

# 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.

Reports were received from the mountains near Visalia, Cal., Tuesday that snow had fallen at the 6500-foot level for the first time in 25 years at this season.

A threatened bread crisis was averted in Dublin Wednesday by the government supplying soldiers, in response to an appeal from the bakery proprietors for a guard to protect the removal of yeast from the Amiens street station, which strike pickets were holding up.

Immediate recall of Governor-General Leonard Wood was demanded in a resolution unanimously adopted at a joint meeting of both houses of the legislature in Manila Tuesday night. The resolution was addressed to President Harding.

A run on the German reichsbank began soon after the opening Wednesday, according to a Central News dispatch from Berlin. The cause given was an insufficiency of bills of large denominations to satisfy the other banks.

Benny Leonard, king of the lightweights of the past six years, demonstrated conclusively Tuesday night his undisputed title to the throne by trouncing Lew Tendler, his Philadelphia challenger, in a slashing, bitterly-fought 15-round match at the Yankee stadium, New York.

Princess Marguerite von Hohenzollern was convicted at Leipzig, Tuesday, of complicity in high treason and perjury for her part in the escape of Captain Ehrhardt, commander of the "Iron Brigade" during the Kapp putsch of 1920. She was sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

A flood of 10,000 and 20,000-mark notes is inundating Berlin because of the reichsbank's inability to supply sufficient quantities of high-denomination currency and a small army of bank clerks stormed the institution Wednesday in an attempt to haul off enough paper to supply the private banks.

The first car of 1923 crop of spring wheat arrived in Minneapolis Wednesday. It came from Waterville, Minn., graded No. 1 dark northern, and looked plump and of good color. The wheat tested 60 pounds to the bushel and brought a premium of 15 cents a bushel above the September futures.

Senator Hiram Johnson of California was cheered by 1000 persons Wednesday night in New York, when at a dinner in his honor he denounced America's proposed entry into the world court and declared America's gold and man power and not her wisdom were wanted by European nations in the settlement of European affairs.

United States Attorney-General Harry M. Daugherty will be prepared upon his arrival on the Pacific coast to join the presidential tour to appear personally in criminal actions against San Francisco building-material dealers and trade associations charged with conspiracy to boycott union labor by refusal to furnish certain materials to contractors employing organized workers.

It doesn't pay to curse a policeman, as Miss Adeline Anda, young and pretty, of The Dalles, Or., learned Wednesday to her sorrow. She was fined \$10 in the recorder's court for having used "abusive and profane" language against Ed Kurta, local commissioner of police, when he led a party of officers in a raid on her home Sunday night in search of liquor, which was not found.

The French government airplane Wednesday successfully completed a flight from the St. Asizes wireless station to Tours and return, a total of about 250 miles, steering only by wireless. The indications were received on an apparatus called the radio goniometer, which showed the airplanes' position with relation to the wireless station. This device enabled the pilot to make the journey with an error of only 2 per cent in direction on the outward flight and with entire accuracy on the return.

## TURKEY REJECTS U. S. PLEA

Protection of Christian Subjects Refused—Washington Disappointed

Lausanne. — The Turco-American negotiations are in an unfavorable position; it depends upon the decision of Washington whether a convention will be signed at Lausanne. Ismet Pasha took Riza Nur Bey with him Monday to give him added strength in his talks with Joseph C. Grew.

The first indication that the situation was less hopeless came when Ismet announced that Turkey could do nothing for the United States with respect to the protection of Christian populations in Turkey, who were Ottoman subjects. This was a distinct disappointment because of the previous intimation in Ismet's answer to Mr. Grew's letter, inquiring as to what steps Turkey would adopt for safeguarding the legitimate interests of minorities, that he would enclose a copy of the national pact, which includes references to the rights of minorities.

Today, however, Ismet said that after mature consideration this seemed impossible because the national pact provided for treaties concerning minorities with other countries, and it was not suggested that the United States should negotiate a treaty on this subject.

Coming down to the question of the American claims for damages to property, Ismet suggested two alternatives. He proposed that a distinct category of claims to be agreed upon should be mentioned in the treaty and submitted to arbitration, failing an accord in specific cases. The second alternative was that the fixing of a category of claims should be adjourned for later negotiations between the two governments and that when requests for damages fell into the field, thus restricted, they should be submitted to two appraisers, one a Turk and the other an American.

## Seaplane Record Made.

Port Washington, N. Y.—Lieutenant Rutledge Irvine, flying the new navy Curtis seaplane which will be entered by the United States navy in the international races for the Schneider trophy off the Isle of Wight, September 28, Monday established a new speed record for seaplanes of 175.3 miles an hour.

