

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.

Russians are bombarding Bulgarian ports with great energy.

Large forces of Germans and Austrians have invaded Serbia.

An interchange of telephones in Portland, Or., hotels is ordered by the Oregon State Public Service commission.

It is now declared a fact that Bulgaria made a definite agreement last May to enter the war on the side of Germany.

Information reaches Geneva by way of Munich from a source which is regarded as reliable that Roumania will soon issue a decree for general mobilization.

An aeroplane coming from Bulgaria dropped numerous bombs on Nish, killing five persons and wounding two others. It then returned safely to Bulgaria.

Able German agents have convinced the general public of Greece that Germany is invincible, and the Greeks are not enthusiastic over going to war against the Teutons.

Apples picked from the oldest apple tree on the Pacific Coast, in Vancouver Barracks, Wash., have been sent to the department of Agriculture by A. A. Quarnberg. This famous tree is almost 90 years old and produced a fair crop of apples this year.

A shaggy-haired goat overestimated his fighting ability at the Portland zoo when he wandered into the buffalo paddocks and gave battle to one of the big male buffaloes. The goat's battered remains were taken to the city incinerator for cremation.

Total casualties of officers in the British army from the beginning of the war up to September 27 have reached a total of 17,074. Of this number 5176 were killed or had died of wounds, while 10,469 were wounded and 1429 were listed as missing.

Reports from the western front say that Moroccan soldiers captured by the Germans consider themselves guests of Germany and not prisoners, says the Overseas News Agency. They are opposed to France, which compels them to fight against their religious convictions.

A well-defined earthquake was felt in San Francisco at 9:26 o'clock Friday evening. Buildings shook perceptibly but no reports of damage have been received. Tables on the fourth floor of the Metropolitan Bank building slid across the floor. There was no excitement on the streets, however.

American harvests this year will be the most valuable ever produced. With the wheat crop exceeding a billion bushels, the largest ever turned out in one season by any nation; a corn crop which also may prove to be the largest ever grown, the government's October crop report announces preliminary estimates which indicate record harvests of oats, barley, rye, sweet potatoes, rice, tobacco and hay.

Congress probably will be asked to approve in December a continuing building policy for the navy, having for its object maintenance of the navy on the basis of at least 48 first-class battleships. The proportion of super-battle cruisers, scouts, destroyers, submarines and auxiliaries will be worked out from this figure.

John Kipling, of the Irish Guards, only son of Rudyard Kipling, is reported in the latest casualty list as "missing and believed to have been killed." John Kipling was 18 years old. On account of his delicate health his parents were reluctant to allow him to enter the army, but the boy insisted he should assume his share of the war and his father eventually yielded.

Speaker Clark and his son were in a posse that met and dispersed a mob of 20 men that attempted to lynch Harrison Rose, a negro, at Bowling Green, Mo. The mob attacked the jail, broke the outer doors and was pounding with sledge hammers on the inner door when the sheriff appeared with the posse. The mob was quickly dispersed. Rose is under indictment for the murder of a farmer.

Germany accedes to every demand of the United States and promises payment of indemnity for the sinking of the Arabic in which Americans lost their lives.

The Earl of Derby, at the request of Lord Kitchener, secretary for war, London, has undertaken the direction of recruiting for the army. The Earl of Derby served in South Africa as chief press censor and later as private secretary of Field Marshal Lord Roberts during the Boer war. He has also held offices as financial secretary to the war office and as postmaster general.

GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO



The Austrian government has placed a price of \$4,000 on the head of Gabriele d'Annunzio, the poet who so strongly urged Italy to go to war with Austria and who now is serving as a lieutenant in a regiment of Italian lancers.

PRESIDENT URGES AMERICA FIRST IN MATTERS OF NATIONAL CONCERN

Washington, D. C.—A demand on all Americans, on penalty of ostracism, to be more than neutral in regard to the European war, to take their stand for America first, last and all the time, was voiced by President Wilson in a speech in celebration of the 25th anniversary of the founding of the Daughters of the American Revolution. The United States, the president said, was not merely trying to keep out of trouble, but was trying to preserve the foundations upon which peace could be rebuilt.

"Peace can be rebuilt," he added, "only upon the ancient and accepted principles of international law; only upon these things which remind nations of their duties to each other, and deeper than that, of their duties to mankind and humanity. America has a great cause which is not confined to the American continent. It is the cause of humanity itself."

