

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.

Grain exports from the United States last week amounted to 4,627,000 bushels compared with 3,668,000 the week before.

William Jennings Bryan Tuesday addressed the Georgia house of representatives, making a plea for retention of the state prohibition law and for prohibiting the teaching of Darwinism.

Nine persons were known to have been killed and 23 injured in an explosion which occurred Wednesday afternoon in the metallic shell department of the Western Cartridge company plant at East Alton, Ill. Six of the dead are women.

Helen Ring Robinson, Colorado's first woman state senator, writer, lecturer and politician, and widely known throughout the west as a leader of suffrage work, died in Denver, Tuesday after a protracted illness. She was about 45 years old.

Sympathetic with wheat, flour broke to a new low record for about eight years, when one of the largest mills in Minneapolis set the price of \$6 a barrel for family patents when sold in carlots. The decline registered at the mills ranged from 15 to 25 cents a barrel.

High officials at the state department authorized late Tuesday the statement they knew of no basis in fact for rumors that American recognition of Mexico was immediately imminent or that negotiations to that end in Mexico City had been successfully concluded.

Billy Webb, 4-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Webb of Bend, Or., was stung four times by a scorpion Tuesday before he could dislodge the venomous insect which had crawled into his coveralls. The bites were cauterized and the boy will suffer no permanent ill-effects.

England experienced one of the worst thunder storms in many years early Tuesday. It lasted from midnight to 6 o'clock in the morning. London appeared to get the full brunt of the storm, remarkable thunder and lightning display keeping the majority of people awake for hours.

Injuries which physicians fear may prove fatal were sustained by Mary Elizabeth Harris, 9-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Harris, at a Spokane park Tuesday afternoon when bears seized her right arm which she had thrust through the bars of their cage and tore it from the socket.

Giuseppe Borgatti, the tenor, regarded as one of the best in Italy in Wagnerian roles, has become totally blind despite an operation which it had been hoped would save his sight. He has accepted the inevitable bravely, even cheerfully, remarking: "Fortunately I can still hear music and teach it."

For the first time in the history of Chicago, a jury Monday night meted out the death penalty to a white woman when Mrs. Sabelle Nitti Crudelle and her second husband, Peter Crudelle were found guilty of the murder of Frank Nitti, Mrs. Crudelle's first husband, and death was decided on for both.

Twenty-seven alleged members of the Industrial Workers of the World were convicted of criminal syndicalism by a jury in the superior court in Los Angeles Wednesday and within an hour after the return of the verdict had been sentenced to serve from one to 14 years each in San Quentin penitentiary.

In addressing the Boulder, Colo. Democratic club Monday night, Joseph Daniels, former secretary of the navy, declared: "Among many other signs pointing to a sweeping democratic presidential victory in 1924 is the fact that there are half a dozen able men contesting for the democratic nomination."

David Caplan, who was convicted of second degree murder in connection with the Los Angeles Times dynamiting case in October, 1910, and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment, was released from San Quentin prison Tuesday. He had served 6 1/2 years of his sentence. Three and one-half years' reduction was obtained for good behavior.

JOHNSON WINS MINNESOTA

Farmer-Laborite Candidate for U. S. Senate Has "Walkaway."

St. Paul, Minn.—Magnus Johnson, farmer-laborite, was elected United States senator from Minnesota Monday to succeed the late Senator Knute Nelson, according to returns received from approximately half of the state's 3520 precincts.

Johnson apparently has defeated the republican candidate, Governor J. A. O. Preus, who had announced his intention to support the Harding administration, by more than 40,000 votes. The democratic candidate, James A. Carley, was running far behind both Johnson and Preus.

Johnson had a lead of 26,588 votes when tabulations of returns had been completed from 1729 of the state's 3520 precincts, the count then standing: Johnson, 169,521; Preus, 142,933; Carley, 13,620. This vote was believed to represent about three-fifths of the total cast.

The farmer-labor candidate carried many counties which were counted as safely republican. He ran much better in Minneapolis (Preus' home city) than had been expected.

Republican headquarters continued to "stand by the ship" and refused to concede that the unreported precincts would maintain the ratio of the first 1100. Farmer-laborite leaders insisted it was "a walkaway."

