

## WORLD'S DOINGS OF CURRENT WEEK

### Brief Resume of General News From All Around the Earth.

#### UNIVERSAL HAPPENINGS IN A NUTSHELL

#### Live News Items of All Nations and Pacific Northwest Condensed for Our Busy Readers.

Italy closes navigation of the Adriatic sea unless ships are under convoy. Austrians submarine and sink an Italian warship. Most of the crew was saved.

The steamship Minnehaha, loaded with 15,000 tons of war munitions, is ashore in midocean.

Reports of food shortage and suffering continue to reach the State department from Mexico.

Germans complain that the French mistreat prisoners, and reprisals are said to have begun.

American consuls point to the serious situation in Mexico and urge speedy action by this government.

Naval officers have taken charge of the German wireless plant at Sayville, N. Y., believing neutrality was being violated.

Canada has increased her war strength to 150,000 men, which will be drawn on by England as the requirements arise.

Cincinnati is visited by the most severe storm in its history. Many lives are lost and a million dollars' damage is done to property.

Iowa has unearthed a mysterious murder committed, it is said, in 1863, and as a consequence a man aged 70 is in jail accused of the crime.

President Wilson refuses to consider or comment on tentative note from Germany. Until the full text is received no action will be taken.

Interest in the field maneuvers of the Oregon militia has been greatly increased by the indications that the United States regulars may soon be sent to Mexico.

The French senate appropriates \$600,000 to be used by the minister of marine in payment for cargoes of neutral vessels that have been seized, and especially of that of the American steamer Dacia.

Belgians have suddenly adopted the practice of wearing sprays of ivy as an expression of loyalty to Belgium and the allies, as a result of General von Bissing's order prohibiting the display of Belgian colors.

Steel mills in the Pittsburgh district have received within the past few days orders for projectile steel which aggregate 75,000 tons. Early in the year steel of this grade was offered at \$31 a ton, but latest sales are said to have been made at \$38. This material is to be sent abroad.

A decree has been published in Paris prohibiting the export of gold except by the Bank of France. This is a precautionary measure taken at the suggestion of Minister of Finance Ribot. It has not been destined always for a neutral country in settlement of accounts. A free outflow might result in a dangerous traffic, according to the minister.

Turkey sinks French transport in the Dardanelles.

Twin deer have been born at the Washington Park, at Portland.

The Liberty Bell is making its first trip across the continent to San Francisco.

British report capture of German trenches on the extreme left line near Ypres.

Indications point strongly to intervention in Mexico by the United States.

San Francisco reports the safest Fourth of July in its history. No one was injured.

J. P. Morgan, who was shot by a demented would-be assassin, is reported out of danger.

England has taken over the control of the sale of liquors in many districts where war material is being handled.

The American consular agent at Swinemunde, Prussia, reports that the American steamship Platania, from New York with a cargo of petroleum consigned to a Swedish port, has been held up by a German warship and brought into Swinemunde.

Italy is reported successful in her warfare against forces in the Corsica region, having materially advanced and captured 900.

Frank Holt, who exploded a bomb in the national capitol and shot J. P. Morgan in his home, succeeded in committing suicide in the jail in Mineola, N. Y.

Seely Hall, of Medford, Or., drove a six-passenger car to the summit of the Crater Lake rim. This is the earliest date an automobile has ever reached the lodge. The snow has melted 12 days earlier than ever before.

## OREGON NEWS OF GENERAL INTEREST

### State Has Big Balance.

Salem—The report of State Treasurer Kay for six months ending June 30, just made public, shows a balance of \$1,565,429.56 for the general fund. Mr. Kay said the big balance was an assurance that the state would not have to pay interest on any warrants this year.

Disbursements for the six months totaled \$3,773,364.15; receipts, \$3,927,647.22. The balance January 1 was \$1,411,145.49. A law passed by the recent legislature merged all funds in the general fund, and made it possible for the state to discontinue paying interest on warrants.

