

# 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.

John Levandowsky, said to be nearly 103 years old, the county's oldest resident, committed suicide at a hospital in Manitowoc, Wis.

Disaffection long smouldering in Santa Clara province, Cuba, came to a head Tuesday when a detachment of the rural guard revolted and fled from their post near Santa Clara.

The house has adopted the conference report on the bill which would authorize deferment of reclamation charges. The senate must concur before the measure can go to the president.

Lieutenant E. A. Musk, aviator attached to the North Island naval air squadron at San Diego, Cal., was killed Tuesday when the plane he was piloting tumbled 2300 feet into San Diego bay.

Communist hecklers broke up a political meeting addressed by Andre Tardieu, deputy, in a Paris suburb Monday night after repeatedly dragging him off the platform. M. Tardieu was badly bruised.

Trustees of the Spokane chamber of commerce have adopted a resolution to be forwarded to members of the Washington delegation in congress opposing the change in name of Mount Rainier to Mount Tacoma.

Flotation of a \$40,000,000 loan to the Kingdom of Netherlands has been arranged by an American banking syndicate, it was learned Tuesday. Offering of the bonds, which will bear 6 per cent interest is expected soon.

One hundred thousand persons, high and low, rich and poor, Monday paid their final tribute of respect to Charles F. Murphy, for two decades chief of Tammany Hall. Not in many years has New York witnessed a funeral of such magnitude.

General Julian S. Carr, ex-commander-in-chief of the United Confederate Veterans, died in Chicago Tuesday. He contracted pneumonia as the result of an illness suffered while on his way to Chicago from his home at Durham, N. C., last Saturday.

The first budget ever prepared for the government of Great Britain by a socialist was presented in the house of commons Tuesday afternoon by Philip Snowden, chancellor of the exchequer. There was very little obvious socialism in it, if any.

The annual naval supply bill, carrying \$275,000,000, was passed Tuesday by the senate without a record vote. The senate added about \$700,000 to the bill as it came from the house. The bill was sent to conference with the house but with few major differences to be ironed out.

Governor Warren T. McCray of Indiana was found guilty late Tuesday of using the mails in furtherance of a scheme to defraud by a jury in federal court after less than 15 minutes' deliberation and was placed in the Marion county jail to await sentence by United States District Judge A. B. Anderson.

A five year moratorium in the payments of constructive charges for all settlers on western reclamation projects with 35 years thereafter in which to liquidate all indebtedness is proposed in a bill introduced jointly in the senate and house by Senator Jones and Representative Summers of Washington. The bill amends the reclamation law of August 13, 1913.

The war department has made answer to numerous inquiries from Oregon and Washington as to conditions under which copra and coconut oil were prepared in the Philippine islands. The inquiries were instigated by voters in the two states by whom it will be decided in forthcoming elections whether coconut oil may be utilized in the preparation of certain food products.

Postponement of operation of the Japanese exclusion provision of the immigration bill until July 1 is understood to have been suggested by President Coolidge to senate and house conferees on the measure. This suggestion was said to have been considered by the conferees at a meeting Tuesday and afterwards word was sent to the White House that an agreement on this basis might be reached within 24 hours.

## REJECTS MELLON TAX PLAN

Entire Democratic Substitute Adopted—Smoot Plans Compromise.

Washington, D. C.—The much-discussed Mellon tax plan was laid to rest Monday with adoption by the senate of the entire democratic income tax substitute.

The minority's schedule of surtax rates was approved, 43 to 40, and its revision of normal rates was adopted, 44 to 37. The republican insurgents joined with the democrats in supporting the entire program.

Chairman Smoot of the finance committee said that when the bill came up on final passage he would propose a compromise as was done in the house after the democratic program had been approved there. He is hopeful that the senate will accept the compromise as the house did.

The surtax rates written into the bill provided for a reduction of the present maximum of 50 per cent to 40 per cent and for corresponding revisions all along the line. They are almost similar to those adopted by the house.

The normal rates accepted were 2 per cent on the first \$4000 of income, 4 per cent on the second \$4000 and 6 per cent on all above \$8000. This compares with the present rates of 4 per cent on the first \$4000 and 8 per cent above that amount.

