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.

Russia's policy toward her foreign debts and compensation to her creditors remains unchanged from the policy announced at Genoa.

J. P. Morgan & Co. announced Wednesday afternoon that a $20,000,000 Swiss loan would be floated in this country. A public offering of three-year notes will be made.

Eight trans-Atlantic liners, entered in the race to land their immigrants in New York before the August quotas were filled, flashed across the finish line and into quarantine within four minutes, immediately after midnight, eastern standard time, Tuesday morning.

Railroads were ordered Friday by the interstate commerce commission to discontinue by October 19 next the fixing of freight rates on common veneer which exceed rates charged for lumber in similar weight and distance shipments.

Royal assent was given Tuesday to Lady Astor's liquor bill, thus formally placing it upon the statute books. The bill, which prohibits the sale of intoxicating liquors to any persons under 18 years old, was passed by the house of lords last Tuesday.

Sale of 80,000,000 board feet of timber of the Mormon Lake and Saw Mill Springs unit on the Coconin national forest in Arizona at an average of $2.25 a thousand feet was approved Tuesday by the department of agriculture. The tract involved covers 28,000 acres.

The number of casualties by the world war who are drawing pensions is estimated at 10,000,000, in a report communicated by the international labor bureau to a conference of experts being held in Geneva to study methods of placing all of these men at work.

The British schooner Pessaquid was seized by the coast guard tug Mascoutin while within the three-mile limit off Hatteras, Va., Tuesday. The vessel, which had on board 3500 cases of whisky, was taken without resistance by the crew and is being held here pending instructions from Washington.

Willie Mannifield, negro, was burned at the stake in a swamp at Yazoo City, Miss., at 11 o'clock Monday morning. The mob accused Mannifield of attacking a white woman 20 miles southeast of here, with an ax early last night and inflicting wounds which physicians believe will prove fatal.

"It appears as if some governments are sending their social inadequates to the United States to avoid their care," Mrs. Muriel Lynch Chrichton, a special investigator, sent by Secretary Davis of the labor department to study immigration details in Europe, reported to Acting Secretary Henning.

Powerful Japanese newspapers, regarded as government mouthpieces, are combined editorially in expressing fear that there is to be a war between Japan and England, according to Tokio dispatches published in a Honolulu Japanese daily. This fear takes the basis that the fortification of Singapore by Great Britain will pave the way for another world war.

That the persistent and, as he believes, apparently inspired propaganda urging the farmers to limit their production on the theory there is an overproduction of crops, is a pernicious and unwarranted factor in depressing the market price of wheat this season, is the opinion emphatically expressed by E. L. French, director of the department of agriculture at Olympia.

Nearly 30 individuals, including Dr. Frederick A. Cook, who once proclaimed himself the discoverer of the north pole, and two corporations were indicted by the federal grand jury in Los Angeles late Tuesday on charges of misuse of the mails in connection with allaged oil swindles in Texas, chiefly at Fort Worth and vicinity. The corporations named in the indictment were the Revere Oil company and the Oil Operators' trust, both operating in and out of Fort Worth.

PRESIDENT HARDING DIES

Nation's Chief Executive Succumbs to Apoplexy.

San Francisco, Aug. 2.—President Harding died at 7:30 o'clock tonight, stricken by a stroke of apoplexy, after having almost won his fight against broncho-pneumonia and other complications.

The end came suddenly and without warning while Mrs. Harding, truly faithful until death, sat by his bedside reading to him. Two nurses were the only other persons in the room, and there was no time for a last word from the nation's leader either to his wife or to the republic he served.

A shudder shook his frame, weakened by seven days of illness and worn by a trip of 7500 miles from Washington to Alaska and return as far as this city, he collapsed and it was over.

Mrs. Harding only had time to rush to the door and call, "Find Dr. Boone and the others, quick," meaning the physicians. Brigadier-General Charles E. Sawyer, personal physician to the president, was in a nearby room, but when he hurried into the room medical skill was useless.

Mrs. Harding was as brave after the end as she had been faithful to the end. Although not strong and still affected by her illness of nearly a year ago, she declared she could not break down and she did not break down in the hour of her greatest grief.

Interment undoubtedly will be at Marion, the same city where Warren G. Harding struggled determinedly forward, first as a newspaper publisher, then as lieutenant-governor and then as United States senator to the highest office within the gift of the American people.

The end came so suddenly that the members of the official party could not be called. It came after a day which had been described by Brigadier-General Sawyer, the president's personal physician, as the most satisfactory day the president had had since his illness began.

The physicians in their formal announcement of the end said that "during the day he had been free from discomfort and there was every justification for anticipating a prompt recovery."

