

**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.**

American troops in Mexico are reported to have suffered from snipers.

The Chicago Tribune strongly advises mobilization of the National Guard.

Paris avers the German attack on Verdun has failed, and believes the worst is over.

The people of Belgrade are suffering from a shortage of provisions and sanitary conditions are bad.

A 15,000 ton Dutch liner was sunk off the coast of Holland, either by a mine or torpedo, the captain claiming the latter.

The cannery tender Alpha sunk near Rachel Island, on the British Columbia coast, and six of her crew of seven are believed to be lost.

The name of Clarence True Wilson, of Kansas, was filed with the secretary of state as a prohibition candidate for the vice presidential nomination.

Asiatic cholera has broken out at Belgrade according to an Athens dispatch. Fifty cases have been reported daily and 30 deaths have occurred.

Tom Swanson, of Vancouver, B. C., was shot and killed near Atlin by his partner, Charles Petit, who mistook him for a moose while the two were hunting.

The senate has passed Senator Poin-dexter's bill appropriating \$2,065,000 to equip the Puget Sound navy yard for construction of battleships. It now goes to the house.

Captain the Hon. W. J. Shaughnessy, eldest son of Lord Shaughnessy, of Montreal, Canada, enlisted for overseas service. He will go as an adjutant, an office he has filled for more than a year.

The National Woman Suffrage association offered prizes aggregating \$500 to artists for the best 10 posters for suffrage window display and billboards in a competition to end October 1. A prize of \$25 was offered for a slogan of not more than five words.

Count Von Bernstorff, the German ambassador, under instructions from his government, formally notified the State department that no German submarine was concerned in the sinking of the Norwegian bark Silius, from which seven American members of the crew were rescued.

With 13 Democrats and the one Socialist member opposing, the house, by a vote of 346 to 14, passed the administration bill to retain the present tariff of 1 cent a pound on sugar instead of permitting the free clause of the Underwood-Simmons tariff act to go into effect May 1.

The Navy department has installed a wireless direction finder at the naval radio station at North Truro, Mass. The finder was perfected by Frederick Kolster, wireless expert in the United States bureau of standards, and is designed to indicate the direction and distance from which a message comes. Tests have shown the instrument's bearings within two degrees of correct.

Vice President Marshall celebrated his 62nd birthday Tuesday, March 14.

The Germans again attack the forts near Verdun with the hope of gaining the city.

Michael Dampffler, aged 101 years, dies in the Home for the Aged at Vancouver, Wash.

The report that Germany has offered to buy the Danish West Indies for \$20,000,000, is denied.

Villa and his followers have taken a sudden twist eastward and are declared to be seeking a new goal.

The Aero Club of America has offered services of men and machines to aid the U. S. capture Villa.

General Carranza's army is gathering in Northern Mexico to aid the United States in capturing Villa.

General Alvaro Obregon has been appointed minister of war of Mexico, and General Candido Aguilar minister of foreign affairs. Many foreigners are leaving the city and there is an undercurrent of excitement among all classes.

A New Jersey grand jury refused to indict a woman who killed her husband because he was beating her with a razor strap.

Germany has requested Bulgaria to send two divisions to the French front, but owing to the attitude of Roumania it is refused.

Keith E. Dalrymple, missing for eight years and heir to \$400,000, was found ill in a Missouri hospital and taken to his home in Pennsylvania to claim his fortune. Proceedings to declare him legally dead have been dropped.

VILLA ESCAPES TO HIS LAIR

Mexican Troops Give Aid to Fleeing Out-law and His Band---Movement of Soldiers Northward Alarms.

El Paso, Tex.—The Carranza forces have failed to hold their end of the net that was closing about Pancho Villa and the bandit chief has escaped to his mountain haunts about Guerrero, according to reliable information received here Tuesday.

