

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.

Premier Viviani says France does not want premature peace.

Germans capture Brest-Litovsk, Russia's strongest foothold in Poland.

It is now believed that the main Russian army will succeed in escaping from the onrushing German forces.

Imperial Valley, Cal., is swept by a terrific wind, rain and electric storm, which destroyed many houses and electric lines.

Secretary of War Garrison rebukes Gen. Wood for inviting Col. Roosevelt to speak at the instruction camp at Plattsburg.

Another flood swept the White River valley in Arkansas, doing much damage and rendering between 4000 and 5000 people homeless.

Earl Shelbourne, president of the English board of agriculture, declares certain classes of men will soon be practically drafted into the army.

By a vote of 77 to 67, the constitutional convention of New York state reversed its previous action and rejected the literacy test for voters.

It is reported that 24 pounds of radium-bearing ore has been taken from a mine on Boulder creek, 27 miles from Port Orford, Or. It is said that in the form in which the radium is found it is worth \$80 an ounce.

A huge timber was shipped from the Ostrander Railway & Timber company's plant at Centralia, Wash., which measured 20 by 20 inches and was 140 feet in length. It was sent to St. Helens, Or., to be used in the construction of a new ship there.

The German admiralty admits the loss of a submarine which was destroyed by a bomb from an aeroplane, and says it has not heretofore acknowledged such losses, which is taken to mean that many previous rumors of the destruction of submarines were true.

Clinton W. South, his 34-year-old son, and his mother, aged 70, all of Ripon, Cal., were killed and Mrs. Walden, of Newman, was seriously injured when the automobile in which they were riding overturned, as the result of a bursting tire, on the highway four miles north of Modesto.

A first payment of \$504,198 for the securities of the Alaska Northern railroad was made by the Interior department. The road runs from Seward into the interior of Alaska and will be utilized in the construction of the new government road. The total cost of the securities to the United States will be \$1,150,000.

Washington has agreed to give Haiti's parliament until September 17 to act upon the proposed treaty by which the United States would extend financial protectorate over the unstable little republic for 10 years. In the meantime the American marines will continue to occupy the principal cities of the island to prevent a recurrence of anarchy.

The Eastman Kodak concern has been declared a trust by the Federal courts.

The joint session of the Oregon and Washington Bar associations, which was held in Portland, has come to a close.

The British estimate the German loss in men at 1,500,000, with one-third killed.

Carranza officials have put absolute prohibition into effect in the larger towns of Sonora now under their control, according to travelers from interior points.

Six children in Idaho, who were locked in their home by their parents, while they were attending a party, were burned to death. Evidence of their efforts to escape were found by the location of the bodies in the ruins.

According to the Cologne Gazette the railways of Roumania have received orders to place all rolling stock at the disposition of the minister of war on September 14. This move is regarded as deeply significant of Roumania's possible course in the future.

In a fistie encounter a young man at White Salmon, Wash., was almost instantly killed by a blow under the heart.

A dispatch from Rome says the Balkan league is to be reconstructed. A combined Balkan army of 1,000,000 men is provided to be in the field, says the dispatch.

Classical music was hooted by a crowd of South Portland students when a public concert was being given by a municipal band. Classics was supplanted by ragtime and the wallings of the youngsters were appeased.

OREGON STATE NEWS

Oregon Cadets Praised.

Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis—A letter from Brigadier General Tasker H. Bliss, chief of staff, United States Army, at Washington, D. C., to the Oregon Agricultural college, says that the attention of Secretary Garrison has been drawn to the satisfactory improvement and steady progress of the work of the military department here. The reports were based on the latest annual inspection of the cadet regiment by Captain W. T. Merry, who has been the inspecting officer for the last three years.

The cadet regiment is ranked in the second highest class attainable by cadets of institutions other than solely military.

Oregon Foliage Pleases.

Portland—A thoroughly successful convention was that of the American Association of Park Superintendents, held in San Francisco last week, according to E. T. Mische, of Portland, who was elected the association's president.

Many members present were highly pleased with what they saw when passing through Oregon. Some of the greatest men in their line in the country did not realize the variety of foliage we have in Oregon. They were very much surprised and impressed.

Oregon Permit Refused.

Salem—Corporation Commissioner Schulderman has denied the American Banking Credit company, with headquarters in Chicago and incorporated in Delaware, a permit to do business in this state. The company has an investment and loan scheme which Mr. Schulderman has decided is not feasible. He does not believe it can make the loans promised with its means of investment.