Both Governor Preus, republican candidate and supporter of the Harding administration, and Magnus Johnson, farmer-laborite and La Follette adherent, voted early in their respective home precincts, as did also James A. Carley, democratic nominee. Ideal weather helped attract many voters to the polls.

While spokesmen for Governor Preus said they would withhold any statement until a reasonable percentage of the 3520 precincts in the state had reported, leaders of the farmer-labor party renewed their claim of victory for Johnson "by a round 40,000 majority."

That the volume of the vote yesterday would exceed the primary balloting was indicated in reports from nearly every one of the 87 counties, which declared that the vote would run from 50 to 90 per cent of normal. There are 800,000 eligible voters in the state.

In almost every case the county reports showed a vote in excess of that in the primary and in some instances it was double. This led to the prediction that the total vote would exceed 500,000. In the general election last fall, when Preus and Johnson were opponents in the gubernatorial race, the vote totaled 715,000.

WASCO WHEAT FIRE SWEEPS 425 ACRES

Wasco, Or.—Four hundred twenty-five acres of Turkey Red wheat were destroyed by fire Monday afternoon, eight miles northwest of Wasco, south of the Fulton Canyon county road, near the Deschutes river. The acreage burned included 125 acres owned by Emil Anderson; 150 acres owned by Howard Spencer and 150 acres belonging to Ed Olson, all three prominent farmers of the northern section of the county.

The fire was said to have started near the railroad track on the Deschutes river, northwest of Wasco, and swept up over the brakes, burning probably 200 acres of bunch grass before striking the wheat field. High winds were sweeping the county, placing thousands of acres of wheat in jeopardy. The fire was discovered in Olson's wheat field at 5 o'clock. Telephones rang over a section 15 miles around about and automobiles sped on every road carrying fire fighters. Farmers at work harvesting in the field, left their teams or machines with one or two men, taking the remainder of their crews and racing to the fire. Business houses in Wasco and Moro were closed and men sped to the fire.

Two hundred men were on the fire fighting line within 40 minutes. All kinds of implements—hoes, shovels, sacks, and everything that could be converted to fight the fire was used.

Lady Bugs Aid Orchards.

Medford, Or.—C. C. Cate, county agent, rode into Medford Monday from the Hutton ranger station with about 800,000 lady bugs in the back seat of his automobile which he declared will be worth at least \$5000 to the orchardists of the Rogue river valley. Mr. Cate released several thousand of the insects in the orchard section east of Medford today. The lady bugs, says Cate, may eventually clear local orchards of scale and aphids.

Davis Reaches Berlin.

Berlin.—James J. Davis, the American secretary of labor, arrived here Saturday. Mr. Davis is beginning a tour of Europe and the far east to study world emigration problems at first hand.

STEEL INDUSTRY TO SHORTEN DAY

Judge Gary Says 12-Hour Shifts Will End.

REFORM IS SWEEPING

Elimination of Present Rule Begins in Six Weeks, but Process Will Be Gradual.

New York.—Elbert H. Gary Saturday made it plain that the United States Steel corporation, of which he is head, planned within six weeks to begin eliminating the 12-hour day in its plants.

It was reported in Wall street that the remainder of the industry would follow suit and that the pledge made to President Harding concerning the much-attacked shift gradually would be redeemed.

It was under the date of June 27 that directors of the American Iron & Steel institute wrote the president that they were "determined to exert every effort at our command to obtain in the iron and steel industry of this country a total abolition of the 12-hour day at the earliest time practicable."

Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, and other labor leaders hit on the phrase "at the earliest time practicable" and expressed their skepticism.

A little later Mr. Gary, in an interview, said that increasing labor supplies from the negroes of the south, Mexico, the Philippines and abroad led him to believe that the initial steps would be taken soon, but still no time limit was mentioned.

Today, however, Mr. Gary said that "we shall probably commence actively taking steps to reduce the number of 12-hour workers within the next six weeks."

Declining to state the number of workers who would be affected within that period, Mr. Gary made it plain that a sudden and complete change is not to be expected.

"Plans are now being developed," he said. "It will require considerable length of time to complete the change."

Stage Set for Buyers Week.

Plans for the eleventh annual Buyers' Week to be held in Portland, August 6 to 11 under the auspices of the Chamber of Commerce are practically complete. Preparations for this event are on a more elaborate scale than ever before attempted. Indications are that in excess of 2,000 retail merchants from Pacific Coast states, British Columbia and Alaska will be in attendance.