Declaring his faith in the loyalty of the great body of naturalized citizens of foreign birth, the president said he believed the impression was too general that a large number of these citizens were without a sufficient affection for the American ideal.

"But I am in a hurry to have a lineup," he explained, "and let the men who are thinking first of other countries stand on one side and those who are for America first, last and all the time, on the other side."

Every political action and every social action in America at this time, said Mr. Wilson, should have for its object to challenge the spirit of Americanism.

Bulgarian Army Attacks Serbians.

London.—A dispatch to the Times from Athens says that the Bulgarians began an attack on Serbia at Baribogh near Kraljevezatz on Monday.

Paris.—Although Belgrade had been evacuated, the Matin's correspondent at Nish said, in a dispatch filed Sunday, the fighting continued stubbornly on the hills surrounding the city, some of which had been taken and retaken several times.

"Artillery on both sides," the dispatch says, "has been firing without respite for three days. The Serbs gained the advantage when they captured excellent positions near Topolider and drove the Germans back on a suburb of Belgrade called Great Vratchar, where a fierce struggle is going on."

"The invaders threw more than 50,000 shells on Belgrade, sparing neither hospitals nor churches. Synagogues were destroyed and Jewish families who had taken refuge there were buried in the ruins. French artillery took part in the defense of the city. The British, with heavy guns, inflicted great losses on the Germans and sunk two monitors in the Danube."

"Near Ram, on the Danube, the Serbians were driven back with the loss of four howitzers and several machine guns."

War Supply Cargo Lost.

Tokio.—One life, that of a third officer, was lost in the wreck of the British steamer Rufford Hall in a typhoon in the Tauraga straits, while on her way from New York to Vladivostok.

The steamer itself, which had a cargo of war supplies for Russia on board was a total loss.

The wrecking of the Rufford Hall was reported in a Tokio dispatch on October 9. At that time it was said that a lifeboat containing the officers and one passenger was missing.

Roumania to Aid Allies.

Paris.—Premier Bratiano, of Roumania, has given the Italian government to understand that Roumanian operations on the side of the entente may be considered certain, says a special dispatch from Rome. The Roumanian government, however, will choose its own time for taking the field against the Austro-Germans.

21,000 More British Fall.

London.—British casualties reported since October 1 amount to more than 21,000. The week-end casualty list published Saturday gives 200 officers and 4300 men. This brings up the total casualties published in the London papers since the first of the month to 951 officers and 20,351 men.

OREGON STATE NEWS

New Coal Era Is Seen.

Eugene.—The completion of the Willamette-Pacific railroad from Coos Bay to Eugene will change the character of fuel burned in the Willamette valley, is the opinion of Judge John S. Coke, of Marshfield, who arrived here to preside in Circuit court cases in which Judge G. F. Skipworth is disqualified by reason of previous association or personal interest.

It will be possible to ship coal to Eugene to be sold cheaper than wood when mining development now under way is completed and the new branch line of the Southern Pacific is in operation between the coal fields and this city, he said.

Judge Coke declares that the Southern Pacific and other interests are preparing to open mines on a large scale. At the Beaver Hill mine, owned by the railroad, a depth of 32,000 feet on a 32-degree slope has been reached, he announced.

Judge Coke sees a wonderful future for his home county.

"With only water transportation, excepting the recently constructed timber road, a community of 10,000 people has grown up around Marshfield," he stated. "We have the harbor, timber, coal and dairying, an unusual combination of resources."

"Harbor improvement at Coos Bay, representing the investment of \$700,000, has just been completed. The district raised \$600,000 by bonding, and about \$100,000 was contributed by private subscription. We now have 31 feet of water inside the harbor at ordinary high tide and 36 feet of water on the bar at ordinary high tide."

Banks Report Gains.

Salem.—Rapid growth of business during the past two months and an early return to normal conditions are indicated in the report of Superintendent of Banks Sargent, showing the condition of banks in Oregon at the close of business September 2 last. In the combined statement of the 175 state banks and 88 national banks in the state comparisons with corresponding figures of a year ago point to a general financial improvement.

Although the total demand deposits of all banks in the state, including balances due to other banks, show a decrease of \$6,212,476.65 for the year, there has been a steady increase during the last three months. The statement just issued shows a gain of \$1,813,538.12, since the statement of June 23 last.

Time and savings deposits continue to grow and now reach a grand total of \$37,520,873.17, an increase of \$2,379,672.88 since the statement of September a year ago.

