

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.

An advisory committee of 15 builders, architects and bankers met Tuesday to devise a plan to relieve the acute building crisis in New York and check abnormally high wages and cost of material.

Charles E. Ruthenberg of Cleveland Wednesday was found guilty of violating the Michigan law against criminal syndicalism. Ruthenberg faces a prison sentence of 10 years or a fine of \$5000, or both.

All the records pertaining to 18 months' activities of the American vice-consulate at Chita were destroyed when the baggage car in which the documents were being shipped out of the soviet territory was burned.

A general exodus of the rum fleet that has been off the New Jersey coast for several months began late Wednesday when the British tanker Warszawa and the yacht Istar got up steam and sailed out to sea. Both were out of sight by dark.

Miss Koste Fultz of Newellton, La., admitted Tuesday, according to United States Commissioner Baas, that she recently mailed a newly-born infant from Scott, La., where she was teaching school, to a fictitious person at Duncan, Okla. She is charged with murder.

Edgar I. Fuller of Omaha, ex-Ku Klux Klan kliegale of the realm of northern California, has announced that Mayor James C. Dahlman had been elected "grand dictator," or national head of the "Fascists of America," which Fuller recently said was being organized to combat the Klan.

Germany has placed her latest proposals respecting reparations in the hands of the allied powers and the United States. Their chief feature is an offer of 30,000,000,000 gold marks in payment of her obligations under the treaty of Versailles. The payment of this amount, however, is dependent on the raising of a loan.

Emilio Piccarillo—the Tmeror Pic to the rum-running fraternity of Crows Nest pass—and 22-year-old Mrs. Florence Lassandra, his confederate in crime, were hanged at sunrise in the Fort Saskatchewan jail yard Wednesday for the murder at Coleman last September of Steve Lawson of the Alberta provincial police.

President Harding will spend the Fourth of July in Portland and leave the following day on a battleship for Alaska, the Chamber of Commerce was informed Wednesday after the president had had a conference with Senator McNary. Plans for the entertainment of the president were started immediately. He will make one of the set speeches of the trip here.

Umatilla county's wool clip for 1923 of close to 1,300,000 pounds is reported sold. Deals involving the Fred W. Falconer and associate interests and the Smythe brothers were made this week. The price ranges between 40 and 44 cents, between five and seven cents better than that of last year. With the quality of the wool better than last season, buyers have been eager to get the clips.

The proposals contained in the German note, which was delivered at the Paris foreign office at 4 o'clock Wednesday afternoon in the German language, were regarded in French official circles as for Anglo-Saxon and neutral consumption only. The terms of the note appeared "so preposterous" to the members of the French government that it was assumed there was no hope or desire on the part of Berlin that they be accepted.

Neil M. Judd, director of the Pueblo Bonito expedition of the National Geographic society, left Washington Wednesday to resume exploration of the most important pre-historic ruin in the United States at Chaco canyon, New Mexico. By May 15 Indians will be swarming over the walls of the ancient village, teams will drag wagon loads of earth and stone away and steel dump cars will scurry back and forth over a miniature railroad. Almost over night a canyon, which has been deserted since years before Columbus came, will become a bee hive of industry.

FAKE ORDERS HURT STOCKS

Widespread Plot to Upset Market Bared—Some Effects Felt.

New York. — Postoffice inspectors, police and private detectives joined hands Monday to run down the authors of a widespread plot to upset the stock market by dumping on it hundreds of orders to buy, backed by worthless checks, running into the millions. Wall street generally attributed the scheme to unscrupulous traders, seeking to influence prices for their own ends, although the possibility was not lost sight of that a fanatic or some disgruntled person might have thrown the monkey wrench into the gears of the New York stock exchange.

It was obvious, however, that those who worked out the plot had a wide knowledge at Wall street and its ways. Although not a single one of the checks was cashed, their dumping on brokers had a marked effect on today's market. Several brokers rushing into the exchange with what they thought were bona fide buying orders "at the market" for New York Central, Corn Products and Chile Copper shares, with a sprinkling of other stocks, sent prices sharply up.

