

# 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 Turkish national assembly unanimously Monday elected Mustapha Kemal Pasha president.

C. Boscom Slem, ex-representative from Virginia, has been tendered and has accepted the position of secretary to President Coolidge.

Twenty-three tourists were killed in a motor bus accident Monday at Saint Sauveur, a Pyrenees resort about 25 miles south of Tarbes, France.

Chief Shorty Whitegrass, aged 102, one of the oldest full-blood Indians in the United States, died Monday at the Glacier National park reservation.

A new rate of seven gallons of gasoline for \$1 was announced by a number of independent dealers in Los Angeles Monday. The larger companies still held their price of 17 cents a gallon, or 15 cents with scrip.

Preliminary budget estimates for the next fiscal year as approved by President Coolidge provide a total of \$1,700,000,000 for the "running" expenses of the government compared with \$1,826,000,000 for the present year.

Twenty-six persons were wounded Monday in encounters between fascists and communists at Molinella following the explosion of bombs which were thrown against the fascist headquarters and the home of a local fascist leader at Bologna, Italy.

Tidal waves, combined with a severe storm, have submerged 25,000 houses along the Yalu river and on the west coast of Korea. No estimate of the loss of life has yet been received, but it is said the damage to crops and the lumber industry will be heavy.

Wilbur Glenn Voliva, overseer of Zion, and an advocate of the flat world theory, announces that there is no such thing as a "sunrise" or "sunset." "There is literally no sunrise and no sunset," he said. "They are only optical illusions. The sun is the same height above the earth at all times."

Warrants were issued Monday by Police Prosecutor Skeel for 19 gasoline dealers in Cleveland, O., charging them with giving short measure. According to Fred Caloy, secretary of the Cleveland Automobile club, motorists here are being robbed of approximately \$750,000 annually by this means.

Federal Judge Winslow of New York has denied the petition of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, Inc., of Georgia, for a preliminary injunction restraining the International Magazine company, controlled by William Randolph Hearst, from publishing articles by Norman Haggood regarding the Klan.

Careful selection of immigrants by American consular officers abroad and their enrollment and surveillance for a period after they have been admitted to America were urged by Secretary of Labor Davis, to prevent the alien from "alienizing America," upon his return from an immigration survey in Europe.

All hope of finding more miners alive after the entombment of approximately 138 workers in the 1700-foot level of the Frontier mine No. 1 of the Kemmerer (Wyo.) coal company was abandoned at 8 o'clock Tuesday night and the work of bringing up the dead was begun. Twenty-three bodies were brought to the surface on the first trip of the mine cars. They were taken to a temporary morgue here, where relatives gathered to identify their dead and claim the bodies.

Approximately 350 general chairmen of the eastern, western, south-eastern and Canadian associations of general committees, Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Engineers, have been called to convene in special session at Chicago, September 6, for the purpose of giving consideration to the question of "inaugurating a wage movement," according to the official circular mailed to all members of associations of general committees, D. B. Robertson, president of the brotherhood, announced Tuesday.

## WHEAT FARMERS ASK AID

### Formation of Half Billion Buying Agency Urged.

Spokane, Wash.—Farmers of three northwest states joined hands Monday with wheat growers of the Minnesota prairies in asking President Coolidge for a special session of congress to fix wheat prices. Action taken was like that at Minneapolis Sunday and at Moscow, Idaho, Saturday.

It was the avowed purpose of the grain growers here to align themselves closely with wheat producers elsewhere in the same cause. They declared themselves ready to ride in anybody's wagon going their way. The resolution adopted followed closely the outline of the Gooding bill, which died in the last congress, but which it is hoped to resurrect under another name at the hoped-for special session.

Interest and attendance at the wheat conference were striking. Wheat growers left their harvesting outfits in the fields, at the height of the season, and came to Spokane. Although the day was hot the halls used were crowded to capacity all day with many standing throughout the sessions. In the afternoon a larger room was obtained, but it, too, was not big enough.

The resolution asking for the president to tide over the wheat grower was telegraphed to Washington. It was adopted by a vote of several hundred, none took the trouble to count the number standing, with only two voting no. It was declared the price of wheat is below the cost of production and held it to be proper that the government should aid in a distressing situation, especially since the government has before managed wheat marketing and to the detriment of the grower.