The previous record was 146 miles. The speed record for land planes, made by Lieutenant Russell L. Maughan of the United States army at Dayton, O., is 240 miles an hour.

The record today was made in two runs back and forth over a 4.26-mile course between Execution and Stepping Stone on Long Island sound. It was made against a 12-mile wind.

## Train Time West Is Cut.

Chicago.—Another stride for shortening the journey from Chicago to the Pacific Northwest in time was made Saturday when the Northern Pacific limited set out from here on a 71-hour run to the coast. The schedule inaugurated by the train cut down the fastest time of the road to the coast by two hours.

The conductor of the train took a letter of greetings from Mayor Dever of Chicago to Mayor Baker of Portland and Mayor Brown of Seattle, and Mayor Fawcett of Tacoma commenting on the faster train service as a means of further cementing the far west to the middle west for the greater good of all concerned.

## Newlyweds Hide in Bin.

New York.—The honeymoon of Wilhelm Strieglitz and Gustav Smith, both of Austria, which began in a coal bunker on the German steamer Crete, ended Monday in Ellis Island. Both coal dust and romance had been somewhat washed off, for the pair was discovered when the ship was in mid-ocean and were promptly put to work.

The ship's officials are at a loss to explain how they reached the place they had selected for their honeymoon—which was to have been continued after their marriage here. They will be deported.

## Speeders To Be Jailed.

Chicago.—Speeders, drunken drivers and reckless drivers who roar through the streets, regardless of human life, are hereafter to be put in cells until their cases come to trial. This was the edict issued Monday by Chief of Police Collins in an effort to stem the alarming tide of death under the wheels of such drivers. The total so far this year reaches the appalling figure of 381.

## Expublisher Ends Life.

San Francisco.—Thomas E. Flynn, 60, former publisher and editor of the Wasp, a San Francisco periodical, shot and killed himself Monday in the locker room of the Olympic club. He left a note saying ill health was the cause of his act.

## HARDING WORSE; ALL PLANS OFF

President to Stay in San Francisco Two Weeks.

## CASE IS COMPLICATED

Action Taken After Conference of Physicians and Personal Advisers—Canal Trip Doubtful.

San Francisco.—In a formal statement issued at 10:50 o'clock Sunday night President Harding announced the cancellation of his entire California program.

The decision of the president was made known after a conference between the executive's physicians and some of his advisers, who discussed the condition of the president resulting from the attack of ptomaine poisoning, from which he has been suffering for the last three days.

Brigadier-General Sawyer issued a bulletin on the president's condition, resulting from the attack of ptomaine poisoning, in which he stated new symptoms had arisen during the day indicating complications, and leading to the calling of a consultation of physicians.

The bulletin, signed by General Sawyer, said:

"Because of new symptoms having arisen during the day indicating complications in the case of the president, a consultation of physicians has been called. After this has been concluded bulletins will be issued regularly for the information of the public."

The statement was made authoritatively shortly before midnight that it probably would be ten days or two weeks before the president would be able to undertake any long trip, such as would be involved in a return to Washington. General Sawyer, it was said, had decided to take every precaution possible.

Two San Francisco physicians, selected by General Sawyer and his advisers, were called into consultation at midnight. After the meeting with the consulting physicians General Sawyer, it was announced, would issue another statement.

The two physicians called into consultation were Dr. Ray Liman Wilber, president of Stanford university and head of the American Medical association, and Dr. Charles M. Cooper of San Francisco, a heart specialist.

Formal notices of the cancellation of the California program and indefinite decision with regard to the water trip to the east coast were sent out by direction of Secretary Christian to the city officials of Los Angeles and San Diego, the two California cities which the president planned to visit after leaving San Francisco, and to those in charge of arrangements at Panama, San Juan, Porto Rico and St. Thomas, Virgin Islands.

## Two Policemen Killed.

New York.—Two policemen were shot and killed Friday night when they overtook a man and a woman in a taxicab after a chase that led over Queensboro bridge and ended at Sixty-fourth street. The screams of the woman drew another patrolman to the scene, but the assailants escaped. The shooting occurred not far from the society colony established on the upper east side by leaders of New York's "400."

## Slavs To Seize Island.

Nome, Alaska.—The Russian soviet government in Siberia is outfitting a vessel at Vladivostok to capture Wrangel island, Captain E. Putta of the American trading schooner Iskum, which arrived here Thursday, having in iron two guards who had been put aboard to detain the craft on the Siberian coast, declared Saturday.

## America Has Privilege.

Lausanne. — The American and Turkish experts reached an agreement Saturday night whereby the United States receives the most-favored nation treatment concerning the freedom of the straits for merchantmen and warships. The United States without signing the straits convention will receive all privileges.

