

# 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.

Sir Auckland Geddes, the British ambassador, is confined to his bed at the embassy in Washington. He has a severe attack of grippe.

None of the Russian crown jewels was found in the coffin of Seaman James Jones when the body, buried in a Brooklyn cemetery, was disinterred Wednesday by the government.

The nomination of Colonel Walter A. Bethel to be judge advocate-general of the army, succeeding Major-General Enoch H. Crowder, was sent to the senate Tuesday by President Harding.

The British debt funding bill unexpectedly was given a clear field Tuesday in the senate and the administration shipping bill was formally side-tracked, temporarily, and possibly permanently.

Attorney-General Daugherty, who was ordered to bed for a rest three weeks ago, was said by his physician Wednesday to have so far recovered that he probably would resume his duties within another week or two.

The Hawley bill, authorizing an appropriation for the rebuilding of streets, sidewalks, sewers and water system of Astoria, Or., which were destroyed by the recent disastrous fire, came to its death in the house military affairs committee Tuesday.

Although he accidentally suffered a shock Tuesday of the same voltage ordinarily used in executing a criminal, according to university experts, Professor Fred J. Rogers of the physics department of Stanford university was little harmed. Approximately 3000 volts passed through his body.

The names of Colonel Francis C. Marshall and Lieutenant Charles L. Webber, who left Rockwell field, California, by airplane December 7 for Tuscon, Ariz., and have not been seen since, were dropped from the rolls of the army under date of February 9 by orders of the secretary of war.

The interallied commission, in behalf of the ambassadors' council, has dispatched a note to the Bulgarian government demanding that it specify immediately in what manner it intends to meet its reparations obligations and what guarantees it proposes to give for payment. The government has not replied.

The Florence Crittenton home in Spokane, Wash., was destroyed by fire Tuesday afternoon. Sixteen girls and eight babies in the structure escaped. The building, a frame structure of 25 rooms, recently was condemned by officials of the home association and was to have been abandoned soon. The loss was estimated at \$3000, fully covered by insurance.

Montreal Trinity church, oldest Anglican church in Canada, recently passed into the hands of Syrian Catholics, was destroyed by fire early Wednesday. The cause was not determined. The church was the 14th Catholic institution in Canada to be attacked by flames within the last year. It was built in 1865 and was sold last year to the Syrian Catholics for \$70,000.

The French ministry of marine is at work on a 20-year naval program, which provides for ship construction totaling 700,000 tons, the Matin says. This figure will include 65,000 tons in submarines and 60,000 tons in airplane depot ships. No battleships will be built during the first eight years, but the program provides for construction of six cruisers, 36 destroyers or torpedo boats and 34 submarines.

Thousands of men and youths who evaded the selective service law during the world war and are free are exempt from punishment by the government, under a ruling handed down in Cleveland Tuesday by Federal Judge Westenhaver, who declared the joint resolutions of congress, which the government has relied on to obviate the statute of limitations in the prosecution of "slackers" and draft evaders, is merely "an expression of legislative opinion."

## STATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Eugene.—New freight and passenger depots soon will be erected by the Southern Pacific company at Reedsport, according to residents of that place in Eugene.

Klamath Falls.—Deeds showing the purchase by the Weyerhaeuser Timber company of a 255-acre mill site at Texum, four miles south of here, were recorded late Saturday. The price was \$25,000.

Pendleton.—Nearly \$10,000,000 in personal property in Umatilla county is not taxed is the declaration of I. M. Schanep, county judge, who has issued a statement that a determined effort to collect taxes on this property would be made this year.

Toledo.—Drainage of 98 acres of valuable land in Lincoln county will result from the work of the county agent and the drainage specialist of the O. A. C. extension service, in the opinion of farmers who attended the drainage demonstrations last week.

Klamath Falls.—If the 31,000,000,000 feet of timber in Klamath county were available as lumber, it would build 1,550,000 cottages, enough to house 4,554,000 people, or more than the population of Texas, and one and one-half times the population of Chicago.

Prineville.—Plans are under way for the improvement of one main road leading from the Ochoco project, north of Prineville, to Prineville, by the Ochoco Farmers' association. A committee has been appointed to determine a main road which can be improved for all-year travel.

Salem.—The first break between Governor Pierce and his appointees occurred here Saturday when the executive wrote a letter to W. E. Crews, state corporation commissioner, demanding that salaries increased in that department during the past few weeks, be reduced immediately.

