

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.

Of the 82 veterans of the war with Mexico still remaining on the United States pension rolls, 75 years after that war closed, four reside in Oregon.

William H. Schoon Sr., one of the most prominent steel manufacturers of the Pittsburg district, was found dead at his office Monday. There was a bullet hole in his head.

Investigation by the United States tariff commission into the relation of the tariff rates on sugar to the present increased sugar prices was ordered Tuesday by President Harding.

Charged with the theft of \$40,543 from his employers, Frederick W. Smith, secretary-treasurer of the Manitoba Rolling Mills company, pleaded guilty in police court Tuesday. Sentence was deferred until Thursday.

Fifteen cents a loaf—a 2-cent increase—was the price for virtually all brands of bread in Tacoma Monday following an agreement of bakers to move the price back to where it was less than a year ago. The 15-cent price applies to the 1½-pound loaf.

Twenty-four units of the Australian navy are to be disposed of, according to announcement by the director of naval intelligence. The vessels include the battle cruiser Australia, light cruiser Sydney, a number of destroyers and sloops and six submarines.

In an effort to curtail promiscuous drinking of intoxicating liquors on railway trains throughout the country, orders have been issued by Prohibition Commissioner Haines for the arrest of all persons traveling on trains who are caught drinking by federal agents.

The secretary of the interior has authorized the reclamation service to contract with the Bucyrus company of South Milwaukee, Wis., for the purchase of two electric-driven shovels at a cost of about \$100,000 for use on the McKay dam, Umatilla irrigation project in Oregon.

The Japanese diet was prorogued early Tuesday in the midst of a free fight, precipitated by a motion of the opposition to impeach the government. Trays and inkstands were flying through the air when, in the small hours of the morning, the speaker declared the session closed.

Reminiscences of old New York, in the days of Augustin Daly and the Union Square players of half a century ago, were revived Tuesday night when 500 persons representing all walks of life joined in paying tribute to John Drew, the actor. It was the occasion of Mr. Drew's 50th anniversary on the stage.

A revolution in gasoline motor engine construction is likely to develop from the perfection, announced Monday, after seven years of experimenting by S. B. Collier of Welch, Va., of a new internal combustion engine which tests so far have proved superior to present gasoline motors, whose efficiency it triples.

The slow upward climb of the farmers' purchasing power, the department of agriculture announced Tuesday, continued during February, with the index figure for the month 69 as compared with 68 in January. Prices of crops went up four points during the month, while prices of commodities other than food that farmers buy jumped two points.

One person in every 73 in the United States today is a confirmed drug addict, according to the reports of narcotic inspectors made to the treasury department, Garland W. Powell, national director of the Americanism commission of the American Legion, declared in an address at the Fathers' and Sons' association banquet in Indianapolis Tuesday night.

Miss Dellora Angell, youthful heiress to the estate of the late John W. Gates, estimated at \$38,000,000, and Lester Norris, son of a St. Charles, Ill., undertaker and childhood sweetheart of Miss Angell, are to be married this week, according to a report from R. F. Angell, the girl's father, who is with the family at Altadena, Cal. According to reports received here young Norris arrived at Los Angeles Friday on the way to his wedding.

ASSAILS SHORT-LINE VALUES

Judge Lovett Says Union Pacific Faces Menace by Rail Consolidation.

San Francisco.—Robert S. Lovett, chairman of the board of directors of the Union Pacific system, told the interstate commerce commission at a field hearing held Monday on the nationwide consolidation of railroads, under the Esch-Cummins bill, that the commission's valuation on short-line railroads would be "embarrassing" to larger purchasing lines.

Judge Lovett took advantage of the California hearing to get before the commission views which he was unable to express in Washington against the Holden plan for the consolidation of railroads, and advocated a merger of the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific Oregon route, the old Harriman combination, to compete with the Hill road consolidation advocated by Holden.

The suggested consolidation of the Southern Pacific with the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific railway would give the Southern Pacific a "100 per cent line to Chicago."

It would be a "great temptation" for the Southern Pacific to route its Ogden gateway traffic through the Rock Island to Chicago by "short hauling" the Union Pacific by the Denver & Rio Grande railroad to Denver, the witness said.

The Union Pacific, he said, would view such an arrangement as a violation of the Pacific-Railroad act of early days and the illegal diversion of traffic originating on the Central Pacific railroad area of the Southern Pacific system.