The first indication that a change had occurred in the condition of Mr. Harding came shortly after 7 o'clock when Mrs. Harding personally opened the door of the sick room and called to those in the corridors to "find Dr. Boone and the others quick." At that time Mrs. Harding was understood to have been reading to the president, sitting at his bedside with the evening papers and messages of sympathy which had been received during the day.

Dr. Sawyer alone of all the doctors was in the president's apartments when the climax came. He first was called by Mrs. Harding, who then rushed to the door leading into the hotel corridors and commanded an immediate search for the other physicians.

The death of the nation's chief executive was announced in these words:

"The president died instantaneously and without warning and while conversing with members of his family at 7:30 P. M. Death was apparently due to some brain envolvement, probably apoplexy.

COOLIDGE TAKES OATH OF OFFICE

Washington, D. C., Aug. 3.—Calvin Coolidge took the oath as president of the United States at Plymouth, Vt., at 2:47 A. M. today.

The text of the presidential oath of office was telephoned to Vice-President Coolidge at Plymouth, Vt., early today from the White House, where the understanding was that he would subscribe to it and officially become chief executive at once.

Mr. Coolidge was sworn in as the nation's chief executive by his father, John C. Coolidge, in the living room of the latter's home here.

Routed from his bed by a telegram from George B. Christian, secretary to President Harding, apprising him of the tragedy in San Francisco, the new president immediately met newspaper men and gave them a statement pledging himself to carry out policies of his dead chief and friend.

President Coolidge issued the following statement early today:

"Reports have reached me which I fear are correct, that President Harding is gone. The world has lost a great and good man. I mourn his loss. He was my chief and my friend.

"It will be my purpose to carry out the policies which he has begun for the service of the American people and for meeting their responsibilities wherever they may arise. For this purpose I shall seek the co-operation of all those who have been associated with the president during his term of office. Those who have given their efforts to assist him I wish to retain in office that they may assist me. I have faith that God will direct the destinies of our nation."

TAKES OATH AS PRESIDENT.

CALVIN COOLIDGE.

Pekin.—Foreign Minister Wellington Koo Sunday expressed his sincere regrets at the death of President Harding. In a statement to the Associated Press he said:

"President Harding's death means the loss of a great figure in your country. He was a sincere friend of mine." Mr. Koo cabled his sympathy to Mrs. Harding and also conveyed the official condolence of China through Minister Alfred Sze at Washington.

Citrus Plants Burned.

San Bernardino, Cal.—Fire that did damage estimated at between $150,000 and $200,000 totally destroyed three large citrus fruit packing plants, three large citrus fruit packing plants, road refrigerator cars at Highland, early Sunday. The packing houses were operated by the Highland Exchange association, Cleghorn brothers and the Highland Fruit Growers' association. The cause of the fire was unknown.

MISS LULU BETT

By ZONA GALE

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VI—Continued.

—15—

In crossing the lobby in the hotel at Savannah, Georgia, Lulu's most pressing problem had been to know where to look. But now the idlers in the Hess house lobby did not exist. In time she found the door of the intensely rose-colored reception room. There, in a fat, rose-colored chair, beside a cataract of lace curtain, sat Di, alone.

Lulu entered. She had no idea what to say. When Di looked up, started up, frowned, Lulu felt as if she herself were the culprit. She said the first thing that occurred to her:

"I don't believe mamma'll like your taking her nice satchel."

"Well!" said Di, exactly as if she had been at home. And superadded: "My goodness!" And then cried rudely: "What are you here for?"

"For you," said Lulu. "You—you—you'd ought not to be here, Di."

"What's that to you?" Di cried.

'Why, Di, you're just a little girl—" Lulu saw that this was all wrong, and stopped miserably. How was she to go on? "Di," she said, "if you and Bobby want to get married, why not let us get you up a nice wedding at home?" And she saw that this sounded as if she were talking about a tea-party.

"Who said we wanted to be married?"

"Well, he's here."

"Who said he's here?"

'Isn't he?"

Di sprang up. "Aunt Lulu," she said, "you're a funny person to be telling me what to do."

Lulu said, flushing: "I love you just the same as if I was married happy, in a home."

"Well, you aren't!" cried Di cruelly, "and I'm going to do just as I think best."

Lulu thought this over, her look grave and sad. She tried to find something to say. "What do people say to people," she wondered, "when it's like this?"

"Getting married is for your whole life," was all that came to her.

"Yours wasn't," Di flashed at her.

Lulu's color deepened, but there seemed to be no resentment in her. She must deal with this right—that was what her manner seemed to say. And how should she deal?

"Di," she cried, "come back with me—and wait till mamma and papa get home."

"That's likely. They say I'm not to be married till I'm twenty-one."

"Well, but how young that is!"

"It is to you."

"Di! This is wrong—it is wrong."

"There's nothing wrong about getting married—if you stay married."