The resolution asked that President Coolidge call an extra session of congress, which at once should take steps to stabilize wheat prices. It was recommended that congress enact legislation establishing a federal corporation with a capital stock of \$500,000,000 with \$50,000,000 paid in and the rest available on call, with the power to purchase and sell wheat in any quantity at any time at a basic price of \$1.75 at the primary points. This price, it was provided, was to be set as of a certain date, which would be the price the whole year through, minus certain carrying charges.

This was the gist of the Gooding bill. The resolution provided further that should there be a loss sustained in selling the surplus crop at export, the corporation might retain from its original sales price not to exceed 10 cents per bushel in addition to the amount estimated to be necessary to pay operating costs and interest at the rate of 4 1/2 per cent on capital stock actually used.

### Storm Hits Chicago.

Chicago.—Three persons are dead, the current in the Chicago river was reversed, an airplane was brought down, a dam in the Des Plaines river was bursted, two houses were toppled over and telephone and electric light wires and elevated and street car traffic were crippled as a result of a terrific electrical storm which visited Chicago early Saturday.

The rainfall was 2.68 inches and 1.25 inches of this amount fell in 20 minutes, a record in the history of the local weather bureau. A man was killed when an electric wire was broken by the wind and struck him, a woman was killed when she touched a washing machine which had been left running in the water-filled basement of her home and a 9-year-old child was drowned when he attempted to cross a stream where a bridge had stood, the bridge having been washed away by the storm.

### Bergdoll Plot Denied

Chicago.—Emphatic denial was made Monday by Colonel Alvin M. Owsley, national commander of the American Legion, that the legion had any connection with the attempted kidnaping of Grover C. Bergdoll.

In an interview Bergdoll said the legion was back of the attempt, and his mother rejoiced that he had killed one of the would-be kidnapers.

"I am interested, like everyone else, in seeing Bergdoll brought back to the United States to complete his punishment," said Colonel Owsley, "but to attempt to abduct him is wrong and un-American. No one connected with the legion has been authorized to take such a step, and so long as I am commander no one will be."

### New League Proposed.

Minot, N. D.—Formation of a new organization to replace the non-partisan league into which all leaguers, laborers and so-called progressives may merge, was a plan evolved for consideration of precinct caucuses and county conventions at the Non-Partisan league conference here Sunday night. The conference also recommended that the state executive committee call a state convention between October 15 and 25.

## NAVY LIMITATION PACTS NOW LAW

### Final Approval of Powers Recorded at Washington.

### CEREMONY IS SIMPLE

### Nations Formally Deposit Ratifications—Many Tons to Be Stricken From Navy List.

Washington, D. C.—Seated about a table in the state department Friday, five men recorded the final approval of the powers for the treaties drafted by the arms conference to end naval competition, terminate the Anglo-Japanese alliance and sweep away the war clouds that have hovered for decades over the Pacific.

It was an epilogue to the Washington negotiations, at which it had been planned to give the place of honor to President Harding, at whose call the conference assembled, but instead the formal deposit of ratifications was performed almost without ceremony.

Secretary Hughes and his colleagues met in the diplomatic reception room, in the presence of only a handful of spectators, including officials of the department, messengers and representatives of the press.

Ambassador Hanahari acted for Japan and the other powers were represented by the charges of their embassies here, H. O. Chilton for Great Britain, Captain Andre de Laboulaye for France and Augusto Rosso for Italy.

Mr. Hughes sat at the head of the table, with the foreign diplomats facing each other at the sides. Without preliminary the secretary stated the purpose of the gathering and added that at a preliminary meeting in his office the ratifications had been examined and found complete. He then held up a paper embodying the American ratification and placed it in the center of the table.

"I herewith deposit the ratification of the United States," he said. The others followed suit, each pronouncing the same formula. Then the documents, constituting a record of the day and the hour at which the treaties became effective, were passed from hand to hand for signatures.

By pre-arrangement, a telephone flash went to the navy department at the moment the last name had been written on the navy limitation pact.

The ink had not dried on the signatures before orders were speeding over the wires which meant the striking of 750,000 tons in fighting ships, new and old, from the navy list. The process of scrapping will begin at once.

## INVENTION MAKES FILMS LOOK NATURAL

Chicago.—Invention of a "natural vision" motion picture film, which adds depth to the two dimensions of width and height of the standard picture, was announced Sunday by the George K. Spoor Essanay Film company, which expressed its intention of opening up the old Chicago Essanay plant, closed seven years ago, to begin the production of the new pictures and the equipment for their production on a vast scale.

