

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.

Clocks of Chicago will be turned one hour ahead next Saturday night to conform with the daylight saving regulation.

Fire at Cebu, the oldest city of the Philippines, Tuesday destroyed 200 houses and rendered more than 1000 persons homeless. The monetary loss is estimated at \$150,000.

Immediate revision of the reclamation law along the lines indicated in the report of Secretary Work's fact-finding commission was recommended to congress Monday by President Coolidge.

Harry K. Thaw was declared sane Tuesday night by the jury that had been hearing testimony to determine his mental condition. The jury declared him fully capable of looking after his estate.

Benito Mussolini, Italian premier, was made a Roman citizen Monday. The ceremony was imposing and was participated in by a distinguished assemblage on the anniversary of the founding of the city of Rome.

A snowfall of 4.7 inches was recorded at the Fort Wayne, Ind. weather bureau Monday, breaking all records for this time of year. The previous record fall was on April 4, 1920, when 4.1 inches was recorded.

Marie Corelli, English novelist and author of a score of popular romantic tales, died Monday from heart disease at her home Stratford-upon-Avon. She had been ailing for some weeks but apparently was recovered when the fatal seizure occurred.

Allegations of liquor disappearance at the department of justice, of defaults in anti-trust law prosecutions and of privileges extended to "millionaire" convicts at Atlanta federal penitentiary were made Monday before the senate Daugherty investigating committee.

All the Smiths in Spokane—believed to number 1000 or more—have been invited to meet next Tuesday for the purpose of forming an association for social purposes. A committee of Smiths, including a minister, an attorney, a dentist and several others, has been busy on the proposal for some time.

Celia Cooney, 20 years old, smiled a demure goodbye as she boarded a train in Jacksonville, Fla., Monday for New York in custody of two detectives to face charges of highway robbery and assault with intent to kill in connection with a long series of daring holdups credited to the "bobbed-hair girl bandit."

A joint resolution was adopted by the senate Tuesday authorizing changing the name of Mount Rainier, Wash., to Mount Tacoma. The resolution recited that whereas it was "the universal practice" to perpetuate Indian names in the geographical nomenclature of the country, Mount Rainier now bears the name of "the commander of a British ship engaged in depredations along the Atlantic coast."

Material modification of the tariff provisions of the McNary-Haugen agricultural export bill was agreed upon Tuesday by the house agriculture committee. A substitute was approved which would give the president authority to declare embargoes on any agricultural product or to increase tariff duties when importations result in losses to the corporation to be created under the bill for the marketing abroad of surplus farm commodities.

Another attempt to bring back 2.75 per cent beer by modification of the Volstead act was made Tuesday before the house judiciary committee. Samuel Gompers, president, and other representatives of the American Federation of Labor, vigorously urged legislation that would permit once more the sale of beer with this alcoholic content on the ground that it would give the working man a "good, palatable, nourishing drink" that had "warmth" to it.

Long Railway Tunnel.
The longest railway tunnel in Great Britain is the Severn tunnel. It has a length of four miles, 629 yards, and took over 13 years to construct.

MODIFIES CORPORATION TAX

Levy on Telegraph and Phone Messages Repealed by Senate.

Washington, D. C.—Modification of the corporation tax and repeal of the tax on telegraph and telephone messages was voted Monday by the senate in advancing consideration of the revenue bill. Notice was given, however, that contests would be made later on both of these levies.

The corporation tax was increased from 12½ to 14 per cent with the understanding that the capital stock tax would be eliminated. This latter amendment is yet to be acted upon. Senator Simmons of North Carolina, ranking democrat on the finance committee, announced that minority members were drafting a substitute amendment proposing to replace the present corporation tax with one carrying a graduated scale.

Pending the writing of this amendment, Senator Simmons said he would ask for postponement of consideration of income tax rate sections over which the main contest on the bill will center. These rates were reported but were passed over at the request of the North Carolina senator.

In voting for the repeal of the tax on telegraph and telephone messages, the senate rejected the recommendation of the finance committee. Repeal of this tax had been suggested by Secretary Mellon and was voted by the house. Chairman Smoot of the finance committee announced he would ask for a record vote on it later.

Senator Smoot explained that the tax involved revenue amounting to \$34,000,000 annually and it had been referred to the bill by the committee because it was found necessary to raise more revenue than would be forthcoming under the measure as framed by the house.

