

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 has confirmed the nomination of Robert Wood Bliss of New York, now third assistant secretary of state, to be minister to Sweden.

Increase of 10 cents a hundred pounds in the price of refined cane sugar to \$7, effective Tuesday, was announced by the California-Hawaiian and the Western Refineries. A corresponding increase in the price of refined beet sugar to \$6.80 was announced by the Spreckels Sugar company.

A city-owned natural gas well was brought in by drillers on the grounds of the municipal hospital in Buffalo, N. Y., Tuesday, with an estimated flow of 500,000 cubic feet a day. Commissioner Perkins estimated the value of the flowing well at \$1,000,000.

The Spanish prisoners ransomed from the Moroccan rebels numbered 323, one of whom died on the journey from Alhucmas to Melilla, according to an official dispatch from the latter place. Approximately 100 of the prisoners required hospital treatment.

A bill intended to place the tax for highway maintenance on tires, instead of on gasoline, was introduced in the California legislature Tuesday by Assemblyman Baker of Los Angeles. "All tires use the highways, but all gasoline is not sold for motor cars," Mr. Baker said.

Representatives of former service men's organizations appeared Tuesday before the house interstate commerce committee to urge changes in the Sweet bill, amending the war risk insurance act so as to permit greater latitude in payment of compensation to hospital patients.

While Mrs. Carl Beuter of Napavine, Wash., was in the barn milking Tuesday night her three-year-old son took some matches into a clothes closet in the second story of the home and while playing set the house on fire. The flames spread rapidly, burning the house to the ground.

In an attempt to determine the basic cause for criminality among ex-soldiers of the world war, Governor Blaine of Wisconsin has written the governors of all states asking them to advise him as to conditions among the ex-service men confined in their prisons. The letters were mailed out recently.

A deficiency estimate of \$16,452,000 for the interior department was transmitted to congress Monday by President Harding. The largest item was \$16,000,000 for pensions, and it was explained that it resulted from the changed method of paying pensions from quarterly to monthly installments.

The heads of the late Czar Nicholas of Russia and of his family who met death with him at Ekaterinberg at the hands of revolutionists, are being preserved in alcohol in the Kremlin at Moscow, according to Captain Firmin, chief of staff of the Russian refugee fleet anchored at the Mariveles quarantine station near Manila.

The post-mortems are still coming in from the 1922 football season, showing it was the most profitable and successful in history. It is variously estimated that the combined net income to the athletic associations of the colleges and universities of the country, from football sources alone, aggregated between \$3,000,000 to \$3,500,000 for the last season.

Twenty Germans are reported to have been killed Monday when French soldiers were obliged to use their arms to protect themselves during a violent nationalist demonstration at Boppard, near Bingen, said the Echo de Paris. The newspaper said it had been impossible to obtain confirmation of the report on account of interruption of communication with the Rhineland.

One ten-thousandth of its pre-war value was the German mark's official rating in the Berlin Bourse Tuesday. There was a lively demand for dollars in the post-bourse trading on a basis of 45,000 and actual offers of 50,000 flat. For the first time in its careening downward flight, the mark rushed past the 40,000 notch, and it is believed to be making seven-league boot strides in an effort to overtake the Austrian crown.

APPROVE IMMIGRATION BILL

House Measure Provides for Japanese Exclusion—Other Aliens Hit.

Washington, D. C.—Exclusion of Japanese immigrants and a reduction in the percentage of aliens admissible from European countries would be provided for by sections of a proposed permanent immigration restriction act approved Monday by the house immigration committee.

Completion of the entire measure within a day or two and a prompt report to the house is the committee's plan.

Japanese exclusion would be made possible, it was explained, under a general provision of the bill, which sets forth that "an immigrant not eligible to citizenship shall not be admitted to the United States." To meet treaty stipulations, exceptions would be made in the cases of ministers of the gospel, professors of colleges, members of "any learned profession" and bona fide students, who seek to enter the United States solely for the purpose of study at an educational institution. Such students who married after entering the country would be deported, however.

