

## 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.

Heavy rains in Northwestern Ohio are causing alarm.

Omaha is visited by a severe storm which did much damage.

Austria denies the report that the Italian navy sunk many of the former's ships.

A postoffice clerk at Wallace, Idaho, has confessed to robbing the safe of \$20,000.

Oregon wins grand prize for the best collection of minerals at the Panama-Pacific exposition.

At St. Johns, N. F., cod fishermen report fish plentiful but a scarcity of salt caused by the European war.

All these three men, when interviewed, corroborated the foregoing story. They declared that no opportunity was given those on board the Leo for saving life.

The Leo was bound from Philadelphia to Manchester with a general cargo.

### SUBMARINE FORCES AMERICAN SHIP TO ACT AS SCREEN FROM VICTIM

Liverpool—How an American ship is alleged to have been used as a shield by a German submarine for the sinking of another vessel is the story related by members of the crew of the American bark Normandy, which has arrived here from Gulfport, Miss.

The story is that the Normandy was stopped by a German submarine 60 miles southwest of Tuskar Rock, off the southeast coast of Ireland, Friday night. The captain was called aboard the submarine, where his papers were examined and found to show that the ship was chartered by an American firm January 5.

The captain of the bark, it was asserted, was allowed to return to the Normandy, but under the threat that his ship would be destroyed unless he stood by and obeyed orders. These orders, it was said, were that he was to act as a shield for the submarine, which lay at the side of the bark, hiding itself from an approaching vessel.

This vessel proved to be the Russian steamer Leo. Presently the submarine submerged and proceeded around the bow of the Normandy, so the story went, and 10 minutes later the crew of the Normandy saw the Leo blown up.

Twenty-five persons were on board, of whom 11 were drowned, including three stewardesses.

These saved included three Americans—Walter Emery, of North Carolina; Harry Clark, of Sierra, and Harry Whitney, of Camden, N. J.

All these three men, when interviewed, corroborated the foregoing story. They declared that no opportunity was given those on board the Leo for saving life.

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### Edison Will Head American Board of Invention for Army and Navy

West Orange, N. J. — Thomas A. Edison has accepted an invitation from Secretary Daniels to head an advisory board of civilian inventors for a bureau of invention and development to be created in the navy department.

His acceptance will go forward at once to Washington, where the new plans await word from the man "who can turn dreams into realities."

Mr. Daniels' idea of utilizing the inventive genius of Americans in and out of the military and naval service to meet conditions of warfare shown in the conflict on land and sea in Europe is outlined in a letter written last Wednesday asking Mr. Edison whether, as a patriotic service to his country, he would undertake the task of advising the proposed bureau.

The plan is to have several men prominent in special lines of inventive research associated in the work.

Among the great problems to be laid before the investigators the secretary mentioned submarine warfare, adding that he felt sure that with Mr. Edison's wonderful brain to help them the officers of the navy would be able "to meet this new danger with new devices that will assure peace to our country by their effectiveness."

#### New York City Grows.

New York—Father Knickerbocker's population has increased almost half a million in the last five years. To be exact, the normal growth of the greater city from the day the national census takers finished their work in 1910 until June 13 last, when the state enumerators started in, was 478,929, an increase of more than 10 per cent. According to census supervisors of Brooklyn, Queens, Manhattan, the Bronx and Richmond, New York had a population of 5,245,812 on June 13, as compared with 4,766,883 in 1910.

#### French Contribute Gold.

Paris—The flow of gold from the private stocks of the public into the Bank of France continues. More than 10,000 persons deposited gold at the bank during Friday and Saturday. Recently the Bank of France extended an invitation to the public to turn in its private hoards of gold to strengthen the national reserve. The response was such that the bank had to designate a half dozen receiving tellers to take the coin offered.

#### Trade Balance Continues.

Washington, D. C.—A favorable trade balance of \$20,545,773 was shown by the weekly statement of imports and exports at the 13 principal ports of the United States, issued by the department of Commerce. The statement shows \$29,896,465 for imports and \$50,442,243 for exports. The balance is an increase of more than \$3,000,000 over the first week last month and \$11,000,000 over last week.

#### French Outbuy Bond Issue.

Paris—The minister of finance, M. Ribot, introduced in the chamber of deputies a bill raising the limit of the issue of national defense bonds from \$1,200,000,000, as fixed in the law of May 18, to \$1,400,000,000. Subscriptions already have exceeded the previous limit by \$30,000,000. The French public in 11 months has taken \$1,680,000,000 of national bonds.