### Albany to Cut Thistles.

Albany—A campaign has been launched to eradicate the Canada thistle from Linn county. Gale S. Hill, district attorney, has sent out notices to 148 land owners on whose property thistles are growing advising them that if they do not cut the thistles themselves the work will be done by county road supervisors and the expense made a lien on their land, as provided by law, until the county is reimbursed.

There are no Canada thistles in most parts of the county, but in one locality they have made quite a start and are spreading rapidly.

### Eugene Plans Sales Day.

Eugene—Eugene will have a public market day, on which the farmers may bring to the city produce, probably once a week, and offer it for sale, according to the plans of S. D. Hooper, manager of the promotion department of the Commercial club.

The date for the first day has not yet been set, but it is proposed to set aside a place, probably about the public plaza, where the farmers' wagons can be parked and where the sales can be made from the back of the wagons. The farmers in the district have asked that some such plan be developed.

### Seaside Votes Bond Issue.

Seaside—With one lone vote against the measure, a \$35,000 bond issue was authorized by the voters of the Seaside school district to obtain a site and to erect a Union High School building. This will be the first Union High School in Clatsop county, and the work on the building will begin probably immediately so that it will be available for use in the early fall. Several sites are being considered by the board of directors and it is probable that a relatively central location will be chosen somewhere near the Pacific Ocean.

### Flax Crop Outlook Good.

Salem—That the outlook for the success of the state's venture with flax growing is most promising is the opinion of Governor Withycombe, who has just looked over the flax fields in this vicinity. "There is every assurance of a good crop," said the governor. "Also, the quality of the flax appears excellent. I believe it will run from one and a half to three tons to the acre." J. C. Cady, the flax man employed by the Board of Control, has just returned from the East, where he purchased retting machinery.

### Dust Storm Does Damage.

Echo—A severe dust storm swept over the west end of Umatilla county Wednesday night, beginning at 9 o'clock and continuing several hours. The electric light plant near Hermiston, which supplies the towns of Umatilla, Hermiston, Stanfield and Echo, was put out of commission at 10 o'clock, leaving those places in darkness for the rest of the night. Some damage is reported to trees, fruit and grain in the neighborhood.

### Woman Watches Burglar.

Pendleton—Awakened at 5 o'clock in the morning by a noise in her hotel room, Mrs. E. H. Somersville, wife of a night waiter, watched a burly negro leisurely search her dresser. The intruder completed his task and departed, after which the woman regained control of her vocal organs and screamed. The burglar escaped with jewelry valued at \$150.

### Pendleton Postal Receipts Gain.

Pendleton—An increase of more than 10 per cent in the receipts of the local postoffice in the past quarter is announced by Postmaster Tweedy. April, May and June each showed substantial increases in revenue this year over the same months of last year, the net increase for the quarter just ended being \$748.05 over the receipts of the second quarter of 1914.

### Crops Near Monroe Mature Fast.

Monroe—The warm weather of the past week has ripened the grain and hay in this vicinity rapidly and the prospects are good for an early harvest and a fine crop. Farmers are more than busy getting in their first crop of hay and with continued fair weather they will have bountiful supply.

Cotton Oil Business Permit Granted. Salem—The American Cotton Oil company, incorporated in New Jersey with a capital stock of \$30,435,700, has received a permit from Corporation Commissioner Schulderman to do business in this state. The company is engaged in manufacturing and refining cottonseed oil.

### Development Is Near.

Newport—S. G. Irwin, of Newport, has just been informed by the United States Engineering department that an appropriation of \$3000 has been made for the survey of the Yaquina Bay bar, with an object of obtaining a 25-foot channel, and Wisconsin capitalists are ready to develop vast timber holdings as soon as large carriers can enter the bay.

J. S. Polhemus, assistant United States engineer, who had charge of the Yaquina Bay jetty construction, will again be in charge of the government work.

