

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.

Work was resumed on Tutankhamen's tomb Wednesday morning after the customary break for the weekly market day, which also this time happened to be Christmas.

An avalanche Wednesday carried away a cottage between Roseland and Beaufort, France, 30 miles northeast of Chambéry, killing nine of the 11 occupants of the building.

James Nippert, 23, University of Cincinnati football player, died Tuesday of blood poisoning which resulted from a slight cut in the leg suffered in a football game Thanksgiving day.

Heavy snow storms and avalanches are reported from several points in Switzerland. One man was killed and several cattle destroyed in the collapse of stables in Ringenberg, in the Bernese oberland.

Cleo de Merode, French motion picture actress, has lost her suit for 100,000 francs against the owners of the film "Peacock Alley," which she charged injured her reputation by burlesquing incidents in her career.

Seventeen persons are known to have perished Wednesday night in a fire which destroyed a part of one of the frame structures of the Chicago state hospital for the insane at Dunning, on the northwest edge of Chicago.

The ministry for Jewish affairs in Lithuania is to be discontinued, the national assembly having rejected the bill providing for its financial maintenance. The ministry for the affairs of the white Russian population was accorded similar treatment.

Religious and civic organizations will be asked to join with officials of the Presbyterian church in a congress to be held at Washington February 13 and 14, to plan a campaign for national legislation to bring all motion picture exhibitions under federal control.

Three New York persons, two of them women more than 60 years old, were dead, two were in a critical condition and more than a score of others were in hospitals Tuesday night as a result of drinking poisonous Christmas liquor. Some of the victims were in a serious condition.

Production of meat this year was the greatest in history, exceeding last year's figures by 1,500,000,000 pounds, according to estimates by the Institute of American Meat Packers. A big jump in pork production was largely responsible for the increase, 10,000,000 more hogs being bought by the packers than in 1922.

If the American people approve the plans selected by the jury of the \$100,000 American peace award created by Edward W. Bok, Mr. Bok will take a second step toward the advancement of world peace with a far wider scope and intent and an award larger and more important in every respect, he announces in the January issue of the Atlantic Monthly.

The veritable queen of the bootleggers will arrive in New York shortly from Nassau, capital of the Bahamas and capital also of the West Indies bootlegging trade. She is coming to invest some of her wealth in Fifth avenue finery and to "do" Broadway as she has always longed to do it, but, according to her few intimates in Nassau, her chief desire is marriage with "the right man" and a suburban cottage, for which she would gladly forego the adventure and large income of her present post.

Lieutenant Osborne C. Wood, son of Governor-General Leonard Wood of the Philippines, who is reported to have accumulated a fortune of between \$700,000 and \$800,000 in Wall street, received the information on which he acted through a Wall street "tipster" service, which sent him nightly cablegrams and for which he is reported to have paid \$1000 a month, including cable charges. According to the New York Times, the war department investigated the young officer's transactions and found no cause for censure.

Realistic.

In a school essay a child wrote that a thrush said, "Mrs. Hewitt, Mrs. Hewitt" so often and so clearly in their village that at last Mrs. Hewitt came to her door and said "Yes?"

U. S. ARMS TO GO TO MEXICO

Time and Place of Delivery Kept Secret—Airplanes Included.

Washington, D. C.—Details of the contemplated sale of surplus army war materials to the Mexican government occupied war department officials Sunday and it was indicated that orders to depot commanders from which the rifles and other equipment are to be taken will go forward within a day or two.

Final decision to grant the request of the Oregon government and make the sale direct by the Washington government was not reached until Saturday, although the request is understood to have been before administration officials practically all of last week. Although there has been no indication that the proposal was the subject of extended discussion at the cabinet meetings on last Tuesday and Friday, it is unlikely that President Coolidge reached the decision to depart from the policy of the Harding administration in relation to the sale of surplus arms without laying the matter before his advisers.

Presumably no publicity will be given by the Washington government to the time or place where any of the supplies are to be turned over to Mexican forces. Reasons of military prudence would require the Mexican officials to conceal the route by which the arms are to be taken into Mexico, so far as that is possible. The deliveries, however, will be made from the depots of the Eighth Army corps area.

Difficulties of the Oregon government in transporting military supplies to the active front between Vera Cruz and Mexico City are increased by the fact that the rebel stronghold at Vera Cruz closest to the federal forces requires the sea route of delivery.

There have been no large outbreaks of revolutionary activity in northern Mexico, however, and presumably officials at Mexico City are satisfied that they can safely transport arms and ammunition from the border to the Mexican government storehouses in the capital.