Seven years of effort and \$1,500,000 was spent by George K. Spoor and P. J. Berggren, the inventors, in perfecting the new films, camera projection machines and screens, the announcement of the company's intentions said.

The three dimension pictures, according to the company, have a field 40 feet long and 20 1/2 feet high, an area from three to ten times as great as that of the pictures now shown. The camera with which the pictures are made is four times as large as the ordinary motion picture camera, is equipped with two lenses, employs the principle of superimposing one picture on another and uses films twice as wide as that now used.

### Diphtheria Cure Found.

Chicago.—That the deaths of children due to diphtheria are entirely needless and can be prevented, is the declaration set forth in a bulletin from the health department. All diphtheria in children can be prevented by simple and painless vaccination. Three doses of toxin-antitoxin injected through the skin, the bulletin says, will provide permanent protection against contraction of the disease.

# Miss Lulu Bett

By Zona Gale

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VI—Continued.

"When a family once gets talked about for any reason—" said Ina and shuddered.

"I'm talked about now!"

"But nothing that you could help. If he got tired of you, you couldn't help that." This misstep was Dwight's.

"No," Lulu said, "I couldn't help that. And I couldn't help his other wife, either."

"Bigamy," said Dwight, "that's a crime."

"I've done no crime," said Lulu.

"Bigamy," said Dwight, "disgraces everybody it touches."

"Even I," Lulu said.

"Lulu," said Dwight, "on D's account will you promise us to let this thing rest with us three?"

"I s'pose so," said Lulu quietly.

"You will?"

"I s'pose so."

Ina sobbed: "Thank you, thank you, Lulu. This makes up for everything."

"You'll be happy to think you've done this for us, Lulu," said Dwight.

"I s'pose so," said Lulu.

Ina, pink from her little gust of sobbing, went to her, kissed her, her trim tan tailor suit against Lulu's blue cotton.

"My sweet, self-sacrificing sister," she murmured.

"Oh, stop that!" Lulu said.

Dwight took her hand, lying limply in his. "I can now," he said, "overlook the matter of the letter."

Lulu drew back. She put her hair behind her ears, swallowed, and cried out.

"Don't you go around plying me! I'll have you know I'm glad the whole thing happened!"

It was not yet nine o'clock of a vivid morning. Cornish had his floor and sidewalk sprinkled, his red and blue plush piano spreads dusted. He sat at a folding table well back in the store, and opened a law book.

For half an hour he read. Then he found himself looking off the page, stabbed by a reflection which always stabbed him anew: Was he really getting anywhere with his law? And where did he really hope to get? Of late when he awoke at night this question had stood by the cot, waiting.

It was behind that curtain that this unreasoning question usually attacked him, when his giant, wavering shadow had died upon the wall and the faint smell of the extinguished lamp went with him to his bed; or when he waked before any sign of dawn. In the mornings all was cheerful and wanted—the question had not before attacked him among his red and blue plush spreads, his golden oak and ebony cases, of a sunshiny morning.

A step at his door set him flying. He wanted passionately to sell a piano.

"Well!" he cried, when he saw his visitor.

It was Lulu, in her dark red suit and her tilted hat.

"You're out early," said he, participating in the village chorus of this bright challenge at this hour.

"Oh, no," said Lulu.

He looked out the window, pretending to be caught by something passing, leaned to see it the better.

"Oh, how'd you get along last night?" he asked, and wondered why he had not thought to say it before.

"All right, thank you," said Lulu.

"Was he about the letter, you know?"

"Yes," she said, "but that didn't matter. You'll be sure," she added, "not to say anything about what was in the letter?"

"Why, not till you tell me I can," said Cornish, "but won't everybody know now?"

"No," Lulu said.

At this he had no more to say, and feeling his speculation in his eyes, dropped them to a piano scarf from which he began flicking invisible specks.

"I came to tell you good-by," Lulu said.

"Good-by!"

"Yes, I'm going off—for a while. My satchel's in the bakery—I had my breakfast in the bakery."

"Say!" Cornish cried warmly, "then everything wasn't all right last night?"

"As right as it can ever be with me," she told him. "Oh, yes. Dwight forgave me."

"Forgave you?"

She smiled, and trembled.

"Look here," said Cornish, "you come here and sit down and tell me about this."

