

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.

Fifty persons were killed and 20 wounded by an explosion at Anking, Anhwei province, China, incidental to the removal of ammunition from a powder magazine.

President Harding has purchased his birthplace—a farm in North Bloomfield township, Morrow county, Ohio—where, as a barefooted boy, he passed his childhood days.

A serious peasant rebellion against the soviet government has broken out in south Russia, according to advices received by the Ukraine representatives in Berne, Switzerland.

William Frizzell, 82, and Emma Barrett, 65, widower and widow, both of Cascade Locks, were married in Hood River, Or., Rev. Gabriel Sykes, pastor of Asbury Methodist church, officiating.

Judge William E. Dever, running on the democratic ticket, was elected mayor of Chicago over Arthur C. Leuder, republican, by a plurality of 103,748, according to complete unofficial returns.

According to reports in Hutchison, Kan., a tornado struck Partridge, this county, at 5:30 o'clock Monday evening. Half of the village is reported to have been blown away and several persons hurt.

Robert G. Goldie, British vice-consul at Naples, died Saturday of injuries inflicted by a man who attacked the official while he was visiting a grotto near the city in company with his wife, according to a dispatch from Naples.

Two aged sisters lost their lives in a fire which destroyed the interior of their home in St. Louis Wednesday and two other sisters were burned severely. The dead are: Miss Elizabeth Nicholson, 91 years of age, and Mrs. Lucy Lindsay, 95.

Secretary Hughes has informed the British, French, Italian and Greek governments, in identical notes handed their representatives in Washington, that the American Red Cross will terminate its emergency relief work in Greece on June 30 next.

The Earl of Carnarvon died peacefully at 2 o'clock Thursday morning. He was conscious almost to the end. His death was due to blood poisoning through the bite of an insect with the later development of pneumonia. Death occurred at the Continental hotel in Cairo.

James V. Martin of the Martin airplane factory, Long Island, alleging conspiracy to destroy his business, filed suit under the Clayton act in Washington, D. C., Wednesday to recover \$51,510,000 from the Manufacturers Aircraft association, Inc., 27 other corporations and 38 individuals.

Max Bachman, 60, former wealthy director of the Boston symphony orchestra and leader of his own orchestra at the Panama-Pacific exposition at San Francisco, died in the county hospital in Fresno, Cal., Tuesday, practically friendless and in poverty, hugging his favorite violin to his heart.

Fourteen persons are known to have been killed in a tornado which early Wednesday struck Pineville, La., and vicinity, across the Red river from Alexandria. At 10 o'clock a train arrived bringing the bodies of eight persons killed at Pineville and a sawmill settlement a mile east of that town.

Dr. W. Edgar, president of the Central sanitarium, and Bruno Suderman, who says he is the discoverer of a treatment for tuberculosis and diabetes, reported to the New York police Tuesday that they, with Mrs. Edgar, were held up in their automobile by outlaws. The robbers took the only copy of Suderman's formula and jewelry, they said.

The federal farm loan board called for redemption May 1 of all outstanding bonds of the 12 farm banks issued May 1, 1918. The total of the issue by the 12 banks is \$55,022,000. The action of the farm loan board in calling all of the 1918 issue of land bank bonds for redemption was accepted as foreshadowing an early issue of new bonds at a lower rate of interest than the 5 per cent rate carried by the obligations which are to be retired.

MINIMUM WAGE LAW ILLEGAL

District of Columbia Law Is Upset by U. S. Supreme Court.

Washington, D. C.—Wages cannot be fixed by law, under the constitution as it now stands, the supreme court, dividing 5 to 3, held Monday in a case brought to test the constitutionality of an act of congress fixing minimum wages for women and minor girls in the District of Columbia.

The decision was delivered by Justice Sutherland, Justices McKenna, Van Devanter, McReynolds and Butler joining with him. Chief Justice Taft delivered a dissenting opinion for himself and Justice Sanford, while Justice Holmes read a dissenting opinion which followed in its main features that of Chief Justice Taft. Justice Brandeis did not participate in the decision.

The majority based its position broadly upon the right of contract, insisting that while laws could be enforced to regulate working conditions, the employer and the employee must be free of legal restraint in determining between themselves what wages are acceptable.

The minority contended that there was no greater police power in congress and the state legislature to regulate working conditions than to regulate wages, and that as there had been wide uniformity in holding that working conditions could be prescribed by law-making bodies, it followed, in their judgment, that wages were also a proper subject for legislation.

