

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 Pekin foreign office has received a telegram from Canton announcing that the Canton government has decided to recognize the central government and reunite with it.

Better times for the farmers of the country are foreseen for 1923 by Secretary Wallace, who, in a statement reviewed agricultural conditions of 1922 and set forth the prospects for the new year.

Randolph Robertson, formerly American consul at Nuevo Laredo, has been arrested on a charge of embezzling \$12,000 of government funds, federal officials announced in San Antonio, Tex., Tuesday.

For the first time in Ohio's history, a woman, Miss Florence E. Allen of Cleveland, Tuesday donned the robes of high judicial office. She took her place as an associate justice on the Ohio supreme court bench.

A total of 5689 persons were arrested in California during 1922 by prohibition agents for various violations of the Volstead act, according to the annual report of S. F. Rutter, prohibition director, made public Sunday.

Fred Kriebel, former head of the bond house of Kriebel & Co. of New York and Chicago, which failed last March, was arrested recently on a federal indictment charging use of the mails to defraud. He was released on \$10,000 bond.

When the Canadian Pacific railway's train No. 2, the Vancouver-Montreal express, left the rails one mile west of Bassano, Alberta, early Tuesday, 21 passengers were injured, none seriously. Three cars, commerce, first-class and tourist, toppled into the ditch.

Reports from Halle say that an attempt was made Monday evening to blow up a large monumental group comprising an equestrian statue of Emperor William I and monuments to Bismarck and Von Moltke. The latter monument was hurled into the basin of the fountain.

Felix Taboada, Cuban consul-general in New York, Tuesday took steps to begin a search for the German ship Heinrich Kayser, which sailed for Germany from Norfolk, Va., with Jose Mazas, chancellor of the Cuban consular corps, on board and which was last heard from December 6.

After two years of absence from public life, Alfred E. Smith Tuesday was installed as governor of New York. Drenching rain and slush-filled streets kept many visitors indoors and the military parade was disbanded by order of the new governor almost as soon as it had started.

Three bills aimed at the Ku Klux Klan were introduced in the Ohio legislature Tuesday. One would require the Klan to file with the secretary of state a list of its officers; another would make an assault by a masked or robed person punishable by a prison sentence of from one to 15 years.

For the first time in a century a full calendar year has passed without the coinage of a single piece of minor currency, mint officials said recently. This means that coin collectors will be forced to leave a gap in their collections, for no pennies, nickels, dimes, quarters or half dollars will bear the date 1922.

Three brothers, James, Samuel and Miguel Kean, were drowned at Wailuku, Maui, T. H., Monday. Miguel was washed off a rock by a high wave and Samuel, in attempting to rescue him, was also swept away. James, seeing his two brothers drowning, sprang into the water in an effort to save them.

The state department has announced that the German proposal for an agreement under which France, Great Britain, Italy and Germany should "solely agree among themselves and promise the government of the United States" not to resort to war for the period of one generation without the authority of a plebiscite had not been transmitted to the French government formally by Secretary Hughes, and, as an informal inquiry, brought out the fact that it was not acceptable to France.

FRANCE INVADES GERMANY

Army of 60,000 Moves for Dash Into
Ruhr—Belgians Mass Forces.

Coblentz.—Four trainloads of French and colonial troops from Mayence passed through Coblentz Monday night on the way to a concentration center in the outskirts of Dueseldorf, where it is estimated 60,000 troops already have assembled. Seven more troop trains were scheduled to pass through Coblentz.

Military trains also are forming at Herbesthal and leaving for the new reparations front. Duisburg dispatches say the Belgians are concentrating there ready for an advance.

The workers have spread the rumor that the mines are to be flooded when the troops enter the Ruhr and that a general strike will be declared in protest against the invasion. The 230th French field artillery and the 156th infantry may move, but their commanders are reticent as to their plans. No special instructions have been received from Washington at American headquarters here, and the occupational duties in the American area are going on as usual.