He led her to the folding table, as the only social spot in that vast area of his, seated her in the one chair, and for himself brought up a piano stool. But after all she told him nothing. She merely took the comfort of his kindly indignation.

"It came out all right," she said

only. "But I won't stay there any more. I can't do that."

"Then what are you going to do?"

"In Milton yesterday," she said, "I saw an advertisement in the hotel—they wanted a chambermaid."

"Oh, Miss Bett!" he cried. At that name she flushed. "Why," said Cornish, "you must have been coming from Milton yesterday when I saw you. I noticed Miss Di had her bag—" He stopped, stared. "You brought her back!" he deduced everything.

"Oh!" said Lulu. "Oh, no—I mean—"

"I heard about the eloping again this morning," he said. "That's just what you did—you brought her back."

"You mustn't tell that! You won't? You won't!"

"No, 'course not." He mullied it. "You tell me this: Do they know? I mean about your going after her?"

"No."

"You never told?"

"They don't know she went."

"That's a funny thing," he blurted out, "for you not to tell her folks—I mean, right off. Before last night..."

"You don't know them. Dwight'd never let up on that—he'd joke her about it after a while."

"But it seems—"

"Ina'd talk about disgracing her. They wouldn't know what to do. There's no sense in telling them. They aren't a mother and father," Lulu said.

Cornish was not accustomed to deal with so much reality. But Lulu's reality he could grasp.

"You're a trump anyhow," he affirmed.

"Oh, no," said Lulu modestly. Yes, she was. He insisted upon it.

"You've been a jewel in their home all right," said Cornish. "I bet they'll miss you if you do go."

"They'll miss my cooking," Lulu said without bitterness.

"They'll miss more than that, I know. I've often watched you there—"

"You have?" It was not so much pleasure as passionate gratitude which lighted her eyes.

"You made the whole place," said Cornish.

"You don't mean just the cooking?"

"No, no. I mean—well, that first night when you played croquet. I felt at home when you came out."

That look of hers, rarely seen, which was no less than a look of loveliness, came now to Lulu's face. After a pause she said: "Well, I must be going now. I wanted to say good-by to you—and there's one or two other places..."

"I hate to have you go," said Cornish, and tried to add something. "I hate to have you go," was all that he could find to add.

Lulu rose, "Oh, well," was all that she could find.

They shook hands, Lulu laughing a little. Cornish followed her to the door. He had begun on "Look here, I wish..." when Lulu said "good-by," and paused, wishing intensely to know what he would have said. But all that he said was: "Good-by. I wish you weren't going."

"So do I," said Lulu, and went, still laughing.

Cornish saw her red dress vanish from his door, flash by his window, her head averted. And there settled upon him a depression out of all proportion to the slow depression of his days. This was more—it assailed him, absorbed him.

He came back to his table, and sat down before his lawbook. But he sat, chin on chest, regarding it. No... no escape that way...

A step at the door and he sprang up. It was Lulu, coming toward him, her face unsmiling but somehow quite lighted. In her hand was a letter.

"See," she said. "At the office was this..."

She thrust in his hand the single sheet. He read:

... just wanted you to know you're actually rid of me. I've heard from her, in Brazil. She ran out of money and thought of me, and her lawyer wrote to me... I've never been any good—Dwight would tell you that if his pride would let him tell the truth once in a while. But there ain't anything in my life makes me feel as bad as this... I s'pose you couldn't understand and I don't myself... Only the sixteen years keeping still made me think she was gone sure... but you were so downright good, that's what was the worst... do you see what I want to say..."

Cornish read it all and looked at Lulu. She was grave and in her eyes there was a look of dignity such as he had never seen them wear, incredible dignity.

"He didn't lie to get rid of me—and she was alive, just as he thought she might be," she said.

"I'm glad," said Cornish.

"Yes," said Lulu. "He isn't quite so bad as Dwight tried to make him out."

It was not of this that Cornish had been thinking.

"Now you're free," he said.

"Oh, that..." said Lulu.

She replaced her letter in its envelope. "Now I'm really going," she said. Good-by for sure this time...

Her words trailed away. Cornish had laid his hand on her arm.

"Don't say good-by," he said. She looked at him mutely.

"Do you think you could possibly stay here with me?"

"Oh!" said Lulu, like no word.

He went on, not looking at her. "I haven't got anything. I guess maybe you've heard something about a little something I'm supposed to inherit. Well, it's only five hundred dollars."

