production has increased greatly. "Unemployment is less in world totals than at any time since the armistice.

"International commerce is increasing.

"The world is now pretty generally purchasing its commodities by the normal exchange of goods and services, a fact which in itself marks an enormous step in recovery from the strained movements of credit and gold which followed the war."

Economic wounds of Asia, Africa, Latin-America and Australia, coming from the war, Mr. Hoover said, were more the sympathetic reaction from slump in the combatant states than from direct injury and they thus are recovering quickly. Their commerce, his reports showed, has reached levels above pre-war days and their production has grown apace. The enforced isolation, he believed, strengthened the economic growth of Latin-America and Asia by increasing the variety of their production. This, he said, has contributed vitally to their effective recovery.

60 Lynched During 1922.

New York.—Sixty persons were lynched in states below the Mason and Dixon line in the year just ending, the national association for the advancement of colored people announced in a report made public Sunday night. Texas headed the list in numbers. Of those lynched, the report stated, 52 were negroes, seven white Americans and one a Mexican. Seven of the victims were alleged to have been publicly burned to death.

New Flying Mark Set.

Marselles.—Sadi Lecointe, the aviator, Monday made four circuits of a kilometer course at an average speed of about 216 miles an hour. Brigadier-General Mitchell, assistant chief of the American air service, flew over a one-kilometer course at Selfridge field, Mich., on October 18 at an average speed of 224.05 miles an hour in four heats. The test was timed by representatives of the Federation Aeronautique Internationale.

Plane Dive Kills Pilot.

Mexia, Tex.—Harry Stovall, a former captain of the aviation corps at Miami, Fla., was killed Sunday afternoon about seven miles southeast of here when a plane he was piloting nose dived to earth. Dr. C. P. McKenzie, a passenger in the plane was injured.

HUGHES OUTLINES AID FOR EUROPE

Independent Commission Proposed by Secretary.

AGAINST ARBITRATION

That German Reparations Lies at Root of Economic Trouble of Today Is Realized.

New Haven, Conn.—A suggestion that an independent commission of men competent in financial affairs could accomplish more than a general international conference toward solution of the European reparations tangle was put forward by Secretary Hughes here in the first public pronouncement on the economic crisis to come from responsible officials of the administration at Washington.

The secretary, who spoke before the American Historical association, added that he had "no doubt" that distinguished Americans would be willing to serve on such a commission, which, he said, might well be kept free from any responsibility to foreign offices or any duty to obey political instructions. Once advantage had been taken of the opportunities thus afforded, he said, "the avenues of American helpfulness cannot fail to open hopefully."

Referring to suggestions that the United States assume the role of arbiter in the reparations dispute, Mr. Hughes said a sufficient answer to that was the fact "that we have not been asked." He went on to say he did not believe this government should take such a burden of responsibility.

Throughout his discussion the secretary recognized that the question of German reparations lay at the root of any economic settlement. The problems abroad, he said, are world problems, and could not be disposed of "by calling them European." He declared the United States would "view with disfavor measures which instead of producing reparations would threaten disaster," and said no one could foresee the "serious consequences" which might ensue if forcible means were adopted to obtain reparations from Germany.

"The crux of the European situation lies in the settlement of reparations," said Mr. Hughes. "There will be no adjustment of other needs, however pressing, until a definite and accepted basis for the discharge of reparations claims has been fixed. It is futile to attempt to erect any economic structure in Europe until the foundation is laid.

"How can the United States help in this matter? We are not seeking reparations. We are indeed asking for the reimbursement of the costs of our army of occupation; and, with good reason, for we have maintained our army in Europe at the request of the allies and of Germany and under an agreement that its costs with like army costs should be a first charge upon the amounts paid by Germany. Others have been paid and we have not been paid. But we are not seeking general reparations. We are bearing our own burden and through our loans a large part of Europe's burden in addition. No demands of ours stand in the way of a proper settlement of the reparations question.

"Of course, we hold the obligations of European governments and there has been much discussion abroad and here with respect to them. There has been a persistent attempt ever since the armistice to link up the debts owing to our government with reparations or with projects of cancellation. This attempt was resisted in a determined manner under the former administration and under the present administration."

800 Film Extras Fight.

Los Angeles.—A motion picture director at Universal City, near here, hired 800 extras to be used as the "audience" in the filming of a prize-fight scene. In the excitement of the make-believe pugilistic fests, two of the hired spectators forgot themselves and came to blows. The fight quickly spread to the other 798 members of the "audience," and after the dust settled it was found that the arena was wrecked.

Typist Sets New Mark.

New York.—Writing 700 words in two minutes with only three errors, Nathan Behren, a state supreme court stenographer, has broken his own world's record for stenographic notation. It was announced Saturday at the New York state shorthand reporters' convention. Behren's previous record was 277 words a minute for five minutes with three errors.



