

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 take three lines of German trenches with bayonets.

Villa is reported to have held up a train and searched it for Americans, but found none.

One of the American columns penetrated 50 miles into Mexico before it was discovered by the natives.

It is believed the government will soon define clearly its attitude toward the entire submarine question.

President Wilson was back in Washington Friday after a brief visit to Philadelphia to have his eyes examined.

Congress avoids any unnecessary discussion of the Mexican question, but is ready to authorize war measures at a moment's notice.

Yuan Shi Kai renounces the throne of China and proclaims the restoration of the republic, but his opponents say the change is too late to save him.

Instructions to recruit the 12 National Guard companies of Arizona to war strength immediately were transmitted to the company commanders by order of the War department.

An army aviator was found by a wagon train after being lost in the Mexican desert for 48 hours. He repaired his leaking tank, received a supply of gasoline and was soon on his way.

The house education committee voted unanimously to take no action on pending bills to reopen the North Pole controversy. Dr. Frederick A. Cook recently asked the committee to investigate his claims.

The Hay army increase bill, providing for a regular army peace strength of 140,000 fighting men instead of the present 100,000, passed the house by a vote of 402 to 2. It goes to the senate for immediate consideration.

A dispatch to the Balkan agency from Bucharest says the chief clerk of the American legation at Sofia is reported to have been arrested by the Bulgarian authorities, accused of giving a present to an employe for using greater haste than ordinary in issuing passports.

Men of the Hungarian landsturm born in 1868 and 1869 and also the men belonging to the classes of 1865 and 1897, who hitherto have been employed in making war materials, now are dismissed from this service and ordered to join the army on April 5, according to a Reuter dispatch.

Losses in the Russian army, killed, wounded and missing, for the year 1915 were 2,542,639, according to Boris S. Schumacher, a Jewish newspaper correspondent, who exhibited printed lists which he said were official Russian reports and which he said he secretly obtained while in Petrograd.

In a telegram to President Wilson the Aero Club of America offered for army use in Mexico two high-powered aeroplanes, which, the club says, excel in every way the present army flying equipment. The telegram also said the club had already listed 19 licensed aviators as volunteers for service in Mexico.

Advices received from Dover by the Press association say that a second German seaplane was brought down after the raid made by four German aeroplanes over the Kent coast, last Sunday. It is said a British airman who was crossing the Channel in a new aeroplane saw the raid in progress, and joining in the chase of the Germans, succeeded in bringing down one of their machines.

Astoria, Oregon, is visited by a \$60,000 fire.

Food supplies are said to be becoming short in the Torreon district of Mexico and rioting is feared.

A German aviator has dropped several smoke bombs near a French battery, it is reported from the front. This is the first time since the war began that such bombs have been used. Not in themselves dangerous, the bombs give forth an intense smoke which persists for a long time and serves as a guide for the hostile artillery.

The immense Simpson holdings in Coos Bay district have been sold for a sum said to be near \$1,000,000.

The effort to increase the army bill to 220,000 enlisted men was defeated by the house. The bill will probably remain at 140,000, expandable to 175,000.

Through arguments before the Railroad commission of California, it is learned that the Hill lines wish to enter that state through Lakeview, Ore., and also the Western Pacific seeks to extend a feeder into Reno, Nev.

ENTENTE ALLIES CONFERENCE IN PARIS OF GREAT IMPORT

Paris—The most important conference of the entente allies since the outbreak of the war began in Paris Monday under the presidency of Premier Briand. The premiers of Great Britain, Italy, Belgium and Serbia participating.

The British foreign secretary, Sir Edward Grey; secretary of war, Field Marshal Earl Kitchener, and commander of the continental forces, General Sir Douglas Haigh; the French commander in chief, General Joffre, and the Italian general, Cadorna, also have seats at the council table. Russia is represented by the foreign minister, M. Iswolsky, and General Gilensky, aide-de-camp to the emperor; Japan by the Japanese ambassador at Paris, and Serbia by Prince Alexander.

Probably nothing will be disclosed concerning the questions under discussion or the decision reached, but it is expected that the allied powers will come to an agreement concerning common military and political actions.