His looks searched her face, but she hardly heard what he was saying.

"That little Warden house—it don't cost much—you'd be surprised. Rent, I mean. I can get it now. I went and looked at it the other day, but then I didn't think—" he caught himself on that. "It don't cost near as much as this store. We could furnish up the parlor with pianos—"

He was startled by that "we," and began again:

"That is, if you could ever think of such a thing as marrying me."

"But," said Lulu. "You know! Why, don't the disgrace—"

"There's only this about that," said he. "Of course, if you loved him very much, then I'd ought not to be talking this way to you. But I didn't think—"

She said: "I wanted somebody of my own. That's the reason I done what I done. I know that now."

"Look here," he said, "I'd ought to tell you. I'm awful lonesome myself. This is no place to live. And I guess living so is one reason why I want to get married. I want some kind of a home."

"Of course," she said.

"Could you risk it with me?" Cornish asked her. "There's nobody I've seen," he went on gently, "that I like as much as I do you. I—I was engaged to a girl once, but we didn't get along. I guess if you'd be willing to try me, we would get along."

"Isn't there somebody—"

"Look here. Do you like me?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Well enough—"

"It's you I was thinking of," said Lulu. "I'd be all right."

"Then!" Cornish cried, and he kissed her.

"And now," said Dwight, "nobody must mind if I hurry a little wee bit. I've got something on."

He and Ina and Monona were at dinner. Mrs. Bett was in her room. Di was not there.

"Anything about Lulu?" Ina asked.

"Lulu?" Dwight stared. "Why should I have anything to do about Lulu?"

"Well, but, Dwight—we've got to do something."

"As I told you this morning," he observed, "we shall do nothing. Your sister is of age—I don't know about the sound mind, but she is certainly of age. If she chooses to go away, she is free to go where she will."

"Can't you get mother to come out?" Dwight inquired.

"I had so much to do getting dinner onto the table, I didn't try," Ina confessed.

"You didn't have to try," Mrs. Bett's voice sounded. "I was coming when I got rested up."

She entered, looking vaguely about. "I want Lulu," she said, and the corners of her mouth drew down. She ate her dinner cold, appeared in vague areas by such martyrdom. They were still at table when the front door opened.

"Monona hadn't ought to use the front door so commonly," Mrs. Betts complained.

But it was not Monona. It was Lulu and Cornish.

"Well!" said Dwight, tone curving downward.

"Well!" said Ina, in replica.

"Lulu!" said Mrs. Bett, and left her dinner, and went to her daughter and put her hands upon her.

"We wanted to tell you first," Cornish said. "We've just got married." "Forevermore!" said Ina.

"What's this?" Dwight sprang to his feet. "You're joking!" he cried with hope.

"No," Cornish said soberly. "We're married—just now. Methodist parsonage. We've had our dinner," he added hastily.

Dwight recovered himself in a measure. "I'm not surprised, after all," he said. "Lulu usually marries in this way."

Mrs. Bett patted her daughter's arm. "Lulu," she said, "why, Lulu. You ain't been and got married twice, have you? After waitin' so long?"

"Don't be disturbed, Mother Bett," Dwight cried. "She wasn't married the first time, if you remember. No marriage about it!"

"Ina's little shriek sounded.

"Dwight!" she cried. "Now everybody'll have to know that. You'll have to tell about Ninlan now—and his other wife!"

Standing between her mother and Cornish, an arm of each about her, Lulu looked across at Ina and Dwight, and they all saw in her face a horrified realization.

"Ina!" she said. "Dwight! You will have to tell now, won't you? Why I never thought of that."

[THE END.]

### Where They Differ.

Gandhi has overthrown another barrier; the antagonism between the two great religions of India—Hinduism and Mohammedanism. While the Hindus have their hereditary caste system, the Mohammedans consider all men absolutely equal and recognize no distinctions of birth. The Hindus, for both religious and economic reasons, consider the cow a sacred animal; but the Mohammedans eat beef. On the other hand, the religion of Mohammed forbids its followers to eat pork; but the Hindus eat pork. Hindus and Mohammedans do not intermarry; since Hindus cannot marry outside their religion. The Mohammedans call the Hindus "Kafirs," or, at least, do not consider them "men of scriptures," a category that includes only Jews, Christians and Mohammedans.—Overseas Science.

When a man makes a fool of himself he thinks someone else did it.