An extensive program for entertainment of the city's guests has been arranged. There will be six main attractions, and with one exception they will be held at night.

On the evening of the opening day, there will be an inaugural ball in the Multnomah hotel where accommodations will be made for 1,000 dancers. The following evening a spectacular event, "A Night in a Casino" will be staged in one of the largest public buildings in the city.

Wednesday noon, the Portland Ad Club will give its annual luncheon in Laurelhurst Park to visiting buyers, and in the evening the annual fashion show at which scores of pretty girls will appear in revue, will be held in one of the largest theatres of the city.

A moonlight excursion on the Willamette is scheduled for Tuesday evening, for which two large excursion boats have been chartered.

The concluding entertainment feature will be a banquet to be held in the Chamber of Commerce on Friday evening where two full floors will be set aside for the accommodation of the guests.

Throughout the week, executives of participants in Buyers' Week will hold open house in their respective establishments. Visitors will be given opportunity to go through many of the large wholesale and manufacturing establishments in the city.

Fire Destroys Plane.

Ashland, Or.—An airplane belonging to Ort Irons, was destroyed by fire there Saturday. Irons' machine was on the ground with the motor running when the exhaust started a small grass fire under the rudder. Irons started to pull away from the blaze, but the breeze from the propeller fanned the flames. Irons jumped for his life and the machine plunged through a fence, turning upside down and burned.

MISS LULU BETT

By ZONA GALE
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VI—Continued.

"Oh, by the music houses. You go by the sales." For the first time it occurred to Cornish that this was ridiculous. "You know, I'm really studying law," he said, shyly and proudly. "Law! How very interesting, from Ina. Oh, but won't he bring up some songs some evening, for them to fry over?" Her and Di? At this Di laughed and said that she was out of practice and lifted her glass of water. In the presence of adults Di made one weep, she was so slender, so young, so without defenses, so intolerably sensitive to every contact, so in agony lest she be found wanting. It was amazing how unlike was this Di to the Di who had ensnared Bobby Larkin. What was one to think?

Cornish paid very little attention to her. To Lulu he said kindly, "Don't you play, Miss—?" He had not caught her name—no stranger ever did catch it. But Dwight now supplied it: "Miss Lulu Bett," he explained, with loud emphasis, and Lulu burned her slow red. This question Lulu had usually answered by telling how a felon had interrupted her lessons and she had stopped "taking"—a particle sacred to music, in Warbleton. This vignette had been a kind of epitome of Lulu's biography. But now Lulu was heard to say, serenely:

"No, but I'm quite fond of it. I went to a lovely concert—two weeks ago."

They all listened. Strange, indeed, to think of Lulu as having had experiences of which they did not know. "Yes," she said. "It was in Savannah, Georgia." She flushed, and lifted her eyes in a manner of faint defiance. "Of course," she said, "I don't know the names of all the different instruments they played, but there were a good many." She laughed pleasantly as a part of her sentence. "They had some lovely tunes," she said. She knew that the subject was not exhausted and she hurried on. "The hall was real large," she superadded, "and there were quite a good many people there. And it was too warm."

"I see," said Cornish, and said what he had been waiting to say: "That he, too, had been in Savannah, Georgia."

Lulu lit with pleasure. "Well," she said. And her mind worked and she caught at the moment before it had escaped. "Isn't it a pretty city?" she asked. And Cornish assented with the intense heartiness of the provincial. He, too, it seemed, had a conversational appearance to maintain by its own effort. He said that he had enjoyed being in that town and that he was there for two hours.

"I was there for a week." Lulu's superiority was really pretty.

"Have good weather?" Cornish selected next.

"Oh, yes. And they saw all the different buildings—but at her "we" she flushed and was silenced. She was coloring and breathing quickly. This was the first bit of conversation of this sort in Lulu's life.

After supper Ina inevitably proposed croquet. Dwight pretended to try to escape and, with his irrepressible mien, talked about Ina, elaborate in his insistence on the third person—"She loves it, we have to humor her, you know how it is. Or no! You don't know! But you will!"—and more of the same sort, everybody laughing heartily, save Lulu, who looked uncomfortable and wished that Dwight wouldn't, and Mrs. Bett, who paid no attention to anybody that night, not because she had not been introduced, an omission which she had not even noticed, but merely as another form of "tantrum"—a self-indulgence.