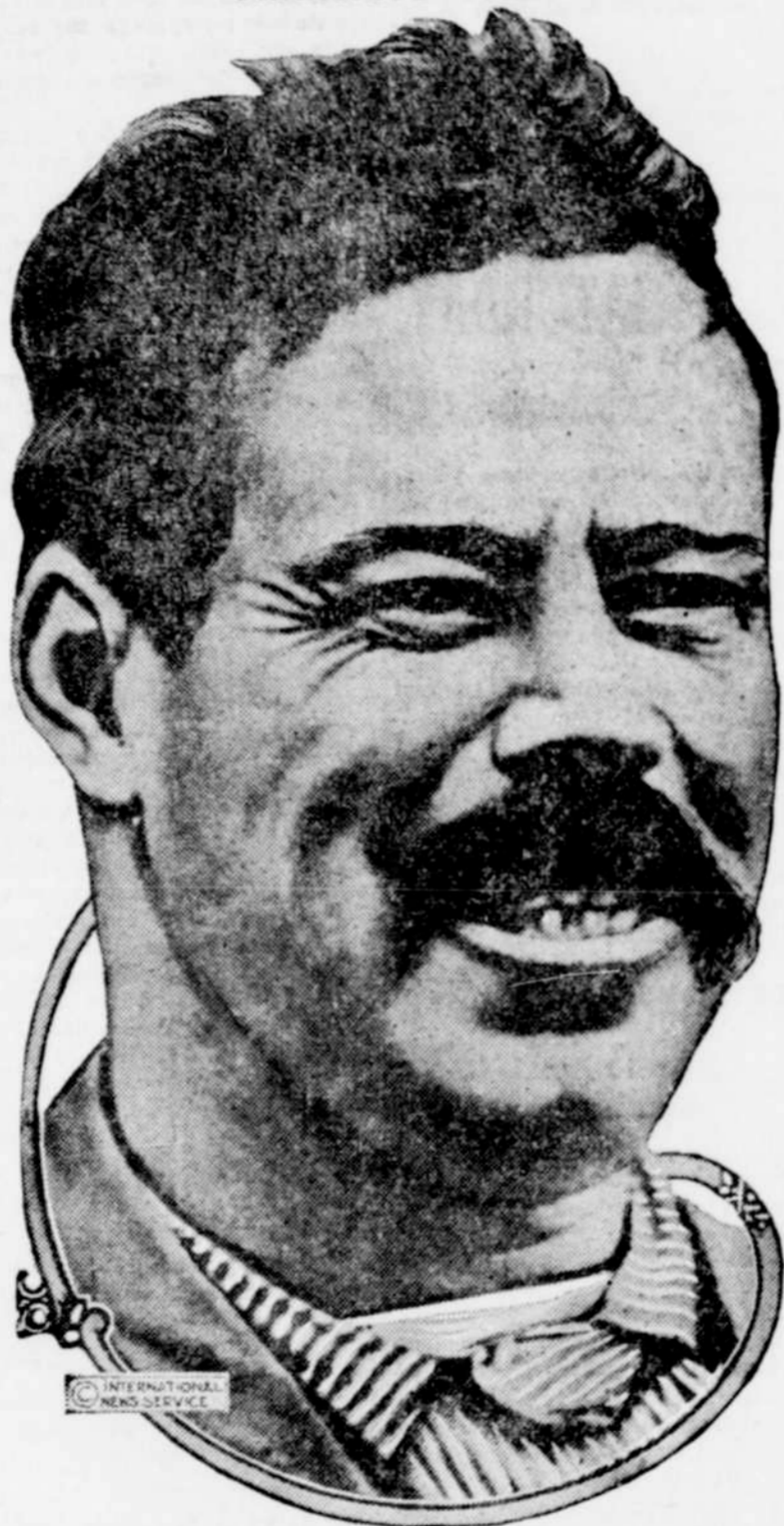
The escape of the bandit is, however, far from being the most serious item of news which reached the border. A feature of the gravest importance was injected into the situation by substantial confirmation of the numerous reports received for the past week that the Mexican government troops were not only failing to co-operate with the American troops, but, in certain instances, at least, were actually withdrawing from the field of operations.

The Associated Press learned on unquestionable authority that the troops of the de facto government which had been stationed at Casas Grandes have

a large section of the country supposed to be held by the troops of the first chief. In the last few days he has been variously reported by General Gavira, the Carranza commander at Juarez, at points along a line reaching north and south from Galena to Nami-quipa, a distance of about 75 miles. By the same accounts he has not been moving steadily south, but roving north and east. The mountainous, canyon-split, roadless country in which he is operating adds many miles to the country he has covered as compared with its distance on the map.