J. C. Maupin, of the United States Geodetic Engineers, made a survey of the bar and channel in 1913, but an Engineers' department survey is necessary before an appropriation could be made for improvements, it is said. Wisconsin capitalists, backed by Senator Stephenson and others, who bought the Smith interests around Coos Bay, have money ready to invest.

A party headed by George A. Stephenson, manager of the North Bend Lumber company, and Edward A. Young, nephews of Senator Stephenson, and Carl Burnham, all of Madison, Wis., John Belknap and Steve McAllister, of Vancouver, B. C., timber exporters, and N. C. Ingram and Charles Corgan, of Coos Bay, timber cruisers, have been making various trips of investigation.

Mr. Stephenson has obtained soundings of the Yaquina Bay bar and surveys of roads in view of a logging railroad to extend from Yaquina Bay to Yachats.

It is said to be the aim of the Wisconsin lumbermen to commence work without delay.

### Oregon Crop Report.

July 1 crop estimates by the United States department of Agriculture are as follows:

Winter wheat—Forecast, 16,000,000 bushels; final 1914, 13,684,000.

Spring wheat—Forecast, 3,730,000 bushels; final 1914, 2,920,000.

Oats—Forecast, 13,900,000; final 1914, 12,740,000.

Barley—Forecast, 4,320,000 bushels; final 1914, 3,660,000.

Potatoes—Forecast, 6,800,000 bushels; final 1914, 4,753,000.

Apples—Forecast, 3,320,000 bushels; final 1914, 3,600,000.

Hay—Condition, 92; 7-year average, 91.

Clover—Condition, 92; 10-year average, 94.

Alfalfa—Condition 92; 9-year average, 92.

Pasture—Condition, 97; 10-year average, 96.

Hops—Condition, 92; 9-year average, 89.

### School Talks Are Heard.

Salem—"Standardization of the Rural School," was discussed at a meeting of the county superintendents who are here grading the examination papers of applicants for state certificates to teach. Fred Peterson, Klamath county; E. J. Moore, Lane county; Roy Cannon, Benton county, and W. W. Austin, Grant county, led the discussion.

"Club Work" will be discussed also. Superintendent of Public Instruction Churchill announced that those who will participate are: F. L. Griffin, field agent of Oregon Agricultural College; N. C. Maris, field worker of the State Board of Education; L. P. Harrington, field worker, State Board of Education; H. C. Seymour, superintendent of Polk county, and Miss Fay Clark, superintendent of Malheur county.

### Roseburg Railroad Sure.

Roseburg—A conference which both parties admitted had its connection with the railroad which Kendall Bros. propose to construct here during the present summer was held here Saturday.

F. L. Burkhalter, superintendent of the Portland division of the Southern Pacific railroad, and H. A. Hinshaw, general freight agent, were closeted with S. A. Kendall and his associates for more than an hour.

Mr. Kendall and the Southern Pacific officials spent an hour at Winchester, where they inspected Kendall Bros.' holdings in that vicinity. At the conclusion of the conference it was given out that a complete understanding had been reached between the parties concerned.

### Roseburg Dry Act Void.

Roseburg—Judge J. W. Hamilton has decided that the city of Roseburg had no jurisdiction in prohibition cases. The question arose in the case of the city against Frank Henslee, which was appealed to the Circuit court. The decision said that local option and prohibition laws are state laws and cannot be enforced by cities without special authority provided in the cities' charters. Henslee was sentenced for carrying liquor on the city streets not in an original package, under a city ordinance passed a short time before.

### Stings of Bees Kill Cow.

Monmouth—Stung by thousands of Italian bees, a valuable Jersey cow, owned by O. A. Wolverson, ex-postmaster of Monmouth, died Tuesday. The animal had been turned into the grass on the Normal campus. On a small lot adjoining the campus were 85 hives. When Bossie began to fight several of the Italians, hundreds, then thousands, "mobilized," and aid for the distressed cow was impossible.

## HIS LOVE STORY

MARIE VAN VORST

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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### SYNOPSIS.