EXPLOSION TRAPS 114 MEN IN MINE

Wheeling, W. Va. — One hundred and fourteen miners were entombed Monday by an explosion and fire in the Benwood Mill mine of the Wheeling Steel Corporation at Benwood, a few miles from here.

Hope has been practically abandoned that any of the men would be rescued alive. The bodies of 14 miners had been recovered but the progress of mine rescue crews was made difficult by poisonous gases that filled the workings. Two miners were alive when found but died a few minutes later.

Only a faint hope was held out by officials of the mine rescue car Holmes for the other 100 men in the mine at the time of the explosion. If any of them escaped being killed outright and had time to barricade themselves in rooms filled with fresh air, some of the trapped miners may be found alive, they declared. Upon that possibility rescue crews in short shifts worked frantically throughout the day and night but had not reached the scene of the explosion late Tuesday.

California Stock Loss Light.
Sacramento, Cal.—A very small percentage of the livestock of California has been affected by the foot and mouth disease, said Dr. U. G. Houck, United States government chief in charge of the eradication force, Monday.

Dr. Houck further stated "the success in combating the malady by combined quarantine, destruction of infected and exposed animals, and disinfection, as now carried on, demonstrates in a striking manner the efficacy of the present method."

The California crop report, special bulletin No. 43, issued by the United States department of agriculture, gives the following census of livestock in California as of January 1, 1924:

Milk cows, including heifers over 18 months, 684,000. All other cattle 1,421,000, sheep, 2,450,000, swine 833,000, goats 129,000. Total 5,489,000 head.

To date approximately 69,000 head in the infected districts have been destroyed, 5 per cent of which were in two counties. Of the number exterminated, nearly half were cattle.

Harvey Back at Desk.

New York.—Colonel George Harvey, ex-ambassador to Great Britain, has resumed the editorship of the North American Review. It was announced at the publication's office Monday. His first article, on President Coolidge, will be published in the June issue of the magazine.

Colonel Harvey's return to editorial work just before the presidential campaign is considered as of particular significance.

New Zealand Bird a Plague.

The kea, a parrot of New Zealand, as large as a chicken hawk, has been known to kill thousands of sheep yearly to satisfy a craving for kidney fat.

U. S. BOND FRAUD IS TERMED MYTH

Sec'y Mellon Clears Engraving Bureau of Charges.

REPORTS TO COOLIDGE

Losses by Theft in Seven Years Declared to Amount to No More Than \$13,100.00.

Washington, D. C.—Secretary Mellon advised President Coolidge Sunday night that the treasury had completed its inquiry into charges of irregularities of the bureau of engraving and had found them baseless.

The charges, made by Charles B. Brewer, department of justice attorney, and which were accompanied by wholesale dismissals in the bureau by President Harding, contained no element of fact, Mr. Mellon asserted. He informed the chief executive that he was enabled, as a result of the investigation, to confirm the integrity of the government's securities.

Contained in the report to the president, a document of magazine size, were specific replies to every assertion made by Brewer in his repeated assaults on the treasury and by these, Secretary Mellon said, the "utter falsity" of every charge was established. In addition, the treasury chief vigorously assailed Brewer, personally, saying in concluding the report:

"His report indicates a conspicuous avoidance of fairness, and the frequent adoption of artful and evasive methods. Where the facts are susceptible of distortion, Mr. Brewer resorts to misstatements, where irrelevance will tend to obscure the facts, Mr. Brewer resorts to irrelevance, and where neither distortion, omission, misstatement nor irrelevance will serve his purpose, Mr. Brewer resorts to insinuations and innuendoes.

"Before concluding, I am taking this opportunity to assure you that a most exhaustive investigation clearly establishes Mr. Brewer's charge to be absolutely without foundation.

"There has been no fraudulent duplication or over-issue of the public debt, but on the other hand, by investigating the Brewer charges and establishing the utter falsity thereof, the treasury is enabled unreservedly to confirm the integrity both of the government's obligations and those branches of the treasury service which have been engaged in the handling of public debt securities."

