

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.

Aberdeen, Wash., is about to begin work on a \$400,000 water system.

The government of India has imposed an export duty on grain bags.

General Argumedo, a Mexican rebel leader, has been executed by Carranza.

The United States National bank will build a \$250,000 bank building in Portland.

Portland's new city directory, which will be issued next week, will report a population for the city of approximately 281,000.

The secretary of the California state board of health declares spring fever is not a disease, but a perfectly normal and natural feeling.

Secretary Daniels predicts full vindication of the Navy department in buying armor plants, etc., when the true facts become known.

Six homeless boys less than 6 years of age and of varying nationalities are to be adopted by Mrs. Bessie Fuller, of South Porcupine, Ontario, Canada, as a sociological experiment.

The discovery of a small comet by Neujmin was announced in a cablegram to the Harvard observatory from Professor Backlund, of the Imperial observatory at Pulkowa, Russia.

A Bucharest dispatch received in London by Reuter's Telegram company by way of Amsterdam says that the Queen Mother, Elizabeth, of Rumania, (Carmen Sylva), died Friday morning.

A Stockholm dispatch to the London Morning Post says that, according to a message from Karlskrona, Sweden, a whole mine field of several hundred mines is drifting from the North, having presumably been set adrift by the ice and wind.

Fred G. Buskull, of Friend, Oregon, has just received the bronze medal awarded to him by the Carnegie hero fund commission for attempting to save the life of Joseph I. Tarke at Friend, August 3, 1912. The commission also awarded \$1000 to Mr. Buskull.

Five million bushels of May wheat have been bought by milling interests in the last week as prices tumbled, according to estimates of Minneapolis chamber of commerce traders. This, they say, would represent sales of one million barrels of flour. Most of this product is said to be for Eastern bakers.

Two men with a large "roll" of counterfeit Federal Reserve bank bills are operating in Portland, and a third member of the gang is supposed to be working in conjunction with the others disguised as a plainclothes officer. The duty of the third man appears to be to disarm the suspicion of the victims by vouching for his accomplices.

Crowded galleries that gathered to hear the international situation discussed saw the house take its annual vote, this time 150 to 46, not to reduce members' mileage from 20 to 5 cents a mile. The defeat of the motion was preceded by a lively debate, in which the 20-cent mileage was denounced as graft and defended as a just allowance.

Secretary Daniels is opposed to locating a naval base at the mouth of the Columbia river.

The momentous battle between the French and Germans before Verdun continues with practically no gain for either side.

The Russian steamship Petshenga has been sunk. Fifteen of those on board were saved. She was of 1647 gross tons. Seven of the Petshenga's crew were lost.

Great Britain will permit shipment to the United States of a cargo of dyestuffs valued at \$5,000,000.

Only three co-eds out of 23 at the University of Oregon have good feet. None have a perfect toe-line.

General Felix Diaz, who has been in the United States for several months, and under surveillance of the department of Justice, has succeeded in leaving for Cuba, where, it is reported, he will form plans for another revolution in Mexico.

Mrs. Carrie Hall, 76 years old, a cousin of Abraham Lincoln, dies at the home of her sister, Miss Isabel Hanks, near Louisiana, Mo.

Germany delivers note to United States setting forth her submarine warfare on armed merchantmen to which this government has objected.

Another shipment of gold to Holland from New York under an agreement with the British government against seizure will go forward on the Holland-American liner Nieuw Amsterdam from Rotterdam. The shipment, amounts to \$1,500,000.

18 PRISONERS BURNED TO DEATH IN DISINFECTING BATHHOUSE

El Paso, Tex.—Eighteen prisoners were burned to death and probably 10 others seriously injured, many fatally, in a fire late Tuesday at the city jail bathhouse. The blaze started from a flash of flame from a large tub of gasoline and kerosene solution used to destroy germ-carrying lice. In their first reports officials attributed the origin to the deliberate action of one of the prisoners in throwing a lighted match into the container.

More than a score of prisoners, who were thoroughly saturated with the solution, were enveloped in flames. Jail attendants immediately opened two exits, allowing a number of the prisoners in the bath room to escape, although seriously burned.

Surgeons said that the death list would probably reach 25 and that many of the injured would not live more than a few hours.

Surrounding the bath quarters are rows of cells, mostly filled with prisoners. Those adjacent to the bath were caught in the flames. Release of these were slow and dangerous and it was in these that most of the fatalities occurred. Volunteer rescuers aided in dragging out the victims, many unconscious and badly burned.

