

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.

Chris Baumhauser, a yard foreman at the Hecla mine at Burke, Idaho, plunged 900 feet down a shaft to his death Monday.

The daily average of tolls paid for use of the Panama canal from February 1 to 15 is announced as \$73,684, exceeding the average for any month with the exception of December, 1914.

Signing of the treaty worked out between the Washington and Ottawa governments for the suppression of illicit liquor traffic along the Canadian border has been temporarily delayed in order that a minor change in the draft sent by the Canadian authorities may be made.

French francs Tuesday dropped to a new record low level at 4.25 cents, a decline of 12 points from Saturday's closing price. The fall was apparently based on the difficulties of the French government in forwarding its fiscal programme.

"A high treasury official" admitted to him that treasury department estimates of an ex-service men's bonus were "juggled" to fool the public. Colonel Thomas Miller, alien property custodian, asserted in an address Sunday at a bonus mass meeting.

Aided by a group of republicans, most of them insurgents, house democrats Tuesday eliminated from the revenue bill the Mellon income tax rates. By a vote of 222 to 196 a schedule advanced by Representative Garner, democrat, Texas, was substituted.

More than 10,000 Japanese, at a mass meeting in Tokio Sunday, adopted resolutions demanding at once the resignation of members of the Kiyoura ministry, then paraded the streets, passing before the Peers' club. Police reserves were called out but the demonstration was orderly.

Ratification of the German commercial treaty as now drawn was opposed Tuesday before the senate foreign relations committee by E. F. Plummer, vice-chairman of the shipping board, who said the most favored nation's clause seriously hampers efforts to rebuild the American merchant marine.

Two sharks caught in the waters of Palm Beach, Fla., Saturday, have caused no little consternation among the bathers who flock to that fashionable strip of sand and water every day at noon. Neither fish was a man-eater, but both were capable of causing considerable damage to the human anatomy.

Described by New York police as a "girl with the financial wizardry of a Ponce or a Lindsay," Miss Helen Beckett, a stockbroker, was imprisoned Tuesday on complaint of socially prominent patrons of a Fifth-avenue corset shop that she had defrauded them of \$50,000. She was charged with forgery.

Members of the government's special oil counsel, Owen J. Roberts and Atlee Pomeroy, Tuesday received from President Coolidge their instructions and their commissions, established their headquarters, and announced that no time would be lost in undertaking diligently and urgently legal proceedings, both criminal and civil.

Clothes worn by Abraham Lincoln when he was assassinated in Ford's theater, Washington, by John Wilkes Booth, Tuesday were sold at public auction in Philadelphia for \$6500. They consisted of an old black suit, the collar stained with the life blood of the martyred president, the trousers wrinkled; a badly torn overcoat and a faded silk stock.

Hudson Maxim of Lake Hopatcong, N. J., famous inventor, who has declared that under the 18th amendment tea and coffee are to be regarded as intoxicating and traffic in them prohibited, announced Tuesday he had retained Elmer King, a lawyer of this city, to bring friendly suit against a well-known hotel in Newark to test the validity of the amendment. He said he was entirely in earnest in bringing the action.

LET TARIFF STAND--MILLERS

Disturbance of Present Relationship Would Aid Canadians.

Washington, D. C.—Flour milling interests argued before the tariff commission Monday for maintenance of the present tariff relationship between wheat, flour and wheat products. They were unable, however, to produce production costs of wheat feeds desired by the commission and adjournment was taken until Tuesday, when the commission expects to conclude the hearings on the costs of wheat, flour and feed production in connection with the application for a tariff increase on wheat requested by the wheat council of the United States.

The millers testified that Canadian millers were able to put down a barrel of flour in New York, after paying a duty of \$1.53, for seven cents less than it costs American millers to place flour on the New York market. They pointed out that if the wheat duty were increased 50 per cent and a corresponding increase were not placed on flour, Canadian millers would be able to undersell American millers in New York markets to the extent of 77 cents a barrel.