Explaining the section of the bill which would provide for the exclusion of Japanese immigrants, Chairman Johnson said it was the purpose simply to translate into law the terms of the "gentlemen's agreement" between the United States and Japan affecting immigration from the latter country. In the past the executive branch has objected to attempts to deal with this question in general legislation by congress, but thus far there has been no announcement of objection in the present instance.

As affecting Europe and the near east the bill would reduce the quotas of immigrants from any one country in any one year to 400 and in addition 2 per cent of the number of foreign born individuals of such nationality resident in the United States as determined by the 1890 census.

Tidal Wave Takes Heavy Toll

Honolulu, T. H.—Between 10 and 12 persons were killed by the tidal waves in Hilo bay after Saturday's earthquake, which was reported to be between 2000 and 3000 miles away, it was estimated here Sunday.

The known dead include a child swept from a sampan and three Japanese fishermen who were trapped in the engine room of a sampan which, together with a scow, wrecked the railroad bridge across the Waikuku river. One of the fishermen was beheaded.

The damage at Hilo, according to a conservative estimate, was \$100,000. Several days will be required to ascertain the number of lives lost and the correct amount of the damage.

The Matson Navigation company's liner Matsonia touched the mud bottom once while in the grip of the tidal wave, but floated off with the next wave.

The escape of the Standard Oil company's tanker Doane was characterized by shipping men as remarkable. The ship was carried seaward from anchorage by an intruding wave, then carried back to safety by the recession.

Fraud Trials to Begin

Washington, D. C.—Charles W. Morse, New York shipbuilder, his three sons and eight others alleged to have been associated with him in war-time shipping contracts, went to trial before Justice Stafford in the criminal division of the District of Columbia supreme court, Tuesday, on charges of conspiracy to defraud the United States and the emergency fleet corporation.

Those who will go to trial besides Morse are Ervin, Benjamin and Harry Morse; Colin H. Livingstone, former president of the Virginia Shipbuilding corporation; George M. Burditt, attorney for the Morse interests; Nebemiah H. Campbell, of New York; Rupert M. Much of Augusta, Me., assistant secretary of the Virginia Shipbuilding corporation; W. W. Scott of Washington, attorney for the corporation, and Philip Reinhardt, Leonard D. Christie and Robert O. White, all officials in the Morse shipbuilding plans.

John D. Goes to Work

Ormond Beach, Fla.—John D. Rockefeller Sr. was feeling so much improved from his recent attack of bronchial trouble that only the uncertain weather, with occasional tropical showers, kept him off the golf links Monday, it was said at the Rockefeller home. Members of the household said the hoarseness he had as a result of his illness had not entirely left him, but he was up and attending to his correspondence.

Bandits Rob Theater

Oakland, Cal.—Automobile bandits, who blew open the safe of the State theater at Fourteenth and Broadway early Monday, obtained approximately \$5000, the police announced.

TURKS WON'T SIGN; WAR SEEMS NEAR

Peace Parley is Wrecked; Delegates Leave.

CURZON QUITS CITY

Diplomats Try to Line Up Ismet Pasha but "No" is Reply to All—Americans Also Fail.

Lausanne.—The Turks have refused to sign the Near Eastern peace treaty to the Near Eastern peace conference and the Near Eastern peace conference has definitely collapsed.

The Turks unqualifiedly rejected the capitulations and economic clauses of the treaty.

Lord Curzon, the chief British delegate, has left Lausanne. As the Turks emerged from the conference Sunday they told the Associated Press that peace seemed impossible.

The final session of the conference was dramatic in the extreme. Lord Curzon, M. Bompard and the Marquis di Garroni evoked the specter of war and declared the Turks would be responsible.

Practically the whole diplomatic world ran after Ismet Pasha, head of the Turkish delegation, trying to induce him to sign the treaty but Mustafa Kemal's favorite general, with gentle smile, was immovable. He said "no" to all—Americans, British, French and Italians.