Property Destroyed and Traffic Blocked by Middle West Floods

Chicago—Blizzards, abnormally warm weather, rain and snow much colder weather, all crowded into a few days, have combined to cause much sickness and distress in Middle Western states. Floods also are now taking a toll in human life and destroying property.

Northern Illinois cities report many streets submerged and light and power stations out of commission. Warnings are issued in Chicago and all the Northern Illinois territory of imminent peril of typhoid. Eastern Iowa and Southern Michigan, Northern Indiana and Ohio are also facing typhoid conditions.

Dispatches from Southwestern Wisconsin accentuate recent reports of flood damage. Seven have been drowned, with many districts entirely inaccessible. Almost one-eighth of the state is affected. Reports tell of one drowned in Rock county, one in Richland county and one in Grant county. Two perished when a bridge gave way. Others were drowned trying to get through flooded streams by fording.

One in Grant county died trying to lead his cattle from the stable to the hills, when they became so frightened that they trampled him to death.

President Wilson Warns Public Against Mexican War Rumors

Washington, D. C.—President Wilson has issued a warning that "sinister and unscrupulous influences" are spreading alarmist reports about the Mexican situation with the object of forcing intervention by the United States "in the interests of certain American owners of Mexican properties."

In a formal statement the President told the people of the United States to be on their guard and not credit such stories. He urged those who disseminate news to test the source and authenticity of every report from the border, and called attention again to the government's announcement that the sole object of the punitive expedition now in Mexico was to punish Villa and his followers.

The news services supplying newspapers had been asked, the President said, to assist in keeping this view constantly before the Mexican and American people, to the end that the expedition should take on the color of war.

Steamer Hits Log; Sinks.

Portland—After striking a 30-foot sunken log, which tore a huge hole in her hull at the port bow, the steamer Twin Cities, of the Dalles-Columbia line, began to sink near the mouth of North Portland harbor Saturday night. She was successfully beached after a struggle. Quick work on the part of the officers in charge, and the coolness of the members of the crew, prevented loss of life.

The 10 passengers aboard, and the livestock which formed part of the cargo, were landed in safety before the vessel settled in the shallower water near the bank. The steamer lay partially submerged at the south bank, near the mouth of the North Portland harbor. A portion of the rail around the upper deck was awash and the water, which was rising rapidly, was expected to flood the passenger cabins.

Shackleton Ship Is Safe.

London—Reports received here Monday stated that the auxiliary ship Aurora, of the Shackleton Antarctic expedition, which was damaged in the ice, is now proceeding to New Zealand for repairs and is not in distress or in need of assistance. The latest message indicates that the Aurora is proceeding under her own steam. A New Zealand wireless station is in communication with her.

Sir Douglas Mawson, the Antarctic explorer, expresses the opinion that there is no cause for alarm.

Fires Worst in Oregon.

Washington, D. C.—More than 72 per cent of all the damage done by forest fires in government forest reserves during 1915 was in Oregon, according to a bulletin just issued by the Forest service. During the past year forest fires burned over 300,000 acres of forest reserve lands, and destroyed 156,000,000 feet of timber, valued at \$190,000. The report says that 87 per cent of the total loss was confined to Oregon, Washington and Idaho.

NEWS ITEMS Of General Interest About Oregon

Seattle Firm Will Establish \$300,000 Shipyard at Astoria

Astoria—With the acquisition of 1200 feet of frontage on Young's Bay, at the foot of Seventh street, in this city, the J. A. McEachern company, of Seattle and Astoria, Monday completed final details that will give Astoria a \$300,000 shipping concern with expansion unlimited.

W. W. Clark, vice president, who built the battleship Nebraska for Moran Bros., now with the Seattle Construction & Drydock company, will be manager.

Soundings have been made and show that deep water fronts the property with a deep channel to the main channel entrance.

The concern will employ 400 men when the plant opens.

The firm is low bidder on barges for the Alaska Railway commission, and has other bids in for vessels.

Timber can be secured close at hand. Local capital is interested in the enterprise. The capacity of the yards as to wooden vessels will be unlimited.

Grangers Hear Address.