## Firebugs Busy in Erin.

Belfast.—Large fires, believed to be of incendiary origin, began Saturday night in the Port Law district of County Waterford. The countryside for several miles was ablaze and large quantities of hay and straw and five buildings were destroyed. The fires are believed to be connected with the strike of farm laborers.



VI—Continued.

Lulu had played it now as she must have played it then.

Half after nine and Di had not returned. But nobody thought of Di. Cornish rose to go.

"What's them?" Mrs. Bett demanded.

"Dwight's letters, mamma. You mustn't touch them!" Lulu's voice was sharp.

"Say!" Cornish, at the door, dropped his voice. "If there was anything I could do at any time, you'd let me know, wouldn't you?"

That past tense, those subjunctives, unconsciously called upon her to feel no intrusion.

"Oh, thank you," she said. "You don't know how good it is to feel—"

"Of course it is," said Cornish heartily.

They stood for a moment on the porch. The night was one of low clamor from the grass, tiny voices, insisting.

"Of course," said Lulu, "of course you won't—you wouldn't—"

"Say anything?" he divined. "Not for dollars. Not," he repeated, "for dollars."

"But I knew you wouldn't," she told him.

He took her hand. "Good-night," he said. "I've had an awful nice time singing and listening to you talk—well, of course—I mean," he cried, "the supper was just fine. And so was the music."

"Oh, no," she said.

Mrs. Bett came into the hall.

"Lulu," she said, "I guess you didn't notice—this one's from Ninian."

"Mother—"

"I opened it—why, of course I did. It's from Ninian."

Mrs. Bett held out the opened envelope, the unfolded letter, and a yellowed newspaper clipping.

"See," said the old woman, "says 'Corie Waters, music hall singer—married last night to Ninian Deacon.' Say, Lulu, that must be her. . . ."

Lulu threw out her hands.

"There!" she cried triumphantly. "He was married to her, just like he said!"

With this Lulu had no idea how to deal, and merely looked at her helplessly. Mrs. Bett, who was lacing her shoes, now said casually:

"No need to wait till then. Her and Bobby were out in the side yard sitting in the hammock till all hours."

Di had no answer save her furious flush, and Mrs. Bett went on:

"Didn't I tell you? I knew it before the company left, but I didn't say a word. Think I, 'She wiggles and chitters.' So I left her stay where she was."

"But, mother!" Lulu cried. "You didn't even tell me after he'd gone."

"I forgot it," Mrs. Bett said, "finding Ninian's letter and all—"

She talked of Ninian's letter.

Di was bright and alert and firm of flesh and erect before Lulu's softness and laxness.

"I don't know what your mother'll say," said Lulu, "and I don't know what people'll think."

"They won't think Bobby and I are tired of each other, anyway," said Di, and left the room.

Through the day Lulu tried to think what she must do. About Di she was anxious and felt without power. She thought of the indignation of Dwight and Ina that Di had not been more scrupulously guarded. She thought of Di's girlish folly, her irritating independence—and there, Lulu thought, "just the other day I was teaching her to sew." Her mind dwelt, too, on Dwight's furious anger at the opening of Ninian's letter. But when all this had spent itself, what was she herself to do? She must leave his house before he ordered her to do so, when she told him that she had confided in Cornish, as he told her must. But what was she to do? The bakery cake-making would not give her a roof.

Stepping above the kitchen in her blue cotton gown, her hair tight and flat as seemed proper when one was



"Of Course," Said Lulu, "Of Course You Won't—You Wouldn't!"

not dressed, she thought about these things. And it was strange: Lulu bore no physical appearance of one in distress or any anxiety. Her head was erect, her movements were strong and swift, her eyes were interested. She was no drooping Lulu with dragging step. She was more intent, she was somehow more operative than she had ever been.

Mrs. Bett was working contentedly beside her, and now and then humming an air of that music of the night before. The sun surged through the kitchen door and east window, a returned oriole swung and fluted on the elm above the gable. Wagons clattered by over the rattling wooden block pavement.

"Ain't it nice with nobody home?" Mrs. Bett remarked at intervals, like the burden of a comic song.

"Hush, mother," Lulu said, troubled, her ethical refinements conflicting with her honesty.

"Speak the truth and shame the devil," Mrs. Bett contended.

When dinner was ready at noon, Di did not appear. A little earlier Lulu had heard her moving about her room, and she served her in expectation that she would join them.

"Di must be having the 'tantrim' this time," she thought, and for a time said nothing. But at length she did say: "Why doesn't Di come? I'd better put her plate in the oven."