The American representative, Ambassador Child, Joseph C. Grew and Rear-Admiral Bristol, called upon him after the break, in an endeavor to save the conference and Lord Curzon delayed his departure for a half hour in the hope that Ismet Pasha would change his mind, but all in vain.

The conference failed because the Turks refused to accept clauses concerning the future economic regime in Turkey, and to some extent, because they would not accept the allied formula dealing with juridical guarantees for foreigners, which were to replace the existing extraterritorial privileges.

Briefly, the Turks wanted to strike from the treaty all clauses binding them to recognize contracts and concessions granted by the old Ottoman empire. They maintained that they should be left free to study these questions and, if necessary, reopen negotiations concerning them with the interested countries and peoples.

They could not, they said, accept the economic burden imposed upon the new Ankara government by the old Turkish regime, which had handed out concessions right and left, in the form of capitulations; they insisted that vast concessions had been granted without fair return and they wanted the right to revise all of them.

Big Estate Inherited

Astoria, Or.—Word was received here Saturday that John Juola, a Columbia river fisherman, employed by the Union Fishermen's Co-operative Packing company, had fallen heir to several millions of dollars from the estate of an uncle, who died recently in New York city. Juola's son, when seen, refused either to confirm or deny the rumor, adding that the family did not wish to say anything about the matter until they had received further information.

Noted Actor is Dead

New York.—William H. Thompson, for more than 50 years a star in English and American drama and said to be dean of motion picture actors, died Sunday. He was 70 years old. Born in Scotland, he came to the United States in his youth and made his first appearance on the stage in the early 70s. During his career he played with many notables, including Maude Adams in "The Little Minister."

Aviatrix Hurt in Fall

Los Angeles, Cal.—Miss Bessie Colmar, Chicago aviatrix, fell 300 feet while making an exhibition flight between Los Angeles and Santa Monica Sunday and suffered a broken leg and general shock. Her plane was wrecked. She was taken to a hospital at Santa Monica.

General Kuroki Dies

Tokyo.—General Tamemoto Kuroki, one of the famous warriors of Japan, died Sunday of pneumonia. He was 73 years old.

The Mardi Gras Mystery

By H. BEDFORD-JONES

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CHAPTER VII—Continued.

"Very well. Do not plan to wear any jewels, Lucie. I have a set to lend you for the occasion—no, not a gift, merely a loan for the sake of Comus. They are very nice pearls; a little old fashioned, because they were mounted for the Princess de Lamballe, but you will find that they fit in excellently with your gown. I'll bring them with me when I call for you."

"And I'll tender fitting thanks then. One thing more: Henry Gramont is going to see you after luncheon, I think—on business. And I want you to be nice to him, Uncle Jachin."

"Most assuredly," said the other, dryly. "I should like to be associated in business with that young man. The firm would prosper."

Smiling, she hung up the receiver. Ten minutes later, when Gramont and Miss Ledanols entered the waiting car, Hammond saw the boxes that they carried. He stood beside the open door, paralyzed, his eyes fastened on the boxes, his mouth agape.

"To the post office, sergeant," said Gramont, then affected to observe his stupefaction. "Why, what's the matter?"

Hammond met his twinkling eyes, saw the laughter of Lucie, and swallowed hard.

"I—er—nothing at all, cap'n," he answered, hoarsely. "A—little chokin' spell, that's all. Post office? Yes, sir."

CHAPTER VIII.

Comus

From the time they left the Ledanols house with Lucie, Gramont had no opportunity of seeing his chauffeur in private until, later in the afternoon, he left the Maison Blanche building. He had enjoyed a thoroughly satisfactory interview with Jachin Fell. The car was waiting for him in Royal street, not far from the Monteleone, and Gramont approached it to find Hammond in deep worry over the outcome of the interview with Fell.

"Well, cap'n," he exclaimed, anxiously, as Gramont drew up. "You're smilin', so I guess it ain't a pinch!"