Portland—In his address on "Money and Markets" before Woodlawn Grange Saturday, A. D. Stillman, of Helena, Mont., pointed out that farmers can assist themselves through co-operation and said that under the regional banking system farmers may organize national banks, saving from 3 to 4 per cent on short-time loans. This has been done, he said, in Montana, with the result that the farmers are getting money to handle their crops at 6 per cent. "Before this co-operation," said Mr. Stillman, "the farmers were paying 8 per cent for money to pay for the marketing of their crops. When they asked the banks for 6 per cent, they were told the banks could not loan them money for less than 8 per cent. The farmers got together with the result that they moved their crops last year on 6 per cent money."

Long Closed Mill Busy.

Rainier—After closing down for more than two years, the old Pacific National Lumber company's mill, recently sold to the Multnomah Box & Lumber company by the receiver, started sawing lumber Tuesday.

This same company has purchased the O. K. Mill, one of the Dodge properties, which adjoins the Pacific National mill, and, according to Manager Mitchell, the new owners will take over the machinery from the O. K. mill to bring the capacity of the remainder of the machinery will be sold and the buildings razed. This will give the mill about 8900 feet of water front and for yards and loading facilities.

Cattlemen Lease Range.

Baker—To make possible the running of a large number of cattle in Eagle Valley, for which grazing privileges were denied by the Forestry service, the Cattle and Horse Raisers' association of the section will lease all privately owned range lands remaining on Pine Creek, according to Forest Supervisor Barnes, who returned recently from a trip to Eagle Valley.

The stockmen also decided to improve on the state regulations providing a minimum proportion of one bull for each 50 head of stock, making the proportion one to 25 instead. Mr. Barnes reported that the range is in fine condition.

Rangers Will Gather.

Baker—To conduct the annual meeting for the foresters employed on the Minam National forest, Charles H. Flory, assistant in the district supervisor's office in Portland, arrived in Baker this week. All phases of forestry work will be gone over, special attention, however, being paid to the subject of fire prevention. Although it is thought that the fire season this year will be a comparatively short one, due to the heavy snows, forest officials are determined to take no chances.

\$80,000 Ore Is Reported.

Baker—A gold strike so rich as to be almost unbelievable has just been made on Canyon Mountain by Denver Leedy and Lynn George, who have been working on a claim belonging to J. A. Muldrick. Average samples of the ore, which have been taken to Canyon City, assay from \$60,000 to \$80,000 a ton. The mine had been yielding only average returns until last week, when a sudden increase in the values contained in the vein was manifest. It is reported that there is more in sight, but it is not known how large the high grade ore body will be.

Beavers Cut Fruit Trees.

Albany—H. F. Struckmeier, of Thomas, has appealed to the county authorities for assistance in protecting his property from the beavers, who are frequenting his fruit orchard. They have cut down 50 prune trees, according to a statement made by the county fruit inspector, who inspected the premises, and they also cut down five peach trees. During the recent high water a portion of the orchard was under water, and it is supposed that the beavers cut down the trees in an effort to keep the water on the orchard.

The THOUSANDTH WOMAN BY ERNEST W. HORNING

Author of 'The AMATEUR CRACKSMAN,
RAFFLES, Etc.
ILLUSTRATIONS BY O. IRWIN MYERS

CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

Toye cocked his head at both question and answer, but inclined it quickly as Cazalet turned to him before proceeding.

"I went in and found Henry Craven lying in his blood. That's gospel—it was so I found him—lying just where he had fallen in a heap out of the leather chair at his desk. The top right-hand drawer of his desk was open, the key in it and the rest of the bunch still swinging! A revolver lay as it had dropped upon the desk—it had upset the ink—and there were cartridges lying loose in the open drawer, and the revolver was loaded. I swept it back into the drawer, turned the key and removed it with the bunch. But there was something else on the desk—that silver-mounted truncheon—and a man's cap was lying on the floor. I picked them both up. My first instinct, I confess it, was to remove every sign of manslaughter and to leave the scene to be reconstructed into one of accident—seizure—anything but what it was!"

He paused as if waiting for a question. None was asked. Toye's mouth might have been sewn up, his eyes were like hatpins driven into his head. The other two simply stared.