In the meantime, however, New York correspondents for banks on which the forged checks were drawn began to turn down the worthless paper. The brokers who had bought promptly began to unload and the market slumped. Already uneasy under the recent attacks of bear traders, and further depressed by acute weakness that developed in the grain and cotton markets, the entire list took the toboggan and most of the shares listed by the big board made new low records for the year before they quit sliding.

The decline did not end until a few minutes before the closing, when a covering movement by bear traders checked the drop. Some shares reacted 1 to 2 points, but practically the entire list closed below Saturday's high, the losses ranging from 1 to 10 1/2 points.

The operators of the swindle, if they took full advantage of their opportunity, made a killing both on the rise and fall, selling short on the brief peak reached before the forgeries were disclosed, and then covering and buying for the rise.

The scheme, in which it was sought to involve brokers in Philadelphia, Boston and Chicago, as well as in New York, was worked out with meticulous detail, although the forged names attached to the checks were crude. Apparently all had been written by the same hand, but the conspirators evidently figured on a quick turn, before the forgeries were discovered.

Nearly 100 of the orders, neatly typed and accompanied in every instance by a cashier's check, have been reported received by brokers here and in other cities. Stock exchange officials, however, expressed the belief that many others had been suppressed by brokers who disliked to admit they had been victimized.

Fascists Greet Rulers.

Rome. — King George and Queen Mary of England arrived in Rome at 3 o'clock Monday afternoon on their long-planned visit to Italy.

Members of the fascist national militia lined the station and an infantry company, with its band, rendered military honors.

King George appeared in full dress uniform and was greeted with tremendous cheering.

From the station to the Quirinal palace the streets and public squares were crowded with applauding people.

Ship Plant Price Leaps.

Washington, D. C. — Government counsel introduced additional documentary evidence at the Morse trial Monday to show the purchase by Charles W. Morse of the wooden ship-building plant of Robert Palmer & Sons, at Noank, Conn., 1918, for \$85,000 in cash and the assumption of a \$20,000 mortgage.

A year later the valuation of the plant was placed at more than \$1,000,000.

365-Day Dance is Cited.

Paris.—The present American dance records were broken 1000 years ago, according to manuscripts discovered in Mount St. Michel monastery.

A Benedictine monk in the year 1023 received a German pilgrim named Rathbert, who recounted the history of a miracle in which a sinner danced for 365 days without stopping as penance.

Borah is Urged to Run.

New York.—A resolution calling upon Senator Borah of Idaho to be the progressive candidate for president in 1924 was adopted Monday by the executive committee of the committee of 48.

J. A. H. Hopkins executive chairman, was named chairman of the campaign committee.

BANDITS KIDNAP 150 PASSENGERS

One American is Killed in Raid in China.

CAPTIVES IN DANGER

Outlaws Disarm About 1000 Soldiers and Tear Up Big Piece of Railroad Trackage.

Shanghai.—One American was killed by the bandits who held up the Shanghai-Pekin express train near the Shantung border and carried off the 150 passengers early Sunday, according to a message from Linchen, but all the women captives, including Miss Lucy Aldrich, sister-in-law of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., have been released. The men still held are said to be in grave danger.

The message said the bandits had notified the authorities that all the men among the foreign captives would be killed unless troops were withdrawn.

Miss McFadden and Miss Corall were released with Miss Aldrich, the report added.

Pekin. — One foreigner was killed and 150 passengers were carried off when bandits held up the Shanghai-Pekin express train on the Tientsin-Pukom railway near the Shantung border at 3 o'clock Sunday morning, according to word received here.

Miss Lucy Aldrich of New York city, daughter of the late United States Senator Nelson W. Aldrich of Rhode Island and sister-in-law of John D. Rockefeller Jr., was among the passengers. Her fate was unknown.

The foreigner killed was believed to be a Russian. The minister of communications telegraphed General Tao-Kun and the civil and military governors of Shantung asking that troops be sent to surround the bandits.

The express train was northbound from Soochow when attacked by the bandits, who disarmed soldiers estimated at 1000 strong and tore up a long stretch of railroad track. Fifty first-class and 100 second-class passengers were carried off, it was reported here. Six foreigners escaped.