Canadian flour was selling in London a week ago for the equivalent of \$5.50 a barrel, one miller testified, stating that an equal grade of that flour could not be produced in Minneapolis for that amount. The Canadian millers, it was stated, have crowded American flour off the British and continental markets and are making inroads in the American export flour trade in the West Indies through their ability to sell at lower prices, and with the aid of preferential tariffs granted by British colonies. Only the American trade and such markets as they could develop in South and Central America, together with the orient, were left to the American millers.

Greek Government in Discard

London.—The Greek government headed by Premier Kafandarlis has fallen, according to an Athens dispatch to the Daily Express.

The government's defeat, it is said, is the consequence of its refusal to accede to the demands of the extremists for establishment of a republic before a plebiscite was taken.

The fall of the government came as a surprise, as it was thought up to the last that the extremists would be defeated.

Athens.—At a meeting Monday afternoon between ex-Premier Venizelos and ex-Minister of Foreign Affairs Roussos, with General Othonalos, representing the army, it was agreed that the downfall of the dynasty should be proclaimed in the assembly, but conditionally upon confirmation of this decision by a plebiscite.

British Dock Strike Settled

London.—The dock strike, lasting ten days, was settled quickly Monday, when delegates met in conference. Acceptance of terms was almost unanimous, only two minor ports having objected.

A feature of the strike, which involved many thousands of men, was complete absence of disorder, although the strike extended over all parts of the kingdom, and dockers generally are regarded as a somewhat unruly class of workers.

The government is expected to announce immediately the chairman of the commission to inquire into de-casualization, and as the employers have agreed to the principle of maintenance for men who are idle during a part of the week owing to the peculiar exigencies of dock labor, it may be supposed that some remedy for this grievance will be found speedily.

Billiardist Wins Suit

New York.—William F. Hoppe, world's champion billiardist, was given a verdict Monday by a jury in supreme court sustaining the charges he preferred against his wife, Alice Beatrice Hoppe, in his suit for absolute divorce. The jury found that Mrs. Hoppe was guilty of misconduct last November with a salesman. Justice O'Malley, who heard the case, is expected to soon make known the disposition of the Hoppe children.

Fireman Is Suffocated

New Orleans.—Jules Pujol, assistant fire chief, was suffocated when trapped in the warehouse of the Marks-Isaacs company Canal street department store, which was destroyed by fire Saturday.

Five other firemen, two of whom may die, were hurt by falling walls. Preliminary estimates placed the loss at \$50,000.

Still Explosion Fatal

San Francisco.—William Miller, 72, was fatally injured in the explosion of a still at his home here Saturday. He died a few hours later at a hospital.

The still was operated by a kerosene burner, which is supposed to have gotten out of order.

HOUSE BEATS TAX ON EXCESS PROFIT

Hot Fight Delays Final Vote on Measure.

ESTATE LEVY COMING

Plan to Throw Out Democratic Schedule Is Complicated by Saturday's Developments.

Washington, D. C.—The revenue bill without success assaulted in the house Saturday, the most determined attack in the form of an amendment proposing a restoration of the excess profits tax being defeated 157 to 74. A stubborn fight for the amendment, which would have re-enacted the law repealed in 1921 with slightly different rates, so prolonged consideration of the measure that leaders predicted a final vote on it could not now be expected before the latter part of next week.

Representative Frear, republican insurgent, Wisconsin, submitted the amendment and was supported in debate by Representative Oldfield, democrat, Arkansas. Democrats, however, divided on the question, only about half of those present voting with the republican insurgents for it.

The estate tax section was taken up but with another fight impending for increase of these rates, final consideration of it was put over until this week.

Plans of republican organization leaders for any attempt they contemplate to throw out the democratic income rate schedules in the bill when it comes up for a final vote were further complicated by a development which it was feared might lessen the probabilities of several insurgent republicans joining at that time with the party organization on the vote for a compromise between the Mellon and Garner plans.

Representative La Guardia, republican insurgent, New York, who had asked Secretary Mellon for his views on a compromise schedule providing for a 40 per cent surtax rate and a normal rate of 5 per cent on incomes above \$4000 instead of 6 per cent, as carried in the organization measure, was informed by the secretary that this plan would not provide sufficient revenue for a bonus. Mr. La Guardia, who voted for the democratic income rates, had been counted among those expected by the organization to support a compromise.

