

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 Ancient Order of Hibernians was urged at Wednesday's session of its convention in Montreal to wage war on the Ku Klux Klan.

If any situation growing out of reported I. W. W. activities in North Dakota requires special action it will be taken and a firm policy will be adopted to suppress any illegal actions that may be resorted to in strikes or other disturbances, Attorney-General Shafer announced Tuesday.

Gasoline was being retailed at 12 cents a gallon Wednesday at a number of independent stations in and about Los Angeles. This is 1 cent under the price yesterday and 7 cents below that charged by the large oil company stations.

All danger of flood is believed to have passed at Pueblo Wednesday morning. Heavy rains between Pueblo and Colorado Springs caused an 11-foot rise in the Fountain river and several small highway bridges were reported washed out.

Although the general level of wholesale prices throughout the country decreased nearly 2 per cent from May to June, according to figures assembled by the bureau of labor statistics, the retail food index showed an increase of 1 per cent.

Remas Hoffer, one year old son of Jacob Hoffer, wealthy vineyardist of Lodi, Cal., was drowned in a goldfish bowl at his home late Wednesday. The child's mother found him head first in the bowl, which contained about four inches of water.

John E. Ballaine of Seattle, former chief engineer for the Alaska Northern railroad, charged at a hearing at Seward, Alaska Wednesday before Secretary of the Interior Work that steamship and railroad rates are throttling the development of Alaska.

A number of persons are reported to have been killed and others injured and considerable damage caused to buildings through the explosion Tuesday of a large depot of artillery ammunition at Kragujevac, 60 miles southeast of Belgrade. The accident is believed to have been due to spontaneous combustion.

That a grieving mother may recover the body of her little crippled boy, Clyde Patnee, drowned in the Yuba river near Cisco, Nev., Saturday, the Pacific Gas & Electric company is having the stream turned and is blasting out solid rock to do it. The body was swept over the falls and could not be reached in any other way.

Charges that Lem Small, governor of Illinois, was acquitted by a corrupted jury in his trial in the Lake county circuit court in Waukegan, Ill., last June were swept from the slate Tuesday when the jury hearing the trial of John B. Fields, Edward Kaufman and Edward Courtney returned a verdict of not guilty for all three defendants.

Superior Judge Hewitt of Los Angeles Wednesday awarded the custody of 5-year-old June Shosted to her aunt and foster mother, Mrs. Elsie Shosted, denying the habeas corpus petition of the child's mother, Mrs. Lois Pollan. The latter sought to recover the baby she "loaned" to her sister in Kansas five years ago.

At Grand Central station New York Wednesday morning a number of travelers from the west were wearing "Henry Ford for president" buttons. The button is a modest affair, showing a wheel in black and white, with the legend across its face. Thousands of them are being distributed in western cities, but relatively few in Detroit, one of the visitors told an interested spectator.

Senator Robert M. La Follette, in a statement in connection with the election of Magnus Johnson as United States senator from Minnesota, declared that "the old Lincoln spirit is again sweeping the west. It will find its echoes in the east, south and middle west just as soon as courageous and able leaders of the type of Magnus Johnson arise to champion the cause of the common people," he said.

QUAKE WRECKS HOSPITAL

Southern California Towns Hard Hit by Tremor—Lightning Noted

San Bernardino, Cal.—Inventory of the damage of Sunday night's earthquake, showed three persons injured and about \$2000 damage in the city of San Bernardino and \$2500 in Redlands.

Extensive damage, however, was done to the Southern California state hospital for the insane at Patton, six miles northeast, and the General hospital of San Bernardino county, two miles northeast. At the state hospital the east and west walls of the institution were shattered to such an extent that 519 patients today were ordered removed.

A portion of the north wall of the institution fell out. Large cracks were opened in the walls. The buildings are 30 years old and three stories in height. It would cost half a million dollars to construct new quarters for the patients.

Dr. Edwin Wayte, acting superintendent, telegraphed to Sacramento asking that state engineers be sent to Patton at once to make an inspection. He also asked permission to transfer the patients to the state hospital at Norwalk.

Dr. Wayte said he expected many of the patients ordered removed today would be obliged to sleep in the open tonight. There are 2250 patients enrolled at the institution and there is no room in other wards for those ordered taken out.

Between \$4000 and \$8000 damage was done at the general hospital of the county.

The injured are George R. Fisher, hurt when a ton of brick and stone from the Hall of Records fell through the Richardson building into his room; R. H. Lee, citrus fruit specialist of the California Fruitgrowers' exchange, who was driving an automobile on a bluff at East Highland, near San Andreas, when the earthquake jarred the steering wheel from his hand and caused the car to go over a 50-foot cliff; William H. Jones, cut by falling glass.