Mayence.—General Degoutte, accompanied by his staff, left for Dueseldorf Tuesday morning. On his arrival he will act in accordance with instructions which may be given him by the Rhineland high commission.

Capital In Drive on Embassy Liquor

Washington, D. C.—Sources of what are described as "embassy" liquors, which, it is claimed, have been finding their way into the illicit traffic in Washington in large quantities, are sought by the District of Columbia police as a result of three successive raids in as many apartment houses in the fashionable newest section.

Lieutenant O. T. Davis, chief of the vice squad, under whose direction the raids were conducted, declared that there were indications of an organized traffic in liquor brought in by some of the embassies and legations. Information has reached the police, he added, that attaches of some of these establishments have been parties to this traffic.

Among the so-called exclusive "bootleggers" who handle high-grade liquors are a number of women, according to the police, whose clients include many of the participants in what the authorities term the "high life" of the national capital.

Whisperings of certain "bootleggers" that they could supply the finest of intoxicants because of "pipe lines" into foreign diplomatic establishments, reached the police some time ago, but it was not until the recent raids that the law officers became satisfied that this was more than "selling talk." In the latest raid Lieutenant Davis and his squad, which included federal officers, took into custody a man who said he was from Guatemala and Mrs. Elizabeth Hecht and seized a large quantity of imported wines and whiskeys.

Lieutenant Davis said Mrs. Hecht declared that the liquors found in her apartment were from foreign sources. He added that the man arrested had claimed ownership of the liquor and had protested against its seizure on the ground that it was the property of a diplomat.

Man and Woman Executed.

London.—Mrs. Edith Thompson and Frederick Bywaters were executed at 9 o'clock Monday for the murder of the woman's husband, Percy Thompson, on October 4 last. A dramatic last-hour effort was made on Mrs. Thompson's behalf by her solicitor, Mr. Stern, who hurried by automobile to the Shropshire country home of the secretary for home affairs, William C. Bridgeman, in an endeavor to obtain a stay of execution.

Alaskan Peak Spouts Fire.

Anchorage, Alaska.—The top of the Pavlov mountain, Aleutian peninsula, has been blown off by a volcanic eruption, according to wireless messages received here, which said the volcano had become active, lighting up the sky for many miles around with the glow from the crater, reflected by snow-capped peaks. The severe earthquake shock felt in this section December 30 is believed to have resulted from this volcano.

Los Angeles Swelter.

Los Angeles, Cal.—Heat records for January were broken here Monday, when the thermometer climbed to 90, driving pedestrians to the shady side of the street. Soda fountain operators reported an unseasonable rush of business.

Threat Made to Turks.

London.—A draft of the new east treaty will be presented to the Turks at Lausanne within a fortnight, it was said in official circles Monday. The Turks will be told to sign the document or to tear it in pieces and take the consequences.

FRANCE READY TO TAKE RUHR VALLEY

Rhine Army Awaits Poincare's
Word to Advance.

PLANS KEPT SECRET

Troops Confined to Quarters to Prevent
Clashes With Germans—
Men Called From Leave.

Paris.—France's Rhine army is gathering, to be ready to march when Premier Poincare gives the word for the carrying out of his still secret plan for seizing the Ruhr and the Rhineland.

Trains were crowded Sunday night with officers and men, hurriedly recalled from leave, returning to their posts, and M. Poincare conferred with M. Le Troquer, minister of public works, on final arrangements for the transportation of the civil and military forces.

The French troops on the Rhine have been ordered by General Degoutte to remain in their quarters wherever there appears to be any danger of clashes with the Germans and every precaution will be taken to avoid demonstrations.

There are several times the number of French forces in the Rhineland as are likely to be required for the Ruhr operations, but all the troops will be held in readiness for instant service, although there is nothing yet to justify the assumption of immediate action.

The details of the French plan remain a mystery, but M. Poincare has repeatedly described the proposed entrance to the Ruhr as chiefly the work of engineers and customs collectors. This is the nucleus, but the military support required necessarily depends upon the French estimate of what resistance the Germans may offer.

