

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.

Approval of the McNary bill, designating the Old Oregon Trail as a national highway, was given Wednesday by Secretary of Agriculture Wallace.

Bert E. Haney is confirmed by the senate as a member of the shipping board, along with Frederick Thompson of Alabama and W. S. Hill of South Dakota.

Edith Kelly Gould, ex-wife of Frank J. Gould, has asked the French courts to grant her the right to half of Mr. Gould's property in France, or about 800,000,000 francs.

The mayor of Rothenburg, Bavarian palatinate, an adherent of the autonomous movement in that province, was assassinated Wednesday. He was slain while entering the town from the railway station.

Corliss H. Griffith, the American who attempted to kidnap Grover Cleveland Bergdoll in Germany, has been released from prison by the German government. The state department is so advised.

Governor Pierce has the distinction of being the first person in Oregon to pay state income tax under the law enacted at the 1923 session of the legislature and later approved by the voters of the state at special election.

Los Angeles, Cal., has been selected by the army air service as the starting point for the attempted around-the-world flight. Original plans to begin the flight from Seattle, Wash., or Washington, D. C., have been modified accordingly.

Positive assurance was given Representative Summers of Washington Wednesday by Secretary of Agriculture Wallace that representatives of the department of agriculture will be sent into Oregon, Washington and Idaho to investigate wheat grading.

Fifteen persons were injured when Canadian National railway passenger train No. 9, en route to Calgary from Saskatoon, was derailed near Ardenode, 30 miles northeast of Calgary, Tuesday afternoon. A split rail was said to be the cause of the accident.

White forces in Siberia have seized upon the occasion of the death of Nicolai Lenin to proclaim a free state in Amur province and have interrupted railway service to Vladivostok and eastward. Advice to this effect have been received by the Japanese government from Mukden.

Jakey, a goose that took his whisky straight and washed it down with a swig of beer in pre-prohibition days, is dead. He was 15 years old and was owned by John Keller, former St. Louis saloon proprietor. In the old days a round of drinks was not complete unless Jakey was in on the set-up.

Full diplomatic recognition of soviet Russia by the British government is expected within ten days, according to political observers conversant with the labor government's intentions. These observers say Premier MacDonald is eager to have recognition an accomplished fact before parliament meets on February 12.

Government efforts to restore agriculture to a sound economic footing took more definite shape last week as the administration pressed its relief plans and legislation designed to aid the industry received committee approval in congress. President Coolidge fixed February 4 as the date for a conference of representatives of commercial lines interested in agricultural welfare and issued 40-odd invitations to spokesmen for the several interests to confer on the situation with Secretaries Hoover and Wallace.

Income tax payers would receive a reduction in their 1923 taxes payable this year under a provision voted Wednesday by republican members of the house ways and means committee. The amount of reduction has not been determined, but Chairman Green, author of the proposal, said it might be as high as 25 per cent. It would apply to the taxes after they have been computed and to all personal income taxpayers. Treasury experts estimated that a 25 per cent cut would mean a saving to taxpayers of \$225,000,000.

POISONOUS FOOD KILLS 7

Albany, Ore., Family Wiped Out By Eating Home-Canned Beans.

Albany, Or.—Seven persons were dead and three others were dying here Monday night as the result of eating home-canned beans, which were believed to have spoiled and thus produced the deadly poison known as botulinus.

The dead: Mrs. Paul Gerbig, 34; Hilda Gerbig, 10; Marie Gerbig, 7; Gotfried Ruehling; Mrs. Gotfried Ruehling; Werner Yunker, 10-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Otto Yunker of Thomas station, near Scio; Reinhold Gerber.

The dying: Paul Gerbig; Esther Gerbig, 13 months old; two-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Ruehling.

Two other persons were stricken ill by the strange malady but were reported to have fully recovered. Mrs. Reinhold Gerber, at whose home the fatal dinner was served, apparently was none the worse for her experience and two-year-old Margaret Gerbig was believed to have escaped the poisonous food. The child is still fed by bottle and it was not known whether or not she had any of the vegetable dish at dinner.

The death of 13-months-old Esther Gerbig was declared by attending physicians to be only a matter of hours and they held out no hope for the recovery of any of the other three victims.

The case of Gotfried Ruehling was probably the strangest of all. He was reported dead earlier in the day but revived from the state of coma which usually precedes death from the strange malady and for a time was believed to be on the road to recovery. Suddenly, however, his condition became worse and he died.