Rediscouunts with the Federal reserve bank amount to \$140,315.20, having increased only \$36,525.57 since the June call. Other rediscouunts and bills payable are unusually high at this time of the year, amounting to \$2,533,430.30. According to Superintendent Sargent, this is because farmers apparently are holding their crops for higher prices.

The national banks of the state now have an investment of \$461,783.34 in the stock of the Federal Reserve bank, and are carrying reserve balances with that institution amounting to \$1,454,509.41.

Governors Are to Attend.

Salem.—Governor Withycombe will be present at the Pacific International Livestock Exposition at the North Portland Union Stockyards, probably several days, but certainly December 9, for that date has been set aside as "Governor's Day," and in addition to the Oregon executive it is expected that the governors of at least three other Western states will be in attendance.

According to advices received by Governor Withycombe from O. M. Plummer, general manager of the exposition, Governor Lister, of Washington, and Governor Alexander, of Idaho, have accepted invitations. It is also expected that Governor Stewart, of Montana, will attend. Governor Kendrick, of Wyoming, also may be on hand, and perhaps Governor Hunt, of Arizona.

Phone Company Replies.

Salem.—Alleging that section 8 of the public utilities act, referring to common-user facilities, procedure and interchange of business, is in violation of the state and Federal constitutions, the Pacific Telephone & Telegraph company has filed with the Public Service commission its answer to the complaint of the Public Service League and others of Portland. With the Home Telephone & Telegraph company, the Pacific is defendant in a complaint to force an interchange of telephone service in Portland.

Horse Kicks Child in Face.

Pendleton.—With her face and skull crushed in by the hoof of a horse she had attempted to pet, little 4-year-old Bessie Madden was brought to St. Anthony's hospital here from Hermiston Wednesday by her parents. An operation was performed and although the child's condition is dangerous hopes are held for her recovery. After trying vainly to have the horse lower its head the child walked around and pulled its tail.

Commercial Club to Reorganize.

Corvallis.—The Corvallis Commercial club has started a campaign to reorganize under the plan adopted by the Portland Chamber of Commerce and Salem Commercial club. H. V. Chase, who reorganized the Portland and Salem clubs, is here to take charge.

LOVE in a HURRY

By GELETT BURGESS

ILLUSTRATED by RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

Hall Bonistelle, artist-photographer, prepares 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. Doremus, 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. Mrs. Rena Roylston calls at the studio and Hall asks her to marry him at once. She spurs for time, but finally agrees to give him an answer at the party that night. Miss Carolyn Dallys calls and Hall proposes to her. She agrees to give him an answer at the party. Rosamund Gale, art model, calls. Hall tries to rush her into an immediate marriage.

CHAPTER V—Continued.

She sat bolt upright and stared at him with harder and more glittering eyes. "Today! What in the world do you mean, Hall Bonistelle?"

"Why, I'm in a hurry—aren't you?"

She rose and smoothed down her skirts. "Why, you know, Hall, of course I've got to get your consent first, anyway. Naturally. I suppose she'll want to know whether you're able to support me, and all that. You don't really have to work, do you?"

"I'm afraid I do." He looked at her queerly. "Why?"

"Oh, nothing, only—I don't know—ma's funny, sometimes—it really doesn't matter, but—well, you know I'm crazy about you, in spite of anything, no matter what happens!"

"When can you find out?" he asked a little angrily. It was maddening, just as he had his millions within reach. For with her consent again the millions beckoned.

"Oh, I don't see that there's any particular hurry. Of course I'd have a lot to do in any case. There's my clothes."

"Better your clothes! I'll get you anything you want after we're married. I'll be well able to afford it."

"You will?" She eyed him shrewdly. "Oh, well, then, I'll go right home and speak to ma. Of course you want it settled, I understand. I tell you, I'll let you know tonight, when I come to the party."

"Fine! You will come, then?"

"Of course I'll come! I say, Hall, if you give her consent, we'll announce our engagement tonight!" Her eyes sparkled, as she held out her hands and let herself be folded in his arms for a farewell kiss. In that caress his fears were forgotten. Then she freed herself and walked to the office door.

"Good-by, Hall, dear! Oh, I hope we can be happy! And say, won't those swells open their eyes, though, when they hear the news?" She hurried through the office without so much as a nod to Flodie.

Flodie jumped up. "Oh, your boa, Miss Gale!" and handed it to her.

"Oh, yes!" Rosamund took it, and emerged from her dream to look the



"I've Got to Get Ma's Consent First, Anyway."

little assistant over with scornful triumph. "Thanks." She threw it about her neck jauntily. "Oh, say, never mind those prints, Miss Fisher; I'll get them when I come tonight." Up went her chin.

