

WORLD HAPPENINGS OF CURRENT WEEK

Brief Resume Most Important Daily News Items.

COMPILED FOR YOU

Events of Noted People, Governments and Pacific Northwest, and Other Things Worth Knowing.

The federal government has thrown up its hands in the case of Major Alexander P. Cronkhite, who was killed under mysterious circumstances at Camp Lewis, Washington, in 1918, and will prosecute the matter no further.

One man died and six were reported to be in a serious condition from heat prostration suffered in cantaloupe fields near Calexico, Cal., last week, when the apex of a heat wave was reached with a temperature of 116 degrees.

"Two million children were prevented by American women from entering the world last year," Bishop Sigismund Waltz, the former spiritual teacher of Emperor Charles, told a big clerical and monarchical gathering in Vienna recently.

There was widespread property damage but no loss of life in the recent typhoon that swept the Philippine islands, according to reports coming in from different provinces. Roads, bridges and lines of communication suffered most.

The 700 Russian refugees who recently arrived at Shanghai from Vladivostok, via GenSan, Korea, will not be permitted to come to the Philippines, as were their compatriots, who recently left Manila for the United States, according to a statement by Governor-General Wood.

Robert Crozier Scott, playwright and scenario writer, was found dead in his room in Los Angeles Wednesday, his throat having been cut. The police pronounced it a case of suicide and said they found papers in the room showing that Scott's wife had filed a suit for divorce.

The Italian cabinet has decided to abolish the ministries of industry, public works and commerce, replacing them with a single portfolio of national economy, says a Rome dispatch. The correspondent says it is hoped the consolidation will effect a saving of several million lire yearly.

Ferdinand Kutz of Chicago had never seen a parrot and when a large green bird spoke to him from a tree, he thought evil spirits were about, so hastened in the house for his gun and shot the green "devil." Mrs. Bertha Flugge, owner of the escaped parrot, had him fined \$5 and costs.

Jack Dempsey, the man killer from Manassas, is a man killer no longer. He retained his world's championship against Tommy Gibbons, the St. Paul challenger at Shelby, Mont., Wednesday afternoon, but it was by the unsatisfactory margin of a referee's decision at the end of the 15th round.

Notwithstanding the unexpected improvement in the financial condition of the treasury, Senator Smoot, republican, Utah, who will be the new chairman of the senate finance committee, said Tuesday that he does not believe that any general downward revision of taxes is justified in the next session of congress.

When a pressing machine in a tailor shop blazed up suddenly an employe picked up a bucket of gasoline, believing it to be water, poured the oil on the machine and started a fire which virtually wiped out Orangefield, Texas, a village in the Orange oil field. Thirteen buildings were consumed. The loss is estimated at \$50,000.

Testimony tending to show that the whipping given Martin Tabert, North Dakota youth was "within the law," was introduced by the defense Tuesday in the trial of Thomas Walter Higginbotham, former convict whipping boss at Lake City, Fla., charged with the murder of Tabert. The state is contending Tabert died after being struck 75 to 119 times by Higginbotham.

Babies in New York city have a better chance than those in a larger number of smaller cities, the American Child Health association declares. Cities in the 250,000 class with the lowest rates of infant mortality according to the report are: Seattle, Portland, Or., and Minneapolis. The cities in the same class with the highest rates are Buffalo, Pittsburg, and Boston.

FRANCE APPROVES TREATIES

Two Pacts to Date Passed on by Chamber—Others Delayed.

Washington, D. C.—Action of the French chamber of deputies in voting ratification of the four-power pact treaty, coupled with the favorable vote last week on the naval pact, caused gratification in official circles here Monday, although some regret was evidenced for the forecast that the three other Washington treaties would not be put through at once.

The five treaties negotiated at the arms conference are independent documents, but to a certain degree they were designed to supplement each other and to extend the effectiveness of the general plan contemplated by the conference for removing probable causes of war. Although there will be no barrier to putting into effect the naval treaty and the Pacific pact, even though French ratification of the other treaties is delayed, the result of that delay may be to develop a somewhat peculiar situation.