None of the deaths occurred until more than 24 hours after the fatal meal.

Mrs. Gerber declared that she suspected that the beans were spoiled when she opened them but did not pay any attention to their queer appearance. Young Yunkers, a friend of the families, spoke of the peculiar odor and taste of the beans at the time. As all of the people present were similarly affected the poisoning is regarded as an accident.

Botulinus, the poison which is presumed to have caused the deaths, thrives and propagates at a temperature of 120 degrees above zero, at which temperature other germs die. The bacteria comes from a spore that originates in the ground and is destroyed only when the temperature reaches 240 degrees or more, it is said. Commercial vegetables are cooked at a degree or so more than 240 degrees above zero and are said to be free from the bacteria, although all home-canned goods are subject to it.

Ex-Professor Wins \$100,000 Bok Prize.

Philadelphia.—Charles Herbert Levermore of New York, student of international relations, writer and ex-college professor, Monday night was announced as the winner of the \$100,000 prize offered by Edward W. Bok, Philadelphia publisher, for the best plan to preserve peace among the nations of the world.

Dr. Levermore was announced as the winner by John W. Davis of the policy committee of the American peace award, at a meeting at the Academy of Music. Mr. Davis also presented him with \$50,000, half of Mr. Bok's prize, and the remainder will be given only if the plan is accepted by the congress of the United States. Levermore's plan was numbered 1469 in a total of 23,165 received.

Oregon Trail Approved.

Montesano, Wash.—The Montesano chamber of commerce announced Monday that it was opposed to changing the name of the Oregon Trail to Pioneer Way, as suggested by United States Senator Jones recently.

The reasons assigned were the antiquity of the present name, its use by pioneers and in history and literature, and that a change would be considered an unfriendly act to the people of Oregon.

Alleged Outlaw Slain.

Cleveland.—Charles Sanders was shot and killed and Bryan Keenan was shot twice and captured in a gun battle late Monday at their rendezvous in a suburb, where police located them, for alleged participation in several holdups and burglaries. They had also been hunted for several weeks as suspects in the recent murder of John Rau, bakery wagon driver. More than 75 shots were fired in the gun battle.

Tacoma.—Capacity of the Tacoma smelter, recently increased, soon may be still further enlarged, according to Frank H. Brownell, vice-president of the American Smelting & Refining company, the owner. Mr. Brownell is making an inspection tour of the company's western smelters.

WILSON PASSES ON; COUNTRY MOURNS

Ex-President Succumbs at 11:15 A. M. Sunday.

FAMILY AT BEDSIDE

Digestive Trouble of Past Week Proves Fatal to Great War President—Physician Faithful to End.

Washington, D. C.—Ex-President Woodrow Wilson died at 11:15 o'clock Sunday morning.

The end was peaceful; life ebbed away while he slept.

A tired man, he closed his eyes, and, "sustained and soothed by an unflinching trust," passed on to the great hereafter, "like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Dr. Grayson, his friend and physician, announced the end of the great war president in this bulletin:

"Mr. Wilson died at 11:15 o'clock. His heart's action became feebler and feebler, and the heart muscle was so fatigued that it refused to act any longer. The end came peacefully.

"The remote causes of death lie in his ill health, which began more than four years ago, namely, general arterio-sclerosis with haemoptigia. The immediate cause of death was exhaustion following a digestive disturbance which began in the early part of last week but did not reach an acute stage until the early morning hours of February 1."

Last Friday the grim reaper had forced his way into the house after waiting on the doorstep more than four years. Saturday he had advanced to the landing on the staircase and stood counting off the ticks on the great clock. Saturday night he knocked on the chamber door. A faithful physician and a loyal wife stood with their backs against it. At 9 o'clock he rattled the knob and called to the peaceful but prostrate figure on the bed—a great bed, long and wide, replica of the bed in which Abraham Lincoln slept in the White House, with a golden American eagle and a tiny silk American flag just over the head board.

The watchers knew the battle was lost. At the portal of the door, now open, the faithful negro servant hovered. On the bed, sitting beside her husband, sustained with all the fortitude and composure of a woman facing a crisis, was Mrs. Wilson, holding between her hands the wan, withered, right hand that had proved the pen mightier than the sword. Near the foot of the bed was his eldest daughter, Margaret, resigned to the inevitable. Close by, tears welling from his eyes and coursing down his cheeks, was Dr. Grayson, taking the measure of the fluttering pulse, weaker and fainter with each effort.