However, Mr. Mellon declared also that neither the Garner schedule now in the bill, the original Mellon rates, nor those including miscellaneous tax changes reported by the ways and means committee, would raise sufficient revenue for a bonus.

Meanwhile Mr. Longworth said negotiations had been held up on the fight against income schedules as a result of delay in consideration of the bill. Several minor amendments, none of which were passed, proposing to allow taxpayers more time in which to correct returns questioned by the treasury, were defeated in short skirmishes prior to the fight on the excess profits tax.

Navy Ruling Protested

Washington, D. C.—Protest that the navy department had refused to permit circulation among its employes of a petition setting forth opposition to the tentative reclassification of federal workers, was embodied in a letter left at the White House Saturday by Loren H. Wittner, chairman of an organization known as the departmental protest classification committee.

Wittner asserted in his letter that the navy department by its refusal was violating the law and denying constitutional rights.

Indiana Mill Is Burned

Evansville, Ind.—The plant of the Kelsay-Burns Milling company, formerly the Akin Erskine Milling company, one of the largest mills of its kind in the central states, was destroyed by fire Saturday night. The loss will reach the half million dollar mark to the mill alone and the surrounding property within a three-block radius suffered an additional \$25,000 loss. Firemen fought the blaze for 3 hours before it was under control.

Four Men Burn in House

Pittsburg, Pa.—Four men were burned to death in a fire which destroyed a three-family dwelling house at Etna, near here, early Sunday. Two other men escaped by jumping from a second story window. An overturned oil lamp was believed to have started the fire.

CAPTAIN SAZARAC

By CHARLES TENNEY JACKSON

Copyright by The Bobbs-Merrill Company

"I OFFER A SHIP"

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 by-word in the city's resorts. Sazarac finds Mademoiselle Lestron, a fellow passenger on a river steamer a few days before, and with whom he had fallen in love, is the girl and in chivalry foregoes his revenge against Carr. Jarvis admires Mademoiselle Lestron. 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 Lestron, but his story is not given credence. De Almonaster entertains Sazarac, now admittedly Jean Lafitte, at his country house. Lafitte, accused of the abduction of Mademoiselle Lestron, is warned of the approach of a military party seeking to arrest him. He escapes to the swamps of Barataria. Lafitte learns that Mademoiselle Lestron has been placed on the ship Genaron, for the West Indies. Influenced by his followers of the freebooting days, and by De Almonaster, chief officer of the Seraphine, Lafitte agrees to seize the ship and sail to the rescue of Mademoiselle Lestron.

CHAPTER VII—Continued.

He took his snuff debonairly. And suddenly, with a shout of joy, the hairy giant, Johannes, seized the count's slender hand. "There—once more! I told you, Jean, that this young aristocrat was the truest adventurer of us all! Now, he proposes a ship! A ship for Sazarac!"

The Captain Sazarac in turn grasped De Almonaster's hand: "Well, then, Bohon, get word to the Temple! Choose your fellows well, and have them come by the water trails secretly to Monsieur Berthoud's plantation across from the upper city. And not a field-hand or house-slave must so much as have sight of a shirt-tail of you all. No liquor, there! No brawling, until we have descended by the old smuggler's road and taken the Napoleon ship!"

The score of figures crowded on the lugger's deck, or wading waist-deep about her bow, holding the flambeaus and striving to listen to the conference, raised a hoarse cry. Crackley, the leader of the deserters, strove for dominance over the younger men.

"Eh, bulles! I told you there would be blood-letting, once we had the man to lead us! A ship, and then over the line at the king o' Spain's traffic, says I!"

At a word from Bohon there was a scattering of the islanders from the smuggler's rail. A whispered conference here and there; secret orders given; gesticulations of surprise and exultation, as the lieutenants explained what must be arranged.

At the lugger's bow there now stood but two figures. The gamster, Sazarac, had placed a hand on the younger man's shoulder.