Aid For Veterans Asked.

Washington, D. C.—Assistance in the task of finding jobs for rehabilitated former service men has been asked by President Coolidge in letters to the American Federation of Labor, the United States chamber of commerce and the chambers of commerce of the larger cities.

The president, in letters addressed to these organizations and made public by the veterans' bureau, declared that "while much has been achieved, especially by the United States veterans' bureau, in this very vital problem, there is still much to be accomplished for the approximately 70,000 who are still in training and who are to become ready for employment at the rate of about 5000 per month."

Invents New Microphone.

New York.—Perfection of an electric ultra-audible microphone, invented by Dr. Phillips Thomas, which, it is claimed, will permit scientists to record sound vibrations which now are too faint for the human ear to catch, was announced Saturday by the Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing company.

In its experimental stage, according to S. M. Kintner, director of research for the Westinghouse company, the microphone has been used successfully to transmit by radio the highest notes of the voice and of musical instruments, which the ordinary transmitter and receiver reproduce as mere noise.

Mr. Kintner declared the device had been perfected and simplified to a point where it could be used by vessels at sea in picking up the warnings of fog horns or other sound warnings beyond the range of the human ear; in studying the finer sound vibrations of organs of the human body, such as the heart and the brain, and in the realm of the entomologist who has tried in vain to pick up sounds known to be made by tiny insects, but inaudible to humans.

Dauntless Is Wrecked.

Seattle, Wash.—Crewless and helpless in the grip of a 60-mile gale, the steamer Dauntless, owned and operated by the Puget Sound Freight line, broke loose from its moorings at Kingston, Bainbridge island, Saturday night, drifted across Puget sound and was pounded to pieces on the rocks at Meadow point, near the town of Richmond Beach, ten miles north of Seattle. The boat, valued at \$60,000, is a total loss.

Venizelos on Way Home.

Marseilles.—The Andros, a Greek steamer, flying the British flag, with M. Venizelos aboard, left Sunday for Greece, notwithstanding the bad weather prevailing. M. Venizelos, who is returning to his homeland in an endeavor to straighten out the political situation, went aboard Saturday night. He declined to see any persons but intimate friends.

TAX BILL FOLLOWS MELLON PROPOSALS

Seeks 25 Per Cent Exemption
on "Earned Income."

PENALTIES LOWERED

Several Hundred Amendments to
Existing Revenue Law
Are Proposed.

Washington, D. C.—The complete text of the new tax bill was made public Friday by Chairman Green of the house ways and means committee, which will meet again as soon as congress reassembles on January 3 to continue its study of the sweeping revisions proposed by the administration.

In all its features the bill follows the recommendations previously made public by Secretary Mellon. It proposes several hundred amendments of the existing revenue law, many of them of a highly technical nature and designed to put an end to tax evasions, and many others dealing with the changes advocated by Mr. Mellon in income and other tax schedules.

So far the bill has been the subject of only a preliminary study by the committee, which has made no attempt to reach decisions as to what, if any, changes it will make before the measure is reported to the house. It has been agreed, however, that the administrative provisions shall be passed upon first, before any attention is given to Mr. Mellon's proposals for changes in tax schedules.

One of the principal revisions provided in the bill is a reduction of surtax rates so that the surtax would begin at 1 per cent on net incomes from \$10,000 to \$12,000; would provide an additional 1 per cent for each additional \$2000 up to \$36,000; 1 per cent additional for the next \$4000; and would then add 1 per cent for each \$6000 up to a maximum of 25 per cent on incomes of \$100,000 or more.

Under the present law surtaxes begin at 1 per cent on net incomes between \$6000 and \$10,000 and scale upward to a maximum of 50 per cent on net incomes exceeding \$200,000. The new bill also provides that the normal tax on incomes shall be 3 per cent where it now is 4 per cent, and 6 per cent where it now is 8 per cent—a reduction which the treasury estimates will result in a loss of revenue of \$91,500,000 a year.

Provisions also is made in the bill that 25 per cent of "earned income" which is defined as wages, salaries and professional fees, shall be counted as exempt in computing tax returns. The greater part of this exemption is expected to fall to those having small incomes, which the result that the treasury expects a reduction of \$97,500,000 from this section alone.

The bill proposes the outright repeal of the present taxes on telegrams, telephone and radio messages, theater admissions and of certain other nuisance taxes, including the levies on silver-plated flat silverware, pencils and fountain pens selling for not more than \$1, and clocks and watches selling for not more than \$5.