The reason for the Carranza troops moving to the border remains unexplained. It is impossible even to make a fair estimate of the number of men under General Gavira at Juarez. The large staff at his headquarters and the fact that new troops are arriving daily indicates that his force is a large one.

FRANCISCO VILLA



been withdrawn and are now in and about Juarez.

From the same source it was learned that at least one detachment of Carranza troops had refused to fight Villa and had withdrawn on the bandit's approach, leaving him free to pass into his favorite mountain fastnesses in the great continental divide south of Nami-quipa. This detachment withdrew on receipt of a message that he was warning, not on Mexicans, but the enemies of Mexicans.

The extraordinary rapidity with which the American cavalry had pushed into Mexico gave rise to high hopes that the unexpected had happened and the notorious bandit was cornered. This seemed inevitable if the Carranza soldiers did their part and if the account of the strength of their field forces was correct.

Villa, cut off from the north by the forward sweep of the American columns, from the west by the Sierra Madre barring the approaches to the state of Sonora, was supposed to be equally barred from east and south by powerful Carranza forces. Those hopes have been completely dashed by recent developments.

More than this, it now seems certain that Villa is moving freely in at least

the most conservative estimate places it at 3000 and calculations range from that point upward to 8000.

Every precaution had been taken to prevent the facts being known and most of the men are kept out side the town among the hills. Reports from Agua Prieta and Ojinaga tell of Mexican reinforcements reaching those points also, but nothing is known as to their numbers.

There is no question that there is serious and growing uneasiness in El Paso, which has been sharply accentuated by the problem which has arisen over the request of the United States to General Carranza for the use of the Mexican railroads to transport supplies.

Torreón, Mex.—Fighting took place between Carranza forces and small bands of Villistas at five different points in the neighborhood of Torreón Monday, apparently with a view to reaching the Monterey train, which was derailed near Pomona two days ago. The attacks were concerted against Villisca, Matamorosas, Coyote, San Igaricio and Canon Chorrillos, where the government patrols successfully held their ground with but a small loss in killed and wounded.

Horses Valued at \$25,000 Burned. Detroit—Twelve race horses were burned to death in a fire which destroyed six barns at the Michigan state fair grounds early Sunday. The horses were valued at \$25,000 and the loss on the buildings was about \$30,000.

The cause of the fire is unknown. Most of the horses burned were being trained by for competition on the Grand Circuit here. Among them were: Aunt Barb, 2:05½; Crescent Hal, 2:10½; Ina Clare and Durin. Three animals were rescued and a dozen or more were removed from adjoining stables.

The THOUSANDTH WOMAN
BY ERNEST W. HORNING
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ILLUSTRATIONS BY O. IRWIN MYERS
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CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

And yet he seemed to make no secret of it; and yet—it did explain his whole conduct since landing, as Toye had said.

She could only shut her eyes to what must have happened, even as Cazalet himself had shut his all this wonderful week, that she had forgotten all day in her ingratitude, but would never, in all her days, forget again!

"There won't be another case," she heard herself saying, while her thoughts ran ahead or lagged behind like sheep. "It'll never come out—I know it won't."

"Why shouldn't it?" he asked so sharply that she had to account for the words, to herself as well as to him.

"Nobody knows except Mr. Toye, and he means to keep it to himself."

"Why should he?"

"I don't know. He'll tell you himself."

"Are you sure you don't know? What can he have to tell me? Why should he screen me, Blanche?"

His eyes and voice were furious with suspicion, but still the voice was lowered.

"He's a jolly good sort, you know," said Blanche, as if the whole affair was the most ordinary one in the world. But heroics could not have driven the sense of her remark more forcibly home to Cazalet.

"Oh, he is, is he?"

"I've always found him so."

"So have I, the little I've seen of him. And I don't blame him for getting on my tracks, mind you; he's a bit of a detective. I was fair game, and he did warn me in a way. That's why I meant to have the week— He stopped and looked away.

"I know. And nothing can undo that," she only said; but her voice swelled with thanksgiving. And Cazalet looked reassured; the hot suspicion died out of his eyes, but left them gloomily perplexed.

"Still, I can't understand it. I don't believe it, either! I'm in his hands. What have I done to be saved by Toye? He's probably scouring London for me—if he isn't watching this window at this minute!"