Le Comte de Sabron, captain of French cavalry, takes to his quarters to raise his dog, a motherless Irish terrier pup, and names it Pitchoune. He dines with the Marquis d'Esclignac and meets Miss Julia Redmond, American heiress. He is ordered to Algeria but is not allowed to take servants or dogs. Miss Redmond takes care of Pitchoune, who, longing for his master, runs away from her. The marquis plans to marry Julia to the Duc de Tremont. Pitchoune follows Sabron to Algeria, dog and master meet, and Sabron is nominated to keep his dog with him. The Duc de Tremont finds the American heiress capricious. Sabron, wounded in an engagement, falls into the dry bed of a river and is watched over by Pitchoune. After a horrible night and day Pitchoune leaves him. Tremont takes Julia and the marquis to Algeria in his yacht but has doubts about Julia's Red Cross mission. After long search Julia gets trace of Sabron's whereabouts. Sabron is the most momentary matchmaker in behalf of Tremont. Hammett Abou tells the Marquis where he thinks Sabron may be found.

### CHAPTER XXI—Continued.

Pitchoune ran with his nose to the ground. There were several trails for a dog to follow on that apparently untrodden page of desert history. Which one would he choose? Without a scent a dog does nothing. His nostrils are his instinct. His devotion, his faithfulness, his intelligence, his heart—all come through his nose. A man's heart, they say, is in his stomach—or in his pocket. A dog's is in his nostrils. If Pitchoune had chosen the wrong direction, this story would never have been written. Michette did not give birth to the sixth puppy. In the stables of the garrison, for nothing. Nor had Sabron saved him on the night of the memorable dinner for nothing.

With his nose flat to the sands Pitchoune smelt to east and to west, to north and south, took a scent to the east, decided on it—for what reason will never be told—and followed it. Fatigue and hunger were forgotten as hour after hour Pitchoune ran across the Sahara. Mercifully, the sun had been clouded by the precursor of a windstorm. The air was almost cool. Mercifully, the wind did not arise until the little terrier had pursued his course to the end.

There are occasions when an animal's intelligence surpasses the human. When, toward evening of the twelve hours that it had taken him to reach a certain point, he came to a settlement of mud huts on the borders of an oasis, he was pretty nearly at the end of his strength. The oasis was the only sign of life in five hundred miles. There was very little left in his small body. He lay down, panting, but his bright spirit was unwilling just then to leave his form and hovered near him. In the religion of Tatman dogs alone have souls.

Pitchoune panted and dragged himself to a pool of water around which the green palms grew, and he drank and drank. Then the little desert wayfarer hid himself in the bushes and slept till morning. All night he was racked with convulsive twitches, but he slept and in his dreams he killed a young chicken and ate it. In the morning he took a bath in the pool, and the sun rose while he swam in the water.

If Sabron or Miss Redmond could have seen him he would have seen the epitome of heartless egotism. He was the epitome of wisdom. Instinct and wisdom sometimes go closely together. Solomon was only instinctive when he asked for wisdom. The epicurean Lucullus, when dying, asked for a certain Nile fish cooked in wine.

Pitchoune shook out his short hairy body and came out of the oasis pool into the sunlight and trotted into the Arabian village.

Fatou Anni parched corn in a brazier before her house. Her house was a hut with yellow walls. It had no roof and was open to the sky. Fatou Anni was ninety years old, straight as a lance—straight as one of the lances the men of the village carried when they went to dispute with white people. These lances with which the young men had fought, had won them the last battle. They had been victorious on the field.

Fatou Anni was the grandmother of many men. She had been the mother of many men. Now she parched corn tranquilly, prayerfully. "Allah! that the corn should not burn; Allah! that it should be sweet; Allah! that her men should be always successful."

She was the fetish of the settlement. In a single blue garment, her black scrawny breast uncovered, the thin veil that the Fellahs wear pushed back from her face, her fine eyes were revealed and she might have been a priestess as she bent over her corn.