Judge Lovett was frankly pessimistic regarding the anticipated benefits of railway consolidations under the Esch-Cummins bill and suggested that the lines should be left to follow their national developments in acquiring extensions and feeders, subject to the approval of the commission.

C. M. Levey, president of the Western Pacific railroad, expressed the conviction that the Western Pacific should be left free to participate in the most profitable grouping under the Esch-Cummins act, but that it should also be part of a main competitive line to Chicago with connections through the Denver & Rio Grande and the Burlington road to Chicago.

The Western Pacific attitude is one which was created by reason of the fact that its stockholders are its former creditors. Under that condition, he continued, incentive for the development of the line was lacking as it now is constituted.

The Northwestern Pacific spurned the characterization of an orphan line given it early in the day, and W. S. Palmer, its president, said it had "two perfectly good parents," the Santa Fe and the Southern Pacific, which hold the lines under joint management and ownership. Shippers who use the line supported Mr. Palmer's testimony that it should be continued under the present management.

Origin of Coal Is Solved.

London.—Barton Scammell, president of the Radium Institute at Dover, asserts he has discovered the origin of coal. He has been engaged in research work with lava from Mount Vesuvius, which is being used as fertilizer, and says this led to the discovery that the layers of "bit"—the mysterious substance found on the top and bottom of all coal seams—are identical in analysis with lava.

The bit contains lime, iron, magnesium, potash and other elements required by plant life, and when made radioactive with solutions of radio phosphate of potash it absorbs nitrogen from the air and forms a perfect fertilizer.

The origin of coal thus is explained by Professor Scammell. It is a cellulose of trees and vegetable matter, carbonized by hot lava, thus forming coal and sunk into the depths of the earth by disturbances of the earth's crust at a remote period.

He asserts that conversion of the bit, now a waste product, into fertilizer, will enrich the mining and agricultural industries.

Mother Kills Two Tots.

New York.—Mrs. Rose Martelli Monday cut the throats of her 3-year-old son and 4-year-old daughter and then slashed her own throat. The children died.

Washington, D. C.—Owen A. Tomlinson Monday was appointed superintendent of Mount Rainier national park, Washington. He now is superintendent of the air mail service at Reno, Nev.

British Surplus Large.

London.—The government Saturday night issued the balance sheet of the United Kingdom for the fiscal year ending March 31. Total governmental revenues were 914,012,452 pounds and expenditures 812,496,604 pounds, leaving a surplus of 101,515,848 pounds.

5 GERMANS SLAIN IN ESSEN CLASH

French Open Fire When Attacked by Mob.

THIRTY ARE WOUNDED

Occupational Force Shoots to Kill When Shots Over Head Fall to Pacify 2000.

Essen.—Clashes between French soldiers and German workmen at the Krupp plant here Saturday resulted in the death of five or six of the Germans and the wounding of about 30.

According to the French version of the affair, a lieutenant and 11 soldiers who went to the Krupp works to requisition automobiles were set upon by a mob variously estimated at between 2000 and 3000, which was called together by the factory siren.

The mob showered stones upon the soldiers, the French said, while many workmen, armed with revolvers, fired shots.

The soldiers returned the fire, shooting over the heads of the mob at first, but when the workmen refused to disperse, finally aiming to kill.

When the skirmish was at its height an automobile bearing two French civilian engineers came along, and the fury of the workmen was shifted to them; they were attacked, badly beaten and severely wounded. The French also asserted that the watches, wallets, passports and identification papers of the engineers were stolen.

The automobile was smashed and the chauffeur took refuge among the little group of French soldiers, but before he was struck with several missiles. The engineers were taken inside the Krupp plant and severely manhandled. One of them, giving the name of Snowden, and speaking English, came off much better than M. Sauvey, the other, whose name and language are entirely French.

The French military commander in Essen, informed of the rioting, sent armored cars and tanks to the scene and the appearance of these machines caused the workmen to retreat behind the walls. The tanks entered and rescued the engineers and then stood by while the lieutenant and his 11 men went on with the work of requisition as instructed. The French say all the cars ordered taken are now in their possession.

The retreat of the German workmen in the face of the French reinforcements was conducted in good order, and they succeeded in carrying their dead and wounded into the main yard of the plant.

Rail Trestle Collapses.