He went to the curtains as he spoke. Simultaneously Blanche sprang up, to entreat him to fly while he could. That had been her first object in coming to him as she had done, and yet, once with him, she had left it to the last! And now it was too late; he was at the window, chattering significantly to himself; he had opened it, and he was leaning out.

"That you, Toye, down there? Come up and show yourself! I want to see you."

He turned in time to dart in front of the folding doors as Blanche reached them, white and shuddering. The flush of impulsive bravado fled from his face at the sight of her.

"You can't go in there. What's the matter?" he whispered. "Why should you be afraid of Hilton Toye?"

How could she tell him? Before she had found a word, the landing door opened, and Hilton Toye was in the room, looking at her.

"Keep your voice down," said Cazalet anxiously. "Even if it's all over with me but the shouting, we needn't start the shouting here!"

He chuckled savagely at the jest; and now Toye stood looking at him.

"I've heard all you've done," continued Cazalet. "I don't blame you a bit. If it had been the other way about, I might have given you less run for your money. I've heard what you've found out about my mysterious movements, and you're absolutely right as far as you go. You don't know why I took the train at Naples, and traveled across Europe without a hand-bag. It wasn't quite the put-up job you may think. But, if it makes you any happier, I may as well tell you that I was at Uplands that night, and I did get out through the foundations!"

The insane impetuosity of the man was his master now. He was a living fire of impulse that had burst into a blaze.

"I always guessed you might be crazy, and I now know it," said Hilton Toye. "Still, I judge you're not so crazy as to deny that while you were in that house you struck down Henry Craven and left him for dead?"

Cazalet stood like red-hot stone.

"Miss Blanche," said Toye, turning to her rather shyly. "I guess I can't do what I said just yet. I haven't breathed a word, not yet, and perhaps I never will, if you'll come away with me now—back to your home—and never see Henry Craven's murderer again!"

"And who may he be?" cried a voice that brought all three face-about.

The folding-doors had opened, and a fourth figure was standing between the two rooms.

his face alone cried for his death-bed; and his gaunt frame took up the cry, as it awaited upon the threshold in dressing-gown and bedroom slippers that Toye instantly recognized as belonging to Cazalet. The man had a shock of almost white hair, and a less gray beard clipped roughly to a point. An unwholesome pallor marked the fallen features; and the evened eyes burned low in their sockets, as they dealt with Blanche but fastened on Hilton Toye.

"What do you know about Henry Craven's murderer?" he demanded in a voice between a croak and a crow.

"Have they run in some other poor devil, or were you talking about me? If so, I'll start a libel action, and call Cazalet and that lady as witnesses!"

"This is Scruton," explained Cazalet, "who was only liberated this evening after being detained a week on a charge that ought never to have been brought, as I've told you both all along." Scruton thanked him with a bitter laugh.

"I've brought him here," concluded Cazalet, "because I don't think he's fit enough to be about alone."

"Nice of him, isn't it?" said Scruton bitterly. "I'm so fit that they wanted to keep me somewhere else longer than they'd any right; that may be why they lost no time in getting hold of me again. Nice, considerate, kindly country! Ten years isn't long enough to have you as a dishonored guest. Won't you come back for another week, and see if we can't arrange for a nice little sudden death and burial for you? But they couldn't you see, blast 'em!"

He slipped into the best chair in the room, which Blanche had wheeled up behind him; a moment later he looked round, thanked her curtsy, and lay back with closed eyes until suddenly he opened them on Cazalet.

"And what was that you were saying—that about traveling across Europe and being at Uplands that night? I thought you came round by sea! And what night do you mean?"

"The night it all happened," said Cazalet steadily.

"You mean the night some person unknown knocked Craven on the head?"

"Yes."

The sick man threw himself forward in the chair. "You never told me this!" he cried suspiciously; both the voice and the man seemed stronger.

"There was no point in telling you."

"Did you see the person?"

"Yes."

"Then he isn't unknown to you?"

"I didn't see him well."

Scruton looked sharply at the two mute listeners. They were very intent, indeed. "Who are these people, Cazalet? No! I know one of 'em," he answered himself in the next breath. "It's Blanche Macnair, isn't it? I thought at first it must be a younger sister grown up like her. You'll forgive prison manners, Miss Macnair, if that's still your name. You look a woman to trust—if there is one—and you gave me your chair. Anyhow, you've been in for a penny and you can stay in for a pound, as far as I care! But who's your American friend, Cazalet?"