H. M. Cross, an American, who died of injuries, was named as the man who struck the match that caused the fire, in a statement made by H. G. Baby, one of the trustees on guard. Cross was under arrest as a vagrant. His home is said to have been in Davenport, Ia.

The disinfecting tubs were placed near the doorway leading to the police hospital. The burst of flames blew out doors and windows and the blaze swept the hospital, rendering it untenable and useless for the press of emergency work which followed.

On fire from head to foot, the nude victims dashed into the streets and alleys surrounding the prison. Several, maddened by the pain, outdistanced all pursuers and disappeared. Only one of these had been found several hours after the disaster.

One of the victims, a veritable torch, plunged through the jagged remains of a window pane and clambered to the roof of the jail, where he was rescued by firemen, only to die a few minutes later.

Edward McGowan, of Warder, Idaho, and John Campbell, of Camern, of Eugene, Oregon, were among the Americans seriously burned in the jail fire.

President Names N. D. Baker Secretary of War; He Accepts

Washington, D. C.—Newton D. Baker, former mayor of Cleveland, has been selected by President Wilson for secretary of war. His nomination will go to the senate immediately and administration leaders expect quick confirmation so the new secretary may take active charge of the War department's plans for army increases and reorganization.

Mr. Baker is 44 years old, a lawyer, and as a leader among Ohio Democrats has been a warm supporter of the Wilson policies since the pre-convention campaign in 1912. He has been a close personal friend of Mr. Wilson since the latter was instructor years ago at Johns Hopkins University, and was offered the post of secretary of the Interior in the original Wilson cabinet, but declined because he then was mayor. He is understood to be in thorough accord with the President on the preparedness program and foreign questions.

An offer of the War secretaryship was made to Mr. Baker by telegraph several days ago, after the President had spent more than three weeks carefully going over a long list of those suggested to succeed Secretary Garrison. Mr. Baker accepted, and upon being notified, that he would be nominated at once, telegraphed that he would come to Washington.

Spanish Steamship Hits Rock. Santos, Brazil.—The Spanish steamship Principe de Asturias has been sunk by striking a rock. She went to the bottom in five minutes. Eighty-six members of the crew and 57 passengers have been brought to Santos by the French steamer Viga.

Rio Janeiro.—It is feared here that 400 lives have been lost by the sinking of the Spanish steamship Principe de Asturias. The steamer remained afloat only a short time after striking a shoal off San Sebastiao, and there was little time for the escape of passengers and the crew in the boats.

Naval Secrets Given Out.

Washington, D. C.—The house naval committee became interested Tuesday in finding out where Representative Gardner got the confidential figures on target practice of the Atlantic fleet, which he made public some time ago. Admiral Fletcher, testifying before the committee, said that the figures were approximately correct. "Whoever told them," said Chairman Paget, "was false to his trust and a traitor to his country. If I find out who did it, I am going to publish his name."

Taylor's Comet Splits.

Cambridge, Mass.—A split in Taylor's comet, with one of the parts from two to two and a half magnitudes fainter than the main comet, was announced Tuesday in a message to the Harvard Observatory from the Yerkes Observatory. The measurements were made by Professor Barnard.

The Yerkes Observatory also reported an observation of Nujimen's comet, discovered at Pulkowa, Russia, last month.

NEWS ITEMS Of General Interest About Oregon

Manner of Protecting Oregon Timber Greatly Improved

Salem—Oregon's forest protection agencies since 1912 have waged a campaign of "preparedness," according to data compiled by State Forester Elliott. During the period from 1912 to 1915 inclusive the State forester said that more than 3000 miles of abandoned and obstructed trails were made passable; 729 miles of strategic new trails built; 442 miles of telephone line were constructed and 25 cabins erected for the use of lookout men in the forest service. This work called for an expenditure of \$50,000, practically all of which was borne by the timber owners.

"The importance of such work is unquestioned," said Mr. Elliott. "Lookout men are of little value unless they can immediately report the fires discovered to their county warden and to the patrolmen in whose district they occur. It is thus necessary that lookout stations be equipped with telephones and the patrolmen must have access to them at several points along their beats."

"Patrolmen finding a fire they cannot handle must be able to telephone to their chief for a fire-fighting crew to be sent to the scene of the fire without delay. To mobilize a crew, together with tools and rations on the fire line in any part of a district in time to control it before it reaches dangerous proportions necessitates a carefully planned system of passable roads and trails."

