

# 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.

Eight deaths in eastern Pennsylvania were attributed to the flood. Five others occurred at Kitmillers, Md., when an entire family was swept down the Potomac river.

Senator Hale, republican, Maine, announced Monday that he had been informed through the state department that the British government had agreed to modify its embargo on American livestock caused by the outbreak of the foot and mouth disease in California.

Secretary Wilbur was advised Tuesday that Paymaster Ervine R. Brown of Coronado, Cal., has been reported missing from the destroyer Somers and an examination of his accounts has disclosed a shortage of about \$120,000.

Eight masked men who opened fire on a money car of the Bank of Hochelaga, in Montreal, Que., Tuesday, escaped with \$142,288 after one of their number and a bank employe had been killed and another bank employe slightly wounded.

Authorities are looking for the thief who stole five tombstones from the rear of the court house at El Centro, Cal. The stones were shipped to El Centro by the war department to be used as markers on the graves of world war veterans.

The death toll of the tornado that struck Shawnee, Okla., Friday remained at eight Tuesday, with three persons suffering from serious injuries. The loss is estimated at \$750,000. Between 165 and 175 homes were damaged or destroyed.

More than 100,000 persons are walking, it was estimated by Scranton, Pa., authorities, as a result of the strike of 600 employes of the Scranton Railway company. The company's lines between Forest City and Duryea, including Scranton, were tied up.

A weapon partly like a shotgun and partly like a pistol has been adopted by the Standard Oil company to combat robbers in Seattle. It was announced Tuesday. Bank messengers and carriers of payrolls are expected to use the weapon here, it was said.

Only one negro family remained Tuesday in Dixie, a settlement on the outskirts of Baton Rouge, La., where Sheriff Day was shot and killed Saturday and where nine houses and one church were burned Sunday. The negro population of approximately 500 disappeared when a report was received that all of the settlement would be burned.

John Ellis, the official hangman of Great Britain, has resigned his job, but has not given any reason. For 23 years he has held the position, and dozens of criminals, notorious and otherwise, passed through his hands to their doom, among whom were Crippen, Roger Casement and Edith Thompson, the last woman executed in England.

Deaths in Toledo, Ohio, since Sunday from drinking denatured alcohol mounted to 12 late Tuesday, when Charles O'Donnell, 55, Buffalo, N. Y., died at municipal hospital. O'Donnell's death was the fifth today. Seven men died Sunday and Monday. Half a dozen were in hospitals suffering from alcohol poisoning. Physicians expect two to die.

General Erich Ludendorff, master strategist of the German army in the world war, has been acquitted of the charge of treason for the part he played in the "beer garden" revolt at Munich last November. It was a popular verdict and in anticipation of it great masses of flowers had been placed in front of the former German first quartermaster-general and one of his co-defendants, Adolf Hitler.

Assurance that the tax-reduction bill would be passed this session and prediction that the soldier bonus bill would be enacted into law before congress adjourns was made Tuesday by Chairman Smoot of the senate finance committee, as leaders of both parties and President Coolidge centered attention on the legislative program. Senator Smoot told the senate the tax bill probably would be ready for a report to the floor by Saturday.

## SHIPPERS LOSE RATE CASE

U. S. Supreme Court Decides Against Western Firms.

Washington, D. C.—Shippers charged higher rates for short hauls than the published rates for longer hauls on the same railroad and in the same direction can only recover such actual damages as they can prove, the supreme court held Monday.

In an opinion by Justice McReynolds, it declared the fact that the rate for the longer haul was lower than the rate for the shorter haul would not of itself establish which of the two was the unreasonable rate.

The question reached the court in four cases. Three came from the Pacific coast, being brought against the Portland Seed company and A. J. Partridge, who won in the lower courts. The fourth case came from Minnesota.

In all the cases the evidence showed that the railroads had in effect, without the permission of the interstate commerce commission, rates which were higher for a short than for a long haul. The shippers' essential charge was "that the carrier demanded and received greater compensation for transporting freight for a shorter distance than its published rate for transporting like property for a longer distance over the same route and in the same direction."