It is known also that the premier's original idea was modified to make it attractive to the British, but now that France is going in alone she is under no such restraint.

The government considers it desirable to have the reparations commission declare Germany in voluntary default on coal before acting.

Various considerations may cause Premier Poincare to delay the Ruhr operations until Germany's failure to pay the 500,000,000 gold marks on January 15 further strengthens his hand, but importance is attached to the commission's action on the gold question, which is taken to mean that he would consider recognition of a default in that respect as adequate.

Many of the French newspapers speak of action this week, but the government asserts that only the highest officials know and in exactly what manner the operations will begin.

Bergdoll Hunt Kept Up.

Wilmington, N. C.—Lest Grover C. Bergdoll may have concealed himself in the American steamer Aquarius in such a manner as to evade the recent search for him, department of justice agents will sail on the vessel when she leaves for New Orleans the latter part of this week, it was officially announced here.

Reports that the vessel had brought the draft dodger from Bremen resulted in her being searched on arrival here and members of the American Legion have been guarding her while she was unloading her cargo of potash.

Jobless File Protest.

London.—London Sunday was the scene of one of the largest demonstrations of unemployed witnessed in recent years. It was held under the auspices of the labor party and the trades unions. There also were 300 demonstrations by unemployed in various parts of the country.

Speeches were delivered and resolutions adopted demanding that the government call parliament into session and take other steps to remedy the unemployment situation. There were no disorders.

Corvallis Hens Ahead.

Corvallis, Or.—J. A. Hanson of this place has been awarded the special silver cup offered by the London Daily Mail for the best laying pen of foreign hens of the Mail's egg-laying contest. The contest has extended over a year. The Hanson hens were in competition with 189 pens from all over the world. Mr. Hanson also has a pen in competition with 100 other pens at the international contest being conducted at Lansing, Mich.



The MARDI GRAS MYSTERY

by
H. Bedford Jones

Illustrations by
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"YOUNG MAILLARD!"

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 Ledanola, 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 Ledanola, 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 shadowed by Lucie. Lucie talks with Fell about her affairs and the Masked Masquer. Gramont's chauffeur, Hammond, sergeant in the A. E. F., lives with him. He was the original Midnight Masquer, and Gramont had assumed the role. Where Hammond had been a robber for financial gain, Gramont, of course, is not. He arranges to return the "loot" to those whom he has robbed.

CHAPTER V—Continued.

"Well, I was followed today; at least, I think I was. And me tell you something about that same quiet little man! His name is Jachin Fell." "Heluva name," commented Hammond, and wrinkled up his brow. "Jachin, huh? Seems like I've heard the name before. Out of the Bible, ain't it? Something about Jachin and Boaz?"

"I imagine so," Gramont smiled as he replied. "This chap Fell is sharp, confoundingly sharp!" he went on, while the chauffeur listened with frowning intensity. I think that he is on to me, and is trying to get the goods on me."

"Oh!" said Hammond. "And someone was trailing you? Think he's put the bulls wise?"

Gramont shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know. He almost caught me last night. We'll have to get rid of that aviator's suit at once, and of the loot also. I suppose you've reconciled yourself to returning the stuff?"

Hammond stirred uneasily, and laid down his pipe.

"Look here, cap'n," he said, earnestly. "I wasn't runnin' a holdup game because I liked it, and I wasn't doing it for the fun of the thing, like you are. I was dead broke, I hadn't any hope left, and I didn't care a d—n whether I lived or died—that's on the dead! Right there, you come along and picked me up."

"You give me a job. What's more, you've treated me white, cap'n. You've given me something decent to live for—to make good because you got some faith in me! Why, when you went out on that first job of ours, d'you know it like broke me up? It did. Only, when we got home that night and you said it was all a joke, and you'd send back the loot later on, then I began to feel better about it."

Gramont nodded in comprehension of the other's feeling.