Damage in San Bernardino consisted largely of cracked walls in various school buildings and out-houses and business blocks. The Hall of Records, which lost an immense chimney, was the building worst damaged.

City officials announced that only one business structure, an old two-story building, would be condemned.

Musician Wins at Port

New York.—Arthur Beckwith, concert master of the Cleveland orchestra, who arrived Monday on the liner Orduna and refused to land when told that his wife and three children would be excluded because the British quota was filled, is now at his hotel. So is his family.

Commissioner of Immigration Curran learned of the musician's plight and started cutting red tape. It took three hours' cutting.

Beckwith had passed the immigration tangle, but refused to leave the ship unless assured that his family would not have to put in a night at the island.

Tribes Clash in India

Peshawar, British India.—Fighting has broken out between the tribesmen ruled by the nawab of Amb and Miangul in the northwest frontier province.

As the result of a dispute the nawab of Amb occupied a part of his rival's territory by a surprise attack in which 50 men were killed. The nawab of Miangul retaliated ruthlessly. Refugees are streaming into this city.

Incompetent Dies Rich

New York.—Ferdinand W. Suydam, the "oldest incompetent known in New York courts," whose affairs for 50 years were handled by a committee, was a millionaire when he died last February. It is disclosed in proceedings preliminary to distribution of the fortune. Suydam, related to many socially prominent persons, inherited, in 1874, from his father, a \$50,000 estate which grew to more than \$1,000,000 in value in 1923.

Tremor Is Registered

Washington, D. C.—An earthquake of severe intensity and of two hour's duration, estimated to have occurred 4800 miles from Washington, was recorded Sunday on the Georgetown University seismograph. The disturbance continued from 9:29 A. M. to 11:30 A. M. with the greatest intensity between 10 o'clock and 10:10 A. M.

Anti-Soviet Plot Aired

London.—Discovery of an extensive anti-soviet plan, designed to promote general insurrection against all soviet republics and leaders of the third internationale, is reported by the Copenhagen correspondent of the Exchange Telegraph company, who quotes the Stockholm Tiedningen.

HUGHES SCORES SPIRIT OF SOVIET

Recognition by America Is Held Impossible.

BAR INTERFERENCE

Russia Must First Live Up to Conditions of Intercourse, Asserts Secretary of State.

Washington, D. C.—Recognition of the Russian soviet government by the United States cannot come while its leaders continue to evince "a spirit of destruction at home and abroad," according to a declaration by Secretary Hughes made public Saturday. In an exchange of correspondence with Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, Mr. Hughes renewed a statement of principles which he said was guiding American government policies with regard to Russia, while Mr. Gompers made direct reference to the recent public demands, from senators and others who have visited Russia, for recognition.

American tradition, Mr. Hughes said, founded on a desire to refrain from interference with internal affairs of other nations, might require recognition of any government, even a government of a "tyrannical minority," when the people of the nation concerned maintain manifested acquiescence or submission of it. Nevertheless, recognition being "an invitation of intercourse," the government seeking recognition should evince a disposition to "live up to the obligations of intercourse," he declared, denying in detail assertions that the Russian government was so doing.

Mr. Gompers, remarking on "misinformation gathered by retiring travelers during closely supervised tours" in Russia, suggested in a letter to the secretary of state that some purpose might be served if "those standing for the American concept of right and justice and democracy" should be given clearly to understand that the backbone of the whole situation regarding Russia is the denial to the people of Russia of any opportunity to pass judgment on their own affairs, or to say by whom or in what manner they should be governed.

The state department's position, he said, had been understood by him to be that of "energetic opposition to a tyrannical minority imposing themselves on a reluctant people." Expressing the opinion of wage earners, he said he "thought that the United States might, under any circumstances, extend official recognition to such a villainous despotism is repugnant."

Flyer Ordered to Post

Rock Springs, Wyo.—Orders to return by rail to McCook field, Dayton, O., and to express his disabled airplane in which he was forced to land here last Thursday, while attempting to fly across the continent between dawn and dusk, to the same place, were received here Saturday night by Lieutenant Russell L. Maughan.

Asserting that the work of tearing apart the plane and preparing it for shipping probably would be completed by Tuesday, Lieutenant Maughan said he expected to leave here by that day or Wednesday.

Dudley Malone in Ring

London.—Dudley Field Malone, democrat, ex-collector of the port of New York and now an international lawyer dividing his time between Paris and New York, shied his hat into the American political ring as "surprise presidential candidate" in 1924. Malone said he believed women would rule the world in the future instead of men. He is the husband of Doris Stevens, a leader of the militant suffragists in the United States.