"Well, then it can't be wrong to let them know."

"It isn't. But they'd treat me wrong. They'd make me stay at home. And I won't stay at home—I won't stay there. They act as if I was ten years old."

Abruptly in Lulu's face there came a light of understanding.

"Why, Di," she said, "do you feel that way, too?"

Di missed this. She went on:

"I'm grown up. I feel just as grown up as they do. And I'm not allowed to do a thing I feel. I want to be away—I will be away!"

"I know about that part," Lulu said.

She now looked at Di with attention. Was it possible that Di was suffering in the air of that home as she herself suffered? She had not thought of that. There Di had seemed so young, so dependent, so—asquirm. Here, by herself, waiting for Bobby, in the Hess house at Milliton, she was curiously adult. Would she be adult if she were let alone?

"You don't know what it's like," Di cried, "to be hushed up an laughed at and paid no attention to everything you say."

"Don't I?" said Lulu. 'Don't I?"

She was breathing quickly and looking at Di. If this was why Di was leaving home. . . .

"But, Di," she cried, "do you love Bobby Larkin?"

By this Di was embarrassed. "I've got to marry somebody," she said, "and it might as well be him."

"But is it him?"

"Yes, it is," said Di. "But," she added, "I know I could love almost anybody real nice that was nice to me." And this she said, not in her own right, but either she had picked it up somewhere and adopted it, or else the terrible modernity and honesty of her day somehow spoke through her, for its own. But to Lulu it was as if something familiar turned its face to be recognized.

"Di!" she cried.

"It's true. You ought to know that." She waited for a moment. "You did it," she added. "Mamma said so."

At this onslaught Lulu was stupefied. For she began to perceive its truth.

"I know what I want to do, I guess," Di muttered, as if to try to cover what she had said.

Up to that moment, Lulu had been feeling intensely that she understood Di, but that Di did not know this. Now Lulu felt that she and Di actually shared some unsuspected sisterhood. It was not only that they were both badgered by Dwight. It was more than that. They were two women. And she must make Di know that she understood her.

"Di," Lulu said, breathing hard, "what you just said is true, I guess. Don't you think I don't know. And now I'm going to tell you—"

She might have poured it all out, claimed her kinship with Di by virtue of that which had happened in Savannah, Georgia. But Di said:

"Here come some ladies. And goodness, look at the way you look!"

Lulu glanced down. "I know," she said, "but I guess you'll have to put up with me."

The two women entered, looked about with the complaisance of those who examine a hotel property, find criticism incumbent, and have no errand. These two women had outdressed their occasion. In their presence Di kept silence, turned away her head, gave them to know that she had nothing to do with this blue cotton person beside her. When they had gone on, "What do you mean by my having to put up with you?" Di asked sharply.

"I mean I'm going to stay with you."

Di laughed scornfully—she was again the rebellious child. "I guess Bobby'll have something to say about that," she said insolently.

"They left you in my charge."

"But I'm not a baby—the idea, Aunt Lulu!"

"I'm going to stay right with you," said Lulu. She wondered what she should do if Di suddenly marched away from her, through that bright lobby and into the street. She thought miserably that she must follow. And then her whole concern for the ethics of Di's course was lost in her agonized memory of her terrible, broken shoes.

Di did not march away. She turned her back squarely upon Lulu, and looked out of the window. For her life Lulu could think of nothing more to say. She was now feeling miserably on the defensive.

She Turned Her Back Squarely Upon Lulu and Looked Out of the Window.

They were sitting in silence when Bobby Larkin came into the room.

Di flew to meet him. She assumed all the pretty agitations of her role, ignored Lulu.

"Bobby! Is it all right?"

Bobby looked over her head.

"Miss Lulu," he said fatuously. "If it ain't Miss Lulu."

He looked from her to Di, and did not take in Di's resigned shrug.

"Bobby," said Di, "she's come to stop us getting married, but she can't. I've told her so."

"She don't have to stop us," quoth Bobby gloomily, "we're stopped."

"What do you mean?" Di laid one hand flatly along her cheek, instinctive in her melodrama.

Bobby drew down his brows, set his hand on his leg, elbows out.

"We're minors," said he.

"Well, gracious, you didn't have to tell them that."

"No. They knew I was."

"But, Silly! Why didn't you tell them you're not?"

"But I am."

Di stared. "For pity sakes," she said, "don't you know how to do anything?"

"What would you have me do?" he inquired indignantly, with his head held very stiff, and with a boyish, admirable lift of chin.

"Why tell them we're both twenty-one. We look it. We know we're responsible—that's all they care for. Well, you are a funny . . ."

"You wanted me to lie?" he said.

"Oh, don't make out you never told a fib."

"Well, but this—" he stared at her.