Mr. Mellon assured the president there had been "no fraud or carelessness on the part of officials or employees responsible for the safeguarding of the retired securities." He said Brewer had called attention to losses "during a period of seven years," and added that the total of these was \$13,100, "and were the result of thefts committed by subordinate clerks or messengers in the treasury."

Fruit Loss is Heavy.

Walla Walla, Wash.—Higher temperatures from Sunday on did away with needs of smudging in the orchards where the blossoms had escaped the freeze and orchardists felt relieved. Reports coming in from the district show the freeze, though almost general, was somewhat spotty, some trees escaping while others a few feet away seem to have lost all their fruit. Inspectors say there will be more fruit than first expected.

Lowell's Loss Million.

Lowell, Mass.—One fireman was killed, eight were injured and a property loss of approximately \$1,000,000 was caused when fire, starting early Sunday in the heart of Lowell's business district, swept through five buildings destroying two of the city's largest office buildings, a theater, the Knights of Columbus building and a large garage.

Watch Your Step.

"One big advantage in avoidin' bad company," said Uncle Eben, "is dat you don't have to watch yob step so close to keep 'um bein' cheated."



CAPTAIN SAZARAC

by Charles Tenney Jackson

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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CHAPTER XV—Continued.

They stared at him unbelievably. He threw out an arm, kicked the engaging scabbard from his knees and blustered on:

"Sixteen there must be of you! Six muskets Crackley gave to you—and you have pistols and cutlasses around. Sixteen, fair-armed and desperate, and a longboat in the dark! If you remain here Murillo's men will leave you all to the buzzards tomorrow—I know, I heard them say there were men of Laftite alive on this reef!"

"They know?" muttered the chief. "They guess! I say, we can retake the schooner!—the prize guard on her is nothing—the teniente in command can suspect nothing! Once they lay her stern the frigate there is no hope for any of you—"

"We were to send Mademoiselle to the frigate in the longboat," murmured Raoul. "Throw her to the sharks—they're kinder than Murillo's men! The Spaniards think the schooner was bound to the rebel republics of the South. They will spare none who had to do with her—they blot out every life that could tell of her taking!"

He swung an empty pistol holster and tottered back and forth. Monsieur Sazarac tapped De Almonaster on the shoulder. "It is the truth. It is a chance. Monsieur, our affair—we shall have to postpone it. And don't your hot head! . . . Will you understand nothing?"

"Give me this action! Let me be the first to board the Seraphine—I shall show you, Monsieur Sazarac, if I am one to be sent away under the protection of a woman!"

"Non de Dieu! And for that you would fight me!" breathed the other softly. Then he turned away, hastening to the outlaws down the sand spit.

Jarvis had sat down again. He watched the fight in the south—the Napoleon ship, drawing slowly out on the ebb-tide, with the Spanish king's men at the tow-lines.

"If they get a wind," mumbled Jarvis, "we are undone. Then I might as well have stayed and died in the grass. I came to save you all—"

"John!" cried De Almonaster, "what madness seized you to turn upon him at the pinch?"

"I saved you all—" granted Jarvis indifferently. "The dogs plotted to turn on Sazarac from the moment she—the well—" he seemed plaintively diffident at her name—"well, the affair of the Genaron. I knew it. They hardly kept it from me, after the rum I broached for them. And once she—she—came aboard there was no hope to stop trouble. I played the fool for them; I roared chateaux in the fo'c'sle—I outdrank the best o' them! I made myself, as you saw—the blanket adviser to them."

"You let them put her adrift from the ship!" said Raoul sternly.

"Yes—to save her from John Crackley. To save you all from walking the plank. Well—" he grunted absently. "I see. You are not grateful. No one is grateful. I play the part of a Sazarac—save that I cannot walk with a sword between my legs—I boast, and pose and swagger. . . that is, I try, Monsieur. You recall the other night? I—alone on the quarter-deck—quite had the stage to myself? I was doing well until my 6—4 pistol went off quite by accident. Discomfited, I hurried below and drank and ate everything that had been spread for the four of you at the emperor's table. Eh—what did they—think of me, Monsieur?"

"She," whispered Raoul hurriedly, "apparently never saw you. That is, I believe she laughed—once—at something."

"Name o' G—d!" breathed the Justice. "Ah, well, of course! She laughed when she saw me hanging to the lamp-post. On the staircase—well, I could not see plainly. In fact, I never see her plainly. Or she, me. Of course—I am the ghost. . . I try to strut out in the brave light, but there seems laughter always. . . I lit up the bottle, Raoul—give me the last of it!"