Justice Sutherland pointed out in the majority opinion that the minimum wage law was "attacked upon the ground that it authorizes an unconstitutional interference with the freedom of contract included within the guarantees of the due process clause of the fifth amendment." The right to contract "about one's affairs," he stated, "is part of the liberty of the individual protected by this clause."

The fact, he asserted, was "settled by the decisions of this court and is no longer open to question." "Within this liberty are contracts of employment of labor," the opinion continued. "In making such contracts, generally speaking, the parties have an equal right to obtain from each other the best terms they can as the result of private bargaining."

Legislative authority to abridge the right of contract can be justified, Justice Sutherland stated, only by the existence of exceptional circumstances. Among the exceptions to the broad rule which had been sustained by the courts, he said, were statutes fixing rates to be exacted by business impressed with a public interest, those relating to contracts for the performance of public work, those prescribing the character, methods and time of payment of wages and those fixing the hours of labor.

Justice Sutherland declared the law under attack was not one "dealing with any business charged with a public interest or with public work or to meet and tide over a temporary emergency."

Three Months' Building Costs \$1,250,000,000

New York. — One billion and a quarter dollars' worth of building permits, the greatest amount for a similar period in the nation's history, were taken out throughout the country during January, February and March. S. W. Strauss & Co. announced Tuesday. All records for March alone were broken. \$420,851,343 worth of work being authorized in 205 cities, a gain of \$161,357,012, or 62 per cent over March of last year.

These figures, the company estimated, indicated a total of \$600,000,000 throughout the nation for March. The gain in the eastern states was 41 per cent, central 75 per cent, southern 64 per cent and Pacific western 171 per cent.

Two Slain in Memel Fray.

Berlin.—Two Germans have been killed during disturbances in which the German and Lithuanian factions in Memel were involved, according to special dispatches to the Berlin newspapers Tuesday.

Machine guns are alleged to have been brought into play by the Lithuanians in dispersing a German meeting held in protest against the incorporation of the Memel region into Lithuania.

Cars for West Sought.

Washington, D. C.—Steps to build up transportation facilities for the next harvest in the west will be taken at a meeting here Tuesday of railroad officials with the car service division of the American Railway association. Efforts will be made, the association announced today, to formulate definite plans for assuring whatever rolling stock is needed to meet agricultural and industrial requirements.

SAWMILLS SPEED ON 24-HOUR BASIS

Three 8-Hour Shifts Run to Fill Increasing Demands.

OUTPUT AT HIGH PEAK

Building Activity in California and Reopening of Northwest Mines Big Boon to Market.

Portland.—For the first time in the history of the lumber industry in Oregon mills located in the Columbia river district have found it necessary to operate 24 hours a day in order to keep up with the demands for timber products. For the past week the Inman Poulson Lumber company here has been operating three daily eight-hour shifts. The Westport Lumber company on the Columbia has been doing likewise.

Both of these mills sell the majority of their products to the export trade. Orders from the orient, Australia, South America and other points have been so large and have continued to increase to such an extent that it has been impossible to fill them without employing an extra shift of men. Other mills in the northwest are running extra shifts.

Yard stocks are exceedingly low everywhere and lumber moves out to purchasers almost as fast as it goes through the plants. Other mills may find it necessary to employ additional shifts. Many are now operating 16 hours a day and at that have to reject orders due to inability to fill them.

Last week the production of lumber by the mills of the northwest was greatly in excess of normal and at the same time there was a demand that was greater, by far, than production. Shipments were in excess of orders, thus indicating that the problem of transportation, either by rail or by water, is no longer a worry of the manufacturer. However, there is very little excuse for freight cars of any type to be on sidings and idle these days—they can find domestic shipments at the several hundred mills that are operating to capacity in the northwest.

A new demand for lumber has been felt recently from the copper mining districts. Due to an improvement in the copper market many of the mines that have been experiencing little prosperity for a long period of time are now opening. They are calling for heavy timbers for construction and are using much rough lumber. The recent report of the federal reserve agent at San Francisco shows that 15 big copper mines of the intermountain country are now operating, whereas in 1920 at about the same time only eight were open.

Woman Burns Herself.

Miami, Fla.—Crazed with pain of long illness, which three operations had failed to alleviate, Mrs. Helen Simms, 46, of Miami, drenched herself with kerosene Sunday night, lit a match to her clothing, screamed once and was dead.

Police at first worked on the theory that the woman had been murdered and because of her smallness of stature believed her to be but 16 years old.