"Allah! Allah Akbar!" Rather than anything should happen to Fatou Anni, the settlement would have roared its enemies alive, torn them in shreds. Some of them said that she was two hundred years old. There was a charmed ring drawn around her house. People supposed that if any creature crossed it uninvited, it would fall dead.

The sun had risen for an hour and the air was still cool. Overhead, the

sky, unstained by a single cloud, was blue as a turquoise floor, and against it, black and portentous, flew the vultures. Here and there the sun-touched pools gave life and reason to the oasis.

Fatou Anni parched her corn. Her barbaric chant was interrupted by a sharp bark and a low pleading whine.

She had never heard sounds just like that. The dogs of the village were great wolflike creatures. Pitchoune's bark was angelic compared with theirs. He crossed the charmed circle drawn around her house, and did not fall dead, and stood before her, whining. Fatou Anni left her corn, stood upright and looked at Pitchoune. To her the Irish terrier was an apparition. The fact that he had not fallen dead proved that he was beloved of Allah. He was, perhaps, a genie, an afrit.

Pitchoune fawned at her feet. She murmured a line of the Koran. It did not seem to affect his demonstrative affection. The woman bent down to him after making a pass against the Evil Eye, and touched him, and Pitchoune licked her hand.

Fatou Anni screamed, dropped him, went into the house and made her ablutions. When she came out Pitchoune sat patiently before the parched corn, and he again came crawling to her.

The Arabian woman lived in the last hut of the village. She could satisfy her curiosity without shocking her neighbors. She bent down to scrutinize Pitchoune's collar. There was a sacred medal on it with sacred inscriptions which she could not read. But as soon as she had freed him this time, Pitchoune tore himself away from her, flew out of the sacred ring and disappeared. The he ran back, barking appealingly; he took the hem of her dress in his mouth and pulled her. He repeatedly did this and the superstitious Arabian believed herself to be called divinely. She cautiously left the doorstep, her veil falling before her face, came out of the sacred ring, followed to the edge of the berry field. From there Pitchoune sped over the desert; when he stopped and looked back at her. Fatou Anni did not follow, and he returned to renew his entreaties. When she tried to touch him he escaped, keeping at a safe distance. The village began to



Hour After Hour Pitchoune Ran Across the Sahara.

stir. Blue and yellow garments fluttered in the streets.

"Allah Akbar," Fatou Anni murmured, "these are days of victory, of recompense."

She gathered her robe around her and, stately and impressively, started toward the huts of her grandsons. When she returned, eight young warriors, fully armed, accompanied her. Pitchoune sat beside the parched corn, watching the brazier and her meal. Fatou Anni pointed to the desert.

She said to the young men, "Go with this genie. There is something he wishes to show us. Allah is great. Go."

When the Capitaine de Sabron opened his eyes in consciousness, he encountered a square of blazing blue heaven. He weakly put up his hand to shade his sight, and a cotton awning, supported by four bamboo poles, was swiftly raised over his head. He saw objects and took cognizance of them. On the floor in the low doorway of a mud hut sat three little naked children covered with flies and dirt. He was the guest of Fatou Anni. These were three of her hundred great-grandchildren. The babies were playing with a little dog. Sabron knew the dog but could not articulate his name. By his side sat the woman to whom he owed his life. Her veil fell over her face. She was braiding straw. He looked at her intelligently. She brought him a drink of cool water in an earthen vessel, with the drops oozing from its porous sides. The hut reeked with odors which met his nostrils at every

breath he drew. He asked in Arabic: "Where am I?"

"In the hut of victory," said Fatou Anni.

Pitchoune overheard the voice and came to Sabron's side. His master murmured:

"Where are we, my friend?"

The dog leaped on his bed and licked his face. Fatou Anni, with a whisk of straw, swept the flies from him. A great weakness spread its wings above him and he fell asleep.