"It was a mad idea, but I had gone mad," continued Cazalet. "I had hated the victim alive, and it couldn't change me that he was dead or dying; that didn't make him a white man, and neither did it necessarily blacken the poor devil who had probably suffered from him like the rest of us, and only struck him down in self-defense. The revolver on the desk made that pretty plain. It was out of the way, but now I saw blood all over the desk as well; it was soaking into the blotter, and it knocked the bottom out of my idea. What was to be done? I had meddled already; how could I give the alarm without giving myself away to that extent, and God knows how much further? The most awful moment of the lot came as I hesitated—the dinner-gong went off in the hall outside the door! I remember watching the thing on the floor to see if it would move.

"Then I lost my head—absolutely. I turned the key in the door, to give myself a few seconds' grace or start; it reminded me of the keys in my hands. One of them was one of those little round bramah keys. It seemed familiar to me even after so many years. I looked up, and there was my father's Michael Angelo closet, with its little, round bramah keyhole. I opened it as the outer door was knocked at and then tried. But my mad instinct of altering every possible appearance, to mislead the police, stuck to me to the last. And I took the man's watch and chain into the closet with me, as well as the cap and truncheon that I had picked up before.

"I don't know how long I was above ground, so to speak, but one of my father's objects had been to make his retreat sound-tight, and I could scarcely hear what was going on in the room. That encouraged me; and two of you don't need telling how I got out through the foundations, because you know all about the hole I made myself as a boy in the floor under the oilcloth. It took some finding with single matches; but the fear of your neck gives you eyes in your fingers, and gimlets, too, by Jove! The worst part was getting out at the other end, into the cellars; there were heaps of empty bottles to move, one by one, before there was room to open the manhole door and to squirm out over the slab; and I thought they rang like a peal of bells, but I put them all back again, and apparently nobody overheard in the scullery."

"The big dog barked at me like blazes—he did again the other day—but nobody seemed to hear him either. I got to my boat, tipped a fellow on the towing path to take it back and pay for it—why haven't the police got hold of him?—and ran down to the bridge over the weir. I stopped a big car with a smart shaver smoking his pipe at the wheel. I should have thought he'd have come forward for the reward that was put up; but I pretended I was late for dinner I had in town, and I let him drop me at the Grand Hotel. He cost me a fiver, but I had on a waistcoat lined with notes, and I'd more than five minutes in hand at Charing Cross. If you want to know, it was the time in hand that gave me the whole idea of doubling back to Genoa; I must have been half-way up to town before I thought of it!"

He had told the whole thing as he always could tell an actual experience; that was one reason why it rang so true to one listener at every point. But the sick man's sunken eyes had advanced from their sockets in cumulative amazement. And Hilton Toye laughed shortly when the end was reached.

"You figure some on our credulity!" was his first comment.

"I don't figure on anything from you, Toye, except a pair of handcuffs as a first installment!"

Cazalet turned straight to Toye at the challenge. "Seriously, Cazalet, you ask us to believe that you did all this to screen a man you didn't have time to recognize?"

"I've told you the facts."

"Well, I guess you'd better tell them to the police." Toye took his hat and stick. Scruton was struggling from his chair. Blanche stood petrified, a dove under a serpent's spell, as Toye made her a sardonic bow from the landing door. "You broke your side of the contract, Miss Blanche! I guess it's up to me to complete."

"Wait!"

It was Scruton's raven croak; he had tottered to his feet.

"Sure," said Toye, "if you've anything you want to say as an interested party."

"Only this—he's told the truth!"

"Well, can he prove it?"

"I don't know," said Scruton. "But I can!"

"You?" Blanche chimed in there.

"Yes, I'd like that drink first, if you don't mind, Cazalet." It was Blanche who got it for him, in an instant. "Thank you! I'd say more if my blessing was worth having—but here's something that is. Listen to this, you American gentleman: I was the man who wrote to him in Naples. Leave it at that a minute; it was my second better to him; the first was to Australia, in answer to one from him. It was the full history of my downfall. I got a warder to smuggle it out. That letter was my one chance."

"I know it by heart," said Cazalet. "It was that and nothing else that made me leave before the shearing."