The shippers contended that under the long and short haul clause the lower published rate became the maximum which the carrier could charge, notwithstanding the higher published rate, and that any amount collected above the rate for the long haul amounted to an illegal action, recoverable without other proof of actual damage and without regard to the intrinsic reasonableness of either rate.

Pointing out that the shippers had not asked an injunction against illegal rates, the court said that it was "an effort to secure something itself (themselves) without proof of pecuniary loss consequent upon the unlawful act."

Congress has not given any indication, the court said, of an intent "that persons not injured might nevertheless recover what would really be a penalty, in addition to the penalty payable to the government."

## Indians Are Thrifty.

Washington, D. C.—Chief Eagle Call of the Glacier National Park reservation is one of the progressive members of his tribe who has helped make the Blackfeet famed with the Indian department here as the most thrifty farmers of their race.

These Indians cultivated so much wheat on their lands that the United States government built them a mill to grind their flour. The Blackfeet are self-supporting and no longer accept rations from Uncle Sam's hands. Oil has made some tribes rich and Uncle Sam has endowed others for their lands, but the Blackfeet are the only Indians that really have "lifted" themselves by their own moccasins through the Indian records show.

## New Appetizer Found.

St. Louis.—Ethyl gasoline, a recently-discovered product of the General Motors corporation, will not only eliminate all "knock" from high-compression motors, but serves as an excellent appetizer for those who handle it, according to Thomas Midgely Jr., vice-president of the corporation, who addressed members of the National Petroleum Marketers' association at the first day's session of their four-day convention here Monday.

Persons handling the fluid, Midgely pointed out, after a preliminary period of lassitude and depression developed great appetites and often gain in weight from 25 to 35 pounds.

## Langley Is Indicted.

Covington, Ky.—John W. Langley, Kentucky representative in congress, was indicted by a federal grand jury here late Monday on three counts, charging conspiracy to withdraw, sell and transport whiskey. The indictment also named M. E. Huth and W. B. Carry of Canton, O., and Albert F. Slater, Hiram W. Brenner and William F. Lipschultz, Philadelphia, the latter three prohibition officials of Pennsylvania.

## Spokane Deposits Grow.

Spokane, Wash.—An increase in deposits of nearly \$3,000,000 is shown by Spokane banks during the last 12 months, according to figures made public here Monday in connection with the call of the controller of the currency. Total deposits in local banks March 31 were \$52,572,716; cash due from other banks, \$11,048,145; loans and discounts, \$41,323,582; surplus and undivided profits, \$2,156,209.

## Radio Monopoly Is Hit.

Washington, D. C.—A bill designed to prevent a monopoly of radio communication was passed Monday by the senate. It declares the air to be the "inalienable possession of the people" and prohibits licenses extending more than two years.

# SENATE IS TO GET REVENUE BILL SOON

Tax on Radio, Mah Jongg Sets Only New Levy.

## MAKE OTHER CHANGES

Practically All Rate Schedules Have Been Agreed Upon—Soldiers' Bonus in Limelight.

Washington, D. C.—A last minute attack on the revenue bill in an all-day session of the senate finance committee Saturday brought changes in the taxes on radio sets, jewelry and estates, and postponed a report of the measure to the senate until next week.

The 10 per cent radio tax was made applicable to all sets and parts without exemption after the committee earlier in the day had voted to increase from \$15 to \$50 the minimum price of a set on which the tax would be levied.

This and the 10 per cent tax on mah jongg sets costing more than \$5 are the only new taxes carried by the bill. The taxes are levied on the manufacturer. The radio tax, Chairman Smoot declared, would not result in an increase in the price of the sets and parts to consumers.

Just which parts would be taxed, however, would be left to the jurisdiction of the internal revenue bureau as in the case of the tax on automobile parts, Mr. Smoot said. He figured the tax would net about \$10,000,000, pointing out, however, that no accurate estimates were available.

Practically all of the rate schedules now have been agreed upon, Mr. Smoot said.

Chairman Smoot said the soldier bonus bill passed by the house would be taken up by the committee. Little time would be necessary for disposition of this measure, he added, and several republican members predicted the bonus bill would be given precedence over the tax bill on the floor of the senate.

