

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.

The allies are making a fierce fight
for the second German line in the West.

The Southern Pacific is sending 400
cars to various lumbering points in
Oregon in response to demands.

Another slide has blocked the Panama
canal and the opening of the ditch
will be delayed until October 10.

Nearly three score persons lost their
lives in a hurricane which also caused
immense property damage at New Orleans.

William Steele, aged 81, and Mrs.
Arlota Golden, aged 78, obtained a
marriage license and were married at
Salem, Or.

A catch of 1353 walrus is reported
by the steamer Corwin. The hides are
in great demand in Eastern ammunition
factories for burnishing shrapnel
cases.

Saskatchewan, Canada, farmers won
first and second prizes in competition
for the best bushel of wheat at the
International Soil Products Exposition
at Denver.

A Portland, Oregon, man, in a fit of
laughter, dislodged his false teeth and
the artificial masticators lodged in his
throat. It required a physician to re-
move the molars.

Three liners have been added to the
fleet of the Toyo Kisen Kaisha Steam-
ship company and will be put into the
trans-Pacific trade between Pacific
Coast points and the Orient.

A heavy hail storm practically ruined
the winter apple crop in the vicinity
of Roswell, N. M. The damage is
estimated at \$200,000. Packing was
to have begun soon in the larger orch-
ards.

The inclusion of the Missouri, Kan-
sas & Texas railroad, which recently
went into a receivership, makes the
mileage of railways in the United
States in the hands of receivers greater
than ever before.

A semi-official dispatch received at
Amsterdam from Berlin says all the
subscriptions to the third German war
loan, which amounted to 12,000,000,-
000 marks (\$3,000,000,000), represent
new money. No conversions are in-
cluded.

The London Morning Post's Berne
correspondent says he learns from
Munich that T. St. John Gaffney, the
American consul general in Munich,
after conferring with Sir Roger Case-
ment, has decided to resign and go on
a lecture tour in the United States on
behalf of Germany.

Coreans in Hawaii are training with
wooden guns, in the hope of being
able to free Korea from Japan, accord-
ing to Miss Sadie E. Barrett, a mis-
sionary to Hawaii, who addressed the
National Convention of the Women's
Home Missionary Society of the Meth-
odist Episcopal church in Seattle.

Germany declares she sees the goal
of her ambitions.

The British admiralty has loaned a
number of submarines to the Russians.

United States sends artillery to
Mexican border to repel further raids
of bandits.

The Washington government has
made a final request that Dr. Dumba
be recalled.

By the will of John G. Watmough,
of Philadelphia, his hired girl falls
heir to \$100,000.

A Walla Walla, Wash., girl takes
dose of poison for headache, in dark,
which proves fatal.

For the first time in history, Chinese
shipbuilders are competitors of the
European yards. A steamship com-
pany of Drammen has ordered three
steamers to be delivered in Copen-
hagen in 1916 and 1917. The placing
of this order in China is due to the
unusual pressure in the home yards.

The Munich Post, according to the
Overseas News Agency, has received a
report from Switzerland that Pope
Benedict is preparing a circular letter
to the belligerents asking for a gen-
eral truce on All Souls day. The Pon-
tiff asked that the truce be dedicated
to the memory of the soldiers who
have perished in the war.

Society women in Paris have en-
listed in the war and are driving army
ambulances, using their own cars.

The big loan to Britain and France,
which was negotiated in this country,
has been made, however, the amount
is \$500,000,000, instead of one billion,
as first stated.

John Muir's famous clock, which, in
addition to keeping time, awoke him in
the morning by tipping his bed, will
become the property of the University
of Wisconsin at the close of the Pan-
ama-Pacific Exposition. Muir inven-
ted the clock many years ago.

CROWN PRINCE HUMBERT



The eleven-year-old Crown Prince
Humbert of Italy, while visiting the
king at the Isanzo front, made his way
along several miles of the Italian
trenches and sent the following tele-
gram to his grandmother Queen
Margherita: "I am on Austrian terri-
tory. I assisted in an artillery engage-
ment this afternoon."

"VEST POCKET" WIRELESS SET IS MADE PRACTICAL BY NEW YORKER

Bedford Hills, N. Y. — A compact
and efficient wireless receiving and
sending apparatus, invented recently
by Dr. H. Barringer Cox, of this place,
is to be lent to one of the foreign pow-
ers for use in the trenches, according
to announcement of the inventor.

The device, which may be strapped
around the waist and deftly hidden by
the folds of a cloak so as to be invis-
ible to an unsuspecting person, is in
reality a "vest-pocket" wireless ap-
paratus, as complete as any.