"To meet me when I came out!" Scruton explained in a hoarse whisper. "To—to keep me from going straight to that man, as I'd told him I should in my first letter! But you can't hit these things off to the day or the week; he'd told me where to write to him on his voyage, and I wrote to Naples, but that letter did not get

the other door. "Well! Aren't you going too? You were near enough, you see! I'm an accessory all right!"—he dropped his voice—"but I'd be principal if I could instead of him!"

But Toye had come back into the room, twinkling with triumph, even rubbing his hands. "You didn't see? You didn't see? I never meant to go at all; it was a bit of bluff to make him own up, and it did, too, bully!"

The couple gasped.

"You mean to tell me," cried Cazalet, "that you believed my story all the time?"

"Why, I didn't have a moment's doubt about it!"

Cazalet drew away from the chuckling creature and his crafty glee. But Blanche came forward and held out her hand.

"Will you forgive me, Mr. Toye?"

"Sure, if I had anything to forgive. It's the other way around, I guess, and about time I did something to help." He edged up to the folding-door. "This is a two-man job, Cazalet, the way I make it out. Guess it's my watch on deck!"

"The other's the way to the police station," said Cazalet densely.

Toye turned solemn on the word. "It's the way to hell, if Miss Blanche will forgive me! This is more like the other place, thanks to you folks. Guess I'll leave the angels in charge!"

"Angels or not, the pair were alone at last; and through the doors they heard a quavering croak of welcome to the rather human god from the American machine.

"I'm afraid he'll never go back with you to the bush," whispered Blanche.

"Scruton?"

"Yes."

"I'm afraid, too. But I wanted to take somebody else out, too. I was trying to say so over a week ago, when we were talking about old Venus Potts. Blanche, will you come?"

(THE END.)

ONE ON THE FLOORWALKER

Presumably He Knew Duties of His Position, But He Was Not Proficient in Spelling.

The worst thing about the following is that it is true, and what's more, that it happened in one of Pittsburgh's stores.

The girl, stylishly attired, stepped up to the still more stylishly attired floorwalker and inquired where she would find the chiffons. The floorwalker consulted a notebook. Her surprise came when he gravely told her that they did not keep chiffons.

"Why!" she gasped, "you cannot possibly mean that."

In her eagerness she stepped closer to the stylishly attired man than Eleanor Gale says a stylishly attired woman should, and looked over his shoulder at the notebook.

"Oh! I see," she said, flatly, as she moved off to ask the girl at the glove counter about the chiffons. The man had been looking under the name.—Baltimore Star.

Trapping Partridges.

How partridges are trapped in Virginia and North Carolina, in the winter, is described as follows: A net measuring from 15 to 30 feet, and about eight inches high, is put down with stanchions; horizontally in the center is an opening similar to the hoop nets for fishing; the opening in the net is cone-shaped, diminishing in size. The netter mounts a horse and starts at the distant side of the field, riding in a walk backward and forward, his objective point being the net. If he encounters a bunch of birds they will run before the horse. He then begins to so direct his horse as to drive them to the net, being always careful not to flush them. When he reaches the net the birds discover the opening and enter, the whole process being similar to driving sheep into a pen. When the birds are safe the netter dismounts and secures his game.

Food by Proxy.

Most of us know some particular food or drink, the desire for which is stimulated in us by reading about it. But the writing must be skillful, or if not skillful, artlessly good. The cruder method of the stage produces the same effect; all smokers have experienced the almost overwhelming desire to smoke which comes upon them when someone lights a cigarette on the stage; these strange and rapid restaurant meals of the fashionable theater, when a party sits down at a table and is whirled through six courses in about five minutes, surrounded by champagne bottles in ice buckets and trays of liquors, have an absurdly exciting effect.

Not a Nation of Singers.

In this country, though we have produced many fine voices, we have never become a nation of singers. There are, it is true, in most of the leading cities, choral societies, but the singing of large groups of people is comparatively uncommon among us. Here is a matter for regret, for among all large bodies of singers where there has been more or less training the effect is beautiful and inspiring. In fact, there are few things in music more impressive than the singing of hundreds of voices.

Throttling a Scourge.

Prediction is made by government health officials that in a few more years typhoid fever will be almost as rare as smallpox. This prophecy is based on the rapidly increasing use of the vaccine and consequent immunization of entire localities from the disease.



"You Broke Your Side of the Contract, Miss Blanche."