The MARDI GRAS MYSTERY

by H. Bedford Jones

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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GRAMONT AND LUCIE

SYNOPSIS.—During the height of the New Orleans carnival season Jackin 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 held up and robbed by the Midnight Masquer. Lucie Ledanois, the last of an old family, is in straitened circumstances. Joseph Maillard's handling of her funds has been unfortunate. Fell is an old friend of her parents and deeply interested in the girl. Henry Gramont, really the Prince de Gramont, is enamored of Lucie. Lucie talks with Fell about her affairs and the Masked Masquer.

CHAPTER IV—Continued.

"Some of them, yes—and all that prince stuff with them." Smiling as he dropped into English, Gramont glanced about the room, and his eyes softened.

"This is a lovely and lovable home of yours, Lucie!" he exclaimed, gravely. "So few homes are worthy the name; so few have in them the intimate air of use and friendliness—why are so many furnished from bargain sales? This place is touched with repose and sweetness; to come and sit here is a privilege. It is like being in another world, after all the money striving and the dollar madness of the city."

"Oh!" The girl's gaze searched him curiously. "I hope you're not going to take the fine artistic pose that it is a crime to make money?"

Gramont laughed. "Not much! I want to make money myself; that's one reason I'm in New Orleans. Still, you cannot deny that there is a craze about the eternal clutching after dollars. I can't make the dollar sign the big thing in life, Lucie. You couldn't, either."

She frowned a little. "You seem to have the European notion that all Americans are dollar chasers!"

He shrugged his shoulders slightly. "In a sense, yes; why not?" he answered. "I am an American. I am a dollar chaser, and not ashamed of it. I am going into business here. Once it is a success, I shall go on; I shall see America, I shall come to know this whole country of mine, all of it! I have been a month in New Orleans—do you know, a strange thing happened to me only a few days after I arrived here!"

With her eyes she urged him on, and he continued gravely: "In France I met a man, an American sergeant named Hammond. It was just at the close of things. We had adjoining cots at Nice—"

"Ah!" she exclaimed, quickly. "I remember, you wrote about him—the man who had been wounded in both legs! Did he get well? You never said."

"I never knew until I came here," answered Gramont. "One night, not long after I had got established in my pension on Burgundy street, a man tried to rob me. It was this same man, Hammond; we recognized each other almost at once."

"I took him home with me and learned his story. He had come back to America only to find his wife dead from influenza, his home broken up, his future destroyed. He drifted to New Orleans, careless of what happened to him. He flung himself desperately into a career of burglary and pillage. Well, I gave Hammond a job; he is my chauffeur. You would never recognize him as the same man now! I am very proud of his friendship."

"That was well said." Lucie nodded her head quickly. "I shan't call you M. Le prince any more—unless you offend again."

He smiled, reading her thought. "I try not to be a snob, eh? Well, what I'm driving at is this: I want to know this country of mine, to see it with clear, unprejudiced eyes. We hide our real shames and exist our false ones. Why should we be ashamed of chasing the dollar? So long as that is a means to the end of happiness, it's all right. But there are some men who see it as an end alone, who can set no

limits to their work except the dollar dropping into their pouch. Such a man is your relative, Joseph Maillard. I do not wish to offend you, and I shall therefore refrain from saying all that is in my mind. But you have not hesitated to intimate very frankly that you are not wealthy. Some time ago, if you recall, you wrote me how you had just missed wealth through having sold some land. I have taken the liberty of looking up that deal to some extent, and I have suspected that your uncle had some interest in putting the sale through—"

The gray eyes of the girl flashed suddenly.

"Henry Gramont! Are my family affairs to be an open book to the world? Do you realize that you are intruding most unwarrantably into my private matters?"

"Unwarrantably?" Gramont's eyes held her gaze steadily. "Do you really mean to use that word?"

"I do, most certainly!" answered Lucie with spirit. "I don't think you realize just what the whole thing tends toward—"

"Oh, yes I do! Quite clearly," Gramont's cool, level tone conquered her indignation. "I see that you are orphaned, and that your uncle was your guardian, and executed questionable deals which lost money for you. Come, that's brutally frank—but it's true! I came here to New Orleans and became involved in some dealings with your cousin, Bob Maillard. I believed, and I believe now, that in your heart you have some suspicion of your uncle in regard to those transactions in land. Therefore, I took the trouble to look into the thing to a slight extent. Shall I tell you what I have discovered?"

Lucie Ledanois gazed at him, her lips compressed. She liked this new



"Hm! Memphis Izzy Gumberts, eh? What kind of a crook is he, sergeant?"

"What kind of a crook is he, Sergeant?"

manner of his, this firm and resolute gravity, this harshness. It brought out his underlying character very well.

"If you please, Henry," she murmured very meekly.

"Well, then, I have discovered that your uncle appears to be honestly at fault in the matter—"

"Thanks for this approval of my family," she murmured.

"And," continued Gramont, imperceptibly, "that your suspicions of him were groundless. But, on the other hand, something new has turned up about which I wish to speak—but about which I must speak delicately. Has Bob Maillard offered to buy your remaining land on the Bayou Terrebonne?"