"It's not been altogether a joke, sergeant," he said, gravely. "To tell the truth, I did start it as a joke, but soon afterward I learned something that led me to keep it up. I kept it up until I could hit the Maillard house. It was my intention to turn up at the Comus ball, on Tuesday night, and there make public restitution of the stuff—but that's impossible now. I dare not risk it! That was Fell is too smart."

"You're not goin' to pull the trick again, then?" queried Hammond, eagerly.

"No, I'm through. I've got what I wanted. Still, I don't wish to return the stuff before Wednesday—Ash Wednesday, the end of the carnival season. Suppose you get out the loot and find me some boxes. And be sure they have no name on them or any store labels."

Hammond leaped up and vanished in the room adjoining. Presently he returned, bearing several cardboard boxes, which he dumped on the center table. "I'm blamed glad you're done, believe me!" he uttered, fervently, glancing up at Gramont. "Far's I'm concerned I don't care much, but I'd sure hate to see the bulls turn in a guy like you, cap'n. Here we are. Want me to keep each bunch separate, don't you?"

"Sure, I'll be writing some notes to go inside."

Gramont went to a huhl writing desk in the corner of the room, and sat down. He took out his notebook, tore off several sheets, and from his pocket produced a pencil having an extremely hard lead. He wrote a number of notes, which, except for the addresses, were identical in content:

"Dear Sir:

"I inclose herewith certain jewelry and articles, also currency, recently obtained by me under your kind auspices."

"I trust that you will assume the responsibility of returning these things to the various guests who lost them while under your roof. I regret any discomfort occasioned by my taking them as a loan, which I now return. Please convey to the several owners my profound esteem and my assurance that I shall not in future appear to trouble anyone, the carnival season having come to an end, and with it my little jest."

"THE MIDNIGHT MASQUER."

Gathering up these notes in his hand, Gramont went to the fireplace. He tossed the pencil into the fire, following it with the notebook.

"Can't take chances with that man Fell," he explained. "All ready, sergeant. Let's go down the list one by one."

From the trunk Hammond produced ticketed packages, which he placed on the table. Gramont selected one, opened it, carefully packed the contents in one of the boxes, placed the proper addressed note on top, and handed it to the chauffeur.

"Wrap it up and address it. Give the return address of John Smith, Bayou Teche."

One by one they went through the packages of loot in the same manner. Before them on the table, as they worked, glittered little heaps of rings, brooches, watches, currency; jewels



"All Wasted—the Whole Effort!" He
Murmured.

that flashed garishly with colored fires, historic and famous jewels plucked from the aristocratic heart of the southland, heirlooms of a past generation side by side with platinum crudities of the present fashion.

There had been hearthburnings in the loss of these things, Gramont knew. He could picture to himself something of what had followed his robberies: family quarrels, new purchases in the gem marts, bitter reproaches, fresh mortgages on old heritages, vexations of wealthy dowagers, shrugs of unconcern by the nouveaux riches; perchance lives altered—divorces—

"There's a lot of human life behind these baubles, sergeant," he reflected aloud, a cold smile upon his lips as he worked. "When they come back to their owners, I'd like to be hovering around in an invisible mantle to watch results! Could we only know it, we're probably affecting the lives of a great many people—for good and ill. These things stand for money; and there's nothing like money, or the lack of it, to guide the destinies of people."

"You said it," and Hammond grinned. "I'm here to prove it, ain't I? I ain't pulling no more gunplay, now I got me a steady job."

"And a steady friend, old man," added Gramont. "Did it occur to you that maybe I was as much in need of a friend as you were?"

He had come to the last box, now, that which must go to Joseph Maillard. On top of the money and scarfpins which he placed in the box he laid a thin packet of papers. He tapped them with his finger.

"Those papers, sergeant! To get them, I've been playing the whole game. To get them and not to let their owner suspect that I was after them! Now they're going back to their owner."

"Who's he?" demanded Hammond. "Young Maillard—son of the banker. He roped me into an oil company; caught me, like a sucker, almost the first week I was here. I put pretty near my whole wad into that company of his."