Death advanced and beckoned for the last time. The tired, worn out man drew a long breath, there was a slight flutter of the eyelids, an almost imperceptible twitch of the nostrils. Woodrow Wilson's soul had drifted out on the great dark tide that runs around the world.

FIGHT FOR LEAGUE COSTS WILSON'S LIFE

Washington, D. C.—Woodrow Wilson's speech-making trip for the league of nations, which snapped his nerves and culminated in his long illness, was undertaken after his personal physician had warned it might seriously and permanently impair his health.

"I do not like to disobey you," he said to Dr. Grayson, "and I have never done so before. But I feel I must go out and make this fight, even if it costs my life."

As if the approach of illness had foreshadowed a premonition that the worst fears of his medical adviser would be fulfilled, he expressed to several audiences during the swing across the country his willingness to make the great sacrifice for the treaty.

"If I felt that I personally stood in the way of this settlement," he said at Omaha. "I would be glad to die that it might be consummated."

Coolidge Is Indorsed.

Chicago.—Announcement that the republican state central committee of New Mexico had indorsed President Coolidge for the party presidential nomination was made here Saturday from the national headquarters of the Coolidge pre-convention campaign. The resolution of endorsement read: "The president has given positive and undeniable proof of the fact that he is committed solely and exclusively to serve the best interests of the nation."

CAPTAIN SAZARAC

By CHARLES TENNEY JACKSON

Copyright by The Bobbs-Merrill Company

"AND—DIE!"

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 oldtime friend of Lafitte, tells of a woman's face and smile. As his last wager, Carr puts up a woman, presumably a slave. Custom compels Sazarac to accept the stake. He wins. His old associates and Count Raoul de Almonaster accost him as Lafitte. A project of the youthful adventurers of New Orleans is the rescue of Napoleon Bonaparte from St. Helena, and a ship, the Seraphine, has been made ready. From De Almonaster Sazarac learns that the girl he "won" at the card table is white, of high estate, and that the matter has been made a byword in the city's resorts. Sazarac finds Mademoiselle Leatron, a fellow passenger on a river steamer a few days before, and with whom he had fallen in love. In the girl and in chivalry foregoes his revenge against Carr. Jarvis admires Mademoiselle Leatron. He is a witness of the meeting and picks up a camellia which the girl had thrown, unnoticed, to Sazarac. Jarvis is dangerous; he talks too much in his cups. His old associates of the Barataria days urge Lafitte to take command of the Seraphine, ostensibly to rescue Napoleon but really to fly the black flag and cruise the sea. He hesitates. Jarvis is a witness of the kidnapping of Mademoiselle Leatron, but his story is not given credence. De Almonaster entertains Sazarac, now admittedly Jean Lafitte, at his country house.

CHAPTER V—Continued.

"And were he to order these young scions of the city's blue blood to holystone his deck, he would have to land in every lele of the Indies to settle the challenges! No, no—sir, Bonaparte is safe from these gentry!"

The two gentlemen smiled. But as they were to part, down the banquette of the rue Chartres came two figures, one supporting the other. A short, dark, ragged man whose gold earrings glistened under filthy locks, struggling to save his basket of cooked crayfish as he steered his companion on.

"Let be—" growled Gorgio, the Catalan. "Come, Jarvis—the Cafe des Refugies for you, man!"

"A ship!" bawled Jarvis. And being much the larger of the two he almost propelled the crayfish seller into the two elegant gentlemen, who stepped aside in disgust to let them pass.

"A ship! A rescue, old buccaneer!" He lurched to the banquette, and sat there blinking. Old Gorgio hauled in vain at his sleeve. "Come, be up with me!"

But the town's first bohemian continued to fumble at his clothes.

"It was this way they went, Gorgio. I am even now on my way to the police to report of the affair. I shall appeal to the mayor—Rouffignac is not so dumb as to refuse rescue to a lady!"

"What does he babble of?" inquired Langhorne haughtily.

The painter got to his feet. He was bleeding from a gash across his brows. On his sleeve he laid a crushed and dirty camellia. Then, down the street came Mayor Rouffignac and Councilor Dominique to see what might be this public scandal. And to them Jarvis suddenly shouted his grievance.