Rising to do so, she was arrested by her mother. Mrs. Bett was eating a baked potato, holding her fork close to the tines, and presenting a profile of passionate absorption.

"Why, Di went off," she said. "Went off!"

"Down the walk. Down the sidewalk."

"She must have gone to Jenny's," said Lulu. "I wish she wouldn't do that without telling me."

Monona laughed out and shook her straight hair. "She'll catch it!" she cried in sisterly enjoyment.

It was when Lulu had come back from the kitchen and was seated at the table that Mrs. Bett observed:

"I didn't think Inle'd want her to take her nice new satchel."

"Her satchel?"

"Yes. Inle wouldn't take it north herself, but Di had it."

"Mother," said Lulu, "when Di went away just now, was she carrying a satchel?"

"Didn't I just tell you?" Mrs. Bett demanded, aggrieved. "I said I didn't think Inle—"

"Mother, which way did she go?" Monona pointed with her spoon.

"She went that way," she said. "I seen her."

Lulu looked at the clock. For Monona had pointed toward the railway station. The twelve-thirty train, which every one took to the city for shopping, would be just about leaving.

"Monona," said Lulu, "don't you go out of the yard while I'm gone. Mother, you keep her—"

Lulu ran from the house and up the street. She was in her blue cotton dress, her old shoes; she was hatless and without money. When she was still two or three blocks from the station, she heard the twelve-thirty "pulling out."

She ran badly, her ankles in their low, loose shoes continually turning, her arms held taut at her sides. So she came down the platform, and to the ticket window. The contained ticket man, wanted to lost trains and perturbed faces, yet actually ceased counting when he saw her:

"Lenny! Did Di Deacon take that train?"

"Sure she did," said Lenny.

"And Bobby Larkin?" Lulu cared nothing for appearances now.

"He went in on the Local," said Lenny, and his eyes widened.

"Where?"

"See," Lenny thought it through. "Milton," he said. "Yes, sure. Milton. Both of 'em."

"How long till another train?"

"Well, sir," said the ticket man, "you're in luck, if you was goin' too. Seventeen was late this morning—she'll be along, Jerk of a lamb's tail."

"Then," said Lulu, "you got to give me a ticket to Milton, without me paying till after—and you got to lend me two dollars."

"Sure thing," said Lenny, with a manner of laying the entire railway system at her feet.

"Seventeen" would rather not have stopped at Warbleton, but Lenny's signal was law on the time card, and the magnificent yellow express slowed down for Lulu. Hatless, and in her blue cotton gown, she climbed aboard.

Then her old inefficiency seized upon her. What was she going to do? Milton! She had been there but once, years ago—how could she ever find anybody? Why had she not stayed in Warbleton and asked the sheriff or somebody—no, not the sheriff. Cornish, perhaps. Oh, and Dwight and Ina were going to be angry now! And Di—little Di. As Lulu thought of her she began to cry. She said to herself that she had taught Di to sew.

In sight of Milton, Lulu was seized with trembling and physical nausea. She had never been alone in any unfamiliar town. She put her hands to her hair and for the first time realized her rolled-up sleeves. She was pulling down these sleeves when the conductor came through the train.

"Could you tell me," she said timidly, "the name of the principal hotel in Milton?"

Ninian had asked this as they neared Savannah, Georgia.

The conductor looked curiously at her.

"Why, the Hess house," he said. "Wasn't you expecting anybody to meet you?" he asked, kindly.

"No," said Lulu, "but I'm going to find my folks—"

Her voice trailed away.

"Beats all," thought the conductor, using his utility formula for the universe.

In Milton Lulu's inquiry for the Hess house produced no consternation. Nobody paid any attention to her. She was almost taken to be a new servant there.

"You stop feeling so!" she said to herself angrily at the lobby entrance. "Ain't you been to that big hotel in Savannah, Georgia?"

The Hess house, Milton, had a tradition of its own to maintain. It seemed, and they sent her to the rear basement door. She obeyed meekly, but she lost a good deal of time before she found herself at the end of the office desk. It was still longer before anyone attended her.

"Please, sir!" she burst out. "See if Di Deacon has put her name on your book?"

Her appeal was tremendous, compelling. The young clerk listened to her, showed her where to look in the register. When only strange names and strange writing presented themselves there, he said:

"Tried the parlor?"

And directed her kindly and with his thumb, and in the other hand a pen divorced from his ear for the express purpose.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Leviathan of Literature."

"The Leviathan of Literature" is a name sometimes given to Dr. Samuel Johnson.

Insect Pests Dislike Soot.

Foliage in London or any place where there is much soot is usually fairly free from insect pests.