In adopting the democratic substitute, which was offered by Senator Simmons, North Carolina, the senate moved with startling rapidity. The first vote came within a little more than an hour after consideration of the tax bill had been resumed. The others followed rapidly.

Discussion of this, the heart of the bill, had proceeded in only desultory fashion for about an hour, when Senator Jones, democrat, New Mexico, demanded a vote. There were less than a score of senators present and leaders on both sides held hurried conferences. Announcement then was made that both sides were ready for the test of strength.

## TRUST CHARGED TO DOOR FIRMS

Portland—Seven door manufacturing companies were named in a suit filed Monday by John S. Coke, United States attorney, to break up an alleged trust, which the government charged had been operating in Oregon and Washington and suggests has been holding up prices for their products.

The defendants were: The Wheeler-Osgood company, Tacoma; Henry McCleary Timber company, McCleary, Wash.; Nicolai Door Manufacturing company, Portland; Buffelen Manufacturing company, Tacoma; Robinson Manufacturing company, Everett; American Door & Manufacturing company, Hoquiam; Peterman Manufacturing company, Tacoma.

The complaint was filed in the federal court by Judge Coke at the direction of Harlan F. Stone, attorney-general; A. T. Seymour, assistant to the attorney-general; J. A. Fowler, Henry A. Guiler, C. Stanley Thompson, special assistants, all of whom appear with Judge Coke as attorneys for the government.

The government asked that the companies and their employes be permanently enjoined from any acts that were charged in the petition to have been committed under the alleged conspiracy in restraint of trade.

It was charged that the companies named produce more than 90 per cent of the doors manufactured in the United States and that more than 70 per cent of them were produced by the Wheeler, McCleary, Buffelen and Nicolai companies. The government further charged that the companies have operated under a common price list "pursuant to an agreement between them to establish and maintain a uniform system for the conduct of their individual business and to eliminate competition among themselves as to grades, as to sizes, as to terms and conditions of sales, as to freight charges and as to prices."

The government contended that on August 19, 1914, the defendant companies caused the door and factory products committee of the West Coast Lumbermen's association to adopt an official west coast door list known as "the single list." It was held that the purpose of this list was to establish a uniform price on all doors of a given size, regardless of the kind, style and grade, leaving those matters to be determined by a group of fixed discount differentials.

**Fat Men Hold Up Best.**  
Washington, D. C.—Fat men stand the heat better than lean ones, the bureau of mines has established. Fat men, lost more weight when subjected to uncomfortably hot temperatures, but they were less exhausted when they were relieved. In a state of rest and in still air, the human body cannot endure indefinitely a temperature higher than 90 degrees Fahrenheit with 100 per cent relative humidity.

**Bogus Bills Destroyed.**  
Washington, D. C.—The handiwork of a thousand counterfeiters went up in smoke Saturday at the treasury. Treasury officials, following the regular procedure, solemnly carried bundle after bundle of bogus bills to the great maceorators and incinerators of the treasury. The fact value of the paper amounted to about \$250,000, but its worth was nil in the eyes of the law. It was the day for the annual destruction of all counterfeit money.

## NEW AIR SERVICE TO SPEED MAILS

New York-San Francisco Transit Starts July 1.

35 HOURS FOR TRIP

Every Twenty-five Miles to Have Emergency Landing Field With Powerful Searchlight.

Washington, D. C.—Daily air mail service between New York and San Francisco, with deliveries within 35 hours, or from one morning to the following evening, will begin July 1, it was announced Sunday by Postmaster-General New. The time of transit will be cut to 24 hours probably within a few months, the postmaster-general believes.

Not only will people on the two coasts benefit by the rapid deliveries, but those of the country generally will be enabled to transmit their letters more swiftly, as special air mail stamps will carry them from any city for transmission from coast to coast or from intermediate cities for further despatch by train.

Special air mail postage has been arranged and special stamps in three denominations, 8-cent, 16-cent and 24-cent, will be distributed to the principal cities of the country for use in specially designating letters to go by plane. Three zones have been designated for postage purposes; New York and Chicago; Chicago and Cheyenne, and Cheyenne and San Francisco. An 8-cent air mail stamp will carry an ounce letter anywhere within one zone, a 16-cent stamp anywhere within two adjoining zones, and a 24-cent stamp anywhere within the three zones.