To do business in Oregon, according to Mr. Schulderman, the company would have to comply with the building and loan laws and the banking laws, which it has not intimated it would do.

Sandy Crops Are Large.

Sandy—Farmers near this place and at George, Dover and Firwood are harvesting, and the crops of oats, wheat and barley will be larger than ever before and the yield to the acre greater, according to the reports received here. The yield of hay also is large. E. C. Read, near Cherryville, has a field of beardless barley that is exciting comment. He will save seed for future crops of the same sort.

Much road work is in progress, and crushed rock is being used extensively on all the roads near this place.

Eccles Mill to Start Short Run.

Banks—The big \$200,000 Eccles lumber mill, completed more than a year ago here, is preparing for a brief run. The company plans to run the planer and finish up the lumber now on hand for shipment, which will require about a month. Thereafter the mill and logging camp may be operated about a month, or long enough to restock the yards. After being completed the mill ran about 30 days and then was compelled to close on account of the poor market.

Pests Boom Egg Output.

Baker—Grasshoppers, a pest in the John Day country for years, this season have become a blessing.

Ira G. Boyce, an oldtime merchant at John Day, says eggs are more plentiful than in years because of the abundance of this delicacy for the chickens to feed on, and that the August record of production will beat any in its history. The grasshoppers are more numerous than ever at this time of year.

Ranch is Sold for \$31,000.

Klamath Falls—The well-known Bill Smith ranch, comprising 720 acres, near Bly, 50 miles northeast of here, was purchased by L. A. Brittan, formerly a prominent rancher of Bozeman, Mont., for \$31,000 cash. Mr. Brittan will stock the ranch with 250 dairy cows and 1000 sheep, as it is ideally located at the junction of the north and south forks of the Sprague river.

Log Air Line Record Made.

Klamath Falls—A record run of 155,000 feet of timber was made Wednesday over the Algoma Lumber company's lift recently constructed over the mountain north of its plant a few miles, according to Manager Grant. The lift is double-tracked, 2800 feet in length and extends over a mountain 800 feet high. The mill is now cutting 3,500,000 feet of lumber each month and is employing nearly 200 men.

Chinook to Dredge Channel Shoal.

Astoria—To work on the shoal between the channel in which she has been digging and what is known as the south channel, off the end of the jetty, the dredge Chinook is now in the mouth of the river. The removal of this shoal, which is expected to be accomplished before fall, will provide one main channel 3500 feet wide and carrying a depth of approximately 36 feet at low tide.

RELEASE OF GERMAN ADMIRAL EXPECTED

Von Tirpitz Is Reported to Have Ignored Kaiser's Orders.

BLAMED FOR DESTRUCTION OF ARABIC

Determined Attitude of Americans Is Believed to Have Had Intended Effect On German Plans.

Washington, D. C.—Admiral von Tirpitz, Germany's sea lord, may be relieved from office as a result of the submarine concessions made to the United States. This directing officer of the German navy, the real father of the submarine plan to destroy commerce with England, irrespective of the fate of innocent men, women and children, still is fighting the proposal of the Berlin government to respect the rules of humanity and international law upon the high seas.

There is a suggestion in diplomatic circles in Washington that von Tirpitz is really responsible for the sinking of the Arabic. It is even said that von Tirpitz directed to issue instructions to the submarine commanders not to attack passenger liners, save under the recognized procedure, he failed to do so, leaving these commanders to act under the old instructions.

Of far greater moment at this juncture, however, is the prospect that von Tirpitz will endeavor to induce Emperor Wilhelm to stand behind his campaign and to refuse to make the concessions which the chancellor has granted through Herr von Jagow, German foreign minister, and Count von Bernstorff, the German ambassador in Washington.

In this connection, it is worthy of notice that Count von Bernstorff is laboring energetically to induce his government to make a formal and binding declaration to the United States similar to the informal representations which have been made and which are satisfactory, as far as they go, to this government.

Count von Bernstorff has advised his government of the determined attitude of President Wilson and Secretary Lansing and of the American people. He has impressed upon Herr von Jagow the necessity of complying with American demands and the reports which have reached him and have been sent to the State department by Ambassador Gerard indicate that the reports of the ambassador have been effective.

Four of General Pershing's Family Perish in Burning Presidio Home

San Francisco—Warren Pershing, five-year-old son of Brigadier General John J. Pershing, rescued early Saturday from his burning home at the Presidio of San Francisco, in which his mother and three sisters, Mary Margaret, Anna and Helen, were suffocated and burned, awaited the home-coming of his father.