He seemed suddenly startled to discover a white cloak so close to him. In fact, he seemed to hustle uncertainly from it around to the outer edge of the group that gathered about Sazarac and Mademoiselle. And if she saw him at all; or divined that the fellow of the waistcoat was really this bloody figure that had staggered to them but a moment since, it was plain that he vanished from her sight shurly. He had, indeed, meant to stretch a hand of authority, seeing that the mad plot was his; to ring out a swift and pregnant campaign worthy of a pistoling Sazarac, but now he couldn't. He merely hung off in the grass hummocks, swamp mud and his own blood dripping from him, dangling an empty holster, and listening with mouth agape. She put this spell upon him, it must have been that

at once, in her presence, he became a ghost of a man, pursuing his tattered mask of a Sazarac.

Certain it is that, after the leader had told of the thing to be done, and of Jarvis' coming to them, there was such a puzzled, and then a shouting acclaim for the plan, that every one forgot the author of it.

"By Blackbeard himself!" roared Bohon. "It is a scheme that Jean Laftite would have loved!"

They scattered to the bushes for their few arms and ammunition boxes. Others were working the longboat from the shoals to where the adventurers could wade as she settled with the load of them in deeper water. There was hushed laughter, grim confidence, a jousting, nudging loyalty to the quiet leader. Two huge fellows carried Mademoiselle Lestron from the sands to the boat, in a chair formed of their brawny arms. Then they pushed the longboat slowly, stealthily out to catch the rim of the ebb-tide.

"Sazarac," whispered De Almonaster. He was on a mid-thwart with Mademoiselle Lestron at his side. His hand sought hers in the close press of the adventurers crowded in the longboat. She did not resist. . . but she did not return his pressure. She was merely calm, watchful, trusting to the skill and courage of Sazarac.

"There's her tops'll above the mist," hissed the Catalan lookout. "Ease off."



And Up and to the Seraphine's Deck There Sild a Dozen Silent Figures.

A wind—a touch of air—is fatal to us! In, lad—! I hear their haultboats above us. Come, there's her bulk in the fog!"

De Almonaster felt a pressure on his hand. He bent his head. "Monsieur—your pistol. Give it to me—I will not fall in their hands alive—if we fall!"

"We will not fall," he whispered moodily. "Why—with Sazarac?" She wondered if the silent leader at the stern had caught this bitter tribute? There was no more speech for any of them. The girl was staring now, between the press of crouched figures, at the great limp disorder of the snowy sails; it seemed but another moment when the muffled oar blades shot the longboat fair under the schooner's stern. Old hands trembled on long unused weapons; there seemed a muttering and a nodding of heads. . . and then a slight jar, the snap of a hook on a wooden rail, and up and to the Seraphine's deck there sild a dozen silent figures, cutlass cords in teeth, fingers to triggers.

De Almonaster writhed with impatience awaiting his turn. A terrified howl had arisen from some wounded sailors lying in the schooner's waist, who first caught sight of the swarming figures in the land mist. The huge Johanness was the first to reach the wheel. The two officers of the king of Spain had hardly turned surprised faces at the footfalls ere they died gasping under his two cutlass swings. The helmsman cried out and an iron pike crashed to his teeth.

And amidstships a battle was arising. Frightened howls, incoherent commands from fleeing petty officers; while above it, now, came the wild yell of the gulf buccanniers in other days and evil: "A-Barataria! A Barataria! Laftite! Laftite!" To that cry these castaways had swarmed chains and shrouds of many a ship now long missing in the ports of the world.

Save for one obscure figure, the longboat held none except Mademoiselle Lestron. She shrank lower, closing her ears against the screams and shots of the battle which had thickened forward. The towing boats had turned on the lawayers; they were coming back. The Spanish king's men arose at the

bows, attempting to climb and save their helpless comrades.

The shots and cries and tramping went on, and the girl shuddered at the sounds. Who was winning, what had happened to her friends, she could not tell. But slowly there was a stir in the bow-thwarts. A tall man arose, rubbing his eyes as if awakened from a dispiriting sleep. He stared about—she could just see him dimly in the starlight, and then he climbed awkwardly, with frantic haste but slowly after all—to the boarding ladders.