Coal Strike Is Over.

Cardiff, Wales.—The striking miners in the Rhondda coal fields held a meeting late Sunday night and settled their differences. Work, therefore, will be resumed tomorrow. The mines employ about 46,000 men.

It was stated at the meeting that practically all the non-union miners now had joined the union.

Revenues Beat Costs.

Washington, D. C.—Wyoming had an excess of \$7.82 per capita of revenue receipts over governmental costs for 1922, the census bureau announced Saturday. The state's net indebtedness was \$18.37 per capita, compared with 56 cents in 1917, the increase having been due largely to issuance of highway construction bonds.

Soviet Frontier Fixed.

Riga.—After two years spent by a mixed commission of Latvians and Russians in demarcating the Russo-Latvian frontier, the final agreement was signed here Saturday.

This is said to be the first definitely fixed frontier agreement signed by soviet Russia.

The
**Mardi Gras
Mystery**

By
H. BEDFORD-JONES

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CHAPTER XIV —20— Chacherre's Bundle.

It was seven in the morning when Henry Gramont drove his car into Houma.

In the wire which he had sent over Chacherre's signature he had commanded Dick Hearne to meet Gramont at about this time at a restaurant near the court house. Putting his car at the curb, Gramont went into the restaurant and ordered a hasty breakfast. He had brought with him copies of the morning papers, and was perusing the accounts of Bob Maillard's pitifully weak story regarding his father's murder, when a stranger stopped beside him.

"Gramont?" said the other. "Thought it was you. Hearne's my name—I had orders to meet you. What's up?"

The other man dropped into the chair opposite Gramont, who put away his papers. Hearne was a sleek individual of pasty complexion who evidently served the gang in no better light than as a go-between and runner of errands. That he suspected nothing was plain from his casual manner, although he had never seen Gramont previously.

"Business," said Gramont, leaning back to let the waitress serve his breakfast. When she had departed, he attacked it hungrily. "You got Chacherre's wire about the stuff in his car? Was it burned?"

"No. He countermanded it just as I was hiring a car to go over to Paradise," said Hearne. "What's stirrin', anyhow?"

"Plenty. Memphis Izzy's coming down today. When'll he get in?"

"He'll go direct to the other place, won't come here. Oh, I reckon he'll get there along about nine this morning. Why?"

"We'll have to go over there to meet him," said Gramont. "I stopped in here to pick you up. Hammond is still safe in jail?"

"Sure." Hearne laughed evilly. "I don't guess he'll get out in a hurry, neither!"

"Chacherre was pinched last night for the murder," said Gramont, watching the other.

"The h—ll!" Hearne looked astonished, then relaxed and laughed again. "Some fly cop will sure lose his buttons, then! They ain't got nothin' on him."

"I heard they had plenty."

"Don't worry," Hearne waved a hand grandiloquently. "The boss is solid with the bunca up to Baton Rouge, and they'll take care of everybody. So old Ben got pinched, huh? That's one joke, man!"

Gramont's worst suspicions were confirmed by the attitude of Hearne, who plainly considered that the entire gang had nothing to fear from the law. Chacherre's boasts were backed up solidly. It was obvious to Gramont that the ramifications of the gang extended very high up, indeed.

"Better cut out the talk," he said, curtly, "until we get out of here."

Hearne nodded and rolled a cigarette.

When his hasty meal was finished, Gramont paid at the counter and led the way outside. He motioned toward the car, and Hearne obediently climbed in, being evidently of so little account in the gang that he was accustomed to taking orders from everyone.

Gramont headed out of town and took the Paradise road. Before he had driven a mile, however, he halted the car, climbed out, and lifted one side of the hood.

"Give me those rags from the bottom of the car, Hearne," he said, briefly.

The other obeyed. As Gramont made no move to come and get them, Hearne got out of the car; then Gramont rose from the engine unexpectedly, and Hearne looked into a pistol.

"Hold out your hands behind you and turn around!" snapped Gramont. "No talk!"

Hearne uttered an oath, but as the pistol jerked at him he obeyed the command. Gramont took the strip of cloth, which he had previously prepared, and bound the man's wrists.

"These are better than handcuffs," he commented. "Too many slick individuals can get rid of bracelets—but you'll have one man's job to get rid of these! Oh! a gun in your pocket, eh? Thanks."

"What tell you don't?" exclaimed the bewildered Hearne.

"Placing you under arrest," said Gramont, cheerfully.