The sending apparatus consists of a
box in which are five dry cells and a
vibrator. The electric pulsations are
started by tapping a telegraph key, and
the current, which the doctor says is
modified with a hidden transformer of
his own invention, sends out its
messages in waves, long and short.

The equivalent to a half watt, or one-
eighth of a watt, as is required for the
ordinary electric light bulb is the
amount of electricity necessary. From
the box projects a wire.

In warfare use this wire is carried
down the leg of the soldier and con-
nected with a metal plate or spur in
the shoe. The receiving instrument
consists of a drum about which is a
coil of wires. On top of this is a fine
deflector. It has a pair of ear-pieces
such as is worn by telephone operators.

Dr. Cox can send and receive mes-
sages by this instrument over a dis-
tance of 18 miles. When he desires
to receive a message he raises his cane.

Stock Exchange Clerks Overworked.

New York—So tremendous has been
the volume of trading on the stock ex-
change this week that several promi-
nent brokerage houses announced that
they were considering the advisability
of asking the board of governors of
the exchange to declare Monday a full
holiday, in order to give their over-
worked clerks a rest. Many firms have
been obliged to work their forces day
and night. In one house two clerks
were taken away in an ambulance in
an exhausted condition.

The exchange governors, when ap-
proached on the subject of closing the
exchange, maintained that they had no
right to cut off the security business
of the country on such short notice.
The promise was held out, however,
that should the great volume of trad-
ing continue next week, the declara-
tion of a special stock exchange holi-
day would be considered.

Chicago Under Sunday Lid.

Chicago — Mayor Thompson, in a
message to the city council, announced
that the owners of all saloons in Chi-
cago hereafter would be forced to obey
the state law, which provides that they
remain closed on Sunday. The mayor
ordered the city collector to notify in
writing all persons holding licenses for
saloons that they must comply with the
requirements of the state law. For many
years owners of saloons in Chicago have
defied the state law governing their operation
on Sunday.

Allies' Loan Ready to Sign.

New York — The contract for the
\$500,000,000 credit loan to Great Britain
and France probably will be signed
Wednesday by the members of the
Anglo-French commission and J. P.
Morgan & Co., agents in the United
States. Lord Reading is expected to
sign for Great Britain and Ernest Mal-
let probably will sign for the French
government. Preparations also will be
made to close the underwriters' books,
which will probably be done soon.

HUNDREDS ARE LOST ALONG GULF COAST

Many Marooned in Trees and
Housetops in Flood Zone.

PROPERTY LOSS ESTIMATED 12 MILLION

Several Towns Are Completely Wiped
Out—Packet Upsets and Eight
Passengers Are Drowned.

New Orleans—The number of known
dead, reported dead and persons miss-
ing in Louisiana and Mississippi as a
result of Wednesday night's tropical
hurricane was put at 549 in a total
compiled here Saturday from reports
that came in from many points on the
Gulf coast and in the interior.

Many more are missing.
Hundreds of persons along the Mis-
sissippi and interior points are mar-
ooned in flooded sections.

The property damage was estimated
at approximately \$12,000,000.

The known dead in Louisiana includ-
ed:

New Orleans and environs, 24; Rig-
olets, 21; Lake Catherine, 23; near
Frenier, 25; eight drowned in sinking
packet near Grand Isle.

Reported dead and missing:
Shell Beach, St. Bernard parish, 16;
Island de la Croix, 22; Yoloksi, 15 ne-
groes.



Sir Robert L. Borden, premier of
Canada, recently visited Great Brit-
ain and France for the purpose of dis-
cussing with the authorities the co-
operation of the Dominion in the war.

Couriers by boat and train as well as
mail advices brought in reports of tre-
mendous property loss and rumors of
many drowned along both sides of the
Mississippi river south of here.

Boat passengers arriving from Em-
pire, near Doulouth canal, about 50
miles down the Mississippi, reported
that only four large houses still stood
at Empire and that about 200 persons
were marooned in them. The state
conservation commission here started
a rescue vessel for that point.

Many inhabitants of the flooded sec-
tions on both sides of the river were
reported marooned and some were said
to be clinging to tree tops. Relief
vessels were sent to rescue them.

Bay St. Louis, Miss., on the Gulf
coast, reported one dead and property
loss will run into millions.

Order Is in Difficulties.

San Francisco—The California Grand
Lodge of the Ancient Order of United
Workmen is experiencing financial
difficulties, according to a report made
under the direction of State Insurance
Commissioner Phelps. The main diffi-
culty seems to be a deficiency in the
reserve funds. This was explained by
A. H. McKeown, grand receiver, who
said men more than 64 years old had
not paid enough into the fund to carry
them after that age. They will now
have to make this good, he said, or it
will be deducted from their benefits.