Letters from points not on the air mail route, if bearing proper air mail stamps, will be transmitted to the nearest air mail field for dispatch without additional postage. Any class of mail, including parcel post packages, may be sent by air mail but only at regular air mail rates. Special air mail letter boxes are being installed in the larger cities along the route to expedite handling.

Regular landing fields, where changes of planes will be made on both eastbound and westbound trips, are located at New York, Belfont, Pa.; Cleveland, Chicago, Omaha, North Platte, Neb.; Cheyenne, Rock Springs, Wyo.; Salt Lake City, Elko, Nev.; Reno, Nev., and San Francisco. Eleven planes will be required for the single trip each way. New planes, with slower landing speeds, deemed necessary for night flying, have been advertised for and bids will be opened June 10.

The mail planes will fly by night over 1000 miles of lighted airway between Chicago and Cheyenne, the pilots being guided by automatic acetylene lights placed every three miles. Every 25 miles of the night air lane has an emergency landing field provided with powerful searchlights, and at about every 250 miles there is a regular landing field with searchlights visible from 100 to 150 miles when flashed in the air. The existing daylight coast to coast air mail, which has been in operation six years and which has been merely an advancing service to speed up letter mail, will be merged with the new service. After July 1 no mail will be carried on planes except that bearing special air mail postage stamps.

**Potato Gas Is Fatal.**  
Chicago.—Carbon monoxide, generated by burning potatoes, was declared by a coroner's jury to have caused the death of Mrs. Caroline Showerman, 73 years old, who was found dead in the kitchen of her home. Neighbors who discovered the body said a pot of potatoes which had boiled dry was burning on the stove. At the inquest it was explained that, ordinarily, potatoes in carbonizing would give off carbon dioxide gas, but if the oxygen in a tightly closed room had been greatly exhausted this gas would be changed to carbon monoxide. The room was tightly closed and it was decided this was what had happened to the aged woman.

# CAPTAIN SAZARAC

CHAPTER XV—Continued.

"A-Barataria!" he howled. "La—" The Seraphine suddenly heeled with a puff of wind that came as she cleared the shoals. It shook the wounded buccaneer from his falling grasp on the rigging. But even in mid-air, Gorgio, the Catalan, repeated his call of the old days; then his body heaved out and plunged to the opalescent waters, streaking like a comet to the depths.

"D-n!" growled Dominique. "Is this a dead ship? Where are the bullets that I raise not a man? Monsieur de Almonaster! Captain Sazarac! I lay a course—now have this ship worked!"

"Lay her as she is, old gabbler," retorted Sazarac. "Starboard a bit—the mist is closing on the Spaniard, and he cannot stir in the air that moves this beauty! A long trick at your wheel, Dominique!"

Still the rotund politician would not understand. "Our lads—" he fumed. "If I take the deck I want something to work with, Monsieur—Sazarac!"

De Almonaster was holding his arm through whose sleeve the blood would spout despite his efforts. Louise Lestron stared in a wild disbelief from the shadowy disorder forward on the schooner to the master.

When Sazarac spoke, it appeared to be to her: "There are none left—you have seen the last men of a vanished race. You have seen men die in honesty. For you, Mademoiselle—for a woman, at which they would have laughed; for the peace of the world, which they would have scorned! It is a strange thing you see—I and old Dominique alone on this bloody deck—alone more than any human heart can know!"

The two gentlemen took her to the cabin, while the crippled schooner fled on a bladed path, anywhere to be out from the guns of the king of Spain. They took her to the emperor's suite; and Monsieur de Almonaster found bread and meat for her; and Monsieur Sazarac held wine to her lips.

There, also, the gentlemen discovered a thing which they did not report to Mademoiselle. They closed the door softly to the cabin, and tried to make a jest of all the terrors that came with the taking of the Seraphine.