The Chinese treaties, one dealing with customs matters in China and the other with political questions there, were worked out as a very vital element in the project of assuring peace in the Pacific. It was through these pacts that the conference delegates hoped to iron out causes of international friction in China and to make less likely clashes of interest in the far east that might lead to war.

This aspect of the situation is regarded as of importance at this time in view of the disturbed conditions in China, where the power of the central government has been greatly weakened and bandit outrages have become numerous. It is felt that proclamation of the Washington treaties might have some effect toward stabilizing the situation.

For a somewhat different reason the delay over the submarine and gas warfare treaty is a cause of regret to officials here. It had been hoped at the time of the Washington conference that the doctrines laid down in that treaty as binding upon the signatories could be extended without delay to all other nations, adding a new chapter to international law. That world progress cannot go forward, however, until the treaty has been ratified.

The submarine provisions of the treaty probably are of greater importance to Great Britain than to the other signatories because of her geographical situation. It is to be recalled that the British delegations at the conference sought to outlaw submarines entirely. The Root resolutions embodied in the submarine and gas warfare treaty were written for the purpose of finding a compromise ground in which naval opinion of all the powers could combine.

Hippopotamus Is Killed.
Cincinnati.—The person who threw the tennis ball into the cage of "Zeekoo," gigantic hippopotamus at the zoo, caused the death of that animal, famous as the largest specimen of its kind in captivity in America. This fact was revealed at a post mortem. The tennis ball was found wedged in the huge beast's stomach, where it formed a fatal obstruction.

The animal, which weighed about 2½ tons, was valued at \$5000, but was considered as being worth many times that sum as an attraction at the zoo. "Zeekoo's" life was impaired on previous occasions by some thoughtless visitor permitting him to swallow a woman's mesh handbag. In addition to the tennis ball, a number of pennies also were revealed in the stomach.

Fight Promoter Closes His Bank.
Great Falls, Mont.—The Stanton Trust & Savings bank of Great Falls, of which George H. Stanton, one of the men who assisted in financing the Dempsey-Gibbons fight at Shelby July 4, is president, closed its doors Monday morning at 11 o'clock when it was unable to liquidate its obligations at the local clearing house. The closing was voluntary, and State Superintendent of Banks Skelton arrived here to take charge.

Mr. Stanton stated after the bank closed that the bank was solvent, but that it was impossible to procure money to meet the concern's obligations. The bank's statement, issued in response to a former call on June 26, showed resources of \$1,174,428, with deposits of approximately \$600,000.

1300 Bottles Seized.
Honolulu.—Customs officers here announced Monday they had seized approximately 1300 bottles of liquor from ships docked here since the United States supreme court's ruling applying to liquor on foreign ships became effective. Of the amounts seized, 900 bottles were taken from the steamer Makura, 300 from the Korea Maru, 150 from the Eelyo Maru and 36 from the President Pierce.

MINUTE MEN FORM TO ENFORCE LAWS

Patriotic Body Is Headed by General Dawes.

20,000 NOW BELONG

Non-Partisan Group of Public-Spirited Citizens to Weed Out All Religious Prejudices.

Chicago.—Born of a patriotic idea a little more than two months ago, the Minute Men of the Constitution, a non-partisan organization of public-spirited citizens, working in the interest of good government and the upholding of American principles and traditions, has grown with remarkable rapidity in Illinois and is spreading to adjacent states.

Care is taken to examine the standing and records of all applicants for membership, but more than 20,000 persons are now enrolled in northern Illinois. In the course of a year it is believed the membership in this state will exceed 100,000, a compact, brainy, driving force that must be taken into consideration in campaigns and at all times. Sponsors of the organization declare it will become a powerful national body in the course of five years.

The election of men to congress and other positions of trust who are in sympathy with American traditions, ethics and principles and who have the nerve to stand for these things.