"You peril your life and your fortune, Monsieur. There is but one stake for which I would accept such a mad offer from a friend. One night, upon the staircase at the hotel, I said bluntly, merely as a vagabond may speak his thought, with nothing to lose or gain—that I loved the lady of my wager at Maspero's. I went my way, asking no answer. The moonlight was on the palms and myrtle . . . I could not well see, but I thought something fell and vanished from my sight. It might have been her answer."

"Very likely it was the lady's answer," smiled De Almonaster.

"Eh, well! Out of the shadows it came—into the shadows it vanished. It appears to be like my life. Ah, a curious thing—a flicker in the moonlight—and silence!"

"I offer, Monsieur, a ship, my friendship, my fortune—to compel the lady to answer!"

The bronzed adventurer laughed slightly. "Thank you, Monsieur!" But suddenly his companion started with an amazed gasp. "Sazarac, I have forgotten something! Perdition! It just came to my dullard mind! The plot is to seize the Seraphine tomorrow night as she lies

at her moorings before the Place d'Armes!"

"Certainly the venture cannot be delayed a moment beyond that—"

"Well and good! But it is the night of the banquet to celebrate the plot Napoleon. I, myself, am to make a modest speech of acceptance for my aunt, Baroness Pontalba, as I take over her interests in outfitting the Seraphine!"

"I should say it is very well. Putting back to the city at once, with your blacks, and appearing at the affair, you are shielded from all connivance with what the infamous Sazarac may do."

"Ah, but!" exclaimed De Almonaster. "There is to be a ball at the Theatre d'Orleans. The youth and chivalry of the city are to dance there, and then away to the Seraphine herself to revel and drink to the plot upon her decks."

"At what hour, Monsieur? I admit this is disconcerting."

"At twelve o'clock. The ship will be ablaze with lanterns and hung with ribbons! Nom de Dieu! It is too late to change the affair! I could bite my fingers that I did not think of the banquet. Commander Bossiere will preside. De Marigny, Barre, Pierre des Trehan, young De la Vergne—the officers of the garrison and the municipality—the affair will be an uproar until sunrise!"

"Midnight," commented the other. "Well, then—by Bonaparte, himself—Monsieur Sazarac shall attend. He will stand at the banquet table in the emperor's suite and toast the absent guests. He will be the ghost out of the dark, and fleeing on to the dark-



"Belles Chandelles, M'sieu! Madame! Belles Chandelles!"

ness that awaits him. He will be brief in his role, this Sazarac—grasping at a flicker of moonlight; and for his answer—silence."

CHAPTER VIII

The Revelers of the Place d'Armes.

In the dusky radiance of the chain oil-lamps suspended from corner to corner, the vagrant candle seller held his handful of green wax myrtle tapers high, peering up at the iron gallery to the possible customer.

"Belles chandelles! Petits belles chandelles—Madame!"

The magnificent lady ignored him with disdain, and the shabby old figure shambled on with its cry:

"Belles-chandelles, M'sieu! Madame—belles chandelles!"

At the corner of the rue Royale and Orleans just behind the cathedral the peddler stopped and hitched his cloak higher over his basket. The rue d'Orleans was a blaze of light showing forth the low facade of the famous ballroom. From carriages, dusky, bejeweled women were alighting; and across the cobbles grooms led horses from which gentlemen had just dismounted to wander by groups to the barroom or to the crowded vestibule of the Quadrone ball. Laughing, jesting gallants, some of more youthful appearance glancing rather timorously up the street, for this was a frolic not countenanced openly—and yet the gentlemen of the town and the plantations would be there. Favorites and mistresses—the famed beauties of the demi-monde—and perhaps a few better recognized were lured to the Ball d'Orleans to wonder curiously how brothers, fathers and lovers might comport themselves at the revel.

The old candle seller, in the shadow of the trees in the cathedral garden across the rue Royale, watched unceasingly. Behind him lay the narrow-paved Alley St. Antoine between the church and the gloomy, high-galleried buildings jutting over it. The other end opened on the Place d'Armes; and beyond that, the levee where there was a group of lanterns forming an arch over a carpeted gangway that led to the deck of the gayly lighted Seraphine.