12 GREATEST WOMEN OF AMERICA NAMED

Boston.—Here are the 12 greatest living American women, in the opinion of a special committee of the National League of Women Voters, which was appointed to select such a list:

Jane Addams, philanthropist; Cecelia Beaux, painter; Carrie Chapman Catt, politics; Anna Botsford Comstock, natural history; Minnie Madden Fiske, stage; Louise Homer, music; Julia Lathrop, child welfare; Florence Rena Sabin, anatomy; M. Carey Thomas, education; Martha Van Rensselaer, home economics; Edith Wharton, literature; Anna Jump Cannon, astronomy.

In making public the names the committee declared it was "humanly impossible," to know who the really greatest women in the country were and that the selections had been made on the basis of those who had contributed most in their fields to the betterment of the world.

The selections were made, it was explained, at the request of Senorita Mandujano, a Chilean delegate to the Pan-American conference of women at Baltimore a year ago, who desired to write about the American women for the South American women.

Consulate to Close.

Vladivostok.—Owing to the political situation here the American consulate will close its doors on May 10, and the consul and his chief will leave for the United States about May 16. No American representative will remain in any capacity, it was stated. American citizens have been given the option of staying or leaving with the American consul, and the majority, it is said, have announced their intention of remaining.

Boat Brings Menagerie.

San Francisco.—The steamer Stockton arrived here Saturday with a small zoo for shipment to New York. Among the animals were three lions, one elephant, six tigers, six leopards, one black panther, 31 monkeys, one tapir, one crocodile, four civet cats, one gold tiger cat, six moosangs, one bantorang, 28 snakes, 4000 birds, 12 bleeding heart doves and four honey bears.

MISS LULU BETT



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"LULU, ONE MOMENT!"

SYNOPSIS.—General factotum in the house of her sister Ina, wife of Herbert Deacon, in the small town of Warburton, Lulu Bett leads a dull, cramped existence, with which she is constantly at enmity, though apparently satisfied with her lot. She has natural thoughts and aspirations which neither her sister nor her brother-in-law seemingly can comprehend. The other members of the family are Di Deacon, eight-year-old; Monona Deacon, a child, and Mrs. Bett, Mrs. Deacon's mother, who has "tantrims."

—Continued.

At length they rose. Monona flung herself upon her father. He put her aside firmly, every inch the father. No, no. Father was occupied now. Mrs. Deacon coaxed her away. Monona encircled her mother's waist, lifted her own feet from the floor and hung upon her. "She's such an active child," Lulu ventured brightly.

"Not unduly active, I think," her brother-in-law observed. He turned upon Lulu his bright smile, lifted his eyebrows, dropped his lids, stood for a moment contemplating the yellow tulip, and so left the room.

Lulu cleared the table. Mrs. Deacon essayed to wind the clock. Well, now. Did Herbert say it was twenty-three tonight when it struck the half hour and twenty-one last night, or twenty-one tonight and last night twenty-three? She talked of it as they cleared the table, but Lulu did not talk.

"Can't you remember?" Mrs. Deacon said at last. "I should think you might be useful."

Lulu was lifting the yellow tulip to set it on the sill. She changed her mind. She took the plant to the woodshed and tumbled it with force upon the chip-pile.

The dining room table was laid for breakfast. The two women brought their work and sat there. The child Monona hung miserably about, watching the clock. Right or wrong, she was put to bed by it. She had eight minutes more—seven—six—five—

Lulu laid down her sewing and left the room. She went to the woodshed, groped about in the dark, found the stalk of the one tulip flower in its heap on the chip-pile. The tulip she fastened in her gown on her flat chest.

Outside were to be seen the early stars. It is said that if our sun were as near to Arcturus as we are near to our sun, the great Arcturus would burn our sun to nothingness.

In the Deacons' parlor sat Bobby Larkin, eighteen. He was in pain all over. He was come on an errand which civilization has contrived to make an ordeal.

Before him on the table stood a photograph of Diana Deacon, also eighteen. He hated her with passion. At school she mocked him, aped him, whispered about him, tortured him. For two years he had hated her. Nights he fell asleep planning to build a great house and engage her as his servant.

Yet, as he waited, he could not keep his eyes from this photograph. It was Di at her curliest, at her fluffiest, Di conscious of her bracelet, Di smiling. Bobby gazed, his basic aversion to her hard-pressed by a most reluctant pleasure. He hoped that he would not see her, and he listened for her voice.