General Pershing, commanding troops on the Mexican border, left El Paso immediately when informed that his wife and three of his four children were dead.

United States Senator Francis E. Warren, father of Mrs. Pershing, will come here from Cheyenne, Wyoming.

Warren, the only one left of the General's family of five, is being mothered by nurses at the Letterman general hospital at the Presidio. He was taken there when he was picked up unconscious on the floor of his bedroom by officers and men who crawled through the burning house searching for Mrs. Pershing and her four children. Warren revived quickly. The others were dead when the rescuers reached them, suffocated and their heads, hands and feet burned.

Mrs. Walter O. Boswell, wife of Lieutenant Boswell, Twenty-first Infantry, and her maid, leaped from the porch roof to the ground, after throwing Mrs. Boswell's two children down to officers and men, aroused by her cries and the noise of crackling wood.

Two Nightriders Confess.

Hartford, Ky.—The long struggle of the authorities with lawlessness in this portion of Western Kentucky culminated in the Ohio County Circuit court here when more than three score persons were placed on trial for alleged participation in night-riding outrages. When court adjourned two men had pleaded guilty, nine others were on trial and 53 were awaiting a hearing. The two men who threw themselves on the mercy of the court were sentenced to three years each in the penitentiary for flogging a man and a woman.

China Buying Submarines.

New York—It was rumored here that the Chinese naval commission recently sent to this country were negotiating for the purchase of 100 submarines, to cost \$75,000,000. It was reported that Charles M. Schwab, president of the Bethlehem Steel corporation, had been authorized by the Chinese government to place orders with American submarine builders and given charge of the manufacturing end of China's vast naval program.

LOVE in a HURRY

By GELETT BURGESS
ILLUSTRATED by RAY WALTERS
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CHAPTER I.

At nine o'clock in the morning, punctual to the second, Flodie Fisher unlocked the door marked "Hall Bonistelle, Artist-Photographer," and walked into the office.

The large light room was vacant. Flodie shook her head in sorrowful disappointment at her employer's tardiness, and shrugged her shoulders. "Oh, dear!" she muttered impatiently. "Just what I expected." Then, with a shake of her head as one who says, "It must be done!" she walked in and listened outside Hall Bonistelle's bedroom door. For a moment she stood poised, awkwardly graceful—or rather gracefully awkward, perhaps, so quaint, so original was her attitude. She knocked with firmness. The summons was peremptory, yet it had the secret indulgence of a doting mother for her only child. The only answer was a not unusual baritone growl.

She banged on the door again. This time she really meant it. "Mr. Bonistelle! You must get up immediately—come on now!"

A wait—then the unwilling reply. "All right!"

Flodie walked back to the office, frowning, and sat down at her desk. A leaf from the calendar pad was ripped off, the desk top was dusted with a cloth; then she stopped suddenly. The elevator door had banged.

Almost immediately there entered to her the sad young janitor, Mr. Alfred Smallish. He gave a pathetic hopeless look at Flodie and hung at anchor in the doorway, meekly.

"Morning, Miss Fisher," he said, and grinned.

Flodie gave a glance at him, casually, then gazed with more interest. Pale blue eyes, a large Roman nose, wideopen ears and a quivering mouth had Alfred. His chin was that of a lizard, sloping back weakly to a prominent Adam's apple.

She fumbled over the photographs on the table behind her.

"Alfred," she said in the voice of a school m'arm, "did you see a picture of me I had here on the table the other day?"

He turned fire-red. "You—you didn't want that picture, did you, Miss Fisher?" His eyes implored her wildly, vainly. "Well, I'll bring it back, if you say so; only, I thought, maybe—"

"Well, Alfred Smallish! I like that!" Flodie ejaculated.

"Oh, Miss Fisher—you see, well, I didn't quite dare to ask you, and—well, you know, I thought—it's just grand of you, Miss Fisher—I'd think the world of it, and—couldn't you possibly—"

"That's enough, Alfred! I don't dare to discuss it. You just walk that picture back immediately!" Flodie's voice was sharp, but . . . well, Flodie couldn't help pitying him. She weakened. "Perhaps, I'll give you one, sometime. I'll see."

Mr. Smallish beamed with pleasure, but he had a talent for blunders. "Some folks mightn't think you was pretty, Miss Fisher, but I think—"

Flodie whipped out her watch. "Gracious sakes!" she cried, "where's Mr. Bonistelle's eggs?"

"I'll go down and see if they're ready, Miss Fisher." He turned heavily.

"Well, hurry up, then! If his breakfast isn't here when he comes, he's liable to eat the tablecloth and go right back to bed. Quick now!"