"Here, where's your warrant? You ain't no dick—"

under the wheel again and proceeded on his way. Hearne's lashings were inconspicuous to any one whom the car passed.

It was a little after eight in the morning when Gramont drove into Paradise. He noticed that two large automobiles were standing in front of the post office, and that about them were a group of men who eyed him and his car with some interest. Paying no attention to these, he drove on through the town without a halt.

Sweeping out along the north road, he encountered no one. When at length he reached the Ledanos farm he drove in toward the deserted house and parked the car among some trees where it could not be seen from the road.

Leaving the car, Gramont took his way toward the bank of the bayou and followed this in the direction of the adjoining property.

He went on to an opening in the bushes which, over the low rail fence, gave him a clear view of the Gumberts property. There he paused, quickly drew back, and gained a point whence he could see without danger of his presence being discovered. He settled into immobility and watched.

That Memphis Izzy himself had not yet arrived, he was fairly certain. Near the barn were drawn up two flyovers, and sitting in chairs on the cottage veranda were three men who must have come in these cars. Gramont had come provided with binoculars, and got these out. He was not long in discovering that all three men on the veranda were strangers to him. They, no doubt, were men in the lottery game, waiting for Gumberts to arrive. Gramont turned his attention to the other buildings.

Both the barn and shop were open, and the buzzing thrum of machinery bore witness that the mechanics were hard at work upon the stolen cars. Gramont thought of Ben Chacherre, still tied and lashed to the chair in his room, and wondered what was to be found under the rear seat of Ben's car. He could see the car from where he lay.

Almost on his thought, a high-powered and noiseless car came sweeping down the road and he knew at once that Memphis Izzy had arrived. He knew it intuitively, even before he obtained a good glimpse of the broad, heavy figure and the dominating features. Memphis Izzy was far from handsome, but he possessed character.

"Where's the Goog?" As he left the car, which he had driven himself, Gumberts lifted his voice in a bull-like roar that carried clearly to Gramont. "Where's Charlie the Goog?"

The mechanics appeared hurriedly. One of them, no other than Gramont's friend of the adonoidal aspect, who seemed to own the mellifluous title of Charlie the Goog, hastened to the side of Gumberts, and the latter gave him evident directions regarding some repair to the car. Then, turning, Memphis Izzy strode to the cottage. He nodded greetings to the four men who awaited him, took a bunch of keys from his pocket and opened the cottage door. All five vanished within.

Gramont rose. A moment previously, fever had thrilled him; the excitement of the manhunt had held him trembling. Now he was cool again, his fingers touching the pistol in his pocket, his eyes steady. He glanced at his watch and nodded.

"It's time!" he murmured. "Let's hope there'll be no slipup! All ready, Memphis Izzy. So am I. Let's go!"

Unhurried and openly, he advanced, making his leisurely way toward the barn and shop. Charlie the Goog, who was bent over the car of Gumberts, was first to discern his approach, and straightened up. Gramont waved his hand in greeting. Charlie the Goog turned his head and called his brethren, who came into sight, staring at Gramont.

The latter realized that if he passed them the game was won. If they stopped him, he bade fair to lose everything.

"Hello, boys!" he called, cheerily, as he drew near. "I came out on an errand for the boss—got a message for Gumberts. Where is he? In the house?"

The others nodded, plainly mistrusting him, yet puzzled by his careless manner and his reference to Fell.

"Sure," answered Charlie the Goog. "Go right in—he's in the big front room."

"Thanks."

Gramont continued his way, conscious that they were staring after him. If there was anything phony about him, they evidently considered that Memphis Izzy would take care of the matter very ably.

The steps of the cottage porch creaked protestingly as Gramont ascended them. Perhaps Memphis Izzy recognized an unaccustomed footstep; perhaps that conversation outside had penetrated to him. Gramont entered the front door into the hall, and as he did so, Gumberts opened the door on his right and stood gazing at him—rather, glaring.

"Who're you?" he demanded, roughly.

"Come out with a message from Mr. Fell," responded Gramont at once. "Brought some orders, I should say—"

The sixth sense of Memphis Izzy, which had carried him uncaught into a grizzled age, must have flashed a warning to his crook's brain. In the man's eyes Gramont read a surge of suspicion and knew that his bluff could be worked no longer.

"Here's his note," he said, and reached into his pocket.

Gumberts' hand flashed down, but halted as Gramont's pistol covered him.

lug the room and the men inside. Startled, all four of them had risen and were staring at him. In his other hand he produced an automatic which he had taken from Dick Hearne.