"Use Own Judgment" Advice to Woolmen

Pendleton—The National Woolgrowers' association refuses to advise Oregon woolmen whether or not to sell their 1915 clip at the present time. In a letter received here by Senator J. N. Burgess, of Pilot Rock, who is the Oregon member of the executive committee of the association, from Secretary S. W. McClure, he says:

"My advice is that around 6,000,000 pounds of inter-mountain wool has now been contracted. Fine wool is selling at from two to three cents above last year's, with cross breeds at from two to five cents above last year.

"On Monday several crossbred clips sold at Dillon, Mont., at 31 cents, and it is reported that the Wood Livestock company's clip has sold at 30 cents, and also that 30 cents has been offered for some quarter-blood clips in Western Wyoming. I hope you will give this information to your sheepmen, but this association refuses to advise whether to sell or not to sell. He must use his own judgment entirely in this matter."

Road Change Permissible.

Salem—"The plans of the State Highway commission are not like the laws of the Medes and Persians, not subject to change," declared Attorney General Brown in advising the members of the commission that they could change the state road map prepared by ex-State Highway Engineer Bowly.

The question was put to the attorney general by the commission, which desires to change the route of a state road in Washington county, it being found that another route is more suitable. John H. Albert, of the advisory board of the commission, contended that the commission had no authority to revise the general system of trunk roads to be improved by the state.

Lumber Outlook Bright.

Kalamath Falls.—Lumbermen have reason to expect the most prosperous season in years, according to Robert A. Johnson, head of the Klamath Manufacturing company, of this city, who has just returned from San Francisco where he passed the winter.

"There is a material increase in the demand for the upper grades of lumber, and the prices offered are from \$5 to \$6 per 1000 feet better than they were in the fall," said Mr. Johnson. "In the past few days I have received telegraphic inquiries for five carloads of lumber at \$5 to \$6 more than was offered a few months ago."

Hood River Men Pleased.

Hood River.—News that the Rogue River Fruit & Produce association, which decided to withdraw from the Northwest Fruit exchange, probably would accept an offer of the Applegrowers' association of this city to operate in the distribution of its apples and pears was received with gratification by local market men.

Wilmer Sieg, sales manager of the Applegrowers' association, says: "During the past we have cut under each other on prices of our fruit, each trying to reach the buyer, and as a result the growers of both districts have suffered."

Farm Bonds Proposed.

Salem—Insurance of 4 per cent state bonds, and the lending of the proceeds direct to the farmer at the same rate of interest and in the same manner as the irreducible school fund is now lent, are advocated by Percy A. Cupper, assistant state engineer. As a means of presenting his proposal for a system of rural credits for consideration of the people before the irrigation, drainage and rural credits conference meets in Salem March 9, Mr. Cupper has prepared a bill, which contains the essential requirements for rural credits.

The THOUSANDTH WOMAN BY ERNEST W. HORNING

Author of 'The AMATEUR CRACKSMAN,
RAFFLES, Etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS by O. IRWIN MYERS

CHAPTER XI—Continued.

"The trusty, sisterly, sensible voice, half bantering but altogether kind, genuinely interested if the least bit inquisitive, too, would have gone to a harder or more hardened heart than that of Blanche's balcony that night. Yet as Cazaleet lighted his pipe he looked old enough to be her father.

"I'll tell you some time," he puffed. "It's only a case of two heads," said Blanche. "I know you're bothered, and I should like to help, that's all."

"You couldn't?" "How do you know? I believe you're going to devote yourself to this poor man—if you can get him off—I mean, when you do."

"Surely could help you there! Especially if he's ill," cried Blanche, encouraged by his silence. "I'm not half a bad nurse, really!"

"I'm certain you're not." "Does he look very ill?" "She had been trying to avoid the direct question as far as possible, but this one seemed so harmless. Yet it was received in a stony silence unlike any that had gone before. It was as though Cazaleet neither moved nor breathed, whereas he had been all sighs and fidgets just before. His pipe was out already—that was the one merit of bush tobacco, it required constant attention—and he did not look like lighting it again.

Until tonight they had not mentioned Scruton since the motoring began. That had been a tacit rule of the road, of wayside talk and indoor orgy. But Blanche had always assumed that Cazaleet had been to see him in the prison; and now he told her that he never had.

"I can't face him," he cried under his breath, "and that's the truth! Let me get him out of this hole, and I'm his man forever; but until I do, while there's a chance of falling, I simply can't face the fellow. It isn't as if he'd asked to see me. Why should I force myself upon him?"