Part of Deckload Lost.

Raymond, Wash. — While crossing
Willapa Harbor bar at 4:30 Saturday
afternoon the steamer Avalon was
struck by a heavy breaker, which
threw the vessel on her beam ends,
causing her to strike heavily on the
bar. The lashings broke, and 200,000
feet of lumber cargo went overboard.
The vessel was brought back to this
place badly damaged and leaking. Ex-
tent of the damage will not be known
for some time.

LOVE in a HURRY BY GELETT BURGESS ILLUSTRATED BY RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.
—
Hall Bonistelle, artist-photographer, pre-
pares for the day's work in his studio.
Flodie Fisher, his assistant, reminds him
of a party he is to give in the studio that
night, and that his business is in bad
financial shape. Mr. Bonistelle, attorney
and justice of the peace, calls and informs
Hall that his Uncle John's will has left
him \$4,000,000 on condition that he marry
before his twenty-eighth birthday, which
begins at midnight that night. Miss Caro-
lyn Dailys calls at the studio and Hall asks
her to marry him at once. She agrees for
time, but finally agrees to give him an an-
swer at the party that night. Miss Caro-
lyn Dailys calls and Hall proposes to her.
She agrees to give him an answer at the
party.

CHAPTER V.

Suddenly she sat up and looked
round toward the office. She was
keenly alive again, immediately. If love
made her stupid and sluggish, hate
could revive her. Rosamund Gale!
The sight of her stung Flodie like a
whip. Here she was again, now, of
all times, when everything was askew.
Rosamund Gale, the professional
model, Rosamund the beautiful, Rosamund
the arrogant, the spoiled! Flodie dis-
liked her, from her hair to her heels,
disliked her name, her man-
ners, her reputation, and, most of all,
her photographs. Hall Bonistelle used
her often for his commercial pictures
which he sold for advertisements, for
magazine covers, for art supplements.

"Spring"—Miss Gale in damp cheese-
cloth with apple blossoms; "The Su-
ragette"—Miss Gale in tailored suit,
gesticulating; and so on—Flodie al-
ways slapped the prints angrily with
an irritated "Choo!" before she put
them away. She would have been glad
to slap Rosamund. Hall posed her, ar-
ranged draperies, touched her hair,
moved her hands—all exquisite agony
for Flodie.

"Say, where's Hall?" Rosamund
made a picture of herself in the door-
way. Golden hair, highly colored, pic-
turesque, even voluptuous, always in
striking original costumes daringly
"artistic." Rosamund, with all her
dimples, her curls, her "lines," and
her strange colors let Flodie have the
full disconcerting effect of her beauty.
She had the air of one who is quite
used to being stared at and admired.

Flodie rose, her face set. "Mr.
Bonistelle is busy, Miss Gale," she
said, and walked toward the office, as
if to brush the visitor back.

Rosamund, however, would recog-
nize no mere mental; she swept into
the studio as if she owned the place.
"All right, I'll hang round a while till
he's free. Say, Miss Fisher, fish me
out a couple of those last poses, will
you? I want to give one to a gentle-
man friend. Here—take this box out
there and hang it up, while you're go-
ing, d'you mind?"

"Oh, certainly!" said Flodie, took
the box and—an apparent accident—
dropped it. Rosamund made an angry
gesture. "Oh, pardon me, I'm so care-
less," said Flodie. Then carrying it
artfully, so that a full foot of it
dragged along the floor, she marched
out of the studio, chin up.

Rosamund looked about for a ciga-
rette, and found a box on a tabouret.
"Oh, Miss Fisher!" she sang, "bring
me a match, will you?" Then she
yawned, and threw herself lazily on
the couch. She began to whistle.

Flodie, returning, noticed that Ros-
amund showed too much silk stocking,
also that one stocking had begun to
"run." She noticed that Rosamund's
shirtwaist was not quite fresh, noticed
that her nails, though highly polished,
were not absolutely well-chaste.

One heel was a bit run over; her
moonstone ring needed cleaning; lace,
part real and part imitation; eyebrows
lengthened a little with the pencil;
tiny rip in her glove. There was noth-
ing an ordinary man would have seen,
nothing that would have hurt, for him,
the whole effect, even had he seen it;
but Flodie saw and damned and said
no word.

"Here are the matches, Miss Gale.
I'll look up the prints this afternoon,
when I have more time."

"Oh, thanks. Have a cig?" Ros-
amund held them up impudently.
"Oh, don't you smoke?" Very sarca-
stic was Rosamund's tone. "No, you
don't look it, exactly." She laughed
easily, confident of her own superior
appearance.