#### War Gets 200,000 Horses.

Hinton, W. Va.—Fifty men were added to the force required to handle the war horses fed and watered here on their way from the West to the Atlantic seaboard. Fully 200,000 horses have been handled since the European war began, according to the officers in charge.

## ENGLISH LINER JUST ESCAPES TORPEDO

### Underwater Boat Misses Orduña By Only Few Feet.

#### VESSEL IS SHELLED BY GERMAN CRAFT

### Cunarder Has 22 Americans Aboard On Hazardous Trip, Who Give Details on Reaching Port.

New York — The Cunard liner Orduña, bound from Liverpool to New York with 227 passengers, including 22 Americans, was attacked without warning, it was learned on her arrival here Sunday, by a German submarine on the morning of July 9.

Twenty miles from the grave of the Lusitania, off Oldhead of Kinsale, the Orduña escaped the Lusitania's fate by half a second of time or 10 feet of space, the German torpedo churning the water that distance behind the liner's rudder. Then the Orduña sped away. She was followed by the submarine, which rose to the surface, manned a gun on her deck and shelled the fleeing steamer.

The attack was at 10 minutes to 6 o'clock in the morning, when all but a few of her passengers lay sleeping in their berths. Aroused by stewards, the passengers dressed hurriedly and went to the upper deck, where they put on life belts and took their places at the lifeboats. They heard the scream of the shells and saw the ocean spit up columns of water where the shells struck.

When the fire grew hot, they were ordered, for their own protection, to the deck below.

For half an hour the Orduña showed her heels to the assailant. Through marine glasses the passengers watched the dark splotch on the water's surface astern. They saw the low-lying German warship coming on with a bone in her teeth, but the Orduña's flight was faster than the pursuit and after seven shots had been fired without effect, the submarine gave up the chase.

A wireless call for help was sent out by the Orduña when the torpedo was seen. She was then 37 miles south of Queenstown. The reply, Captain Taylor says in his official report, was that help would be given within an hour. It was four hours before the first British vessel, an armored yacht, the Jeannette, appeared.

Protest will be made to the American government by at least one citizen of the United States and possibly others who were aboard.

### Secretary McAdoo Expected to Quit Wilson Cabinet, Is Rumor

Washington, D. C. — It is reported again that Secretary McAdoo has expressed his intention of leaving the cabinet. In the coming fight in behalf of President Wilson, his father-in-law, he does not wish the charge made against him that he is in the fight particularly for his own job, and he fears it may injure the President to have a member of his own family in his cabinet.

Several business offers have been made Mr. McAdoo, among which is the presidency of one of the largest banking institutions of New York. His predecessor, Secretary Shaw and Secretary Gage, took advantage of such opportunities and have become rich.

Secretary McAdoo could be the governor general of the Federal Reserve board if he would accept. The term of Mr. Hamlin, the present governor, expires the first of the year, and Mr. McAdoo could then be appointed for the long term on the Federal Reserve board.

Mr. Hamlin is expected to make the race in Massachusetts for governor or for United States senator if the administration is behind him, and Mr. McAdoo would be retained at the head of the Federal Reserve board, which he created.

There are two other resignations scheduled for the first of the year in the cabinet, and the fight for Wilson the next year will be led by new and reinforced heads of the administration.

#### Men's Places Filled by Women.

Hull, England—After arguing the pros and cons of the proposal to employ women conductors on the streetcars here for a month, the unions have been compelled to yield to the pressure of circumstances and admit the new labor. It was found impossible to obtain sufficient male labor to operate the necessary cars and the alternative to employing women was the stopping of the cars. Women will receive the same as the men, but the war bonus heretofore paid will be given the men only, who will turn the trolley poles.

#### Absent Spy Condemned.

Paris — Sentence of death has been passed by a court-martial at Marseilles upon Herman Hoche, now in Germany, who was tried and found guilty on a charge of systematic espionage against France before the declaration of war and was not present at the trial to defend himself. The accused man, who was the Marseilles representative of a German sulphur company for 11 years, was charged with having relations with a foreign power.

# HIS LOVE STORY

## MARIE VAN VORST

### ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

—14—

La Comte de Sabron, captain of French cavalry, takes to his quarters to raise by hand a motherless Irish terrier pup, and names it Pitchoune. He dines with the Marquise d'Esclagnac and meets Miss Julia Redmond, American heiress. He is ordered to Algiers 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 marquisse plans to marry Julia to the Duc de Tremont. Pitchoune follows Sabron to Algiers, dog and master meet, and Sabron gets permission to keep his dog with him. The Duc de Tremont finds the American heiress capricious. Sabron is 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 marquisse to Algiers in his yacht but has doubts about Julia's Red Cross mission. After long search Julia gets trace of Sabron's whereabouts. Julia for the moment turns matchmaker in behalf of Tremont. Hammet Abou tells the Marquisse where he thinks Sabron may be found. Tremont decides to go with Hammet Abou to find Sabron.