"I was fumbling along the rue St. Peter in the mud, sober as any honest man, save that the moon kept diving past me. And there came a carriage that all but ran me down. The horses stumbled—and a lady screamed. She thrust an arm from the curtains—a white arm. I reached to touch. And a fellow within struck me. . . . I got up later—I and my blossom. I swear she had more camellias in her hair! Eh, there—I have told it again! Now laugh, fools!"

"Where did you come upon this man, Monsieur Mudge?" said his honor.

"Here, as you see—dirty and howling!" returned the merchant.

"Gorgio, take him home, and come to my clerk for a dollar," frowned the mayor. "It's drunkard's talk."

"Home?" blustered Jarvis. "A lady seized, spirited away in a galloping chaise through New Orleans' streets—and you say 'Home!' Then romance is dead, sire! I shall paint a fish-woman's shawl on my lady's head, and sorrow in her eyes. It was not so when Jean Lafitte was here!"

"You have dreamed—" muttered Dominique, watching him covertly. "Come with me, Jarvis."

"My skinned nose and brow—is that a dream?"

"He has stumbled tonight about the streets," said Gorgio sullenly. Beside the crayfish seller and the robed alderman there shot glances of not understanding. The Catalan stretched his hand to the painter and bent upon him a look of implacable fury.

"Let be!" granted Jarvis. "Ca-

meillas? Let's see? Why, Jean—last night—"

"Silence—fool!" whispered Gorgio. He seized upon the fellow; he bore him along with his bull-necked strength against his back.

"He is utterly drunk," murmured Dominique. "Come, gentlemen—let us to our morning coffee at Maspero's!" He took the mayor's arm, turning him hurriedly. A block distant the councillor looked back, fiddling with his velvet cuff nervously. The Catalan vagabond was dragging his comrade along.

But none save the alderman saw that the hand of the one-time buccaneer was under Jarvis' arm, that his knife-point pressed there until the coat was torn.

"A word more," hissed the crayfish seller, "and—die!" Then he whispered: "Sazarac. . . . and the English woman? Jean—and the wager he won? Who, then, has a better right to the woman? Home, now!—get your paint pots and paint a poultice on your broken head!"

But Gorgio had to drag the unconscious wastrel up the studio stairs, and there lock him in ere he went to a whispered conference behind a cabbage stack in the French market.

CHAPTER VI

The Mask Is Dropped.

It was after the heat of that same day that two horsemen rode out from a courtyard of the Faubourg St. Marie upon the Tchouptoulous road.

Count de Almonaster breathed relief when the river willows hid them and the steeds broke into a gallop.

"My blacks are waiting at the ferry," he murmured; "now, Captain Sazarac, did the plainmen teach you to ride? Come, then!" And the guest led the way in a cloud of dust. A half-dozen slaves uprose as the two dashed over the levee, dismounted and flung rein to the groom. Then the scow-boat swung off on the muddy Mississippi, propelled by the naked-backed oarsmen.

Sazarac stood watching the willow-shored. The city was invisible, but on the western bank arose the stately facades of plantation homes among great oaks. Beyond this,



"That You—of the Spanish Almonaster, of Wealth and Connections Beyond the Proudest in the City—Have Chosen to Idle Unattached—"

glimpses of the grim, gray forest wall, the impenetrable cypress swamp, with its watery aisles leading to Barataria, the legend-haunted, even at this early day.

De Almonaster stepped ashore as the scow grounded, and led the way across the broad lawns to the high steps of the porticoed gallery of the white mansion. Black boys dashed for the bridles. At the great glass doors arose a grizzled major-domo.

"At your pleasure, sir," said Raoul. "A drink shall be brought, and the bath."

"I have thought it strange"—Sazarac smiled absently—"that you—of the Spanish Almonaster, of wealth and connections beyond the proudest in the city—have chosen to idle unattached."

"I have my dream—" De Almonaster said gravely. "A boy's dream. . . . but it does not pass. For six years now, the loveliest face that could stir youth has been with me. It was for that I cruised last year about the Caribbean ports—aimlessly seeking, slowly trying to forget. Ah, well! I am trying to be a practical, sober man—financing the new sugar process!"

With a bow he left the guest. The stranger looked from the great windows upon the gardens. Beyond the narrow fields ran a rutted road, and Jean Lafitte smiled. Up that same road had come the clumsy carts of the smugglers who met the gulf adventurers in the swamp rendezvous and brought the loot of silks and wines and jewels taken from luckless merchantmen on the Spanish Main.