The administrative features of the bill include a provision for creating a board of tax appeals, composed of not less than seven nor more than 28 members, appointed for ten-year terms at salaries of \$10,000 each by the secretary of the treasury and without senate confirmation. The board would hear and determine cases involving the assessment of taxes, but both the government and the taxpayer would be privileged to appeal any decision to the courts.

Uncle Sam Gets Blame

Paris.—The United States was held chiefly responsible for present conditions in Europe by Paul Reynaud, speaking in the chamber of deputies Saturday during interpellations on the government's foreign policy.

M. Reynaud, referring to the inter-allied debts and their effect upon Europe, said:

"America weighs upon England's shoulders. England weighs on ours and we are a burden to Germany. This is a strangely impressive pyramid.

Volcano Belches Lava.

Hilo, T. H.—Superintendent Boles of the Hawaii national park telephoned from Volcano house this morning that the volcano Kilauea had shown unusual activity ever since dark last night.

At least 10 to 15 feet of lava, he said, has overflowed into the main pit of the crater, covering an area of about 40 acres, and a number of fountains of lava, were spouting from openings in the pit.

CAPTAIN SAZARAC

By Charles Tenney Jackson
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"THE CAPTAIN JEAN!"

SYNOPSIS.—Under the name of "Captain Sazarac," and disguised, Jean Lafitte, former freebooter of Barataria, proscribed, returns to the city of New Orleans. He is recognized by two of his old companions, Alderman Dominique and Beluche. At the gaming tables Sazarac has won much money from Colonel Carr, British officer, John Jarvis, the city's first bohemian of the arts and letters, an old-time friend of Lafitte, tells of a woman's face and smile.

CHAPTER I—Continued.

The stranger's face was all but averted. The profile gave the impression of utter obliviousness to the crowded room. His English small-clothes were rather passe for the period; and the powdered hair above a coat of blue broadcloth, his buff breeches, and silk stockings thrust into low silver-buckled shoes gave a quaint distinction to his tall figure. The two young men watched his bronzed hand turning a card under the ruby light. After a moment Jarvis yawned audibly; and then a nudge came between him and the Count de Almonaster. They looked down upon the short, stout form of Dominique, the alderman. Behind him peered Beluche, the restless seaman of Cartagena.

The artist strolled again to the bar room. Not even the buzz of interest that followed a violent exclamation in the cardroom lured him again from his cognac. But Dominique, the alderman, had started to his tiptoes with a curious glance at his fellow-buccaneer. "A voice?" he whispered, and stared past the onlookers.

The British officer, flushed with drink and chagrin, had leaned closer to his opponent. "Do you question my word, sir, as to the worth of the wench? Put her upon the block at the Rotunda tomorrow! She would fetch three thousand dollars at Charleston; and in this town, sir, if you will find a fairer one—slave, or free woman of color—or even among its reputed beauties—"

There was a stir; the Creole gentlemen glanced at one another darkling. Langhorne, the consul, raised his hand, but Sazarac had answered slowly:

"Your pardon, sir. I did not know the—she was a chattel. I own no slaves, sir, nor do I care to wager for one."

"You shall play on, sir. You have ruined my fortunes on this river voyage, and in last night's play! I demand my chance at retrieving. You have just accepted my two horses in pledge. Now, then—this San Domingo girl, upon the card, sir?"

Sazarac gathered the long rough turnout about his shoulders as if to arise. The consul whispered to the red-faced Carr. The dealer sat back with a glance at the circle of faces.

"You cannot leave!" Carr cried hoarsely. He turned to those behind him: "Gentlemen! Is it customary, in New Orleans, for a loser to be refused any legitimate wager that may reinstate him?"

There was a murmur; it was the code at Maspero's. The stranger must know. De Marigny whispered: "He has Sazarac there. The stranger must play!"

The stranger glanced about. Carr struck the table violently.

"It is my privilege, gentlemen! A card, sir! The turn of one card, instead of running the deal! No chance, then, for trickery!"

The stillness became acute. It was a bad word at Maspero's. De Marigny expected the next instant to see the unknown gamester fling his glove into Carr's face. But the quiet figure did not change. Langhorne clucked in his throat as if the situation were intolerable—as if, indeed, more portentous things than a slave girl hung on the turn of the card.

"The card, then—" Sazarac went on slowly. "Three thousand dollars on the red against the bond girl."

"Taken—" Carr bowed. "The black will turn, gentlemen!"

The dealer threw the cards in a semicircle across the cloth. Deliberately, but with a flash of his white fingers, he picked one at random and turned it up.