#### CHAPTER XXI—Continued.

It was rare for the caravan to pass by Beni Medinet. The old woman's superstition foresaw danger in this visit. Her veil before her face, her gnarled old fingers held the fan with which she had been fanning Sabron. She went out to the strangers. Down by the well a group of girls in garments of blue and yellow, with earthen bottles on their heads, stood staring at Beni Medinet's unusual visitors.

"Peace be with you, Fatou Anni," said the older of the Bedouins.

"Are you a cousin or a brother that you know my name?" asked the ancient woman.

"Everyone knows the name of the oldest woman in the Sahara," said Hammet Abou, "and the victorious are always brothers."

"What do you want with me?" she asked, thinking of the helplessness of the village.

Hammet Abou pointed to the hut.

"You have a white captive in there. Is he alive?"

"What is that to you, son of a dog?"

"The mother of many sons is wise," said Hammet Abou portentously, "but she does not know that this man carries the Evil Eye. His dog carries the Evil Eye for his enemies. Your people have gone to battle. Unless this man is cast out from your village, your young men, your grandsons and your sons will be destroyed."

The old woman regarded him calmly.

"I do not fear it," she said tranquilly. "We have had corn and oil in plenty. He is sacred."

For the first time she looked at his companion, tall and slender and evidently younger.

"You favor the coward Franks," she said in a high voice. "You have come to fall upon us in our desolation."

She was about to raise the peculiar wall which would have summoned to her all the women of the village. The dogs of the place had already begun to show their noses, and the villagers were drawing near the people under the palms. Now the young man began to speak swiftly in a language that she did not understand, addressing his comrade. The language was so curious that the woman, with the cry arrested on her lips, stared at him. Pointing to his companion, Hammet Abou said:

"Fatou Anni, this great lord kisses your hand. He says that he wishes he could speak your beautiful language. He does not come from the enemy; he does not come from the French. He comes from two women of his people by whom the captive is beloved. He says that you are the mother of sons and grandsons, and that you will deliver this man up into our hands in peace."

The narrow fetid streets were beginning to fill with the figures of women, their beautifully colored robes fluttering in the light, and there were curious eager children who came running, naked save for the bangles upon their arms and ankles.

Pointing to them, Hammet Abou said to the old sage:

"See, you are only women here, Fatou Anni. Your men are twenty miles farther south. We have a caravan of fifty men all armed, Fatou Anni. They camp just there, at the edge of the oasis. They are waiting. We come in peace, old woman; we come to take away the Evil Eye from your door; but if you anger us and rave against us, the dogs and women of your town will fall upon you and destroy every breast among you."

She began to beat her palms together, murmuring:

"Allah! Allah!"

"Hush," said the Bedouin fiercely, "take us to the captive, Fatou Anni."

Fatou Anni did not stir. She pulled aside the veil from her withered face, so that her great eyes looked out at the two men. She saw her predicament, but she was a subtle Oriental. Victory had been in her camp and in her village; her sons and grandsons had never been vanquished. Perhaps the dying man in the hut would bring the Evil Eye! He was dying, anyway—he would not live twenty-four hours. She knew this, for her ninety years of life had seen many eyes close on the oasis under the hard blue skies.

To the taller of the two Bedouins she said in Arabic:

Julia's Eyes Were Fixed Upon the Limitless Sands.

hat gleamed like a touch of snow upon the desert's face. Julia Redmond, on a rug at her feet, and in her khaki riding-habit the color of the sand, blended with the desert as though part of it. She sat up as she spoke.

"How divine! See!" She pointed to the stretches of the Sahara before her. On every side they spread away as far as the eye could reach, suave, mellow, black, undulating finally to small hillocks with corrugated sides, as a group of little sandhills rose softly out of the sealike plain. "Look, Theresa!"

Slowly, from ocher and gold the color changed; a faint wavelike bluish crept over the sands, which reddened, paled, faded, warmed again, took depth and grew intense like flame.

"The heart of a rose! N'est-ce pas, Theresa?"