"Let be!" granted Jarvis. "Ca-

to the river forest; and then, at dead of night, ferried by other agents across to the warehouses of the city. And to Pierre Lafitte's cloaksmithy on the rue Bourbon came the winking merchants to watch the slaves work the forges while they slyly murmured to the proprietor: "I hear that a ship from Bilbao strangely foundered in Yucatan strait? . . . What, pray, is the price of brocade and silver plate at Monsieur Lafitte's Iled house at Grand Terre?"

"Hypocritical dogs!" muttered the master now. "I respect the roughest scoundrel of my own band more than the smug merchants who enriched themselves on our traffic, covertly protecting us while they profited; eager to denounce us when our last ship was driven from the Gulf!"

The liquor decanter was on a high-boy of heavy rosewood. The adventurer's melancholy eyes lighted as he examined it, the great four-post bed, the table and the mirrors.

"Loot from the Isle of Pines! I recall Gambio's sweating blacks polling it from the swamp to be sold to a city factor! It turns up at De Almonaster's and I am entertained with it!"

His laughter had hardly ceased when he joined his host at dinner. Never a more well-appointed guest had Count Raoul greeted than the last sea-rover who sat across the board beyond the golden candelabrum.

Monsieur Sazarac raised a hand. He held a glass before him.

"As to the wine, young sir, I could swear there had been mischief in the Gulf again!"

Raoul laughed ardently: "If ever, sir, one of my uncle's ships, which bring our wine from Bordeaux, had fallen your way, all the wars of Bonaparte had been nothing to the uproar he would have raised!"

"Come—" smiled the guest. "I would forget it all!"

"If we let you—" he signaled the serving men to withdraw. "Now, I am delegated by your own worthy companions for this—the Napoleon plot—is not that adventure enough?"

"More." Sazarac smiled distantly. "I am done with adventuring. I dream of a plantation in the Indies. In Louisiana, even if again granted amnesty, my presence would be a sore spot. Let any thieving brawl come in the ports, and at once Lafitte's old men are charged with it. They are peaceful men now, scattered on the coast—hunters, raisers of truck, and fishers. Let the dead past lie, my friend. I am an evil legacy. . . . and I am forty-two!"

"And yet—the lady of the packet boat!" mused Raoul. "Strange?"

"To her, Sazarac, the gamester—to you, Lafitte, the outlaw. And yet—the older man stopped, his gaze out the glass doors to the starlight.

"And yet, Monsieur—Sazarac—what if you, of all men, brought Napoleon triumphantly out of exile to the New World? What proud lady of all Louisiana would not be thrilled by the name—Lafitte?"

"Now, that is ridiculous," frowned the other man. "She—an English Tory—an intrigue to aid Bonaparte win her approval!" He laughed: "Ah, well, a lovely lady for whom I would have fought; and I had to turn aside in silence. I am Lafitte. That is the irony of it—at forty-two, discredited, a fugitive under a mask. . . . and she smiled upon the man who is the knave in either role. I did not challenge Colonel Carr," he concluded pointedly.

"I saw that." Raoul repressed his curious note. "We knew you went to confront him." He shrugged. "Come, my Captain Jean! I, too, have greatly loved—and lost. Now, this affair is of the sea and men. Would you not listen? You heard last night your old wild fellows chucking with it!"

The guest stared hard at him. "Napoleon? The devil they would care for him! Tooth and nail on the first merchantman—loot, scurry, spend fistfuls of gold in the ports of South America—and then the yard-arm for them all! Monsieur, the world has shuffled off our gentlemen of fortune!"

"It is the English woman holds you from us," said Raoul, and then saw the black line deepen on the other's brow. The host bit his lip; and then upon the silence, there came rapid footsteps. A doorman was expostulating at the broad gallery. There was a scuffle, an oath.

"But I shall enter, fellow! Out of the door!"

De Almonaster had arisen by the silver-laden board, with a hasty glance at his guest's impressive face under the golden candelabrum, when the burly grizzled Johanness charged from the hallway. He turned without greeting, staring at Sazarac.

"You, Captain Jean! See, I have fought for you! A customs guard, I think it was, went down by the cutlass. Nez Coupe, Bohon and I stopped them from the first crossing, but the dragons are here!"

"And that he is in reality Jean Lafitte, turned up from the dead."

(TO BE CONTINUED)