She started slightly. So it was to this that he had been leading up all the while!

"He broached the subject last night," she answered. "I dismissed it for the time."

"Good!" he exclaimed with boyish vigor. "Good! I warned you in time, then! If you will permit me, I must advise you not to part with that land—not even for a good offer. This week, immediately Mardi Gras is over, I am going to inspect that land for the company; it is Bob Maillard's company, you know. Is my unwarrantable intrusion forgiven?"

She nodded brightly. "You are put on probation, sir. You're in Bob's company?"

"Yes," Gramont frowned. "I invested perhaps too hastily—but no matter now. I have the car outside, Lucie; may I have the pleasure of taking you driving?"

"Did you bring that chauffeur?"

"Yes," and he laughed at her eagerness.

"Good! I accept—because I must see that famous soldier-bandit-chauffeur. If you'll wait, I'll be ready in a minute."

She hurried from the room, a snatch of song on her lips. Gramont smiled as he waited.

CHAPTER V

The Masquer Unmasks.

In New Orleans one may find pensions in the old quarter—the quarter which is still instinct with the pulse of old-world life. These pensions do not advertise. The average tourist knows nothing of them. Even if he knew, indeed, he might have some difficulty in obtaining accommodations, for it is not nearly enough to have the money; one must also have the introductions, come well recommended, and be under the tongue of good repute.

Gramont had obtained a small apartment on pension—a quiet and severely retired house in Burgundy street, maintained by a very proud old lady whose ancestors had come out of Canada with the Sieur d'Iberville. Here Gramont lived with Hammond, quite on a basis of equality, and they were very comfortable.

The two men sat smoking their pipes before the fireplace, in which blazed a small fire—more for good cheer than through necessity. It was Sunday evening.

Gramont stared into the flickering fire and sucked at his pipe. Suddenly he roused himself and shot a glance at Hammond.

"Sergeant! You seem to have a pretty good recollection of that night at the Laverne house, when I found you entering and jumped on you?"

"You bet I have!" Hammond chuckled. "When you'd knocked the goggles off me and we recognized each other—h—! I felt like a boob."

Gramont smiled. "How many places had you robbed up to then? Three, wasn't it?"

"Three is right cap'n," was the unashamed response.

"We haven't referred to it very often, but now things have happened," Gramont's face took on harsh lines of determination. "Do you know, it was a lucky thing that you had no chance to dispose of the jewels and money you obtained?"

"No chance?" snorted the other. "No chance is right, cap'n! And I was sore, too. Say, they got a ring of crooks around this town you couldn't bust into with grenades! Listen here, and I'll tell you something big."

Hammond leaned forward, lowered his voice, and tamped at his pipe.

"When I was a young fellow I lived in a little town up north—I ain't sayin' where. My old man had a livery stable there, see? Well, one night a guy come along and got the old man out of bed, and slips him fifteen hundred for a rig and a team, see? I drove the guy ten miles through the hills, and set him on a road he wanted to find."

"Now, that guy was the biggest crook in the country in them days—still is, I guess. He was on the dead run that night, to keep out o' Leavenworth. He kept out, all right, and he's settin' in the game to this minute. Nobody never pinched him yet, and never will."

"Why?"

"Because his gang runs back to politicians and rich guys all over the country. You ask anybody on the inside if they ever heard of Memphis Izzy Gumberts! Well, cap'n, I seen that very identical guy on the street the other day—I never could forget his ugly mug! And where he is, no outside crooks can get in, you believe me!"

"Hm! Memphis Izzy Gumberts, eh? What kind of a crook is he, sergeant?"

"The big kind. You remember them Chicago lotteries? But you don't, o' course. Well, that's his game—lotteries and such like."

Gramont's lips clenched for a minute, then he spoke with slow distinctness:

"Sergeant, I'd have given five hundred dollars for that information a week ago!"

"Why?" Gramont shook his head. "Never mind. Forget it! Now, this stunt of yours was clever. You showed brains when you got yourself up as an aviator and pulled that stuff, sergeant. But you handled it brutally—terribly brutally."

"It was a little raw, I guess," conceded Hammond. "I was up against it, that's all. When you took over the costume and began to get across with the Raffles stuff—why, it was a pipe for you, cap'n! Look what we've done in a month. Six jobs, every one running off smooth as glass! Your notion of going to parties ready dressed with some kind of loose robe over the flyin' duds was a scream! And then me running that motor with the cut-out on—all them birds that never heard an airplane think you come and go by air, for certain! Nobody will ever find us out."

Gramont nodded thoughtfully. "Yes? But, sergeant, how about the quiet little man who came along last night at the Maillard house and asked about the car? Perhaps he had discovered you had been running the engine."

"Hm!" Hammond sniffed in scorn. "He wasn't no dick."

"I dare not risk it. That man Fell is too smart."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)