They emerged for croquet. And there on the porch sat Jenny Flaw and Bobby, waiting for Di to keep an old engagement, which Di pretended to have forgotten, and to be brightly annoyed to have to keep. She met the objections of her parents with all the batteries of her coquetry, set for both Bobby and Cornish and, bold in the presence of "company," at last went laughing away. And in the minute areas of her consciousness she said to herself that Bobby would be more in love with her than ever because she had risked all to go with him; and that Cornish ought to be distinctly attracted to her because she had not stayed. She was as primitive as pollen.

Ina was vexed. She said so, pointing in a fashion which she should have outgrown with white muslin and blue ribbons, and she had outgrown none of these things.

"That just spoils croquet," she said. "I'm vexed. Now we can't have a real game."

From the side door, where she must have been lingering among the water-proofs, Lulu stepped forth. "I'll play a game," she said.

When Cornish actually proposed to bring some music to the Deacons, Ina turned toward Dwight Herbert all the facets of her responsibility. And Ina's sense of responsibility toward Di was enormous, oppressive, primitive, amounting, in fact, toward this daughter of Dwight Herbert's late wife, to an ability to compress the offices of stepmotherhood into the functions of the lecture platform. Ina was a fountain of admonition. Her idea of a daughter, step or not, was that of a manufactured product, strictly, which you constantly pinched and molded. She thought that a moral preceptor had the right to secrete precepts, Di got them all. But of course the crest of Ina's responsibility was to marry Di. This verb should be transitive only when lovers are speaking of each

other, or the minister or magistrate is speaking of lovers. It should never be transitive when predicated of parents or any other third party. But it is. Ina was quite agitated by its transitivity as she took to her husband her incredible responsibility.

"You know, Herbert," said Ina, "if this Mr. Cornish comes here very much, what we may expect."

"What may we expect?" demanded Dwight Herbert, crisply.

Ina always played his games, answered what he expected her to answer, pretended to be intuitive when she was not so, said "I know" when she didn't know at all. Dwight Herbert, on the other hand, did not even play her games when he knew perfectly what she meant, but pretended not to understand, made her repeat, made her explain. It was as if Ina had to please him for, say, a living; but as for that dentist, he had to please nobody. In the conversations of Dwight and Ina you saw the historical home forming in clots in the fluid wash of the community.

"He'll fall in love with Di," said Ina.

"And what of that? Little daughter will have many a man fall in love with her, I should say."

"Yes, but, Dwight, what do you think of him?"

"What do I think of him? My dear Ina, I have other things to think of."

"But we don't know anything about him, Dwight—a stranger so."

"On the other hand," said Dwight with dignity, "I know a good deal about him."

With a great air of having done the fatherly and found out about this stranger before bringing him into the home, Dwight now related a number of stray circumstances dropped by Cornish in their chance talks.

"He has a little inheritance coming to him—shortly," Dwight wound up. "An inheritance—really? How much, Dwight?"

"Now isn't that like a woman. Isn't it?"

"I thought he was from a good family," said Ina.

"My mercenary little pussy!"

"Well," she said with a sigh, "I shouldn't be surprised if Di did really

accept him. A young girl is awfully flattered when a good-looking older man pays her attention. Haven't you noticed that?"

Dwight informed her, with an air of immense abstraction, that he left all such matters to her. Being married to Dwight was like a perpetual rehearsal, with Dwight's self-importance for audience.

A few evenings later, Cornish brought up the music. There was something overpowering in this brown-haired chap against the background of his negligible little shop, his whole capital in his few pianos. For he looked hopefully ahead, woke with plans, regarded the children in the street as if, conceivably, children might come within the confines of his life as he imagined it. A preposterous little man. And a preposterous store, empty, echoing, bare of wall, the three pianos near the front, the remainder of the floor stretching away like the corridors of the lost. He was going to get a dark curtain, he explained, and furnish the back part of the store as his own room. What dignity in phrasing, but how mean that little room would look—cot bed, washbowl and pitcher, and little mirror—almost certainly a mirror with a wavy surface, almost certainly that.

"And then, you know," he always added, "I'm reading law."

The Plows had been asked in that evening, Bobby was there. They were, Dwight Herbert said, going to have a sing.