"Yes'm!" Mr. Smallish left in dejection. Flodie walked swiftly into the studio and knocked again at her employer's door. "Mr. Bonistelle! Are you ready for breakfast?" she called. Flodie's tone had changed; decided as it was, it had softened; it was almost musical. Her face had changed, also. She stood as if awaiting a vision.

Footsteps were heard in Hall's bedroom. Now, there are two kinds of men: those who are shocked even unto mortification by being discovered in the act of shaving, and those who take a malicious delight in their outrageous condition. Hall Bonistelle opened the door and protruded his belated face shamelessly, grinning.

Even disheveled as he was at present, scandalously tousled and bedaubed with soap-suds, his smile was disarming.

Flodie's adoration of him, though of the maternal order, did not lessen her firmness. "Do you realize how much you've got to do today, Mr. Bonistelle?"

"Nothing to do but work," he chanted gaily.

"You have an appointment at ten o'clock—and you know how you always poke over that old breakfast!"

"Speaking of which, wherefore not here?" He joyously chuckled her under the chin.

Flodie loved it but dared not show. "It'll be here by the time you're fit to be seen. You wash that face of yours and hurry up with it, you big baby, you! I've got too much to do myself to talk to you!"

"All right, oh, fair assistant, I must obey!" Hall disappeared and Flodie marched back to the office.

CHAPTER II.

Opening the letter box on the door, she took out a dozen or so envelopes. One set she inspected critically—they were all in feminine handwriting—and then rather unwillingly laid them aside. The others she tore briskly open, each received a keen, shrewd look. They were filed or thrown away.

Little and whimsical and odd, Flodie's appearance had something of the humor of a puppy, the sad wisdom of a monkey. The combination made her face pathetic. Crinkly, colorless hair and hazel eyes had Flodie. Her fine, regular teeth were her best asset, and when she smiled, her main relief from plainness. From her costume, which were queer, Flodie Fisher was an original. She had charm and magnetism. Whether she made one laugh or weep, eccentric little Flodie was distinctly lovable.

Mr. Smallish now reappeared with a loaded breakfast tray.

"Put him on that table in the studio," Flodie commanded.

"Have those giddy green garlands come for tonight?" she asked.

"Why, yes, they're out in the hall, Miss Fisher. What time does the party begin?"

"One minute past ten."

"Will there be many here, Miss Fisher?"

"Oh, I don't know, Alfred, about twenty, I suppose—men, ladies and women. Especially women! They don't usually refuse Mr. Bonistelle's studio invitations, I notice! There'll be too many anyway. There won't be half of 'em come till the theaters are over, though. We've invited a squad of actresses."

Alfred stopped, his arms loaded with garlands. "What, real ones?"

"No, only half-ripe, I guess. Not nearly so real as the other women who'll be here, anyway. There are more good actresses off the stage than on, Alfred! It'll be good as a play for me!"

Alfred gazed longingly from the threshold, his eyes afixe. "Say, Miss Fisher, are you going to be dressed up like you was the last time?"

She dropped a fantastic courtesy. "Precisely the same, Alfred; our good old friend Crepe de Chine. Now you gallop along with those evergreens before your eyes drop out, Mr. Smallish!"

Alfred left, with the love light unextinguished.

Flodie went into the studio and pounded at the chamber door again. "Mr. Bonistelle! Hurry up! Your breakfast is awfully impatient. Come along! That old coffee is swearing already!"

Hall opened the door, grinning. "And I suppose those eggs are feeling rotten about it," he offered jauntily.

Flodie giggled delightedly and hovered over the table, giving it a few final touches.

Hall Bonistelle was attired in a purple dressing-gown, too evidently the gift of a loving, tasteless female. He showed himself, now, as really handsome, even to that cleft chin which women seem to fancy, and most right-minded men to loathe. On his face was the touch of humor, carelessly joyous, rather than intellectual, and with his "artistic" temperament, it was easy enough to account for his popularity with women, popularity that gave him a spoiled air, was not offensive, and enabled him to do much forbidden to other men. Always excepting poor Flodie, who hugged a precious secret to her breast, women, it might be added, liked rather than loved him. The obvious proof might lie in the fact that, at twenty-seven, Hall had not yet been entangled in a serious affair of the heart. He considered that he knew too much about women to be seduced from his amu-



Pounded at the Chamber Door Again.

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ing occupation of merely studying them.