In the tapestry-hung stateroom, with his boots on and his blood-stained head deep in the pillow, the Emperor of the Bottle lay upon Bonaparte's bed once more. He might be sleeping, or he might be dead. . . . the gentlemen could not take time to discover with so many other grim questions mounting to the eyes of each across the emperor's board.

Be that as it may, the Emperor, having reached the privacy of his chamber, flatly refused to leave it again, even though his lady of the camellia was now just outside the paneled door.

## CHAPTER XVI

The Loot of a Buccaneer.

The shortened sail was snapping in a clear morning breeze which worried Dominique, still at his trick with the wheel, which was all that a rotund alderman, his knees too much sagged with fat living, might attempt. A fair morning, and a following sea; with not a sail in sight. Pursuit, even from the heavy-footed Spanish troopship might have gone badly with the two hundred-ton schooner, short-handed as she scampered on.

The two gentlemen who had been gravely washing down the decks, came about the low housing to where the bo'sun lay. The deck was wet, the

"He Will Not Be Moved, Messieurs!"  
The dying buccaneer was wet; Mademoiselle Lestron looked up, the shaggy head with its huge, gold earrings, pillowed on her lap; and her face was wet also—a sparkle lent by the sea and the fountains of her woman's compassion. She turned from her ministrations with a wan smile: "He will not be moved, Messieurs!"

By Charles Tenney Jackson

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arisen he looked about at her from under his gray bushy brows and smiled. "I want to lie with you a moment, and look at the flying tops. You will need to shorten sail, and I rage that I cannot spring to the tops again. Name o' G—d!—a seaman on his back and loose blocks clattering! . . . Is the English woman gone?"

"She is well away with Monsieur de Almonaster."

"Good! Now, you are Lafitte, and not this woman's Sazarac. It is this, Jean. In my shrimp's camp back at La Caminada there is a packet in my sea chest. It tells of plunder that Crump and De Jonville and I buried on Cozumel twenty years ago. Some gold, some silver and a handful of jewels. The two others have been dead long since; and I wish the stuff for you—"

"I can never return to Louisiana, Johanness," said the leader gently.

"Eh? Well, that is so!" The old man's voice was breaking lower. He turned his face to watch the white spume arise along the weather rail, the highest glitter of it striking his face. "Well, let me be, my captain! I wish to lie alone staring at the dizzy tops. Naught but them against the blue and the sea weathering up at me. Now—let be, Jean!"

The master put his hand back on his breast and walked aft. The weary group by the steersman looked questioningly up.

"Let no one go near him. It is his wish. I shall roll him from the chains. That, too, is his wish. I—alone!"

And again the girl looked wonderingly at him. "What are you to turn all, Monsieur? That rough men turn to you in this fashion, as I have seen them die—the priest, the brother and the comrade?"

"A name," he said, and smiled; and then would say no more.

Louise had bound up De Almonaster's sorely-wounded arm. Now they all lay in the shelter of the after-housing, save the lad, Clark, who had taken the wheel. Old Dominique, Monsieur Sazarac and Count de Almonaster with the English woman.

The creak and haul of the gear in the freshening wind was all the sound, and Dominique croaked his misgivings.

"A sore wild night for us all, hearties, if it keeps on. And another mystery there may be for the coffee-houses, and that is the end of the Seraphine and the yelling bullies who stole her from the Place d'Armes! I trust the Mayor Rouffignac will put flowers on my desk in the council chamber."

"They tried to smile for the sake of Mademoiselle. Now and then, with a curious little frowning fear, she had glanced down the raised skylight to the cabin of the emperor. It was, indeed, as if she was watching there for an apparition. At times she would have asked of the ragged man she saw there in the chair of honor with the scalp wound that had given him something the appearance of one who wore a red coronet and jauntily; but always the two gentlemen had courteously evaded her.

The two gentlemen had conferred apart, now and then; reservedly, perhaps, but with common honesty.

"You would make the Mississippi passes with this ship, Monsieur?" inquired De Almonaster. "It appears quite impossible that we should!"

"What is in your mind, Monsieur?" retorted Sazarac dryly.

"Your life again. Granting this short-handed vessel can be brought to the Mississippi, there is an answer we must make for this affair."

"There is the answer I made to Mademoiselle Lestron."