Di was to play. And Di was now embarked on the most difficult feat of her emotional life, the feat of remaining to Bobby Larkin the lure, the beloved lure, the while to Cornish she instinctively played the role of womanly little girl.

"Up by the festive lamp, everybody!" Dwight Herbert cried.

As they gathered about the upright piano, that started, Dwight's instru-

ment, standing in its attitude of unrest, Lulu came in with another lamp. "Do you need this?" she asked.

They did not need it, there was, in fact, no place to set it, and this Lulu must have known. But Dwight found a place. He swept Ninian's photograph from the marble shelf of the mirror, and when Lulu had placed the lamp there, Dwight thrust the photograph into her hands.

"You take care of that," he said, with a droop of lid discernible only to those who—presumably—loved him. His old attitude toward Lulu had shown a terrible sharpening in these ten days since her return.

She stood uncertainly, in the thin black and white gown which Ninian had bought for her, and held Ninian's photograph and looked helplessly about. She was moving toward the door when Cornish called:

"See here! Aren't you going to sing?"

"What?" Dwight used the falsetto. "Lulu sing? Lulu?"

She stood awkwardly. She had a piteous recrudescence of her old agony at being spoken to in the presence of others. But Di had opened the "Album of Old Favorites," which Cornish had elected to bring, and now she struck the opening chords of "Bonny Eloise." Lulu stood still, looking rather piteously at Cornish. Dwight offered his arm, absurdly crooked. The Plows and Ina and Di began to sing. Lulu moved forward, and sang, too. She was still holding Ninian's picture. Dwight did not sing. He lifted his shoulders and his eyebrows and watched Lulu.

When they had finished, "Lulu the mocking bird!" Dwight cried. He said "ba-ird."

"Fine!" cried Cornish. "Why, Miss Lulu, you have a good voice!"

"Miss Lulu Bett, the mocking ba-ird!" Dwight insisted.

Lulu was excited, and in some accession of faint power. She turned to him now, quietly, and with a look of appraisal.

"Lulu the dove," she then surprisingly said, "to put up with you."

It was her first bit of conscious repartee to her brother-in-law. Cornish was bending over Di.

"What next do you say?" he asked. She lifted her eyes, met his own, held them. "There's such a lovely, lovely sacred song here," she suggested, and looked down.

"You like sacred music?"

She turned to him her pure profile, her eyelids fluttering up, and said: "I love it."

"That's it. So do I. Nothing like a nice sacred piece," Cornish declared. Bobby Larkin, at the end of the piano, looked directly into Di's face.

"Give me ragtime," he said now, with the effect of bursting out of somewhere. "Don't you like ragtime?" he put it to her directly.

Di's eyes danced into his, they sparkled for him, her smile was a smile for him alone, all their store of common memories was in their look.

"Let's try 'My Rock, My Refuge,'" Cornish suggested. "That's got up real attractive."

Di's profile again, and her pleased voice saying that this was the very one she had been hoping to hear him sing.

They gathered for "My Rock, My Refuge."

"Oh," cried Ina, at the conclusion of this number, "I'm having such a perfectly beautiful time. Isn't everybody?" everybody's hostess put it.

"Lulu is," said Dwight, and added softly to Lulu: "She don't have to hear herself sing."

It was incredible. He was like a bad boy with a frog. About that photograph of Ninian he found a dozen ways to torture her, called attention to it, showed it to Cornish, set it on the piano facing them all. Everybody must have understood—excepting the Plows. These two gentle souls sang placidly through the Album of Old Favorites, and at the melodies smiled happily upon each other with an air from another world. Always it was as if the Plows walked some fair, inter-penetrating plane, from which they looked out as do other things not quite of earth, say, flowers and fire and music.

Strolling home that night, the Plows were overtaken by some one who ran badly, and as if she were unaccustomed to running.



"Miss Lulu Bett, the Mocking Ba-ird!" Dwight insisted.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Vegetable Glow Worms.

A scientist named Ehrman speaks in enthusiastic terms of "vegetable glow worms," as he calls them, which he observed gleaming on the walls and in the crevices of Swedish mines. In Bohemia, the caves are not uncommonly illuminated by this interesting cryptogam; and, according to Phipson, sufficient light has been emitted in English coal mines from this source to enable miners to read ordinary print.