It was the ace of hearts.

The groups watched it curiously. Captain Sazarac arose, threw his cloak higher about his face, although the day was warm, and turned to go. The dealer, at a gesture from him, swept the notes and gold upon the cloth, into a leather bag. The groups broke up with a comment here and there; the gentlemen by the door gave away to the stranger as he advanced.

Colonel Carr had started suddenly at this abrupt dismissal by his victorious opponent. Whatever wild word was upon the ruined man's lips was checked by the consul's muttered warning. But Carr, too, arose, following a pace to growl over the crowd at the door.

"The girl, sir, will be at your disposal at the hotel at whatever hour you claim your property!"

The stranger bowed. Out in the drinking-room he seemed like one conscious that the eyes of all New Orleans men of affairs were upon him. Just outside the door he stopped abruptly. In the shadow of the arched courtyard of St. Louis street two squat, short figures, their heads to-

gether, their arms gesticulating wildly, were vainly trying each to quiet the other.

"You know it is!" gasped the worthy alderman, holding his side. "By the Lord!—I am not fooled—no, no! Shaven as a priest, his hair whitened as an English squire's—muffled by stock and peruke—no, nothing deceives these old eyes of mine!"

"Thou d-d fool—silence!" whispered the swarthy admiral of Cartagena. "Is there not still a price upon his head—an added price since he renounced the President's pardon, and involved himself in that affair of Galveston Island? Spanish, English—the Americans, too—they would hound him to the gallows!"

The tall cloaked figure was passing. Twenty paces away, the entrance to La Bourse de la Maspero was filled with watching burghers.

And from them all a young man had advanced smilingly. In his full-skirted green coat and shining white breeches held within his polished Hessian boots, the young Count de Almonaster bowed gracefully and extended a hand all but hidden by his buffumed cuff.

"At the green room of Maspero's, sir, none play save those to whom New Orleans extends its hospitality. If, perchance, at any time, the name of a gentleman could serve in a possible affair, I am the grandson of Don Almonaster y Roxas."

"I thank you, Monsieur." The stranger extended his own. "I am Captain Gaspar Sazarac, recently on service with the United States explorations in the West." He shrugged smilingly: "I thank you, Monsieur."

He turned and met again two elderly men who stared unbelievingly. Then the gold-faced admiral of Cartagena placed hand upon his shoulder. "Behold us!" he whispered. "I—Beluche—and this, old Dominique! Dogs of old days and green seas! And you—the Captain Jean!"

The stranger gazed at them questioningly. "It may be," he mused, "that after the heat is done, I shall take the air upon the levee by the old Fort St. Louis. The gentry do not promenade just there, I believe."

Before the eyes of the watching burghers at the coffee house he sauntered down the cobbles of the rue Chartres. The fat and honest alderman muttered; and then, at a laugh from the young count, he turned to stare fiercely at him.

"I shall take the air upon the levee myself, sirs," smiled Raoul. "Hoi Dominique! Do not fall your captain!"

CHAPTER II

A Ship for a Pirate's Eye.

It was dusk when Raoul de Almonaster sauntered along the moldering brick parapet of the little pentagonal fort that marked the upper river jun-



"Well, I am Lafitte. I am at Your Mercy, Monsieur!"

tion of the dismantled city wall with the green-summed moat built to defend the landward side. Along the inner levee face he presently saw what he had come to see. Dominique, the honorable councillor of the city, and the resplendent admiral of the republic of Cartagena, even now fighting for its life against the king of Spain's men across the Caribbean sea.

The small carronade which marked the hour of retreat—eight o'clock—barked at the city hall. At once, sailors and children, soldiers and slaves, must be off the streets of the Vieux Carré. The lazy boom of a warship down the crescent bend of the Mississippi answered; and, following the sound idly, the count's eye noted, before the plaza, a long, black, rakish clipper with shining yellow masts, new sails glistening as they hung to dry, and untenanted decks, sweet and clean as a ballroom floor.

"A beauty, that Seraphine!" he mused. "The latest Yankee, out from Boston, cannot match her. Ho, Beluche! She must make old blood stir in you two adventurers! Aye, turn your envious eyes aside!"

He started at a step on the levee. The gamester of the Bourse de la Maspero had come along the dismantled rampart of the fort. Sazarac bowed with a recognizing smile. The bronzed cheeks looked even darker below the whitened wig; his eyes had the level, thoughtful humor of the man who laughs behind unreadable reserves.

"You may well say, Monsieur de Almonaster. I have not seen in years a hull so cleanly lined."