Mr. Deacon descended upon him with an air carried from his supper hour, bland, dispensing. Well! Let us have it. "What did you wish to see me about?"—with a use of the past tense as connoting something of indifference and hence of delicacy—a nice customary, yet unconscious. Bobby had arrived in his best clothes and with an air of such formality that Mr. Deacon had instinctively suspected him of wanting to join the church, and, to treat the time with due solemnity, had put him in the parlor until he could attend at leisure.

Confronted thus by Di's father, the speech which Bobby had planned deserted him. "I thought if you would give me a job," he said defensively.

"So that's it!" Mr. Deacon, who always awaited but a touch to be either irritable or facetious, inclined now to be facetious. "Filling teeth?" he would know. "Marrying folks, then?" Assistant Justice or assistant dentist—

which? Bobby blushed. No, no, but in that big building of Mr. Deacon's where his office was, wasn't there something . . . It faded from him, sounded ridiculous. Of course there was nothing. He saw it now.

There was nothing. Mr. Deacon confirmed him. But Mr. Deacon had an idea. Hold on, he said—hold on. The grass. Would Bobby consider taking charge of the grass? Though Mr. Deacon was of the type which cuts its own grass and glories in its

vigor and its energy, yet in the time after that which he called "dental hours" Mr. Deacon wished to work in his garden. His grass, growing in late April rains, would need attention early next month . . . he owned two lots—"of course property is a burden." If Bobby would care to keep the grass down and raked . . . Bobby would care, accepted this business opportunity, figures and all, thanked Mr. Deacon with earnestness. Bobby's aversion to Di, it seemed, should not stand in the way of his advancement. "Then that is checked off," said Mr. Deacon heartily.

Bobby wavered toward the door, emerged on the porch, and ran almost upon Di returning from her tea party at Jenny Plov's.

"Oh, Bobby! You came to see me?" She was as fluffy, as curly, as smiling as her picture. She was carrying pink, gauzy favors and a spear of flowers. Undenably in her voice there was pleasure. Her glance was startled but already complacent. She paused on the steps, a lovely figure.

But one would say that nothing but the truth dwelt in Bobby.

"Oh, hullo," said he. "No. I came to see your father."

He marched by her. His hair stuck up at the back. His coat was hunched about his shoulders. His insufficient nose, abundant, loose-lipped mouth and brown eyes were completely expressionless. He marched by her without a glance.

She flushed with vexation. Mr. Deacon, as one would expect, laughed loudly, took the situation in his elephantine grasp and pawed at it.

"Mamma! Mamma! What do you s'pose? Di thought she had a beau—" "Oh, papa!" said Di. "Why, I just hate Bobby Larkin and the whole school knows it."

Mr. Deacon returned to the dining room, humming in his throat. He entered upon a pretty scene.

His Ina was darning. Four minutes of grace remaining to the child Monona, she was spinning on one toe



"Oh, hullo," said he. "No. I came to see your father."

with some Bacchanalian idea of making the most of the present. Di dominated, her ruffles, her blue hose, her bracelet, her ring.

"Oh, and mamma," she said, "the sweetest party and the dearest supper and the darriest decorations and the gorgeouset—"

"Grammar, grammar," spoke Dwight Herbert Deacon. He was not sure what he meant, but the good fellow felt some violence done somewhere or other.

"Well," said Di positively, "they were. Papa, see my favor."

She showed him a sugar dove, and he clucked at it.

Ina glanced at them fondly, her face assuming its loveliest light. She was often ridiculous, but always she was for her wife and mother, and her role reduced her individual absurdities at least to its own.

The door to the bedroom now opened and Mrs. Bett appeared.

"Well, mother!" cried Herbert, the "well" curving like an arm, the "mother" descending like a brisk slap. "Hungry now?"

Mrs. Bett was hungry now. She had emerged intending to pass through the room without speaking and find food in the pantry. By obscure processes her son-in-law's tone inhibited all this.

"No," she said. "I'm not hungry." Now that she was there, she seemed uncertain what to do. She looked from one to another a bit hopelessly, somehow felled in her dignity. She

brushed at her skirt, the veins of her long, wrinkled hands catching an intenser blue from the dark cloth. She put her hair behind her ears.