"He hasn't asked to see you because he doesn't know what you're doing for him!" Blanche leaned forward as eagerly as she was speaking, all her repressed feelings coming to their own in her for just a moment. "He doesn't know because I do believe you wouldn't have him told that you'd arrived, lest he should suspect! You are a brick, Sweep, you really are!"

He was too much of one to sit still under the name. He sprang up, beating his hands. "Why shouldn't I be—"

"You'd stand by his side 'to the gallows-foot'—if he was swine enough to let you?" "I dare say I might." "However bad a thing it was—murder, if you like—and however much he was mixed up in it—not like poor Scruton?" "I'd try to stick to him," she said simply.

"Then you're the thousandth woman," said Cazaleet. "God bless you, Blanche!"

He turned on his heel in the balcony, and a minute later found the room behind him empty. He entered, stood thinking, and suddenly began looking all over for the photograph of himself, with a beard, which he had seen there a week before.



'Look Here, Blanche! If You Had a Friend, Wouldn't You Do It?'

to him—to a poor devil who's been through all he's been through? Ten years! Just think of it; no, it's unthinkable to you or me. And it all started in our office; we were to blame for not keeping our eyes open; things couldn't have come to such a pass if we'd done our part, my poor old father for one—I can't help saying it—and I myself for another. Talk about contributory negligence! We were negligent, as well as blind. We didn't know a villain when we saw one, and we let him make another villain under our noses; and the second one was the only one we could see in his true colors, even then. Do you think we owe him nothing now? Don't you think I owe him something, as the only man left to pay?"

But Blanche made no attempt to answer his passionate questions. He had let himself go at last; it relieved her also in a way, for it was the natural man back again on her balcony. But he had set Blanche off thinking on other lines than he intended.

"I'm thinking of what he must have felt he owed Mr. Craven and—and Ethel!" she owned.

"I don't bother my head over either of them," returned Cazaleet harshly. "He was never a white man in his lifetime, and she was every inch his daughter. Scruton's the one I pity—because I've suffered so much from that man myself."

"But you don't think he did it!"

Blanche was sharp enough to interrupt.

"No—no—but if he had!" "You'd still stand by him?" "I've told you so before. I meant to take him back to Australia with me—I never told you that—but I meant to take him, and not a soul out there to know who he was." He sighed aloud over the tragic stopper on that plan.

"And would you still?" she asked. "If I could get him off." "Guilty or not guilty?" "Rather!"

There was neither shame, pose, nor hesitation about that. Blanche went through into the room without a word, but her eyes shone finely in the lamplight. Then she returned with a book, and stood half in the balcony, framed as in a panel, looking for a place.

"You remind me of 'The Thousandth Man,'" she told him as she found it. "Who was he?"

"He's every man who does a thousandth part of what you're doing!" said Blanche with confidence. And then she read, rather shyly and not too well:

"One man in a thousand," Solomon says. "Will stick more close than a brother. And it's worth while seeking him half your days. If you find him before the other. Nine hundred and ninety-nine depend on what the world sees in you. But the Thousandth Man will stand your friend. With the whole round world agin you."

"I should hope he would," said Cazaleet, "if he's a man at all." "But this is the bit for you," said Blanche:

"His wrong's your wrong, and his right's your right. In season or out of season. Stand up and back it in all men's sight—With that for your only reason! Nine hundred and ninety-nine can't bide the shame or mocking or laughter. But the Thousandth Man will stand by your side. To the gallows-foot—and after!"

The last words were italics in Blanche's voice, and it trembled, but so did Cazaleet's as he cried out in his formula:

"That's the finest thing I ever heard in all my life! But it's true, and so it should be. I don't take any credit for it."

"Then you're all the more the thousandth man!"

He caught her suddenly by the shoulders. His rough hands trembled; his jaw worked. "Look here, Blanche! If you had a friend, wouldn't you do the same?"

"Yes, if I'd such a friend as all that," she faltered.

"You'd stand by his side 'to the gallows-foot'—if he was swine enough to let you?" "I dare say I might."

"However bad a thing it was—murder, if you like—and however much he was mixed up in it—not like poor Scruton?" "I'd try to stick to him," she said simply.

"Then you're the thousandth woman," said Cazaleet. "God bless you, Blanche!"

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CHAPTER XII.

Quid pro Quo.