Roseburg.—Several hundred turkeys were sold Saturday by local growers who have been holding their birds off the market since Christmas. Many growers refused to sell at either the Thanksgiving or holiday season, expecting better prices in February. The birds brought from 28 to 31 cents.

Eugene.—Bids were opened Saturday for the clearing and grading of three and a half miles of the old territorial road at Holland hill near Crow, but no contract was let as two members of the county court were away. This section of improvement will eliminate the heavy grade on Holland hill.

Salem.—A boulder dedicated to the memory of pioneer fathers and mothers of Oregon will be unveiled by Chemeketa chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution on the state-house grounds on Washington's birthday, according to announcement by Mrs. U. G. Hopley, local regent of the organization.

Pendleton.—Fire loss for 1922 in the Umatilla national forest, one of the largest national forests in Oregon and Washington, was kept to the small total of \$605.12 on the forest proper, on which 671 acres were burned over. An additional 131 acres of private land was burned over. The cost of the fire fighting for 1922 was \$5,005.32.

Salem.—Representative Woodward has declined to accept his salary of \$135 for services as a member of the legislature. He wrote on the back of his check that the money was declined and he asked that it revert to the fund from which it came. Once in a while a legislator refuses to take his pay, but these occasions are decidedly rare.

Grants Pass.—Possibilities of a cannery coming to Grants Pass are bright. H. A. Kerr was here recently from Dayton, Or., and proposed to move his cannery from that place if a building can be found. It is possible that the plant can be installed in time for the present season's crops, should Mr. Kerr's interests definitely decide to come.

Pendleton.—Stockmen of eastern Oregon are enthusiastic over the prospects of securing the paid hunter plan of dealing with predatory animals and particularly with coyotes which cause big losses annually among sheep and cattle. The bill now before the legislature permitting eastern Oregon livestock sanitary board and the United States biological survey on predatory animal control work, is unanimously favored here.

Grants Pass.—The Grants Pass irrigation district will be the first of the projects in Oregon to which will be devoted the attention of the Oregon state chamber of commerce in its settlement and colonization programme, W. G. Ide, recently put in charge of this work by the state chamber, has arrived in Grants Pass and will list all lands within the district. The work will be taken up later by the Oregon Development league in its efforts to settle and colonize Oregon lands.

## TOMB IS LIKELY TO BE SHUT SOON

Treating Relics to Take Remainder of Season.

MUMMY TO REMAIN

In Fourth Chamber of Tutankhamen's Resting Place Riches Are Piled High on Floor.

Luxor, Egypt.—Each day adds to the wonders disclosed by further explorations into the tomb of the Pharaoh Tutankhamen. In the opinion of Howard Carter, who has charge of the excavation, two years of work are necessary for examination, registration, photographing and treatment of the treasures, which are described as "magnificent and unprecedented in the annals of Egyptology."

There is reason to believe that the tomb will be closed this week and left as it is, the excavators devoting the remainder of the season to preparing for removal of the objects now under treatment.

From early in the morning the track alongside the Nile leading to the Valley of the Kings was crowded and great numbers hastened in various conveyances to the scene of the excavations.

Lord Carnarvon, Howard Carter, Professor Bredsted, Professor Lacou and other noted Egyptologists had assembled early to supervise the arrangements for receiving the guests.

The damage done inside the tomb by thieves seems to have been far less than was anticipated. The canopy chamber itself apparently is almost untouched. The large size of the canopy, which to a great extent hides numerous inscriptions and decorations on the walls, has led Mr. Carter to think that it may cover other mummies in addition to that of Tutankhamen.

Entering through the breach into the inner chamber, which was brilliantly lighted by electric lamps, the visitors exclaimed with delight and astonishment at the beauties of the glorious shrine. Notwithstanding the heat and the closeness of the atmosphere, Queen Elizabeth remained for more than half an hour, plying her conductors with questions and expressing intense interest.

The queen is an enthusiastic Egyptologist and showed untiring interest in the relics, especially those in the inner annex, containing canopic jars of gold, adorned with figures of Isis.

In the fourth chamber, which is as big as the shrine room, untold riches are piled high, these including a great golden chest, innumerable boxes and jars, wine vessels, alabaster vases and two beautiful little statuettes of the king standing on a lion, heavily gilded, each about a foot high. On the ground alongside the canopy were found a number of paddles belonging to sacred model boats. These paddles are about four feet long.