474-Pounder Is Landed

Avalon, Santa Catalina Island, Cal.—A. R. Martin of Beverly Hills, California, landed a 474-pound broad-billed swordfish Saturday after a fight lasting two hours and 15 minutes while fishing from a small powerboat.

This not only exceeds by 11 pounds the previous record catch, made in 1917, but is the first broad-billed swordfish brought in this season.

MISS LULU BETT

By ZONA GALE
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VI—Continued.

Next day there came a message from that woman who had brought up Dwight—"made him what he was," he often complacently accused her. It was a note on a postal card—she had often written a few lines on a postal card to say that she had sent the maple sugar, or could Ina get her some samples. Now she wrote a few lines on a postal card to say that she was going to die with cancer. Could Dwight and Ina come to her while she was still able to visit? If he was not too busy. . . .

Nobody saw the pity and the terror of that postal card. They stuck it up by the kitchen clock to read over from time to time, and before they left, Dwight lifted the griddle of the cooking-stove and burned the postal card.

And before they left Lulu said: "Dwight—you can't tell how long you'll be gone?"

"Of course not. How should I tell?"

"No. And that letter might come while you're away."

"Conceivably. Letters do come while a man's away!"

"Dwight—I thought if you wouldn't mind if I opened it—"

"Opened it?"

"Yes. You see, it'll be about me mostly—"

"I should have said that it'll be about my brother mostly."

"But you know what I mean. You wouldn't mind if I did open it?"

"But you say you know what'll be in it."

"So I did know—till you—I've got to see that letter, Dwight."

"And so you shall. But not till I show it to you. My dear Lulu, you know how I hate hearing my mail interfered with."

She might have said: "Small souls always make a point of that." She said nothing. She watched them set off, and kept her mind on Ina's thousand injunctions.

"Don't let Di see much of Bobby Larkin. And, Lulu—if it occurs to her to have Mr. Cornish come up to sing, of course you ask him. You might ask him to supper. And don't let mother overdo. And, Lulu, now do watch Monona's handkerchief—the child will never take a clean one if I'm not here to tell her. . . ."

She breathed injunctions to the very step of the bus.

In the bus Dwight leaned forward: "See that you play post office squarely, Lulu!" he called, and threw back his head and lifted his eyebrows.

In the train he turned tragic eyes to his wife.

"Ina," he said. "It's ma. And she's going to die. It can't be. . . ."

Ina said: "But you're going to help her, Dwight, just being there with her."

It was true that the mere presence of the man would bring a kind of fresh life to that worn frame. Tact and wisdom and love would speak through him and minister.

Toward the end of their week's absence the letter from Ninian came.

Lulu took it from the post office when she went for the mail that evening, dressed in her dark red gown. There was no other letter, and she carried that one letter in her hand all through the streets. She passed those who were surmising what her story might be, who were telling one another what they had heard. But she knew hardly more than they. She passed Cornish in the doorway of his little music shop, and spoke with him; and there was the letter. It was so that Dwight's foster mother's postal card might have looked on its way to be mailed.

Cornish stepped down and overtook her.

"Oh, Miss Lulu. I've got a new song or two—"

She said abstractedly: "Do. Any night. Tomorrow night—could you—"

It was as if Lulu were too preoccupied to remember to be ill at ease.

Cornish flushed with pleasure, said that he could indeed.

"Come for supper," Lulu said.

"Oh, could he? Wouldn't that be. . . Well, say! Such was his acceptance."

He came for supper. And Di was not at home. She had gone off in the country with Jenny and Bobby, and they merely did not return.

Mrs. Bett and Lulu and Cornish and Monona supped alone. All were at ease, now that they were alone. Especially Mrs. Bett was at ease. It became one of her young nights, her alive and lucid nights. She was there. She sat in Dwight's chair and Lulu sat in Ina's chair. Lulu had picked flowers for the table—a task coveted by her but usually performed by Ina. Lulu had now picked Sweet William and had filled a vase of silver gilt taken from the parlor. Also, Lulu had made ice cream.

"I don't see what Di can be thinking of," Lulu said. "It seems like asking you under false—"

Cornish savored his steaming beef pie, with sage. "Oh, well!" he said, contentedly.

"Kind of a relief, I think, to have her gone," said Mrs. Bett, from the fullness of something or other.

"Mother!" Lulu said, twisting her smile.

"Why, my land, I love her," Mrs. Bett explained, "but she wiggles and chitters."

Cornish never made the slightest effort, at any time, to keep a straight face. The honest fellow now laughed loudly.

"Well!" Lulu thought. "He can't be so very much in love." And again she thought: "He doesn't know any-

thing about the letter. He thinks Ninian got tired of me." Deep down in her heart there abode her certainty that this was not so.