Hilo, T. H.—The tracks of the Hawaii Consolidated railway above the mouth of the Waikuku river were left sagging a few feet above the water when 34 supports of the railway bridge disappeared in the stream. There were no fatalities.

While the cause was unknown, some persons attributed the "washout" to the effects of the tidal wave which struck Hilo last month.

Gasoline Output Grows.

Washington, D. C.—Establishment of a new monthly record for production of gasoline in the United States during January was announced Saturday by the interior department. Production aggregated 623,823,337 gallons, representing an increase of 39,000,000 gallons over the previous record month. Reports from the 301 refineries operating indicated that the national stock on February 1 amounted to 1,002,857,000 gallons.

Lejeune Coming West.

Washington, D. C.—Major-General Lejeune, commandant of the marine corps, left Monday on a month's inspection tour which will take him to the Pacific coast. He plans to go directly to San Francisco to inspect the Mare Island marine detachment and to the navy yard at Bremerton, Puget sound. The remainder of his itinerary has not been announced.

47,000 Miners to Strike.

London.—Forty-seven thousand miners in the Rhonda district of Wales will start a strike Tuesday with the object of forcing 5000 non-union miners to join the miners' federation. The trouble has come about through the surface men and stockers organizing into a union which the federation refused to recognize.

The Mardi Gras Mystery

By H. BEDFORD-JONES

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CHAPTER XII—Continued.

Gramont frowned. "What has that got to do with our present business?" "Quite a bit, I fancy." A thin smile curved the lips of Jachin Fell. "Maillard is not guilty of the murder—but you are."

"Liar!" Gramont started from his chair as those three words burned into him. "Liar! Why, you know that I went home—"

"Ah, wait!" Fell lifted his hand for peace. His voice was calm. "Ansley and I both saw you depart, certainly. We have since learned that you did not reach home until some time after midnight. You have positively no alibi, Gramont. You may allege, of course, that you were wandering the streets—"

"As I was!" cried Gramont, heatedly.

"Then prove it, my dear fellow; prove it—if you can. Now, we shall keep Lucie out of all this. What remains? I know that you were the Midnight Masquer. My man, Ben Chacherre, can prove by another man who accompanied him that the Masquer's loot was taken from your car. A diagraph in the private office, yonder, has a record of the talk between us of the other morning, in which you made patent confession to being the Masquer."

"Once let me hand this array of evidence over to the district attorney, and you will most certainly stand trial. And, if you do stand trial, I can promise you faithfully that you will meet conviction. I have friends, you see, and many of them are influential in such small matters."

It was not a nice smile that curved the lips of Fell.

Gramont choked back any response, holding himself to silence with a firm will. He dared say nothing, lest he say too much. He saw that Fell could indeed make trouble for him—and that he must strike his own blow at Fell without great delay. It was a battle, now; a fight to the end.

Fell regarded Gramont cheerfully, seeming to take this crushed silence as evidence of his own triumph.

"Further," he added, "your man Hammond is now in jail at Houma, as you know, for the murder of the sheriff. Now, my influence is not confined to this city, Gramont; I may be able to clear Hammond of this charge—if you decide to vote with me. I may keep what I know about the Midnight Masquer from the press and from the district attorney—if you decide to vote with me. You comprehend?"

Gramont nodded. He saw now why Fell wanted to "get something" on Hammond. Fell had rightly reasoned that Gramont would do more to save Hammond than to save himself.

"You think I murdered Maillard, then?" he asked.

"Gramont, I don't know what to think, and that's the honest truth!" answered Fell, with a steady regard. "But I am absolutely determined to put this oil deal across, to make Lucie Ledanois at least independent, if not wealthy. I can do it, I've made all my plans to do it, and—I will do it!"

"We'll hold another meeting day after tomorrow—Saturday morning," Fell rose. "That will give me time to conclude all arrangements. I trust, Mr. Gramont, that you will vote with me for the adjournment?"

"Yes," said Gramont, dully. "I will."

"Thank you," and Jachin Fell bowed slightly, not without a trace of mockery in his air.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Coin Falls Heads.

Gramont sat in his own room that afternoon. It seemed to him that he had been away from the city for weeks and months. Yet only a day had intervened. He sat fingering the only piece of mail that had come to him—a notice from the post of the American Legion which he had joined, to the effect that there would be a meeting that Thursday evening. Only Thursday! And tomorrow was Friday.