"We put a potato in the oven for you," said Ina. She had never learned quite how to treat these periodic refusals of her mother to eat, but she never had ceased to resent them.

"No, thank you," said Mrs. Bett. Evidently she rather enjoyed the situation, creating for herself a spotlight much in the manner of Monona.

"Mother," said Lulu, "let me make you some toast and tea."

Mrs. Bett turned her gentle, bloodless face toward her daughter, and her eyes warmed.

"After a little, maybe," she said. "I think I'll run over to see Grandma Gates now," she added, and went toward the door.

"Tell her," cried Dwight, "tell her she's my best girl."

Grandma Gates was a rheumatic cripple who lived next door, and whenever the Deacons or Mrs. Betts were angry or hurt or wished to escape the house for some reason, they stalked over to Grandma Gates—in lieu of, say, slamming a door. These visits radiated an almost daily friendliness which lifted and tempered the old invalid's lot and life.

Di flashed out at the door again, on some trivial permission.

"A good many of mamma's stitches in that dress to keep clean," Ina called after.

"Early, darling, early!" her father reminded her. A faint regurgitation of his was somehow invested with the paternal.

"What's this?" cried Dwight Herbert Deacon abruptly.

On the clock shelf lay a letter.

"Oh, Dwight!" Ina was all compunction. "It came this morning. I forgot."

"I forgot it too! And I laid it up there." Lulu was eager for her share of the blame.

"Isn't it understood that my mail can't wait like this?"

Dwight's sense of importance was now being fed in gulps.

"I know. I'm awfully sorry," Lulu said, "but you hardly ever get a letter—"

This might have made things worse, but it provided Dwight with a greater importance.

"Of course, pressing matter goes to my office," he admitted it. "Still, my mail should have more careful—"

He read, frowning. He replaced the letter, and they hung upon his motions as he tapped the envelope and regarded them.

"Now!" said he. "What do you think I have to tell you?"

"Something nice," Ina was sure.

"Something surprising," Dwight said portentously.

"But, Dwight—is it nice?" from his Ina.

"That depends. I like it. So'll Lulu." He leered at her. "It's company."

"Oh, Dwight," said Ina. "Who?"

"From Oregon," he said, toying with his suspense.

"Your brother!" cried Ina. "Is he coming?"

"Yes. Ninlan's coming, so he says."

"Ninlan!" cried Ina again. She was excited, round-eyed, her moist lips parted, Dwight's brother Ninlan. How long was it? Nineteen years. South America, Central America, Mexico, Panama "and all." When was he coming and what was he coming for?

"To see me," said Dwight. "To meet you. Some day next week. He doesn't know what a charmer Lulu is, or he'd come quicker."

Lulu flushed terribly. Not from the implication. But from the knowledge that she was not a charmer.

The clock struck. The child Monona uttered a cutting shriek. Herbert's eyes flew not only to the child but to his wife. What was this, was their progeny hurt?

"Bedtime," his wife elucidated, and added: "Lulu, will you take her to bed? I'm pretty tired."

Lulu rose and took Monona by the hand, the child hanging back and shaking her straight hair in an unconvincing negative.

As they crossed the room, Dwight Herbert Deacon, strolling about and snapping his fingers, halted and cried out sharply:

"Lulu. One moment!" He approached her. A finger was extended, his lips were parted, on his forehead was a frown.

"You picked the flower on the plant?" he asked, incredulously.

Lulu made no reply. But the child Monona felt herself lifted and borne to the stairway and the door was shut with violence. On the dark stairway Lulu's arms closed about her in an embrace which left her breathless and squeaking. And yet Lulu was not really fond of the child Monona, either. This was a discharge of emotion akin, say, to slamming the door.

"Well, I'm Bert's brother," said Ninlan. "So I can come in, can't I?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Photographic Hint.

The ordinary photographic plate, which is not color sensitive, is really blind to certain colors. These colors are reds, yellows and greens. The result is that all are rendered black in the print. Suppose one wanted to photograph a shawl with a design in black, red, yellow, and green. The ordinary plate would render these colors almost all the same. In the picture it would be difficult to say where the red ended and the yellow began. But by using a color-sensitive plate and a color filter on the lens, the differences would be shown and the design would be clear.