The chariots in the annex were not set up, as first reported, but had been taken apart, like those discovered in the first chamber.

The two statuettes of Tutankhamen are particularly interesting. One shows the king wearing the crown of upper Egypt and the other the crown of lower Egypt, significant of his kingdom.

The chariots are small and not serviceable, like those in the outer chamber. They apparently are models. The chariots are covered with gold plate and inlaid with colored enamels and stones. The treasures of the inner chamber are bewildering in their number and riches. It will take a long time to examine and sort them. Noteworthy among these is a gilded box, six feet long by four feet wide, the contents of which are not known. Egyptologists are particularly interested in this box, as nothing like it has previously been found. They are evincing great curiosity regarding the contents of the box.

A number of other boxes also remain to be opened, but the cover of one which has been lifted revealed a pile of glittering jewels with gold settings, resembling those found previously, which are now in the Cairo museum. They are said, however, to excel in design and workmanship the jewels discovered earlier. Representatives of the press will be admitted to the tomb tomorrow.

Notable among the visitors was the widow of Hussein Kemal, sultan of Egypt, herself an enthusiastic Egyptologist, who has conducted excavations. After her came Ambassador Howell and other foreign ministers and several Egyptian ministers and Egyptian notables.

### Refugees Left Behind.

Manila, P. I.—United States army transport Chaumont sailed for San Francisco Sunday without carrying any of the 650 Russian refugees, brought here recently by Admiral Stark.

The Chaumont had been held here 36 hours pending word from Washington as to whether or not any of the refugees from Vladivostok might be taken to the United States.

## The Mardi Gras Mystery

By H. BEDFORD-JONES

Copyright by Doubleday, Page & Co. CHAPTER IX—Continued.

"Books be d—d!" snorted the chief, and leaped forward earnestly. "Look here, Fell! Do you believe in your heart that Maillard killed his father?"

Fell was silent a moment under that intent scrutiny.

"From the evidence, I am forced against my will to believe it," he said at last. "Of course, he'll be able to prove that he was not the Masquer on previous occasions; his alibi will take care of that. Up to the point of the murder, his story is all right. And, my friend, there is a chance—a very slim, tenuous chance—that his entire story is true. In that case, another person must have appeared as the Masquer, which seems unlikely."

"Or else," put in Ben Chacherre, smoothly, "the real original Masquer showed up!"

There was an instant silence. Jachin Fell regarded his henchman with steady gray eyes. Ben Chacherre met the look with almost a trace of defiance. The chief frowned darkly.

"Yes," said the chief. "That's the size of it, Fell. You're keepin' quiet about the name of the real Masquer; why?"

"Because," said Fell, calmly, "I happen to know that he was in the auditorium at the time of the murder."

Again silence. Ben Chacherre stared at Fell, with amazement and admiration in his gaze. "When the master lies, he lies magnificently!" he murmured in French.

"Well," and the chief gestured despairingly, "I guess that lets out the real Masquer, eh?"

"Exactly," assented Fell. "No use dragging his name into it. I'll keep at work on this, chief, and if anything turns up to clear young Maillard, I'll be very glad."

"All right," grunted the chief, and rose. "I'll be on my way."

He departed. Neither Fell nor Chacherre moved or spoke for a space. When at length the clang of the elevator door resounded through the deserted corridors Ben Chacherre slipped from his chair and went to the outer door. He glanced out into the hall, closed the door, and with a nod returned to his chair.

"Well?" Jachin Fell regarded him with intent, searching eyes. "Have you any light to throw on the occasion?"

Chacherre's usual air of cool impudence was never in evidence when he talked with Mr. Fell.

"No," he said, shaking his head. "Hammond worked on the car until about nine o'clock, then beat it to bed, I guess. I quit the job at ten, and his light had been out some time. Well, master, this is a queer affair! There's no doubt that Gramont pulled it, eh?"

"You think so?" asked Fell.

Chacherre made a gesture of assent. "When the tree falls, the kid can climb it! Any fool can see that Gramont was the man. Don't you think so yourself, master?"

Jachin Fell nodded.

"Yes. But we've no evidence—everything lies against young Maillard. Early in the morning Gramont goes to Paradis to examine that land of Miss



"Look Here, Fell! Do You Believe in Your Heart That Maillard Killed His Father?"