If he was to effect anything against the headquarters of Fell's gang he must act on the morrow or not at all. Gumberts was to be out there tomorrow. Gumberts would talk with the ratty little man of the projecting teeth and adenoids, would find Gramont had imposed upon the fellow, and there would be upheavals. The gang would take to flight, certainly, or at least make certain that Gramont's mouth was shut.

He sat fingering the postal from the Legion, and turning over events in his mind. Against Fell he had no particular animosity. All that the little gray man had done had been done with the thought of Lucie Ledanois as a spur.

"If I'm to strike a blow, I'll have to do it tomorrow—before noon tomorrow, also. I'll have to leave here mighty early, and get there before Gumberts does. What was it Hammond said that day about him—that nobody in the country had ever caught Memphis Izzy? I bet I could do it, and his whole gang with him—if I knew how. There's the rub! Fell won't hesitate a minute in having me arrested. And as he said, once he got me arrested, I'd be gone. He must be able to exert a powerful influence, that man!"

Should he strike or not? If he struck, he might expect the full weight of Jachin Fell's vengeance—unless his blow would include Fell among the victims.

Gramont was still pondering this dilemma when Ben Chacherre arrived.

Gramont heard the man's voice on the stairs. Ben's impudence, perhaps added to his name and the Creole French upon his lips, had carried him past the concierge unannounced, although not without a continued exchange of repartee that served to give Gramont warning of the visitor. Smiling grimly, Gramont drew a coin from his pocket, and flipped it.

The coin fell heads. He pocketed it again as Ben Chacherre knocked, and opened the door.

"Ah, Chacherre!" he exclaimed. "Come in."

Ben swaggered inside and closed the door.

"Brought a message for you, Mr. Gramont," he said, jauntily, and extended a note.

Gramont tore open the envelope and read a curt communication:

"Kindly let me know your answer as soon as possible. By tomorrow evening at latest. It will be necessary to arrange affairs for Saturday."

"JACHIN FELL."

To arrange affairs! Fell was taking for granted that Gramont would give an assent, under force of persuasion, to the scheme. He would probably have everything in readiness, and if assured by Friday night of Gramont's assent, would then pull his strings and perhaps complete the whole deal before the following Monday.

The meeting of the company had been adjourned to Saturday morning. Gramont thought a moment, then went to his huhl escritoire and opened it. Chacherre had already taken a seat. Gramont wrote:

"My Dear Mr. Fell:

"If you will arrange the company meeting for tomorrow evening, say nine o'clock, at your office, I think that everything may then be arranged. As I may not see Miss Ledanois in the meantime, will you be kind enough to assure her presence at the meeting?"

He addressed an envelope to Fell's office, and then stamped and pocketed it.

"Well, Chacherre," he said, rising and returning to the Creole, "any fur-



As He Did So, Gramont's Fist Caught Him Squarely on the Point of the Jaw.

ther news from Houma? They haven't found the real murderer yet?"

The other came to his feet with an exclamation of surprise. As he did so, Gramont's fist caught him squarely on the point of the jaw.

Chacherre crumpled back across his chair, senseless for the moment.

"I'm afraid to take any chances with you, my fine bird," said Gramont, rubbing his knuckles. "You're too clever by far, and too handy with your weapons."

He obtained cloths, and firmly bound the ankles and wrists of Chacherre. Not content with this, he placed the man in the chair and tied him to it with merciless knots. As he was finishing his task, Chacherre opened his eyes and gazed dazedly around.

"Awake at last, are you?" said Gramont, genially. He got his pipe, filled and lighted it. The eyes of Chacherre were now fastened upon him venomously. "To bed for you, Chacherre, that the coin fell heads up! That spelled action."

"Are you crazy?" muttered the other in French. Gramont laughed, and responded in the same tongue.

"It does look that way, doesn't it? You're slippery, but now you're caught."

Chacherre must have realized that he stood in danger. He checked a curse, and regarded Gramont with a steady coolness.

"Be careful!" he said, his voice deadly. "What do you mean by this?"

Gramont looked at him and puffed his pipe.

"The game's up, Ben," he observed. "I know all about the place down there—about the cars, and about the lottery. Your gang has had a pleasant time, eh? But now you and the others are going to do a little work for the state on the road gangs."

"Bah! Ca va rive semaine quatre zehudis!" spat Chacherre, contemptuously. "That will happen in the week

of four Thursdays, you fool! So you know about things, eh? My master will soon shut your mouth!"