Flodie's lips grew white; it would
not take much more to make her cry.
"Oh, I'd hardly expect you to under-
stand," she managed to say, and
turned to go.

"Oh, I understand you all right, I
guess. Say, what are all those fancy
overgreen wreaths doing out in the of-
fice, anyway?" She was blowing rings
very prettily.

"Oh, Mr. Bonistelle is going to have
a party tonight."

"Really? I'll have to ask him about
that." She examined her finger nails.
"I believe I'll come."

"I'm sorry, but the invitations were
all sent out over a week ago, Miss
Gale."

"Mine must have been addressed
wrong."

"I don't think I ever make that kind
of a mistake."

"No," said Rosamund deliberately,

"the mistake you make is in supposing
that you run this place."

Flodie eyed her. "Well, you set me
such a good example, you know, Miss
Gale—really—"

The door opened, and Hall came out
of the dark room blinking.

"Hello, Hall! How's the boy?" said
Rosamund, and rearranged her pose
quickly and deftly.

Exit Flodie, to dry her eyes in the
office—to swear her innocent little
"Darn it all, anyway!" to wait and
wonder, to worry and grow ever more
fearful, as the voices reached her ears.

Hall's face lighted as he saw Ros-
amund. Despite defects of detail, Ros-
amund, so nonchalantly posed, so fair
and flashing, animate with youth and
confidence, was, as ever, a picture in
which he rejoiced. She had none of
Carolyn's severe, clean-cut boyishness,
none of the fullness of Mrs. Royaltan's
aristocratic maturity. She was a wom-
an that women would always shun,
and men fight for, love—and abandon.

Hall looked at her, and her beauty
sank deep into him. A golden tendril
of hair in front of her ear caught his
glance, and thence to the saucy frolle-
some dimple in her cheek, the little
uplifted corner of her delicate mouth,
her white even teeth, the straight line
of her nose, her finely-drawn eye-
brows, to her violet-blue eyes, his
quick glance traveled reveling. He
did not speak till: "By jove, I'd like
to take you in that pose!"

She, of course, immediately changed
it to prove her lack of vanity, but fell
into another as artful. Well she knew
her trade.

"Oh, don't talk shop all the time,"
she said. "I'm just calling. I've been
posing for three hours with Deerfield,
and I'm all in. For heaven's sake let
me sit where I can't see a camera.

Say, Hall, how about this party to-
night? You're not trying to cut me
out, are you?" She went up to him,
took him by the two lapels of his coat,
showed her teeth, and with her eyes,
dared him to touch her.

He ran his hand through his hair.
"By jove," he replied slowly, "didn't
you get an invitation? Miss Fisher
must have forgotten it."

She made a little gesture of re-
proach. "Oh, of course, if you didn't
want me—you know, Hall, I never but
in. Never mind!" Pouting prettily,
she turned away.

"Why, of course I want you to
come!" What else could Hall say?
But indeed, looking upon her, he
meant it now. "Say, you're devilish

pretty, did you know it? I've never
seen you look so well!"

Rosamund needed no more of an in-
vitation. "Well," she said comfortably,
"if you really want me, I'll promise to
make some of that smart bunch of
young look like washwomen and that's
no myth, either. Say, Hall, I've got a
new dress I'm dying to have you see—
smart as pepper! It's some rag, be-
lieve me! Can I go the limit?" She
circled her corsage, indicating a dar-
lingly low-cut neck.

He laughed and nodded. "Oh, you
can get away with anything in the
way of clothes. By jove, you'd look
all right in jumper and overalls."

"Good idea! Let's try it some time!
Queen of the Bricklayers." She struck
a graceful attitude.

"Lord, you are pretty!" Hall said
meditatively, watching her.

She gave him a look, caught a new
expression on his face, and proceeded
to work it up. Her first step was to
say reflectively, as she cast down her
golden lashes, "Say, Hall, I don't know
—I guess I'd better not come tonight,
though, after all. I don't believe you
want me."

"Of course I want you, Rosamund!"
He went up to her and tried to take
her hand. "Do come—please!"

"No," she drew away from him pet-
tishly. "I'm not coming. I've decided."

She had the air of one who is quite
used to being stared at.

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her hand. "Do come—please!"

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tishly. "I'm not coming. I've decided."

Rosamund flung herself down on the
couch.

Of course he followed her. "Now,
Rosamund, see here!" This time he
succeeded in getting her hand. "You've
simply got to come. Why, you'll make
that crowd stare! There isn't one of
them that can come anywhere near
you, for looks. I'll be awfully proud of
you."