"The first word from any of you gentlemen," he declared, "will draw a shot. I'm doing all the talking here. Savvy?"

They stood staring, paralyzed by this apparition. They had been sitting about the table, which was heaped with papers and with packages of money. A large safe in the wall stood open. Beside the table was a small mail sack, partially emptied of its contents; torn envelopes littered the floor.

That this was the headquarters of at least a section of the lottery gang Gramont saw without need of explanation.

"You're under arrest," said Gramont, quietly. "The game's up, Gumberts. Hands up, all of you! Dick Hearne has peached on the whole gang, and from the boss down you're all in for a term in stir. You with the derby! Take Gumberts' gun, and those of your companions, then your own; throw 'em on the floor in the corner, and if you make the wrong kind of a move, heaven help you! Step lively, there!"

Each man there had a revolver or pistol, and one by one the weapons clattered into the corner. Gumberts stood motionless, licking his thick lips, unuttered curses in his glaring eyes. And in that instant Gramont heard the porch steps creak and caught a low, startled cry.

"Hey, boss! They's a gang comin' on the run—"

It was Charlie the Goog, bursting in upon them in wild haste. Gramont stepped into the room and turned slightly, covering with one of his weapons the intruder, who stood aghast in the doorway as he comprehended the scene.

No words passed. Staring at the five men, then at Gramont, the adonoidal mechanic gulped once—and like a flash acted. He ducked low and fired from his pocket. Gramont fired at the same instant, and the heavy bullet, catching Charlie the Goog squarely in the chest, hurled his body half across the room.

With the shots Memphis Izzy flung himself forward in a headlong rush. That desperate shot of the little mechanic had broken Gramont's right arm above the wrist; before he could fire a second time, with the weapon in his left hand, Gumberts had wrested the pistol aside and was struggling with him. The other four came into the melee full weight.

Gramont went down under a crashing blow. Over him leaped Memphis Izzy and rushed into the doorway—then stopped with astounding abruptness and lifted his arms. After him the other four followed suit. Two men, panting a little, stood outside the door and covered them with shotguns.

"Tie 'em, boys," said Gramont, rising dizzily to his feet. "No, I'm not hurt—my arm's broken, I think, but let that wait. Got the ones outside?"

A stamping of feet filled the hall, and two men appeared there.

"Got two of 'em, Gramont!" responded the leader. "The third slipped in here—ah, there he is!"

Poor Charlie the Goog lay dead on the floor—a touch of heroic tragedy in his last desperate action; the one great action of his life, possibly. He had realized that it meant doom, yet he had done what he could.

"I think that's all," said Gramont. "We've sure made a killing, boys—and it's a good thing you jumped in to the minute! A second later and they'd have done for me. Take care of that evidence, will you? Get that mail sack and the letters particularly; if they've been working their lottery outside the state, it'll be a federal matter."

Gumberts, who was being tied up with his friends, uttered a hoarse cry.

"Who are you guys? You can't do this without authority—"

"Don't be silly, Memphis Izzy," said Gramont, smiling a little, then twitching to the pain of his arm. "These friends of mine are members with me of the American Legion, and they've come along at my request to put you crooks where you belong. As for authority, you can ask and go hang."

"Here, boys, I've got to get out to that barn. Come along, some of you!"

He led the way out to the barn and, the others trooping in behind him, entered. He pointed out the car which had brought Chacherre here previously, and ordered the extra seat in the back opened up.

"I think there's a bundle inside," he said. "What's in it, I don't know—"

"Here we are, cap."

A bundle was produced, and opened. In it was found the aviator's costume which Gramont had worn as the Midnight Masquer, and which Chacherre had stolen with the loot. Wrapped among the leather garments was an automatic pistol.

Gramont stood aghast before this discovery, as realization of what it meant broke full upon him.

"Good lord!" he exclaimed, amazedly. "Boys—why, it must have been Ben Chacherre who killed Maillard! See if that pistol has been used—"

The Midnight Masquer had fired two bullets into Maillard. Two cartridges were gone from this automatic.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

In the Hands of Friends.

"When you leave yourself in the hands of your friends are you sure you can trust them?"

"No," replied Senator Sorghum. "Some of them are liable at any moment to go out behind my back and dig up all kinds of needful campaign funds in a manner that I should highly disapprove of if I knew about it."

His Scattered Acquaintance.

She—"What were you doing after the accident?"

He—Scraping up an acquaintance.