The candle peddler looked each way casually. At length, from the crowd

before the ballroom vestibule—amidst the flash of carriage wheels, sleek-coated animals turning among the bright-coated gentlemen and shouting hostlers, there came one brown-skinned fellow tugging to hold back a spirited steed. Unsteadily, as by chance he was jerked on by the horse, the groom finally held up at the banquette of brass stones on which stood the idle candle seller. To him the groom muttered:

"Monsieur Almonaster is here. He thought it best. They gibe him roundly about the affair Lafitte, but he protests—he has given half his plantation force to the military and the city guard who are beating out the woods for the stolen lady. He has denounced as deeply as any against the outrage—and he thought it best to come join the gallants. How goes it, Gorgio?"

"With the few of us in town—well. And, be assured, across the river the Captain Jean will have his fellows ready! Be on, now! You must not talk to me overlong. Only, Teton, we idle here, armed and watchful—and a word from your master—"

"Monsieur de Almonaster is to send word by me—I am to hang about drinking with the servants at our side entrance—watching."

"Word must come in time—before the party leaves for the ship—we must know that an hour before."

"My master will be assured. The fun grows furious already—it will be drawn ere they think of supper on the Seraphine."

"Be gone! Here comes one of the police guard!"

The quarter-blood groom led on De Almonaster's horse. And again the candle seller raised his monotonous cry down the rue Royale. And from the river end of Antoine's alley wandered another figure; at the deep entry to the Padre's house, midway in the tree-shaded obscurity, the old Andalusian beggar sank on the stones with a sigh—and adjusted the pair of pistols at his belt to more ease.

When Gorgio wandered this way again, the vagrant seemed asleep. Then came his sutter: "Perhaps, on the rue de la Levee—by the first market stall, there might await a customer. Thou art too noisy at the best for the Padre's street, eh—Frere Diable?"

"Custom is bad at least," retorted Gorgio. "but you—the police will harry you on as well."

"Not with Padre Antoine, my good friend, above at his book," growled the other. "Do as I bid—I was sent."

And on idled the candle man, with his owl-eye to the galleried homes. Under the thick arches of the ancient market he bantered hoarsely about the cabbage and fowl stalls. At this hour the market was little visited and few kept open. A few lazy Indian women and mulattoes grumbled back at Gorgio's jests; an early cart or two backed in to unload for the morrow's business, and it was to one of these, on which a trio of trucksters smoked idly, that the old man came.

They shot down dark, inscrutable glances.

"Pierre," muttered Gorgio, "you are in charge of these?"

"In all, sixteen of us, sleeping about the stalls," came in the patois. "The police guards note nothing. But of the fellows who must cross by the river, there is delay. What was the hour?"

"It cannot be set to a moment. At midnight the ball must have taken every idler from the plaza to crowd about and gaze at the gentry. Save for the cursed lights about the ship itself, all would be clear. It must be touch and goard quickly."

"Two of Johannes' men are already enlisted in the crew. They report all well, save that old Bossiere fusses about the tables on the deck—the lights and wine and cuisine keep the servants all astrir."

"He will go to the ball later. As commander of the Napoleon expedition, and the affair in honor of the Seraphine's departure on a next week's tide, the young bravos will have him in the whirl."

"Monsieur de Almonaster's groom is to fetch the first word to me—I to Peter, the beggar, who plays the sot on the steps of the Padre's house. He to you in the market—then you to the lantern signal under the rue Toulouse landing. Then the six boats shoot with all speed from the other shore. At the first commotion as they swing aboard, your fellows rush openly from the market, cast off the mooring lines and join. It is overboard with any who oppose."

"Ah, to play the part of Sazarac—one hour!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Japanese Story Tellers. Public story tellers still earn a good livelihood in Japan. In the large cities and towns hundreds of them ply their trade, provided with a small table, a fan and a paper wrapper to illustrate and emphasize the points of their tales.