"Why?" Her hand moved in his,
with the slightest possible caress. She
put something into her blue eyes that
made them burn with tenderness.
Hall drew her gently toward him,
and whispered: "Come over here, and
I'll tell you."

She hesitated a second, then permit-
ted a closer contact, arranging it so
that she could look up at him dream-
ily. "Well, what?" Now her eyes
went down. Her fingers worked nerv-
ously. Very fine work, for that sort of
a girl.

His arm tightened about her, he
drew her head still nearer his. One in-
stant she protested mutely, then, with
a sigh she shut her eyes and shivered.
Hall kissed her once, twice—thrice.
She clutched his hand tightly.

When she did raise her lids, it was
to look at him with big, pleading, won-
dering eyes. There were tears in
them—almost. "What do you want to
kiss me for, Hall?"

He kissed her again. "Why shouldn't
I want to?"

The time had come. She jumped to
her feet. "Hall, I'm going! I can't
ever come here again. You've spoiled
everything! It's only fun for you,
but—but I—" she choked a sob—"but
I can't play at it, that way!" She
turned and walked to the window.

"Oh, I'm sorry—really." Hall walked
toward her again. "I didn't mean—"

"Oh, I care too much, I'm afraid,"
she sobbed, and sat down mournfully,
refusing to look at him.

"You mean—Rosamund!" He
stopped, bit his lip and looked at her
keenly. Rosamund could not be awak-
ward or ridiculous. The dedalian gods
had granted her the superb gift of
grace. She sat in a Hmp, dejected but
perfectly graceful attitude, a picture
of grief and wounded pride. A keener
man would have looked for more aban-
don in her woe, a touch of the grotes-
queness of despair, something of
convincing intensity. Perhaps Hall
himself, at any other time, when his
mind was free, might have had a sus-
picion that all was not genuine. But
now he saw only a woman who loved
him tenderly, and on whose emotion
he had carelessly played. A wave of
tenderness for her swept over him—
regret for his having touched her
keen nerve; but it was colored, also,
with the pride of the male in his con-
quest. The chase had already excited
him. She was there, beautiful and
fond, his victim—conquered by his
force of personality. Try as he might
to subdue this baseness, his egotism
rose triumphant over his sympathy.
The woman was his!

Then, with the thought, a lightning
flashed in his brain. Here was the
thing to do! He must be married be-
fore midnight. Why not Rosamund
for his bride? She was ready, willing
to be won, affectionate, a beauty whom
he could be proud to exhibit as his
wife. Mrs. Royaltan might give him
prestige, introduce him to a smart set,
present him, as her dower, with influ-
ence and position; but where would
she be beside the compelling beauty of
Rosamund Gale? Carolyn, perhaps,
was better fitted to be his mate—she,
too, was of the socially elect, and she
had youth. Youth? Had not Rosamund
the full fragrance of its charms? All
this in a whirlwind instant—then
with a swift rush, he had her in his
embrace.

"Rosamund, dear Rosamund!" he ex-
claimed softly. "I did mean it—I want
you, dear! Let me love you!" How
careful he was to be honest! "I want
you—for my wife, Rosamund! I must
have you!" He held her tight and
close; he kissed her more and more
fervently.

Slowly, slowly, she lifted her blue
eyes to his. "Really, Hall? Really?"
Smiling through her tears, she nestled
close.

"Then you do really love me, Ros-
amund?" Hall asked, after a minute of
demonstration.

"Oh, Hall!" She ran her fingers
through his hair.

Hall had a queer new sensation of
pleasure. So far he had thought only
of his marriage and his millions; but,
with Rosamund warm and soft in his
arms, her hair in his eyes, her heart
beating so near—Rosamund had made
him forget, for a minute. For the mo-
ment, if not in love with her, he was at
least fascinated. She set his blood
afire. His eagerness was not all dis-
simulation, when he said:

"Then we must be married immedi-
ately! I can't wait, Rosamund. What's
the use of being engaged? I want you
now—today!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Right Living for the Child.
Plenty of air, which includes sun-
shine, as sunshine always gets in
with the air if it is anywhere around.
Plenty of rest.

Plenty of water. (This means both
within and without.)
Moderate and nourishing food.

Moderate clothing—ask yourself if
the child is coolly enough dressed
rather than warmly enough.

Plenty of play.
Plenty of common sense.

Which last, being interpreted, means
the wisdom and the initiative to adapt
all laws to individual conditions.—
Good Housekeeping Magazine.

No Change at All.
"Does your married life seem home-
like, my boy?"

"Oh, yes. My wife's quarrels are ex-
actly like the rows mother used to
make."—Chicago News.