Days are all alike to those who lie in mortal sickness. The hours are intensely colorless and they slip and slip into painful wakefulness, into fever, into drowsiness finally, and then into weakness.

The Capitaine de Sabron, although he had no family to speak of, did possess, unknown to the Marquis d'Esclignac, an old aunt in the provinces, and a handful of heartless cousins who were indifferent to him. Nevertheless he clung to life and in the hut of Fatou Anni fought for existence. Every time that he was conscious he struggled anew to hold to the thread of life. Whenever he grasped the thread he vanquished, and whenever he lost it, he went down, down.

Fatou Anni cherished him. He was a soldier who had fallen in the battle against her sons and grandsons. He was a man and a strong one, and she despised women. He was her prey and he was her reward and she cared for him; as she did so, she became maternal.

His eyes which, when he was conscious, thanked her; his thin hands that moved on the rough blue robe thrown over him, the devotion of the dog—found a responsive chord in the great-grandmother's heart. Once he smiled at one of the naked, big-bellied great-grandchildren. Bent Hassan, three years old, came up to Sabron with his fingers in his mouth and chattered like a bird. This proved to Fatou Anni that Sabron had not the Evil Eye. No one but the children were admitted to the hut, but the sun and the flies and the cries of the village came in without permission, and now and then, when the winds arose, he could hear the stirring of the palm trees.

Sabron was reduced to skin and bone. His nourishment was insufficient, and the absence of all decent care was slowly taking him to death. It will never be known why he did not die.

Pitchoune took to making long excursions. He would be absent for days, and in his clouded mind Sabron thought the dog was reconnoitering for him over the vast pink sea without there—which, if one could sail across as in a ship, one would sail to France, through the walls of mellow old Tarscon, to the chateau of good King Rene; one would sail as the moon sails, and through an open window one might hear the sound of a woman's voice singing. The song, ever illusive and irritating in its persistency, tantalized his sick ears.

Sabron did not know that he would have found the chateau shut had he sailed there in the moon. It was as well that he did not know, for his wandering thought would not have known where to follow, and there was repose in thinking of the Chateau d'Esclignac.

It grew terribly hot. Fatou Anni, by his side, fanned him with a fan she had woven. The great-grandchildren on the floor in the mud fought together. They quarreled over bits of colored glass. Sabron's breath came panting. Without, he heard the cries of the warriors, the lance-bearers—he heard the cries of Fatou Anni's sons who were going out to battle. The French soldiers were in a distant part of the Sahara and Fatou Anni's grandchildren were going out to pillage and destroy. The old woman by his side cried out and beat her breast. Now and then she looked at him curiously, as if she saw death on his pale face. Now that all her sons and grandsons had gone, he was the only man left in the village, as even boys of sixteen had joined the raid. She wiped his forehead and gave him a potion that had been pierced with arrows. It was all she could do for a captive.

Toward sundown, for the first time Sabron felt a little better, and after twenty-four hours' absence, Pitchoune whined at the hut door, but would not come in. Fatou Anni called on Allah, left her patient and went out to see what was the matter with the dog. At the door, in the shade of a palm, stood two Bedouins.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Why Some Are Color Blind.

It is known that color blind people cannot distinguish colors, but the reason for this is not generally known. They cannot distinguish many colors, and most of them usually give the appearance of being gray. The cause lies in the constitution of the retina, which microscopically consists of rods and cones. If a certain part of the cones is wanting the sensation they arouse is also wanting. A blind man who does not see at all is not much more deceived by his sight than the color blind man. Even the normal eye has not cones fine enough to detect ultra violet rays and electric rays.

### Soldiers' Winter Clothing.

The soldiers of Japan have learned the value of paper clothing for winter wear. The paper, which is made from mulberry bark, has little sizing in it, and is soft and warm. Between two sheets of the paper they place a thin layer of silk wadding, and then quilt the whole. It is something of a drawback that clothing so made is not washable, but in a winter campaign a soldier has other things to think of than the dirt on his uniform.—Youth's Companion.