"Don't worry. The stuff is returned, and the matter is now closed. We can forget all about the Midnight Masquer. Now, there's another and more important thing that I want to speak with you about, a matter of business—"

"Hold on, cap'n!" interrupted Hammond, quietly, his eye on a spot behind Gramont. "One of your friends is headed over this way, and if I know anything about it, he's got blood in his eye."

Gramont turned, to see Bob Maillard approaching. The latter addressed him without any response to his greeting.

"Have you a moment to spare, Gramont?"

"All afternoon," answered Gramont, cheerfully. He affected not to observe Maillard's air of heavy business, nor the frowning suspicion that lurked half-veiled in the other's glowering features.

The two were standing a bit apart, and Hammond was fusing with one of the headlights, but Gramont suspected that the chauffeur was listening avidly. "I've just come from a talk with dad. How did it happen that you sold him that stock of yours in the company?"

Gramont smiled a little. "I happened to need the money. Why?"

"But why the devil didn't you hang on to that stock? Or if you needed money, why didn't you come to me?" exploded the other, angrily.

"Heavens!" drawled Gramont, who was quite willing to exasperate young Maillard to the limit. "You seem frightfully concerned about it! What's the big idea, anyway? I offered the stock to your father at a discount. He realized that it was a good buy, and took it. What's wrong with that?"

"Nothing wrong, if you put it that way," snapped Maillard, angrily. "But it's a confounded sly way of doing things—"

"Now, just wait right there!" Gramont's easy smile vanished. "I don't take that kind of talk, Maillard. I'm off in the morning to start work on that report I was engaged to make. When the report comes in, my resignation comes with it."

"All right. Let it come here and now, then." Maillard's tone was ugly. "If you're so blamed anxious to get out of the company, get out!"

"Thanks. I'll be glad to be relieved of the job." Gramont turned and addressed his chauffeur. "Hammond, you'll kindly remember this conversation, in case your future testimony is needed—"

"Confound you, what d'you mean talking that way?" broke out Maillard. "Do you suppose I'll deny you?"

"I don't care to have you offer any reflections on my actions, Maillard," said Gramont, evenly. "My course in this matter is perfectly open and above board, and is more than you can say for your doings."

"What?" Maillard clenched his stick and took a forward step, anger working in his face. "What the devil d'you mean?"

"Exactly what I say—and perhaps I can prove it. Remember the oil con-

cern to which you persuaded your precious father to sell some of Miss Ledanols' Bayou land? Remember the real estate company to which you persuaded him to sell her St. Landry parish property? You had interests in both concerns; I don't imagine you'd care to have your share in those transactions exposed. Further, I entirely understand your indignation over my getting rid of this stock before the crash, and it'll become you to assume any such attitude."

Maillard glared at him for a long moment, a red tide of rage flooding and ebbing from his heavy countenance. Then, mastering himself, he turned away without further speech.

Leaving Hammond to take the car home, Gramont headed for Canal street to mingle with the carnival crowd and revel in his new-found sense of freedom. Now that he was his own master, he felt like a new man. With a boyish abandon he tramped the streets merrily, exchanging jests and confetti, shoves and bladder-blows, laughs and kisses. Madness and reckless gaiety were in the very air, and Gramont drank deep of these youthful toques. When at last he wandered home to his pension, he was footsore, weary, disarranged and tousled—and very happy. The wine of human comradeship is a good wine.

That evening the Comus ball, the most exclusive revel of the most exclusive aristocracy of the southland, crowded the edifice in which it was held to capacity. Here evening dress was prescribed for all the guests. The Krewe of Comus alone were masked and costumed, in grotesque and magnificent costumes which had been in the making for months. The Krewe is to the South what the Bohemian club is to the western coast, with the added enhancement of mystery.