The right of men to engage in collective bargaining and the equal right of any and every man to work and support his family, free of interference by other men.

The rigid suppression of anarchy in any form or color, from the blood-red Russian bolshevik to the pale pink parlor socialist.

Strict enforcement for all laws that make for the general good of the public; the bringing about of a general respect for law and order, and the disciplining of foreign and native agitators who teach disregard for every-day Americans stand for.

The weeding out of all religious prejudice and persecutions because of religious beliefs. Brigadier-General Charles Dawes of "Hell an' Maria" fame, and who stood the looting, wasteful departments at Washington on their heads, is the originator and head of the Minute Men.

BOSS IS MURDERER SAYS FLORIDA JURY

Lake City, Fla.—Thomas Walter Higginbotham was late Saturday found guilty of the murder of Martin Tabert of North Dakota in the second degree by a jury here. The jury was out one hour and 20 minutes.

Higginbotham was sentenced to 20 years' imprisonment. He was released on \$10,000 bond pending hearing of appeal.

The former convict-whipping boss was accused of having caused the death of Tabert as the result of a beating administered while the North Dakotan was serving a term in the Putnam Lumber company convict-leasing camp. The trial consumed 13 days.

The death of Tabert finally resulted in an investigation of the whole convict-leasing system and its abolishment by the Florida legislature. That body also prohibited corporal punishment. Before the Florida legislature convened the senate of North Dakota adopted a memorial asking the Florida lawmakers to investigate the death of Tabert.

Aeronauts Yet Missing.

Cleveland, O.—The flying boat Nina of the Aero Marine Airways Company, Inc., returned here Sunday after a six-hour search of the Canadian and American shores of Lake Erie in a fruitless effort to find some trace of Lieutenants L. J. Roth and T. B. Null, lost when the naval balloon A-6598 fell into Lake Erie Friday after leaving Indianapolis Wednesday in the national elimination air race.

Portland Office Fifth.

Washington, D. C.—Portland ranked fifth among the leading postoffices of the country in the percentage of gain for postal business last month as compared with June, 1922. Its percentage of gain, the postoffice department announced Saturday, was 14.88. Seattle ranked eighth, with a gain of 12.33 per cent.

Miss Lulu Bett

By ZONA GALE
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V—Continued.

Dwight mulled this. Lulu might have told every one of these women that cook-and-bull story with which she had come home. It might be all over town. Of course, in that case he could turn Lulu out—should do so, in fact. Still the story would be all over town.

"Dwight," said Lulu, "I want Ninian's address."

"Going to write to him?" Ina cried incredulously.

"I want to ask him for the proofs that Dwight wanted."

"My dear Lulu," Dwight said impatiently, "you are not the one to write. Have you no delicacy?"

Lulu smiled—a strange smile, originating and dying in one corner of her mouth.

"Yes," she said. "So much delicacy that I want to be sure whether I'm married or not."

Dwight cleared his throat with a movement which seemed to use his shoulders for the purpose.

"I myself will take this up with my brother," he said. "I will write to him about it."

Lulu sprang to her feet. "Write to him now!" she cried.

"Really," said Dwight, lifting his brows.

"Now—now!" Lulu said. She moved about, collecting writing materials from their casual lodgments on shelf and table. She set all before him and stood by him. "Write him now," she said again.

"My dear Lulu, don't be absurd." She said: "Ina, help me. If it was Dwight—and they didn't know whether he had another wife, or not, and you wanted to ask him—oh, don't you see? Help me."

Ina was not yet the woman to cry for justice for its own sake, nor even to stand by another woman. She was primitive, and her instinct was to look to her own male merely.

"Well," she said, "of course. But why not let Dwight do it in his own way? Wouldn't that be better?"

She put it to her sister fairly: Now, no matter what Dwight's way was, wouldn't that be better?

"Mother!" said Lulu. She looked irresolutely toward her mother. But Mrs. Bett was eating caradon seeds with exceeding gusto, and Lulu looked away. Caught by the gesture, Mrs. Bett voiced her grievance.