"You mean he stung you?" "Not yet," Gramont smiled coldly, harshly, "I fell right enough—but I'll come out on top of the heap."

The other frowned. "I don't get you, cap'n. Some kind o' stock deal?"

"Yes, and no," Gramont paused, and seemed to choose his words with care. "Miss Ledanola, the lady who was driving with us this afternoon, is an old friend of mine. I've known for some time that somebody was fleeing her. I suspected that it was Maillard the elder, for he has had the handling of her affairs for some time past. Now, however, those papers have given me the truth. He was straight enough with her; his son was the man."

"He worked on his father, made his father sell land owned by Miss Ledanola, and he himself reaped the profits. There are notes and stock issues among those papers that give his whole game away, to my eyes. By the way, get that tin box out of my trunk, will you? I want to take my stock certificates with me in the morning, and must not forget them."

Hammond disappeared into the adjoining room.

Gramont sat gazing at the boxes before him. He shook his head gloomily, and his eyes clouded.

"All wasted—the whole effort!" he murmured. "I thought it might lead to something, but all it has given me is the reward of saving myself and possibly retrieving Lucie. As for the larger game, the bigger quarry—it's all wasted. I haven't unraveled a single thread; the first real clue came to me tonight, purely by accident. Memphis Izzy Gumberts! That's the lead to follow! I'll get rid of this Midnight Masquer foolishness and go after the real game."

Gramont was to discover that it is not nearly so easy to be rid of folly as it is to don the jester's cap and bells; a fact which one Simplicissimus had discovered to his sorrow three hundred years earlier. But, as Gramont was not versed in the line of literature, he yet had the discovery ahead of him.

Hammond re-entered the room with the tin box, from which Gramont took his stock certificates issued by Bob Maillard's oil company. He pocketed the shares.

"I'll go to Maillard the banker—Joseph Maillard—first thing in the morning, and offer him my stock. He'll be mighty glad to get it at a discount, knowing that it is in his son's company. You see, the son doesn't confide in the old man particularly. I'll let the father win a little money on the deal with me, and by doing this I'll manage to save the greater part of my investment—"

"Holy mackerel!" Hammond exploded in a burst of laughter as he caught the idea. "Say, if this ain't the richest thing ever pulled! When the crash comes, the fancy kid will be stinging his dad good and hard, eh?"

"Exactly; and I think his dad can afford to be stung much better than I can," agreed Gramont, cheerfully. "Now let's take those packages and stow them away in the luggage compartment of the car. I'm getting nervous at the thought of having them around here, and they'll be perfectly safe there overnight—safer there than here, in fact. Tomorrow you can take the car out of town and send the packages by parcels post from some small town."

"In that way they ought to be delivered here on Wednesday. You'd better wear one of my suits, leaving your chauffeur's outfit here, and don't halt the car in front of the post office where you mail the packages—"

"I get you," assented Hammond, sagely. "But what about them aviator's clothes?"

"Take them with you—better get them wrapped up here and now. You can toss them into a ditch anywhere."

Hammond obeyed.

Ten minutes afterward the two men left the room, carrying the packages of loot and the bundle containing the aviator's uniform. They descended to the courtyard in the rear of the house. Here was a small garden, with a fountain in its center. Behind this were the stables, which had long been disused as such, and which were now occupied only by the car of Gramont.

It was with undisguised relief that Gramont now saw the stuff actually out of the house. Within the last few hours he had become intensely afraid of Jachin Fell. Concentrating himself upon the man, picking up information guardedly, he had that day assimilated many small items which increased his sense of peril from that quarter. Straws, no more, but quite significant straws. Gramont realized clearly that if the police ever searched his rooms and found this loot, he would be lost. There could be no excuse that would hold water for a minute against such evidence.

"Seen anything of an aviator's helmet around here?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Conscious Rectitude.
Pussywillow—I'm the cat that brings the birds.—New York Herald.

A wife is seldom jealous of her husband's first love after meeting her.