"All right," said Flodie sweetly. "If I have time to find them I will."

"Time? I'd like to know what you're here for!"

"To wait upon—" Flodie paused for effect—"customers!" and brought it out with force.

"Well, you may not be here so very long, if you don't look out," said Rosamund. "But while you are, it wouldn't hurt to be a bit more polite, Miss Fisher."

Flodie held herself in well, replying, "No, that's true. But everyone is so kind, usually, and Mr. Bonistelle is always so nice and dear to me, I suppose I am spoiled."

"Oh!" Rosamund's eyes were pistols. "Yes, he is dear!" She gave a glance in the mirror. "He's a savage when he's affectionate, though,

isn't he? Why, he's mused up my hair awfully. But he is sweet, isn't he, Miss Fisher?" She smiled wickedly and went out.

Into the studio Flodie shot, a bullet out of a gun. Hall was not in sight. She pounded at the door of the dark room, stopped and listened, pounded again. Bang! Bang! Bang!

Hall emerged, scowling.

"What's the matter?"

She grabbed him by the arm.

"Mr. Bonistelle! Oh, Mr. Bonistelle," she cried, "you haven't gone and done it again, have you?"

"Why, you see"—Hall began to stammer—"really I think she's the best of the three—don't you? It just came over me—she's so devilish pretty, Flodie—and—well, she's going to give me my answer tonight."

"Oh, Mr. Bonistelle!" Flodie, despairing, dropped into a chair and stared at him glassily. Then she shook her head, and sighed.

"Well," she said in a hard, dry voice, "I've heard of men who went out looking for trouble, but you are the first one I ever knew actually to go and order it delivered at the house!"

CHAPTER VI.

It was two o'clock in the afternoon. Flodie was crying. Seated at her desk, her bills littered, her account books in disorder, her head was down on her arms, in an attitude of dismal abandonment. She did not weep, she cried.

Hall Bonistelle married—and not to her! Married to whom? Ah, that was the worst of it. If Flodie had known the identity of her rival her sorrow might have, before now, been transmuted into anger. Would Mrs. Roylston, or Carolyn Dallys become Mrs. Bonistelle? Or, worst of all, would the wedding ring be worn by Rosamund Gale? Flodie didn't know. Hall didn't know. Even Rosamund didn't know herself. Hence Flodie's tears, wet and heavy, splashing, trickling, soaking the dark blue blotter of Flodie's desk.

At two-ten sundry sounds, translated by Flodie's intimate knowledge of Hall Bonistelle's ways, indicated his approach. She sat hastily down at the typewriter and began to print off this interesting message:

"Quiz Jack; thy frowns vex G. D. Plumb."

Interesting mainly because, a concoction of Flodie's debutante days at the typewriter, it contained every known letter of the alphabet. Now it served to focus her mind on her fingers, and hide her face from scrutiny.

When Hall came in, she had copied the statement nine times, and seemed too busy for speech.

"Suey, I'm going out, Flo!" he announced, and tapped with his stick on the floor thoughtfully.

Flodie kept right on: "thy frowns vex G. D. Plumb." But love and curiosity won against embarrassment. She wheeled round in her chair. "What are you going to do, Mr. Bonistelle? There's work for you to do, I should think."

"Lord, I don't feel much like work today, but I've finished Mrs. Roylston's plates, Carry Dallys', too; some of her poses are not half bad. She's almost pretty, did you know it? I didn't have time to develop Rosamund. She can wait; I expect I'll have plenty of time for her later."

At the infection Flodie turned to him again with a heartbroken look. "Oh, Mr. Bonistelle! Have you—really—made up your mind that she—?" Flodie couldn't finish. She choked.

Hall laughed. "Lord, made up my mind! What good would that do? It's up to them, now. Well, I'm on the way to buy the ring—and I ought to get a suit of clothes to go away in—I haven't anything at all to wear."

Flodie bit her lip hard. "Oh, Mr. Bonistelle!"—was she going to break down, after all? In despair, her fingers flew to the keys of her machine. "thy frowns vex G. D. Plumb. Quiz Jack—"

He tapped her playfully with the tip of his stick. "Well, I'm off, Flo. See you tonight. Be here early!"

Flodie turned a wretched face to him. Her eyes were wet.

"But I don't know how you want the rooms decorated, Mr. Bonistelle!"

"Oh, I don't care—use your own taste. It'll be all right. You can do it. So long, Flo!" And he was off.