"So?" queried Gramont, his brows lifted. "You seem much in Mr. Fell's confidence, Ben. But I think I'll leave you tied up a little while. Memphis Izzy is going down to his summer cottage tomorrow, isn't he? I'll be there—but you won't. By the way, I think I'd better look through your pockets."

Ben Chacherre writhed suddenly, hurling a storm of curses at Gramont. The latter, unheeding the contortions of his captive, searched the man thoroughly. Except for a roll of money, the pockets gave up little of interest. The only paper Gramont secured was a fresh telegraph blank. He would have passed this unheeded had he not noted a snaky fitting of Chacherre's eyes to it.

"Ah!" he said, pleasantly. "You appear to be interested in this, Ben. Pray, what is the secret?"

Chacherre merely glared at him, and a sudden exclamation broke from him. He held the bit of yellow paper to the light at varying angles.

"It's the most natural thing in the world," he said after a moment, "for a man to walk into a telegraph office, write out a telegram, and then find that he's torn two blanks instead of one from the pad on the desk. Eh? I've done it, often—and I've always put the extra blank into my pocket, Ben, thinking it might come in handy; just as you did, eh? Now, let's see!"

"You were excited when you wrote this, weren't you? You'd just thought of something very important, and you took care of it hurriedly—that made you jab your pencil pretty hard. Who's Dick Hearne at Houma? An agent of the bang there?"

Chacherre merely glared, sullenly defiant. Word by word, Gramont made out the message:

"Burn bundle under rear seat my car. Have done at once."

Gramont looked up and smiled thinly.

"Your car? Why, you left it in the garage at Gumberts' place, eh? That little roadster of Fell's, with the extra seat behind. If you'd been just a little bit cooler yesterday, Ben, you would have made fewer mistakes. It never occurred to you that other people might have been there in the bushes when the sheriff was murdered, eh?"

Chacherre went livid.

"It was another mistake to throw away your knife after you killed him," pursued Gramont, reflectively. "You should have held on to that knife, Ben. There's no blood, remember, on Hammond's knife—a hard thing for you and your friends to explain plausibly. Yet your knife is heavy with blood, which tests will show to be human blood. Also, the knife has your name on it; quite a handsome knife, too. On the whole, you must admit that you bungled the murder from start to finish—"

Chacherre broke in with a frightful oath—a frantically obscene storm of curses. So furious were his words that Gramont very efficiently gagged him with cloths, gagged him hard and fast.

"I think that I'll send another wire to Dick Hearne on this blank which you so thoughtfully provided. I'll order him, in your name, not to burn that bundle after all; I fancy it may prove of some value to me. And I'll also tell your friend—I suppose he has some familiar cognomen, such as Slippery Dick—to meet Henry Gramont at Houma early in the morning. I'd like to gather Dick in with the other gentlemen. I'll mention that you were kind enough to supply a few names and incidents."

At this last Ben Chacherre writhed anew, for it was a shrewd blow. He and his friends belonged to that class of crook which never "peaches." If by any mischance one of that class is jailed and convicted, he invariably takes his medicine silently, knowing that the whole gang is behind him, and that when he emerges from prison he will be sure to find money and friends and occupation awaiting him.

To know that he would be placed, in the estimation of the gang, in the same class with stool-pigeons, must have bitten deeper into Ben Chacherre than any other lish.

Gramont, meantime, was writing out the telegram to Dick Hearne. This finished, he got his hat and coat, and from the bureau drawer took an automatic pistol, which he pocketed. Then he smiled pleasantly at his prisoner.

"This evening, Ben, I think that I'll attend a meeting of my post of the American Legion. You don't belong to that organization by any chance? No, I'm quite sure you don't. Very few of your exclusive acquaintances do belong. Well, see you later! Work on those bonds all you like—you're quite safe. I'm curious to see what is in that bundle under the rear seat of your car; I have an idea that it may prove interesting. Good afternoon!"

Gramont closed the door, and left the house.

Going downtown, he mailed the letter to Fell, confident that the latter would receive it on the following morning; but he did not telephone Fell. He preferred to leave the absence of Chacherre unexplained, rightly judging that Fell would not be particularly anxious about the man. It was now Thursday evening. The meeting of the oil company would be held at nine on Friday evening. Between those two times Gramont figured on many things happening.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)