"Lulu," she said, "Set down. Take off your hat, why don't you?"

Lulu turned upon Dwight a quiet face which he had never seen before.

"You write that letter to Ninian," she said, "and you make him tell you so you'll understand. I know he spoke the truth. But I want you to know."

"M—m," said Dwight. "And then I suppose you're going to tell it all over town—as soon as you have the proofs."

"I'm going to tell it all over town," said Lulu, "just as it is—unless you write to him now."

"Lulu!" cried Ina. "Oh, you wouldn't."

"I would," said Lulu. "I will." Dwight was sobered. This unimagined Lulu looked capable of it. But then he sneered.

"And get turned out of this house, as you would be?"

"Dwight!" cried his Ina. "Oh, you wouldn't!"

"I would," said Dwight. "I will. Lulu knows it."

"I shall tell what I know and then leave your house anyway," said Lulu, "unless you get Ninian's word. And I want you should write him now."

"You know that, don't you?" he sharply inquired.

"But I really think you ought to have written to Ninian about it," she now dared to say. "It's not a nice position for Lulu."

"Nice? Well, but whom has she got to blame for it?"

"Why, Ninian," said Ina. "Dwight threw out his hands. 'Herself,' he said. 'To tell you the truth, I was perfectly amazed at the way she snapped him up there in that restaurant.'"

"Why, but, Dwight—"

"Brazen," he said. "Oh, it was brazen."

"It was just fun, in the first place."

"But no really nice woman—" he shook his head.

"Dwight! Lulu is nice. The idea!" He regarded her. "Would you have done that?" he would know.

Under his fond look, she softened, took his homage, accepted everything, was silent.

"Certainly not," he said. "Lulu's tastes are not fine like yours. I should never think of you as sisters."

"She's awfully good," Ina said, feebly. Fifteen years of married life behind her—but this was sweet and she could not resist.

"She has excellent qualities." He admitted it. "But look at the position she's in—married to a man who tells her he has another wife in order to get free. Now, no really nice woman—"

"No really nice man—" Ina did say that much.

"Ah," said Dwight, "but you could never be in such a position. No, no. Lulu is sadly lacking somewhere."

Ina sighed, threw back her head, caught her lower lip with her upper, as might be in a hem. "What if it was Di?" she supposed.

"Di!" Dwight's look rebuked his wife. "Di," he said, "was born with ladylike feelings."

It was not yet ten o'clock. Bobby Larkin was permitted to stay until



Later On, Cornish Confided More to Dwight: He Was to Come by a Little Inheritance Some Day.

ten. From the veranda came the indistinguishable murmur of those young voices.

"Bobby," Di was saying within that murmur, "Bobby, you don't kiss me as if you really wanted to kiss me, tonight."

VI
September.

The office of Dwight Herbert Deacon, Dentist, Gold Work a Specialty (sic) in black lettering, and Justice of the Peace in gold, was above a store which had been occupied by one unlucky tenant after another, and had suffered long periods of vacancy when ladies' aid societies served lunches there, under great white signs, badly lettered. Some months of disuse were now broken by the news that the store had been let to a music man. A music man, what on earth was that? Warbleton inquired.

The music man arrived, installed three pianos, and filled his window with sheet music, as sung by many ladies who swung in hammocks or kissed their hands on the music covers. While he was still moving in, Dwight Herbert Deacon wandered downstairs and stood informally in the door of the new store. The music man, a pleasant-faced chap of thirty-odd, was rubbing at the face of a piano.

"Hello, there!" he said. "Can I sell you an upright?"

"If I can take it out in pulling your teeth, you can," Dwight replied. "Or," said he, "I might marry you free, either one."

On this their friendship began. Thenceforth, when business was dull, the idle hours of both men were beguiled with idle gossip.