Ledanois' along the bayou. He'll probably say nothing of this murder to Hammond, and the chauffeur may not find out about it until a day or two—they get few newspapers down there.

"Drive down to Paradis in the morning, Ben; get into touch with Hammond, and discover what time Gramont got home tonight. Write me what you find out. Then take charge of things at the Gumberts place. Make sure that every car is handled right. A headquarters man from Mobile will be here tomorrow to trace the Nonpareil Twelve that Gramont now owns."

Chacherre whistled under his breath.

"What?"

Jachin Fell smiled slightly and nodded. "Yes. If Gramont remains at Paradis, I may send him on down there—I'm not sure yet. I intend to get something on that man Hammond."

"But you can't land him that way, master! He bought the car—"

"And who sold the car to the ga-

rage people? They bought it innocently." A peculiar smile twisted Fell's lips awry. "In fact, they bought it from a man named Hammond, as the evidence will show very clearly."

Ben Chacherre started, since he had sold that car himself. Then a slow grin came into his thin features—a grin that widened into a noiseless laugh.

"Master, you are magnificent!" he said, and rose. "Well, if there is nothing further on hand, I shall go to bed."

"An excellent program," said Jachin Fell, and took his hat from the desk. "I must get some sleep myself."

They left the office and the building together.

Three hours afterward the dawn had set in—a cold, gray and dismal dawn that rose upon a city littered with the aftermath of carnival. "Lean Wednesday" it was, in sober fact.

Thus far, the city in general was ignorant of the tragedy which had taken place at the very conclusion of its gayest carnival season. Within a few hours business and social circles would be swept by the fact of Joseph Maillard's murder, but at this early point of the day the city slept.

The morning papers, which today carried a news story that promised to shock and stun the entire community, were not yet distributed.

Rising before daylight, Henry Gramont and Hammond breakfasted early and were off by six in the car. They were well outside town and sweeping on their way to Terrebonne parish and the town of Paradis before they realized that the day was not going to brighten appreciably. Instead, it remained very cloudy and gloomy, with a chill threat of rain in the air.

Weather mattered little to Gramont. When finally the excellent highway was left behind, and they started on the last lap of their seventy-mile ride, they found the parish roads execrable and the going slow. Thus, noon was at hand when they at length pulled in to Paradis, the town closest to Lucie Ledanois' bayou land. The rain was still holding off.

"Too cold to rain," observed Gramont. "Let's hit for the hotel and get something to eat. I'll have to locate the land, which is somewhere near town."

They discovered the hotel to be an ancient structure, and boasting prices worthy of Lafitte and his buccaneers. As in many small towns of Louisiana, however, the food proved fit for a king. After a light luncheon of quail, crayfish bisque, and probably illegal venison, Gramont sighed regret that he could eat no more, and set about inquiring where the Ledanois farm lay.

There was very little, indeed, to Paradis, which lay on the bayou but well away from the railroad. It was a desolate spot, unpainted and unkempt. The parish seat of Houma had robbed it of all life and growth on the one hand; on the other, the new oil and gas district had not yet touched it.

Southward lay the swamp—fully forty miles of it, merging by degrees into the Gulf. Forty miles of cypress marsh and winding bayou, uncharted, unexplored save by occasional hunters or semi-occasional sheriffs. No man knew who or what might be in those swamps, and no one cared to know. The man who brought in fish or oysters in his skiff might be a bayou fisherman, and he might be a murderer wanted in ten states. Curiosity was apt to prove extremely unhealthy. Like the Atchafalaya, where chance travelers find themselves abruptly ordered elsewhere, the Terrebonne swamps have their own secrets and know how to keep them.

Gramont had no difficulty in locating the Ledanois land, and he found that it was by no means in the swamp. A part of it, lying closer to Houma, had been sold and was now included in the new oil district; it was this portion which Joseph Maillard had sold off.

The remainder, and the largest portion, lay north of Paradis and ran along the west bank of the bayou for half a mile. A long-abandoned farm, it was high ground, with the timber well cleared off and excellently located; but tenants were hard to get and shiftless when obtained, so that the place had not been farmed for the last five years or more. After getting these facts, Gramont consulted with Hammond.