It was his blessing that had done it; up to then she had controlled her feelings in a fashion worthy of the title just bestowed upon her. If only he had stopped at that, and kept his blessing to himself! It sounded so very much more like a knell that Blanche had begun first to laugh, and then to make such a fool of herself (as she herself reiterated) that she was obliged to run away in the worst possible order.

But that was not the end of those four superfluous words of final benediction; before the night was out they had solved, to Blanche's satisfaction, the hitherto impenetrable mystery of Cazaleet's conduct.

He had done something in Australia, something that fixed a gulf between him and her. Blanche did not mean something wrong, much less a crime, least of all any sort of complicity in the great crime which had been committed while he was on his way home. But she believed the worst he had done was to emulate his friend, Mr. Potts, and to get engaged or perhaps actually married to somebody in the bush.

There was no reason why he should not; there never had been any sort or kind of understanding between herself and him; it was only as lifelong friends that they had written to each other, and that only once a year. Lifelong friendships are traditionally fatal to romance. They had both been free as air; and if he was free no longer, she had absolutely no cause for complaint, even if she was fool enough to feel it.

All this she saw quite clearly in her very honest heart. And yet, he might have told her; he need not have flown

to see her, the instant he landed, or seemed so overjoyed, and such a boy again, or made so much of her and their common memories! He need not have begun begging her, in a minute, to go out to Australia, and then never have mentioned it again; he might just as well have told her if he had or hoped to have a wife to welcome her! Of course he saw it afterward, himself; that was why the whole subject of Australia had been dropped so suddenly and for good. Most likely he had married beneath him; if so, she was very sorry, but he might have said that he was married.

Curiously enough, it was over Martha that she felt least able to forgive him. Martha would say nothing, but her unspoken denunciations of Cazaleet would be only less intolerable than her unspoken sympathy with Blanche. Martha had been perfectly awful about the whole thing. And Martha had committed the final outrage of being perfectly right, from her idiotic point of view.

Now among all these meditations of a long night, and of a still longer day, in which nobody even troubled to send her word of the case at Kingston, it would be too much to say that no thought of Hilton Toye ever entered the mind of Blanche. She could not help liking him; he amused her immensely; and he had proposed to her twice, and warned her he would again. She felt the force of his warning, because she felt his force of character



"I Guess I'm Not Fit to Speak to You," He Said.

and will. She literally felt these forces, as actual emanations from the strongest personality that had ever impinged upon her own.

In the day of reaction, such considerations were bound to steal in as single specks, each with a certain consolation, not altogether innocent of comparisons. But the battalion of Toye's virtues only marched on Blanche when Martha came to her, on the little green rug of a lawn behind the house, to say that Mr. Toye himself had called and was in the drawing-room.

Blanche stole up past the door, and quickly made herself smarter than she had ever done by day for Walter Cazaleet; at least she put on a "dressy" blouse, her calling skirt (which always looked new), and did what she could to her hair. All this was only because Mr. Toye always came down as if it were Mayfair, and it was rotten to make people feel awkward if you could help it. So in called Blanche, in her very best for the light of day, to be followed as soon as possible by the silver teapot, though she had just had tea herself. And there stood Hilton Toye, chin blue and collar black, his trousers all knees and creases, exactly as he had jumped out of the boat-train.

"I guess I'm not fit to speak to you," he said, "but that's just what I've come to do—for the third time!"

"Oh, Mr. Toye!" cried Blanche, really frightened by the face that made his meaning clear. It relaxed a little as she shrank involuntarily, but the compassion in his eyes and mouth did not lessen their steady determination.

"I didn't have time to make myself presentable," he explained. "I thought you wouldn't have me waste a moment if you understood the situation. I want you to promise to marry me right now!"

Blanche began to breathe again. Evidently he was on the eve of yet another of his journeys, probably back to America, and he wanted to go over engaged; at first she had thought he had bad news to break to her, but this was no worse than she had heard before. Only it was more difficult to cope with him; everything was different, and he so much more pressing and precipitate. She had never met this Hilton Toye before. Yes; she was distinctly frightened by him. But in a minute she had ceased to be frightened of herself; she knew her own mind once more, and spoke it much as he had spoken his, quite compassionately, but just as tersely to the point.

"One moment," he interrupted. "I said nothing about my feelings, because they're a kind of state proposition by this time; but for form's sake I may state there's no change there, except in the only direction I guess a person's feelings are liable to change toward you, Miss Blanche! I'm a worse case than ever, if that makes any difference."

Blanche shook her yellow head. "Nothing can," she said. "There must be no possible mistake about it this time, because I want you to be very good and never ask me again."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)