Flodie went to the washstand behind the screen and dabbed her eyes in cold water, then inspected herself mercilessly in the mirror. A sigh. She made a face at herself and returned listlessly to work.

But mental occupation was impossible; Flodie had too much on her mind already. Manual exercise was what she needed to keep her from giving up to her misery. There were the freshly delivered plates—she went into the dark room to get them.

Taking the rack full of glass negatives, she emerged and walked into the office. Busy with melancholy thoughts of Hall Bonistelle, a shock awaited her. There was a stranger in the room.

"Mr. Bonistelle in?"

He was a tall, gaunt, stoop-shouldered man, with a long upper lip. Deep lines, sharp as saw cuts, ran down his cheeks, and from the ends of his gashlike mouth. His neck was flabby, the cords showing like the ribs of a fan. Rusty provincial garments hung loosely upon him, draping his bony body, and in his hands he held a soft, felt, prehistoric hat. He was not at all a city person; one almost smelt salt marshes at low tide, and clams. His ill-cut hair, too, suggested wet seaweed.

Flodie, at another time, would have had trouble in restraining her smile. Now her heart was too heavy; her sense of the ridiculous inhibited. She merely looked him over carelessly, added him up as some sort of drummer person, and replied that her employer was not in.

"Ain't in, eh?" He looked her over inquisitively. "What be you, anyway, his wife?" He pierced her with his little blue eyes.

The words stung her to the quick; her nerves were all exposed. She managed her face, however, and replied, "No, I'm his assistant, that's all. Bookkeeper, sort of."

He was still watching her shrewdly. "Ain't going to marry him, be ye?"

Flodie, sensitive as she was, could not help showing a little of her distress. The color began to rise on her cheeks. In her embarrassment she bridled. "Is that any business of yours?" she answered in meek resentment.

"Ye?" he said, "considerable, as it happens. Hassingbury's my name. Jonas B. Ain't never heard o' me, be ye?"

Flodie gasped. "Oh! Not Mr. Bonistelle's cousin Jonas?"

He nodded solemnly. "Fust cousin—once removed."

"Oh," she exclaimed, "Mr. Bonistelle will be awfully sorry to have



"Ain't in, Eh?"

missed you. But I'm afraid he won't be back till late this afternoon."

"Won't, eh? Well, now, that's too bad. I did want to have a little dish o' gossip with Hall. But, come to think of it I dunno but perhaps you'll do just as well." Again he inspected the room. "Nice place he's got here. Don't live here, though, does he?"

Flodie pointed into the studio. "Yes, he has a room in there."

"And where do you live, miss?" Jonas demanded boldly.

His tone was offensive, and Flodie's blush deepened. She managed to be polite. "Oh, quite a way from here, in darkest Harlem."

"H'm!" Jonas' eyes were fastened on her keenly, watching every change in Flodie's expressive face. "Ain't sweet on him, be ye?"

Flodie rose in wrath. What right had he—why should he stumble so on the truth! It was torture for her. She walked toward the stockroom trembling. "If you'll excuse me, Mr. Hassingbury, I've got some pictures to print." She started to enter.

"Hold on a minute, miss, I want to talk to ye!" said Jonas, beckoning with a bony finger.

"I'm sorry, but I'm awfully busy," Flodie stammered.

"Well," he remarked, "so be it. This is important, though. I guess you can spare me five minutes or so. I didn't come up all the way from Branford, Connecticut, and miss prayer meetin' night at that just for the fun of it. See here: Is Hall married, or not? That's what I want to know."

Still Flodie's color mounted. "No, he's not. Why?"

"See here, miss!" Jonas beckoned again. "Set ye down; you needn't be afraid, I ain't goin' to hurt ye. I'm a religious man and a church member; ye can trust me. Mebbe you think I'm stickin' my nose into what's none of my business, but, land! I'm his cousin, and I guess I got a good right to know his plans on the subject o' matrimony." He gazed at her cruelly. "And I expect you know why. Now, don't ye?"

"No," said Flodie faintly, leaning on the desk for support.

"I see ye know more'n you're willin' to let on," he continued. "I wan't born yesterday, miss, nor yet the day before, and I know somethin' about women, if I be a bachelor. Up in Branford they call me weather-wise. Wall, the signs on a woman's face is just as easy, sometimes. Now see here—" he hitched his chair nearer to Flodie. "You don't want Hall Bonistelle to git married no more'n I do, Ain't that so?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)