"We'd better buy some grub here in town and arrange to stay a couple of nights on the farm, if necessary," he said. "There are some buildings there, so we'll find shelter. Along the bayou are summer cottages—I believe some of them rather pretentious places—and we ought to find the road pretty decent. It's only three or four miles out of town."

With some provisions piled in the car, they set forth. The road wound along the bayou side, past ancient Cajun farms and the squat homes of fishermen. Here and there had been placed camps and summer cottages, nesting amid groups of huge oaks and cypress, whose fronds of silver-gray moss hung in drooping clusters like pale and ghostly shrouds.

Watching the road closely, Gramont suddenly found the landmarks that had been described to him, and ordered Hammond to stop and turn in at a gap in the fence which had once been an entrance gate.

"Here we are! Those are the buildings off to the right. Whew! I should say it had been abandoned! Nothing much left but ruins. Go ahead!"

Before them, as they drove in from the road by a grass-covered drive, showed a house, shed, and barn amid

a cluster of towering trees. Indeed, trees were everywhere about the farm, which had grown up in a regular sapling forest. The buildings were in a ruinous state—chateaus hanging loosely, roofs dotted by gaping holes, doors and windows long since gone.

Leaving the car, Gramont, followed by the chauffeur, went to the front doorway and surveyed the wreckage inside.

"What do you say, Hammond? Think we can stop here, or go back to the hotel? It's not much of a run to town—"

Hammond pointed to a wide fireplace facing them.

"I can get this shack cleaned out in about half an hour—this one room, anyhow. When we get a fire going in there, and board up the windows and doors, we ought to be comfortable enough. But suit yourself, cap'n! It's your funeral!"

Gramont laughed. "All right. Go ahead and clean up, then, and if rain comes down we can camp here. Be sure and look for snakes and vermin. The floor seems sound, and if there's



"Think We Can Stop Here, or Go Back to the Hotel?"

plenty of moss on the trees, we can make up comfortable beds. Too bad you're not a fisherman, or we might get a fresh fish out of the bayou—"

"I got some tackle in town," and Hammond grinned widely.

"Good work! Then make yourself at home and go to it. We've most of the afternoon before us."

Gramont left the house, and headed down toward the bayou shore.

He took a letter from his pocket, opened it, and glanced over it anew. It was an old letter, one written him nearly two years previously by Lucie Ledanois. It had been written merely in the endeavor to distract the thoughts of a wounded soldier, to bring his mind to Louisiana, away from the stricken fields of France. In the letter Lucie had described some of the more interesting features of Bayou Terrebonne—the oyster and shrimp fleets, the Chinese and Filipino pilgrimages along the gulf, the far-spread cypress swamps; the bubbling fountains, natural curiosities, that broke up through the streams and bayous of the whole wide parish—fountains that were caused by gas seeping up from the earth's interior, and breaking through.

Gramont knew that plans were already afoot to tap this field of natural gas and pipe it to New Orleans. Oil had been found, too, and all the state was now oil-mad. Fortunes were being made daily, and other fortunes were being lost daily by those who dealt with oil stocks instead of with oil.

"Those gas fountains did the work!" reflected Gramont. "And according to this letter there's one of those fountains here in the bayou, close to her property. Just opposite the dock," she says. The first thing is to find the dock, then the fountain. After that, we'll decide if it's true mineral gas. If it is, then the work's done—for I'll sure take a chance on finding oil near it!"

Gramont came to the bayou and began searching his way along the thick and high fringe of bushes and siplings that grided the water's edge. Presently he came upon the ruined evidences of what had once been a small boat shed. Not far from this he found the dock referred to in the letter; nothing was left of it except a few spiles protruding from the surface of the water. But he had no need to look farther. Directly before him, he saw that which he was seeking.

A dozen feet out from shore the water was rising and falling in a continuous dome or fountain of highly charged bubbles that rose a foot above the surface. Gramont stared at it, motionless. He watched it for a space—then, abruptly, he started. It was a violent start, a start of sheer amazement and incredulity.

He leaped forward, staring no longer at the gas dome, but at the water closer inshore. For a moment he thought that his senses had deceived him, then he saw that the thing was there indeed, there beyond any doubt—a very faint trace of iridescent light that played over the surface of the water.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Cleaning Hint.

When you're cleaning house sprinkle the clothes closets with a little water in which tobacco has been steeped and then sprinkle with a little spirits of camphor. The latter destroys the odor of the former and together they will prevent annoyance by moths.