He got over the rail with some difficulty, and then stopped as if considering what he should do next. Louise's startled eyes could not make out his face but his uncouth movements seemed familiar. . . if she could only see his eyes—whether they were light or dark—or the contour of his face, perhaps, she could know. . . then he staggered and fell.

The girl upstared. The cries and imprecations seemed growing in volume, coming nearer, as if the attackers were being driven back. But she began to climb the nearer boarding ladder. When she came over the rail she saw first an indistinct group of struggling men forward, with here and there the flash of fire; and then, near her on the deck, under the dim light by the main companionway, a man crawling along.

At the companionway he got to his feet with some trouble and disappeared below. The girl ran back of the after-housing to get away from a dying Spaniard at her feet. There she found three other bodies, and the smooth planks were slippery under her feet. She fled the other way from these horrors and then found herself by the open skylight of the main cabin.

It was brilliantly lighted there. Apparently all the fury of the two battles for the Seraphine had never penetrated to the heavy splendor of rose-wood, silken tapestries and ornate encased mirrors of the emperor's suite. For at the emperor's table sat the ragged man she had seen there once before. He was in the huge, carved, pretentious chair at the head of the board. He rather shone with blood from a scalp wound under his matted hair. Also, she saw that he appeared to be picking over the bones of some remnants of a dish that must have been prepared for Crackley's lieutenants earlier in the day. At any rate the lone guest showed disappointment. He reached for the cognac, and then lit a long reed pipe he found on the board. Then he sat back and smoked, listening to the distant sounds of the battle forward and above on the decks of the Napoleon ship.

Mademoiselle Lestron turned away with fearful curiosity. She encountered a hurrying group coming past the main-mast. Panting, stumbling, smoke-grimed men, among whom she saw the tall Sazarac. He sprang to the side as if to see to the safety of the English woman left in the longboat.

"Monsieur!" she cried, and ran to him frightenedly.

"There is no man of them left in arms!" he shouted, with a brightening eye. "The port watch went overboard on our rush, swimming for their boats. Yet he is tumbling their wounded to a yawl that remains. Mademoiselle," he bowed to her, "you will go below away from these abominable sights. Come—the Seraphine is won!"

"No—no!" she gasped in horror still. "No—not yet!"

Sazarac turned from her for an instant to the wheel where an altercation seemed arising. Old Dominique had taken it; he was shouting, with his eyes aloft. "She is drawing at the top!" the fat seaman bawled. "A man to her shrouds! A man—give me one man!"

A silence had come, strangely silent, after the fury. A groan or two, a coughing fellow forward in the lee scuppers. Dominique was howling once more.

"D—n! She's drawing! I'll be on the sands with this! A seaman for Dominique! Where are ye all?"

The Count de Almonaster suddenly appeared past the tangle of cordage along the starboard rail where dead men were twisted into rope and grimed sail cloth. He threw away a broken small sword and came on.

"Mademoiselle!"

"I am not hurt," she said faintly. "You—Monsieur!"

The roaring of Dominique, the alderman of New Orleans, cut him off. "Curse me!—fat—heavy as a lout— and here a sea fight such as my old eyes have dreamed! A ship o' blood! A ship o' death!—twice in one day has she been cleared of the dead louts fallen on her!"

Forward, indeed, a man was heaving corpses to the phosphorescent waters. Yet the ship seemed curiously still. She was drawing on, with Dominique hauling at the wheel; slowly, and with a sighing fill of limp canvas, a weary clatter of blocks. . . sailing, somehow, in unseaman-like disorder, but out of the rippling shallows.

And to the west a heavy gun broke with a spurt of fire. They heard the shot ride sullenly into the sand spit on the port quarter.

"A man aloft!" bawled Dominique. "Break out w' stays! What's the matter w' ye all?"

Two had gone aloft. Clark, the young English lad, and Gorgie, the Catalan. The latter was crawling up slowly, a hand to shroud and cat-line. By the light they could see him faintly. Grim, bloody-faced, responding to his last order.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A woman's head is always influenced by her heart; but a man's heart is always influenced by his head.—Lady Blessington.

Men naturally dislike to sit down on tacks, but not on the tax collector.