By some etiquette of consent, Mrs. Bett cleared the table and Lulu and Cornish went into the parlor. There lay the letter on the drop-leaf side-table, among the shells. Lulu had carried it there, where she need not see it at her work. The letter looked no more than the advertisement of dental office furniture beneath it. Monona stood indifferently fingering both.

"Monona," Lulu said sharply, "leave them be!"

Cornish was displaying his music. "Got up quite attractive," he said—it was his formula of praise for his music.

"But we can't try it over," Lulu said, "if Di doesn't come."

"Well, say," said Cornish shyly, "you know I left that Album of Old Favorites here. Some of them we know by heart."

Lulu looked. "I'll tell you something," she said; "there's some of these I can play with one hand—by ear. Maybe—"

"Why, sure!" said Cornish.

Lulu sat at the piano. She had on the wool chally, long sacred to the nights when she must combine her servant's estate with the quality of being Ina's sister. She wore her coral beads and her cameo cross. In her absence she had caught the trick of dressing her hair so that it looked even more abundant—but she had not dared to try it so until tonight, when Dwight was gone. Her long wrist was curved high, her thin hand pressed and fingered awkwardly, and at her mistakes her head dipped and strove to make all right. Her foot continuously touched the loud pedal—the blurred sound seemed to accomplish more. So she played "How Can I Leave Thee," and they managed to sing it. So she played "Long, Long

"No, no. Of course he didn't," Cornish said earnestly. "But, Lord's sakes—" he said again. He rose to walk about, found it impracticable and sat down.

"That's what Dwight don't want me to tell—he thinks it isn't true. He thinks—he didn't have any other wife. He thinks he wanted—" Lulu looked up at him. "You see," she said, "Dwight thinks he didn't want me."

"But why don't you make your husband—I mean, why doesn't he write to Mr. Deacon here, and tell him the truth—" Cornish burst out.

Under this implied belief, she relaxed and into her face came its rare sweetness.

"He has written," she said. "The letter's there."

He followed her look, scowled at the two letters.

"What'd he say?"

"Dwight don't like me to touch his mail. I'll have to wait till he comes back."

"Lord sakes!" said Cornish.

This time he did rise and walk about. He wanted to say something, wanted it with passion. He paused beside Lulu and stammered:

"You—you're too nice a girl to get a deal like this. Darned if you aren't."

To her own complete surprise Lulu's eyes filled with tears, and she could not speak. She was by no means above self-sympathy.

"And there ain't," said Cornish sorrowfully, "there ain't a thing I can do."

And yet he was doing much. He was gentle, he was listening, and on his face a frown of concern. His face continually surprised her, it was so fine and alive and near, by comparison with Ninian's loose-lipped, ruddy, impersonal look and Dwight's thin, high-boned hardness. All the time Cornish gave her something, instead of drawing upon her. Above all, he was there, and she could talk to him.

"It's—it's funny," Lulu said. "I'd be awful glad if I just could know for sure that the other woman was alive—if I couldn't know she's dead."

This surprising admission Cornish seemed to understand.

"Sure you would," he said briefly.

"Cora Waters," Lulu said. "Cora Waters, of San Diego, California. And she never heard of me."

"No," Cornish admitted. They stared at each other as across some abyss.

In the doorway Mrs. Bett appeared. "I scrapped up everything," she remarked, "and left the dishes set."

"That's right, mamma," Lulu said. "Come and sit down."

Mrs. Bett entered with a leisurely air of doing the thing next expected of her.

"I don't hear any more playin' and singin'," she remarked. "It sounded real nice."

"We—we sung all I knew how to play, I guess, mamma."

"I use to play on the melodeon," Mrs. Bett volunteered, and spread and examined her right hand.

"Well!" said Cornish.

She now told them about her log-house in a New England clearing, when she was a bride. All her store of drama and life came from her. She rehearsed it with far eyes. She laughed at old delights, drooped at old fears. She told about her little daughter who had died at sixteen—a tragedy such as once would have been renewed in a vital ballad. At the end she yawned frankly as if, in some terrible sophistication, she had been telling the story of some one else.

"Give us one more piece," she said.

"Can we?" Cornish asked.

"I can play 'I Think When I Read That Sweet Story of Old,'" Lulu said.

"That's the ticket," said Cornish.

They sang it, to Lulu's right hand.

"That's the one you picked out when you was a little girl, Lullie," cried Mrs. Bett.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Good Definition of Wisdom.

Wisdom is that attribute of man through which every action of a man receives its ideal value and import.—Schliermacher.



"Oh, No," Lulu Disclaimed It. She Looked Up, Flushed, Smiling.