"I never heard of such a thing," Di cried accusingly.

"Anyhow," he said, "there's nothing to do now. The cat's out. I've told our ages. We've got to have our folks in on it."

"Is that all you can think of?" she demanded.

"What else?"

"Why, come on to Bainbridge or Holt, and tell them we're of age, and be married there."

"Di," said Bobby, "why, that'd be a rotten go."

Di said, oh, very well, if he didn't want to marry her. He replied stonily that of course he wanted to marry her. Di stuck out her little hand. She was at a disadvantage. She could use no arts, with Lulu sitting there, looking on. "Well, then, come on to Bainbridge," Di cried, and rose.

Lulu was thinking: "What shall I say? I don't know what to say. I don't know what I can say." Now she also rose, and laughed awkwardly. "I've told Di," she said to Bobby, "that wherever you two go, I'm going too. Di's folks left her in my care, you know. So you'll have to take me along, I guess." She spoke in a manner of distinct apology.

At this Bobby had no idea what to reply. He looked down miserably at the carpet. His whole manner was a mute testimony to his participation in the eternal query: How did I get into it?

"Bobby," said Di, "are you going to let her lead you home?"

This of course nettled him, but not in the manner on which Di had counted. He said loudly:

"I'm not going to Bainbridge or Holt or any town and lie, to get you or any other girl."

"Come on, Aunt Lulu," said Di grandly.

Bobby led the way through the lobby, Di followed, and Lulu brought up the rear. She walked awkwardly, eyes down, her hands stiffly held. Heads turned to look at her. They passed into the street.

"You two go ahead," said Lulu, "so they won't think—"

They did so, and she followed, and did not know where to look, and thought of her broken shoes.

At the station, Bobby put them on the train and stepped back. He had, he said, something to see to there in Milliton. Di did not look at him. And Lulu's good-by spoke her genuine regret for all.

"Aunt Lulu," said Di, "you needn't think I'm going to sit with you. You look as if you were crazy. I'll sit back here."

"All right, Di," said Lulu humbly.

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It was nearly six o'clock when they arrived at the Deacons'. Mrs. Bett stood on the porch, her hands rolled in her apron.

"Surprise for you!" she called brightly.

Before they had reached the door, Ina bounded from the hall.

"Darling!"

She seized upon Di, kissed her loudly, drew back from her, saw the traveling bag.

"My new bag!" she cried. "Di! What have you got that for?"

In any embarrassment Di's instinctive defense was hearty laughter. She now laughed heartily, kissed her mother again, and ran up the stairs.

Lulu slipped by her sister, and into the kitchen.

Dwight had come home. Lulu could hear Ina pouring out to him the mysterious circumstance of the bag, could hear the exaggerated air of the casual with which he always received the excitement of another, and especially of his Ina. Then she heard Ina's feet padding up the stairs, and after that Di's shrill, nervous laughter. Lulu felt a pang of pity for Di, as if she herself were about to face them.

There was not time both to prepare supper and to change the blue cotton dress. In that dress Lulu was pouring water when Dwight entered the dining room.

"Ah!" said he. "Our festive ball gown."

She gave him her hand, with her peculiar sweetness of expression—almost as if she were sorry for him or were bidding him good-by.

"That shows who you dress for!" he cried. "You dress for me. Ina, aren't you jealous? Lulu dresses for me!"

Ina had come in with Di, and both were excited, and Ina's head was moving stiffly, as in all her indignations. Mrs. Bett had thought better of it and had given her presence. Already Monona was singing.

But no one noticed Monona, and Ina did not defer even to Dwight. She, who measured delicate, troy occasions by avoirdupois, said brightly:

"No, Di. You must tell us all about it. Where had you and Aunt Lulu been with mamma's new bag?"

"Ina," said Lulu, "first can't we hear something about your visit? How is—"

Her eyes consulted Dwight. His features dropped, the lines of his face dropped, its muscles seemed to sag. A look of suffering was in his eyes.

"She'll never be any better," he said. "I know we've said good-by to her for the last time."

"Oh, Dwight!" said Lulu.

"She knew it, too," he said. "It—it put me out of business, I can tell you. She gave me my start—she took all the care of me—taught me to read—she's the only mother I ever knew—" He stopped, and opened his eyes wide on account of their dimness.

But eventually they were back again before that new black bag. And Di would say nothing. She laughed, squirmed, grew irritable, laughed again.

"Put an end to this, Lulu," he commanded. "Where were you two—since you make such a mystery?"

Di's look at Lulu was piteous, terrified. Di's fear of her father was now clear to Lulu. And Lulu feared him, too. Abruptly she heard herself temporizing, for the moment making common cause with Di.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Women Chief Retail Buyers.

It is estimated that two-thirds of the retail buying in the United States is done by women.