"I understand now what you mean," said madame. Parisian to the tips of her fingers, elegant, fine, she had lived a conventional life. Theresa had been taught to conceal her emotions. She had been very taught that our feelings matter very little to any one but our-

selves. She had been taught to go lightly, to avoid serious things. Her great-grandmother had gone lightly to the scaffold, exquisitely courteous till the last.

"I ask your pardon if I jostled you in the tumbrel," the old comtesse had said to her companion on the way to the guillotine. "The springs of the cart are poor"—and she went up smiling.

In the companionship of the American girl, Theresa de la Maine had thrown off restraint. If the Marquisse d'Esclagnac had felt Julia's influence, Theresa de la Maine, being near her own age, echoed Julia's very feeling.

Except for their dragoman and their servants, the two women were alone in the desert.

Smiling at Julia, Madame de la Maine said: "I haven't been so far from the Rue de la Paix in my life."

"How can you speak of the Rue de la Paix, Theresa?"

"Only to show you how completely I have left it behind."

Julia's eyes were fixed upon the limitless sands, a sea where a faint line lost itself in the red west and the horizon shut from her sight everything that she believed to be her life.

"This is the seventh day, Theresa!"

"Already you are as brown as an Arab, Julia!"

"You as well, ma chere amie!"

"Robert does not like dark women," said the Comtesse de la Maine, and rubbed her cheek. "I must wear two veils."

"Look, Theresa!"

Across the face of the desert the glow began to withdraw its curtain. The sands suffused an ineffable hue, a shell-like pink took possession, and the desert melted and then grew colder—it waned before their eyes, withered like a tea-rose.

"Like a rose!" Julia murmured, "smell its perfume!" She lifted her head, drinking in with delight the fragrance of the sands.

"Ma chere Julia," gently protested the comtesse, lifting her head, "perfume, Julia!" But she breathed with her friend, while a sweetly subtle, intoxicating odor, as of millions and millions of roses, gathered, warmed, kept, then scattered on the airs of heaven, intoxicating her.

To the left were the huddled tents of their attendants. No sooner had the sun gone down than the Arabs commenced to sing—a song that Julia had especially liked:

Love is like a sweet perfume.  
If it comes, it escapes.  
When it's present, it intoxicates;  
When it's memory, it brings tears.  
Love is like a sweet breath,  
It comes and it escapes.

The weird music filled the silence of the silent place. It had the evanescent quality of the wind that brought the breath of the sand-flowers. The voices of the Arabs, not unmusical, though hoarse and appealing, cried out their love-song, and then the music turned to invocation and to prayer.

The two women listened silently as the night fell, their figures sharply outlined in the beautiful clarity of the eastern night.

Julia stood upright. In her riding dress, she was as slender as a boy. She remained looking toward the horizon, immovable, patient, a silent watcher over the uncommunicative waste.

"Perhaps," she thought, "there is nothing really beyond that line, so fast blotting itself into night—and yet I seem to see them come!"

Madame de la Maine, in the door of her tent, immovable, her hands clasped around her knees, look affectionately at the young girl before her. Julia was a delight to her. She was carried away by her, by her frank simplicity, and drawn to her warm and generous heart. Madame de la Maine had her own story. She wondered whether ever, for any period of her conventional life, she could have thrown everything aside and stood out with the man she loved.

Julia, standing before her, a dark slim figure in the night—isolated and alone—recalled the figurehead of a ship, its face toward heaven, pioneering the open seas.

Julia watched, indeed, on the desert there is the brilliant day, a passionate glow, and the nightfall. They passed the nights sometimes listening for a cry that should hail an approaching caravan, sometimes hearing the wild cry of the hyenas, or of a passing vulture on his horrid flight. Otherwise, until the camp stirred with the dawn and the early prayer-call sounded "Allah! Allah! Akbar!" into the stillness, they were wrapped in complete silence.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Meaning of Yankee.

There are several conflicting theories regarding the origin of the word Yankee. The most probable is that it came from a corrupt pronunciation by the Indians of the word English, or its French from Anglais. The term Yankee was originally applied only to the natives of the New England states but foreigners have extended it to all the natives of the United States and during the American Civil war the southerners used it as a term of reproach for all the inhabitants of the North.

Porto Rico Sugar Industry.

The important part played by the sugar industry in the material welfare of Porto Rico is shown by the figures of exports. Out of a total valuation of exports amounting to \$42,000,000 during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1914, sugar alone constituted over \$20,000,000. This was the lowest sum realized for sugar exports in five years. Under normal conditions sugar constitutes two-thirds the total value of all exports.



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