"Mr. Hilton Toye, who spotted that I'd been all the way to Uplands and back when I claimed to have been in Rome!"

There was a touch of Scruton's bitterness in Cazalet's voice; and by some subtle process it had a distinctly mollifying effect on the really embittered man.

"What on earth were you doing at Uplands?" he asked, in a kind of confidential bewilderment.

"I went down to see a man."

Toye himself could not have cut and measured more deliberate monosyllables.

"Craven?" suggested Scruton.

"No; a man I expected to find at Craven's."

"The writer of the letter you found at Cook's office in Naples the night you landed there, I guess!"

"I suppose it was." Scruton ruminated a little, broke into his offensive laugh, and checked it instantly of his own accord. "This is really interesting," he croaked. "You got to London—at what time was it?"

"Nominally three-twenty-five; but the train ran thirteen minutes late," said Hilton Toye.

"And you're on the river by what time?" Scruton asked Cazalet.

"I walked over Hungerford bridge, took the first train to Surbiton, got a boat there, and just dropped down with the stream. I don't suppose the whole thing took me very much more than an hour."

"Aren't you forgetting something?" said Toye.

"Yes, I was. It was I who telephoned to the house and found that Craven was out motoring; so there was no hurry."

"Yet you weren't going to see Henry Craven?" murmured Toye.

Cazalet did not answer. His last words had come in a characteristic burst; now he had his mouth shut tight, and his eyes were fast to Scruton. He might have been in the witness-box already, a doomed wretch cynically supposed to be giving evidence on his own behalf, but actually only baring his neck by inches to the rope, under the joint persuasion of judge and counsel. But he had one friend by him still, one who had edged a little nearer in the pause.

"But you did see the man you went to see?" said Scruton.

Cazalet paused. "I don't know. Eventually somebody brushed past me in the dark. I did think then—but I can't swear to him even now!"

"Tell us about it."

"Do you mean that, Scruton? Do you insist on hearing all that happened? I'm not asking Toye; he can do as he likes. But you, Scruton—you've been through a lot, you know—you ought to have stopped in bed—do you really want this on top of all?"

"Go ahead," said Scruton. "I'll have a drink when you've done; somebody give me a cigarette meanwhile."

Cazalet supplied the cigarette, struck a match, and held it with unflinching hand. The two men's eyes met strangely across the flame.

"I'll tell you all exactly what happened; you can believe me or not as you like. You won't forget that I

—

"What Do You Know About Henry Craven's Murderer?"

knew every inch of the ground—except one altered bit that explained itself." Cazalet turned to Blanche with a significant look, but she only drew an inch nearer still. "Well, it was in the little creek, where the boat-house is, that I waited for my man. He never came—by the river. I heard the motor, but it wasn't Henry Craven that I wanted to see, but the man who was coming to see him. Eventually I thought I must have made a mistake, or he might have changed his mind and come by road. The dressing-gong had gone; at least I supposed it was that by the time. It was almost quite dark, and I landed and went up the path past the back premises to the front of the house. So far I hadn't seen a soul, or been seen by one, evidently; but the French windows were open in what used to be my father's library, the room was all lit up, and just as I got there a man ran out into the flood of light and—"

"I thought you said he brushed by you in the dark?" interrupted Toye.

"I was in the dark; so was he in another second; and no power on earth would induce me to swear to him. Do you want to hear the rest, Scruton, or are you another unbeliever?"

"I want to hear every word—more than ever!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Poor Speculation.

In theory it is good to go about shedding sunshine and making two smiles grow where one grows before, but in practice the pursuit is sometimes unpleasantly painful. Should you, at the dinner table in the boarding-house which you infest, humorously request the waitress to fetch you a few capsules in which to take your butter, or inform the landlady that she does not really keep her boarders longer than any other reduced gentlewoman in that part of town, but instead keeps them so much thinner that they look longer, you may win a few pale smiles from your fellow guests, but the mistress of the mansion will soak you two dollars more per week for your wit.—Kansas City Star.

Apt to Be Costly.

Wife—Oh, Tom, I dreamed last night that you bought me a beautiful automobile.

Hub—Good heavens! You'll ruin me with your extravagant dreams.