"How the dickens did you think of pianos for a line?" Dwight asked him once. "Now, my father was a dentist, so I came by it natural—never entered my head to be anything else. But pianos—"

The music man—his name was Nell Cornish—threw up his chin in a boyish fashion, and said he'd be jiggered if he knew. All up and down the Warbleton main street, the chances are that the answer would sound the same. "I'm studying law when I get the chance," said Cornish, as one who makes a bid to be thought of more highly.

"I see," said Dwight, respectfully dwelling on the verb.

Later on, Cornish confided more to Dwight: He was to come by a little inheritance some day—not much, but something. Yes, it made a man feel a certain confidence. . . .

"Don't it?" said Dwight, heartily, as if he knew.

Every one liked Cornish. He told funny stories, and he never compared Warbleton save to its advantage. So at last Dwight said tentatively at lunch:

"What if I brought that Nell Cornish up for supper one of these nights?"

"Oh, Dwightie, do," said Ina. "If there's a man in town, let's know it."

"What if I brought him up tonight?" Up went Ina's eyebrows. Tonight? "Scalloped potatoes and meat loaf and sauce and bread and butter," Lulu contributed.

Cornish came to supper. He was what is known in Warbleton as dapper. This Ina saw as she emerged on the veranda in response to Dwight's informal halloo on his way upstairs. She herself was in white muslin, now much too snug, and a blue ribbon. To her greeting their guest replied in that engaging shyness which is not awkwardness. He moved in some pleasant web of gentleness and friendliness.

They asked him the usual questions, and he replied, rocking all the time with a faint undulating motion of head and shoulders: Warbleton was one of the prettiest little towns that he had ever seen. He liked the people—they seemed different. He was sure to like the place, already liked it.

Lulu came to the door in Ninian's thin black-and-white gown. She shook hands with the stranger, not looking at him, and said, "Come to supper, all." Monona was already in her place, singing under-breath. Mrs. Bett, after hovering in the kitchen door, entered; but they forgot to introduce her.

"Where's Di?" asked Ina. "I declare that daughter of mine is never anywhere."

A brief silence ensued as they were seated. There being a guest, grace was to come, and Dwight said, unintelligibly and like lightning, a generic appeal to bless this food, forgive all our sins and finally save us. And there was something tremendous in this ancient form whereby all stages of men bow in some now unrecognized recognition of the ceremonial of taking food to nourish life—and more.

At "Amen" Di flashed in, her offices at the mirror fresh upon her—perfect hair, silk dress turned up at the hem. She met Cornish, crimsoned, fluttered to her seat, joggled the table and, "Oh, dear," she said audibly to her mother, "I forgot my ring."

The talk was saved alive by a frank effort. Dwight served, making jests about everybody coming back for more. They went on with Warbleton happenings, improvements and openings; and the runaway, Cornish tried hard to make himself agreeable, not ingratiatingly, but good-naturedly. He wished profoundly that before coming he had looked up some more stories in the back of the Musical Gazette. Lulu surreptitiously pinched off an ant that was running at large upon the cloth and thereafter kept her eyes steadfastly on the sugar bowl to see if it could be from that. Dwight pretended that those whom he was helping a second time were getting more than their share and facetiously landed on Di about eating so much that she would grow up and be married, first thing she knew. At the word "married" Di turned scarlet, laughed heartily and lifted her glass of water.

"And what instruments do you play?" Ina asked Cornish, in an unrelated effort to lift the talk to musical levels.

"Well, do you know," said the music man, "I can't play a thing. Don't know a black note from a white one."

"You don't? Why Di plays very pretty," said Di's mother. "But, then, how can you tell what songs to order?" Ina cried.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Japanese Paper.

A government expert who has been investigating the wonderful papers of Japan reports that the Japanese make water bags or rice paper, which are held to be more durable as well as less expensive than similar articles made of rubber. Between the layers of paper, which is soft and flexible, resin is used, and the outside is covered with lacquer.

Guatemala, with about 2,000,000 inhabitants, has the largest population of any of the Central American republics.