The house provision opening tax returns to inspection by congressional committees was broadened by elimination of a previous restriction voted by the finance committee, making it possible for the committees to make public "any relevant or useful information" obtained in inspection of the tax returns. The committee had previously voted to allow congressional committees to make public only the names, addresses, amount of tax paid and amount of refunds given of the taxpayers whose returns were inspected.

Secretary Mellon's proposal to cut out the house amendment increasing the estate tax in favor of the present rates were agreed to definitely. The committee had planned to keep the present rates but apply them to different brackets so that \$12,000,000 additional revenue would be raised, the same as would have been gained under the house amendment.

It also was decided to limit articles exempt from the 5 per cent jewelry tax to those selling for less than \$25 rather than those selling for \$40 or less, as voted by the house. Musical instruments, eye glasses and spectacles, which were exempted by the house from any tax under this section, again were made subject to the levy and articles used in religious services were exempt entirely.

Changes made in the bill will not alter materially the estimate that it will fall by about \$50,000,000 of raising sufficient revenue to meet estimated expenditures of the government next year, Chairman Smoot said. He has predicted, however, that such a deficit would be wiped out by an increase in revenue over that estimated by the treasury.

## Belgian Steamer Sinks.

Antwerp.—The American steamer West Inskip, a 5500-ton freighter from Baltimore and Norfolk, March 20, for Rotterdam and Antwerp, collided in the river Scheldt Saturday with the Belgian steamer Sierre Grande of 2291 gross tons, the Belgian vessel being so badly damaged that she sank in the channel. Her crew was saved.

The damage to the American vessel has not been reported.

## Not Consistent.

Bashful Boy—"Sir, Jane and I have decided that our happiness is the biggest thing in the world." Father—"You change your mind so often—just yesterday you wanted to marry her!" —Maltenser.

# CAPTAIN SAZARAC

CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

"I could not stand with 'em, sir. They threatened me. They have freed Mr. Jarvis from the brig—he found drink at once for 'em—"

"Jarvis!" Sazarac was upon the companion-stairs, leaving them all in an astounded silence. The empty chair of the jester, to De Almonaster's eyes, seemed to hold a grinning, ragged wastrel of the rue Royale . . . and beyond the health drunk to him, the feast was untouched. The admiral of Cartagena hitched his sword-belt higher, nodded to them, and stole above. Clark was at his heels, and once aft, took the wheel from old Bohon.

"Now, then," said the master, "what do you know, Bohon?" "It is the strange silence, sir. The ship is flat as a dead ship. Black Michel had charge of the watch, but it is as if every soul had vanished after they gave me the last sounding. I had the lead out because we made out a spit of land once at dusk, you remember."

"Beluche, you will come with me to see to this. The older men, surely the Baratarians, are not with the levee renegades we shipped along!"

"It is plunder they came for, sir," grunted the admiral. "First, we must get to the arms room."

"They are watching that, sir," whispered Clark. "They smuggled ten muskets from some concealment, but they lack powder."

"Name of the devil!" blustered the admiral. "Come! Lafitte's name with the old bullets! No more of this Sazarac, I say!"

De Almonaster was with the two as they passed the mainmast. Then another figure slipped to them from the shadows. "It has come quick, sir," Nez Coupe whispered. "They must rid the ship of the English woman, they say; and then ask you a fair word for a prize. If not that, death to Sazarac—"

"They need not wait—" laughed Sazarac. "Come—death to the first three men that show! Then a fair word to the rest! Monsieur de Almonaster, your pistols ready? Come, down the after-companion and to the arms room. How many are there of us to be trusted at the first?"

"I say you must be Jean Lafitte, sir," growled Beluche. "Jean of the Black Petrel for this night. Old bullets will come roaring to you, once this clatter of Sazarac and the English woman is done among 'em!"

"Well, then—Lafitte," he smiled. "Come, you all, with Jean again!"

"The arms room," Bohon moved like a shadow down the passage. "Once sure of that, clear 'em to the deck and drive 'em howling! Burke and Crackley to be shot on sight, eh?"