As to that, if one had asked Flodie, she would have smiled and changed the subject. Least of all, perhaps, if the truth were told, did he know the fond adorer who had voluntarily made herself his slave. He saw and took advantage of her cleverness and zeal; her attractive oddity refreshed him, but to her deep seriousness and the reserves of her temperament he was totally blind.

Flodie sat watching his long, slender hands engaged gracefully with fork and spoon. But, much as she loved to watch him, her conscience made her too uncomfortable. Reluctantly she withdrew her eager eyes.

"Well," she sighed, "now for business!"

She read aloud from the book. "At ten o'clock Mrs. Rena Royallon—" She looked up. "And you won't be half ready! I'll have to entertain her—and you know how I hate that woman!"

"Can you name one woman, Flodie Fisher, whom you do not hate?"

"No, I can't. They're all cats. Cats and rats and hens and snakes and parrots! But that's no reason for keeping them waiting." Flodie ran her finger down the page. "Let's see—ten-thirty—Miss Dallys. Oh, no, I forgot! You took her yesterday."

"Carolyn's certain a fine girl," Hall murmured dreamily, lighting a cigarette and watching his assistant amusedly.

"Carolyn?" Flodie fairly spit it out.

"Since how long?"

"Ever since I neglected to pay my dinner call on her, Flodie. I had to do something to soothe her ruffled feelings—so I began to call her Carolyn. What's the inevitable result? She's invited me for next Wednesday again. People always invite you again if you are rude enough, Flodie."

"You must have been pretty rude to Mrs. Royallon, then, by the way she runs after you! Why, she fairly clucks like a hen!"

"Oh, Mrs. Royallon! Ah, there I have another method! She's one of those women you can't possibly insult." Hall smiled with superiority.

"Rena's got to the age, you know, when she prefers to be flattered."

"Don't all women like it?" Flodie demanded.

"No! You're too young, Flodie. You want compliments." Hall was triumphant. "It depends upon how you do it, you know. Rena wants it laid on thick. A woman doesn't demand subtlety, Flodie, after she gets to the thirty-five."

"Thirty-five! Mrs. Royallon is thirty-eight, if she's a day!"

"By the way, how old are you, Flodie? I forget."

"Me? Why, I'm only twenty-one!"

Hall laughed. "Plus five, makes twenty-six."

"I'm not!" she protested—but it was no use. He laughed at her till she flushed red and sought refuge in a bundle of bills. "There's a 'Please remit' from the Photo-Supply company," she announced, looking up. "What shall I do?"

"Oh, answer 'Necessity forbids!'" Hall shrugged his shoulders.

"Why, Mr. Bonistelle, don't you realize that we've simply got to pay that bill pretty soon, or they won't send us any more stuff? Oh, it's all very well for you to sit there in a red silk dressing gown and laugh and make aristocratic jokes! But I have to take all the kicks, and stand off the collectors!"

Hall applauded gracefully. "Say, Flodie, you've got your war boots on today, haven't you? What's the particular matter?"

"The matter!" Flodie looked down on him as from a mountain. "Where's the rent coming from, I'd like to know? Out of your cigarette smoke? Yes, you can smile and twist that silly mustache all you want, but that won't pay for hypo! Do you imagine we can run this business on epigrams and funny gestures? No, sir! Mr. Bonistelle!"—Flodie shook his shoulder—"you've simply got to wake up and make a whole load of money, quick!"

He rose and yawned artistically. "Lord, I know it! Think of a Bonistelle having to work for his living! Isn't that grotesque? Why, for all I know, I may be a millionaire this very minute. Fancy, Flodie—a millionaire!"

"Say"—Flodie grew serious. "When are they ever going to find out about that old will, anyway?"

"I wish to heaven I knew! If John B. Bonistelle had been anyone else's uncle, he would have filed his will with his attorneys, and his nephew would be driving a sixty-horsepower car by this time. But being mine, of course he has to hide the confounded document where it won't be found till the estate is settled. I've been on pins and needles ever since he died."

"Well, of course he'll leave you something. You'll get a booby consolation prize, anyway. He can't cut you out entirely!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Huguenot Relics.

Henry M. Lester, president of the Huguenot association of New Rochelle, N. Y., is having the estate of Miss Eliza Moulton dug up in a search for the foundation of the first Huguenot church, which the women of the Huguenot settlement there helped to build in 1688.

Under the chancel, history says, the bodies of three pastors of the church were buried. There is also a tradition that some of the residents of the town buried money and plate under the church during the Revolutionary war and that it was never recovered. The property faces Huguenot street.

The old church, because of its shape, was called the "Stone Jug."