De Almonaster glanced at the hand upon the silver sword hilt. The two rotund respectables had seen the tall man in buff and broadcloth, and were hastening. "I see, Monsieur," retorted he, "that, despite your services with the American explorations in the West, you know a ship?"

"I have seen the sea, Monsieur." Sazarac bowed with a searching glance at the younger man. "And you—an eye for a ship is an eye for a woman. . . . I did not expect to meet the Count de Almonaster so far from the fashionable promenade?"

"Nor I to find Captain Lafitte so near again to the Place d'Armes!"

Sazarac studied him gravely: "Your pardon, sir! I think—"

Raoul snapped his fingers laughingly at old Dominique puffing up the levee. Admiral Beluche had drawn a cutlass in fervent salute to his captain.

"Come—come, gentlemen!" Sazarac's voice raised sharply.

"Thou—Jean!" whispered Dominique in the Acadian patois of the coast.

"Lafitte of Barataria. Come, you—sir! Did you think you could tread these streets and not be recognized?" murmured De Almonaster.

The two old adventurers crowded around the stranger. "Now, I am a man again," chuckled Dominique. "And not a clerk drooling over city affairs!" And suddenly, with an affectionate gesture, he lifted slightly the whitened peruke above Sazarac's ear. Raven black the hair, tinged with gray. "The beard shaven," droned on old Dominique. "The cutless scar concealed which you got from the Spaniard at Trinidad! And these arms caught you as you fell!"

"And this cut the fellow down!" cried Beluche. "Jean, cease this fooling!"

The Captain Sazarac was laughing in turn. His old lieutenants seized his hands, stroked his sleeve, crying out brokenly. Sazarac glanced keenly at young Almonaster.

"No fear," murmured the alderman. "I have heard this young gallant say but yesterday that he would draw sword in any affair if Lafitte was to command!"

"Aye, for the emperor!" growled Beluche. "The clipper, Jean! Did you ever see a finer? Monsieur Gird brought her from Charleston new from the ways! The finest teak—lacquer tables, tapestries smuggled from Bilbao! All for the fallen emperor! Perhaps you have heard, my captain?"

"We were saying who so worthy to command as Captain Lafitte?" fumed old Dominique, eager as a boy, "did we not, young sir?"

Sazarac smiled. Raoul interposed: "The plot! Ah, yes . . . the plot!"

"They have built a mansion for him in the rue Chartres—" protested Dominique. "Financed the ship—not a first family in all Louisiana that will not have at least a midshipman aboard! But old Bossiere to command—hah! I would balk at it if I had a skin to risk!"

"You might well with the English ring of ships around St. Helena," said Sazarac gravely. "Well, I am Lafitte. I am at your mercy, Monsieur!"

The restless eyes of Beluche were upon a trio of officers from the American garrison who came slowly along the promenade. "Too much talk!" he muttered. "Since that old affair of yours, Jenn—the seizure of Galveston Island, despite the President's pardon, you have long been proscribed. As to this emperor—the devil with him! The Seraphine—look at her now! Is she a toy for the dandies of this town to play with? A ship—Jean, and a good ship?"

"Eh?" put in Alderman Dominique: "Robber, what's in your mind?"

"The American officers—" retorted the admiral. "Let us be on."

"The Yankees—" murmured Sazarac, throwing his silken neck scarf higher as the meeting groups saluted courteously. "When will Louisiana be done with this idea that she is a principality aloof from the Washington government? The Yankees, gentlemen, are here taking your little Paris."

"They might better have left their manners in the Kentucky woods," said De Almonaster. "And cease meddling in the affairs of Spain across the Sabine. You, yourself, sir—what is the feeling in the West?"

Sazarac stopped to look over the darkening river. "It is a far road to Washington. In the Ohio there is gossip. A new republic to be carved from the wilderness, the Spanish provinces to be seized; and among the discontented spirits are the exiled Tories from the Canadas and the agents of His British Majesty ever watching with jealous eyes. You saw, sir, the affair of yesterday at Maspero's?"

"Colonel Carr, who came with you down-river? I cannot make his mission out as I might wish."

"Nor I. Now and then, on the packet, he boasted of curious things. I recall, one night, a lady warned him to silence!"

"The lady?" De Almonaster smiled.

"Tonight I shall claim my wager from Colonel Carr."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Origin of Goldfish.

Goldfish are the result of the elimination of the somber colors in a variety of carp by selective breeding begun by the Chinese and Japanese in the Sixteenth century.

Excitement is welcome in order to make us forget a good many things.