"Aye," retorted Johanness. "Then we'll have the older bullets—they will balk, once they see the mettle in Lafitte's men."

"Come," said the commander. "In silence—"

A dim lantern showed the deck-beams over their heads as they crept along the waist. The arms locker was on the starboard side. Beside the door a figure beckoned to them in the shadows. It must be one of Nez Coupe's loyal ones; the little band stole on past the stowage rooms. Monsieur Sazarac had even turned to speak to the shadowy sentinel, when there came a rush of bare feet from either side. A hoarse shout broke. Steel rang on steel, a pistol exploded in the narrow passage. The rush caught



It Was Plain He Was Trying to Enact the Part of a Swaggering Frigate Captain.

the party with an impact that left no chance for weapons. A burly form hurled to Sazarac's shoulders, another dragged at his legs. De Almonaster broke his rapier at a vain thrust and went down under blows and curses. The affair was over with surprising quickness. There must have been thirty mutineers roaring, struggling in the passageway. Along they dragged the prisoners, and none fought back now, for it was useless.

The mutineers, a howling, disorderly pack, took the prisoners aft, and there, upon the quarter-deck, as one waiting to have honor done him, stood John Jarvis. Apparently he was drunk, or apparently he was posing . . . it was of no moment. Monsieur Sazarac shot him one black look and then would face him no more.

By Charles Tenney Jackson

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"The commodore!" yelled the brawlers. "The Emperor of the Bottle, who swore he would yet sleep in old Bony's bed! Turn in to't, Mad John!"

The jester raised an unsteady hand as if he would speak, and then thought better of it. It was plain he was trying to enact the part of a swaggering frigate captain and making an absurd failure of it by a curious doleful humanness. It appeared that the jester was about to speak, to make effort at a leadership of the evil spew he had evoked . . . and then his gesture died away. He, himself, turned away, a ghost figure by the port quarter-rail.

For the English woman had come with Clark, the frightened English boy. There was first a jeer and then a crowding to see her.

"What is this, then?" she cried sharply.

"We are taken, Mademoiselle," returned the master quietly. "That is all there is to it." He turned sternly to John Crackley whose leer upon the English woman boded no good for her. "I demand safety for this lady. Let her return to her cabin. Do you understand me—respect in all things?"

"Eh?" grunted the other. "We'll see to that. Mates—he glanced uncertainly at his fellows upon whom there had come a curious silence at the captain's assumption of authority, even at this pass: "The woman—now—"

His voice was cut short by the tremendous explosion of a huge pistol upon the poop-deck above them all. A single figure was there, an unkempt, grotesque man who now was peering curiously into the muzzle of his smoking weapon. Every eye had been drawn to him with a start.

Jarvis' pale face, framed in his long, matted black hair, turned down to them.

"You see, I missed it—" he said plaintively.

"Jarvis," Burke, the deserter, croaked, "what's that?"

"The cabin skylight—at ten paces. Name of God! If I am to be commodore, I will need practice. Some of you kindly reload my pistol."

There was a shout of amazed laughter from them. The deck lamp showed the English woman staring up at him; behind her, the prisoners of the quarter-deck. He came to the low rail and looked down.

Not at the lady who once looked back at him on the Esplanade. She might have been an unseen spectator over the footlights, and he the chief player at the center of the stage, taking his cue from an invisible prompter.

Neither did his old friends of the rue Royale, and of the smugglers' wine-shops of years ago, appear to exist in his eye. He shrugged, with an open palm down to the conspirators.

"Ho—Commodore!" They bawled up at him. "The word, Jarvis!"

The eye of Sazarac was coldly upon him. But to this friend of his old days, as irredeemable as these, he had the same blank stare as he had for Louise Lestron. As if they were not there—as if she was a mere ghost and he looking through her to the evil pack behind her.

Mademoiselle Lestron turned to the man she knew as Gaspar Sazarac, the gamster of Chartres street. "And this has come to you because of me, Monsieur?"

"It is worth a thousand mutinies. Never fear—the Spaniards hereabout are not all cutthroats. You—the ward of Carr, who is the secret agent of their king . . . why, what have you to fear from them, Mademoiselle Lestron?"