"True—true!" The younger man shrugged. "There is, in addition, my honor that the Seraphine yet sail on the mission for the emperor. There are gentlemen in New Orleans with money in this venture. If a crew could be shipped by any means—"

Monsieur Sazarac laughed aloud. At the end it amused him—this punctilious regard each had for honor—his own and the other man's, and each for the other's life and future. That was what Mademoiselle Lestron had put upon them, this meticulous notion to stand aside rather than overreach.

"Come," he said good-humoredly. "Is there a quarrel in us, Monsieur?"

to her! He refuses to be anything more. . . . My friend, Jarvis, is very wise. Monsieur Sazarac can go a further than the gallows in the Place d'Armes, and there smile down at her regretting he is not himself."

"Ah, well!" the young man started up bitterly. "I can make nothing of it! I love her, Monsieur Lafitte—and she loves the magic of Sazarac!"

He arose and paced the wet deck, wincing as the swordthrust through his left arm cut him under the dressing her hands had made for it. She saw him from her cushioned perch by the steersman. Dominique had taken the trick again, and sent the lad, Clark, to the lookout. A fine hot youth Raoul de Almonaster had come to be under the press of the eventful fortnight since the Seraphine fled from the river's mouth; the languid aristocrat of the sugar plantations had hung against the steel of Monsieur Sazarac and tempered to a man.

She would have called him and tried to win him from his moods, but she feared the flame of him. . . . she could hardly fall to guess why his



"One Can Love a Mask—a Woman Can Go On Forever Loving the Illusion She Deems a Man to Be!"

sword had leaped from its sheath on Campeche reef; and surely the Seraphine had seen enough of men's passions and their blood.

And Monsieur Sazarac, too, had his moods again. He found affairs to keep him busied, as, indeed, well a sailor might on this man-crippled schooner; but once, happening to glance down the cabin skylight, with her incessant curiosity, she saw him there. He stood in deep thought, it appeared. Then he went to the door of the emperor's stateroom, and rapped upon it with his silver sword hilt. She thought he laughed slightly, as a man who had thought upon a serious matter until it became amusing.

The door opened. She could not tell by whom, but Monsieur Sazarac bowed with an accentuated flourish. There was a sardonic smoothness to this bow; and Sazarac entered the emperor's chamber. The door closed, and for an hour nothing happened in the cabin. It irritated Mademoiselle Lestron. A mystery with grim laughter in it. . . . about all the blood and death and fire of the weeks there had seemed grimacing mirth.

Even the dying, wounded fellows, overwhelmed by the boarding Spaniards on the port bow last night; that, too, was a jest, for if the king's men had made one more assault the Seraphine, would have been theirs again. The swords of Monsieur de Almonaster and Monsieur Sazarac were the only ones against them when they broke back to their boats. The last dead of the Seraphine lay in a close row before the fo'c'sle hood—Beluche, the admiral; Nez Coupe, the riven-faced; Bohon, the smuggler; Joe Rigo of Isle Grande; Freniere and two others; a fallen rank to which, presently, she saw Monsieur Sazarac carry the last—the bo'sun, Johanness.

Then the master stood bareheaded in the sun and looked them over. He seemed satisfied; he took a deck-broom and swept around them carefully, as if these were a treasure heaped on the schooner's spray-lashed bow; and then he came aft. Mademoiselle Lestron saw that he carried a number of shabby things. A drenched velvet cap, a broken pistol, a faded sash, a cutlass and a gold earring from the bo'sun's head. With these he went down the main companionway to the emperor's cabin, knocked on the door and then entered. The door closed.

She glanced at Alderman Dominique drowsing at the wheel. The flapping canvas, as the schooner wore off a bit, brought his eyes open.

"Monsieur Dominique! What is going on?" she cried.

"Eh? On?—I trust my head is still on—and remains so! What—"

"What is this play for me?" she broke in passionately.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Work for Blinded War Veterans.**  
The largest electro-technical factory in Berlin, Germany, has a workshop for men who lost their sight in the World War. Each workman is guided to the "blind ward" by a shepherd dog and places are reserved for these dogs under the work benches. The men are carried free on the trams and subways.