Despite the revels of the Krewe, however—despite the glittering jewels, the barbaric costumes, the music, the excitement—an indefinable air of regret, almost of sadness, pervaded the entire gathering. This feeling was something to be sensed, rather than

observed definitely. Some said, afterward, that it was a premonition of the terrible event that was to happen this night. Wrong! It was because, for the first time in many generations, the Comus ball was held in one of the newer public buildings instead of in its accustomed place. Everyone was speaking of it. Even Maillard the banker, that cold man of dollars, spoke uneasily of it when Gramont encountered him in the smoking room.

"It doesn't seem like Comus," said Maillard, with a vexed frown. "And to think that we had just finished redecorating the opera house when it was burned down! Comus will never be the same again."

"I didn't know you could feel such emotion for a ruined building, Maillard," said Gramont, lightly. The banker shrugged a trifle.

pair for Mardi Gras. It was itself—a landmark. Nothing else would ever be like it.

From his seat in the Laverne box Gramont contented himself during the early evening with the common role of all the "blackcoats"—that of looking on idly. More than once he saw Lucie Ledanols called out, among others of the fair sex, as a dancing partner for some member of the Krewe. None of the male guests, however, was allowed to participate in the festivity until Rex and his queen should arrive—at midnight; thus, Gramont saw almost nothing of Lucie during the evening.

While in search of smoking companions, Gramont encountered many of his acquaintances, and among them Doctor Ansley and Jachin Fell. The three strolled off together into one of the unused passages leading to other parts of the building. They opened a window and stood watching the crowd that surged in the street below, constantly increasing as the hour grew later, for the procession of Rex would be well worth seeing and nobody meant to miss anything upon this night of nights.

Suddenly, at the sound of an approaching footstep, the three men turned. The electric lights were going in all of the hallways, and they perceived that the individual approaching them was a member of the Krewe of Comus. He was also, it became evident, giving a share of his allegiance to Bacchus, for his feet were obviously unsteady. He was clad in a particular costume, which was crowned by an exaggerated head of Mephisto.

"Wonderin' who I am, aren't you?" he hiccuped. "Well, don't wonder; 'sall between ol' friends tonight. Tell you what, m' friends—come with me and I'll find you a I'll drink, eh? Real old Boone pinchneck—got it from some boys in Louisville, been savin' it up for tonight."

He wagged his head at them, and pursued his subject in a half-maudlin burst of confidential assurance.

"Havin' a little party in one of the rooms," he continued. "All of us friends—lots more fun than dancin'! And say! I'm going pull something great, positively great; you don't want to miss it, gentlemen! You come along with me and I'll fix it for you. Come on, Gramont, that's a good fellow! You'n I had a disagreement today—don't matter tonight, nothin' matters tonight, nothin' at all. Mardi Gras only comes once a year, eh? Come along, now."

Jachin Fell very civilly refused the invitation, as did the others. Gramont, who now recognized their accoster, was less civil in his refusal. Mephisto regarded them with vinous regret.

"No joyment in you, any more? Better come along. Tell you, I've got the biggest joke of the season ready to pull off—something rich! Gramont, come on!"

"Thanks, no," responded Gramont curtly.

The masquer gave up the struggle and moved on down the empty hallway.

"I wonder who that was, now?" mused Doctor Ansley, frowning. "Evidently someone who knew us; at least, he recognized you, Gramont."

"So it seemed," put it Jachin Fell. His tone, like his eyes, had a somber tinge. "A party of them drinking, eh? That will make trouble. The Krewe won't like it. Who was he, Gramont? Sounded like—"

"Young Maillard." At Gramont's response a whistle broke from Doctor Ansley. Jachin Fell nodded assent.

"You took the words out of my mouth. So Bob is drinking again, eh? Hello, Gramont—where to?"

Gramont tossed his cigar through the open window.

"I think I'll make my adieux, Fell. I intend to be up early in the morning and get off to work—"

"What?" protested Ansley in astonishment. "You must stay until Rex comes, at least! Why, that's the event of the carnival! The evening hasn't started yet."



"What the Devil D'You Mean?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The reason a man scratches his head when puzzled has never been satisfactorily accounted for by scientists.