But old Beluche shook his head. It might be well at the Spaniards' hands for Mademoiselle Lestron of Quebec, and for the Count de Almonaster of New Orleans, descended from a line of Castilian viceroys of Louisiana; but for Jean Lafitte; for Beluche, of the Cartagena rebels; Johanness, and the others who had harried the Mexican trade routes for thirty years—there was quick death in any port of New Spain for them all!

But she could not know. When the longboat was ready, and the crew made way silently for her, she turned to Sazarac with a sudden timid softness:

"Monsieur, something is due you from me! Could I not appeal to them—could you not regain command and sail with them—if I was put adrift?" He smiled; but it was as if he did not care to look upon her. He was as one who had been given to see a beautiful vision, and before it had come an evil jester, a mocking voice to still the faint good he had sought.

And with a sigh she followed. But her last glance back showed a glimpse down through the open skylight to the cabin of the emperor. The lamps were very bright there. She saw a slouched figure in the chair of the host. A pale tall man eating and drinking greedily as if with a rare appetite for the viands of the emperor's stores. He jammed his faded velvet cap closer over his eyes, and then his hand found something by the plate that had been next to Sazarac's—her own.

It was a bracelet which she remembered had become disengaged when she drank the health to the chair of the missing guest. The man lifted the gold trinket, examined it under the light—and kissed it. Then he fell to eating with rather the manners of the barroom.

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The Emperor of the Bottle Was in the Chair of Sazarac.

The Emperor of the Bottle was in the chair of Sazarac . . . but after all, as was the way with him, when what he wanted was in his grasp, he could not take it. It was the same case as when he could not hit a window with his pistol at ten paces, or swagger his sword without the point catching in a hole of his cocking. He never would aim carefully enough, or wear his sword high enough . . . or love ruthlessly enough.

Outside he heard the splash of the oars waiting to take her away.

The lone guest in the emperor's suite could hear them descending to the longboat. There was a mutter when Johanness swung from the rail. But when old Gorgio, the sullen Catalan cutthroat of other days, the most bloody-minded of all the Black Petrel's vanished crew, strode to the ladder, there was a yell.

"The old rib-sticker! He leaves us, mates!"

Gorgio eyed them with fierce disdain. "I sail with men," he growled; "no pothouse lawyers! Who, o' ye all, ever put foot across a bloody deck, save Black Mike. Who, o' ye louts, called the old days with Jean and Pierre?"

There was a mutter, half amused, half of resentment, both from the exiles in the longboat and from the mutineers crowded at the rail. It suddenly appeared oddly clear to De Almonaster that not once, during the affair, had the name of Jean Lafitte been upon the lips of the most unruly of them all. It struck the count as very strange; he glanced at the girl on the seat before him, wondering why the air had not rung with the most notorious name of the decades. Jean Lafitte himself, standing upright in the bow, silently watching the dim mysterious shore of savage Campeche, with its unconquered Indians, and still more ruthless Spanish captains holding every point of refuge, must have wondered.

"Monsieur Sazarac!" the girl cried suddenly, as if, with her own courage, to inspire hope in all the castaways. "I am glad to go! I have a feeling that these are now true men all!—for whatever venture lies ahead, I have no fear!"

The watching mutineers had been so silent that her clear voice carried far. It reached the lone banqueter at the emperor's table.

"Sazarac," he muttered. "Still Saz-a-rac. I, too, have my honor—hé can still play Sazarac—the elegant and chivalrous Sazarac—to the end."

For in that one thing the jester had ruled the outlaw crew. He had soberly and stubbornly pleaded and insisted; he had even pointed his rusty, empty horse pistol at their grinning heads and ordained that the English woman must not be told the truth of Sazarac. He had sat in their council to plead for her life and the honor of his friend when he knew the mutiny could not be averted. He had won, and he had sent her away . . . still under the spell of Sazarac, the protecting arm of Sazarac.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## New Device for Tempering Steel.

The steel for rock drills must be tempered with great accuracy and this is done automatically. The steel is held in the furnace by a magnet, against the tension of a spring, and when the required temperature is reached, the steel loses its magnetism and is withdrawn by the spring.