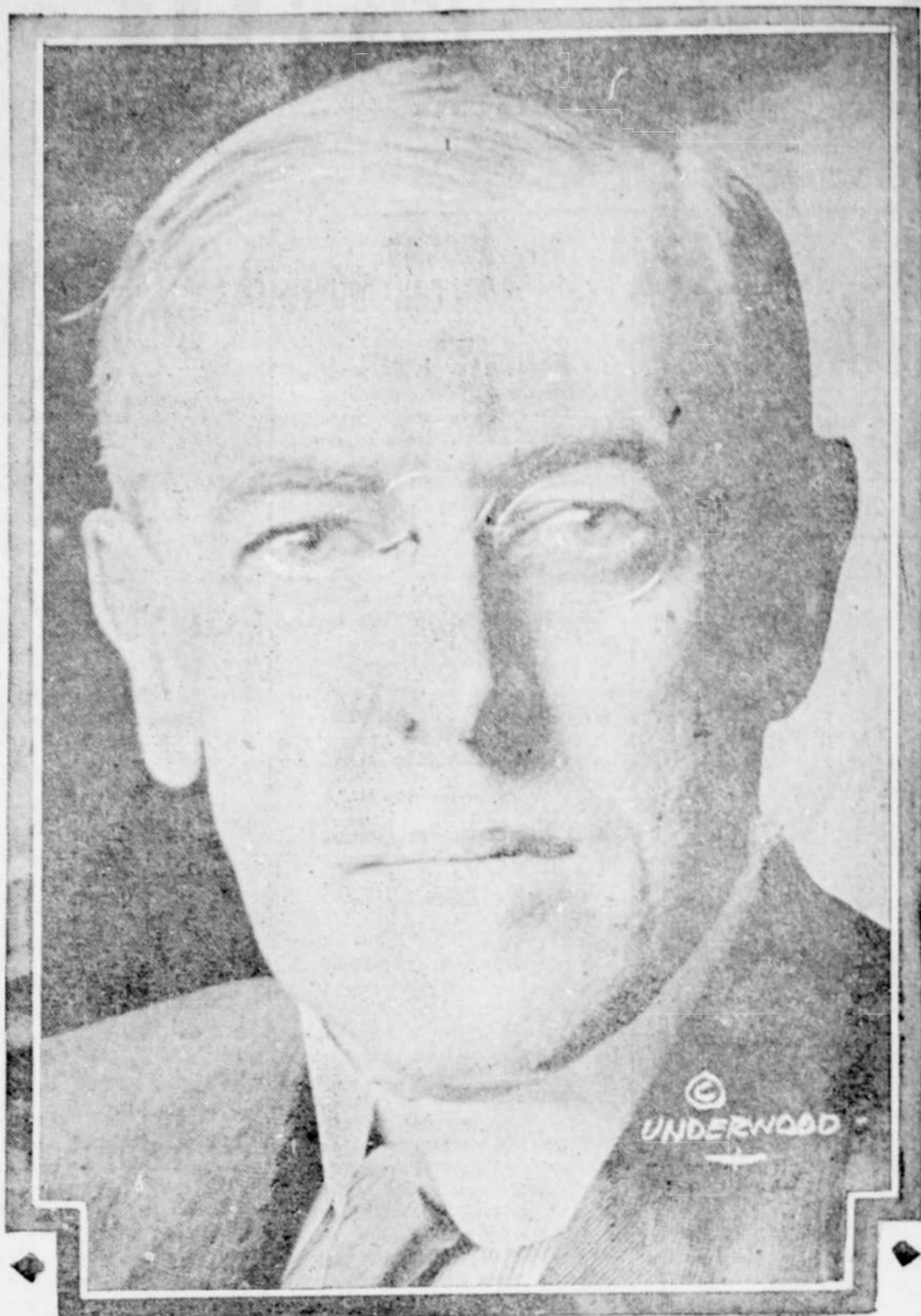


DEMOCRATS NOMINATE WILSON AND MARSHALL BY ACCLAMATION AT ST. LOUIS.



WOODROW WILSON, PRESIDENT.

PLATFORM ADOPTED; SESSION ADJOURNS

St. Louis—The Democratic National Convention finished its work Friday by adopting the party platform exactly as approved by President Wilson and submitted by the resolutions committee, including the planks on Americanism and favoring woman suffrage, but not until the harmony of its three days' session had been rippled with a row over the suffrage plank.

No voice was raised against the declarations of the Americanism plank. At one time it looked as if the suffrage plank had been lost, but after Senator Walsh, of Montana, had told the convention that President Wilson himself considered it vital to party success it was voted into the platform, 888 1/2 to 18 1/2. The whole platform then was adopted without roll call.

As it went into the platform the suffrage plank stands: "We favor the extension of the franchise to the women of this country, state by state, on the same terms as to the men."

The women suffrage leaders considered it a much more favorable declaration than they got from the Republican convention at Chicago; they threw all their force behind it and won the support of the administration leaders, who were found fighting for them when danger threatened.

Haggard and worn from an all-night session, the platform makers were not ready with their report until afternoon, when Senator Stone, sleepless for more than 30 hours, took the speaker's stand to read the document gave over this task to Senator Walsh, of Montana, and Senator Hollis, of New Hampshire. They "spelled" each other reading the long declaration.

The fight on the suffrage plank was in the air. Every body was keyed up to it when at the conclusion of the reading of the platform Martin Lomasney, of Boston, a delegate, claimed the attention of the chair, it was thought that he was opening the fight. It was several minutes before the shouts of approval and cries of disapproval could be stilled sufficiently to hear that he wanted to put the convention on record as sympathizing with "the people of Ireland."

"Raus mit him," roared a Baltimore delegate and the convention hall rocked with laughter. The real fight broke immediately after, however, when Governor Fer-

Boys' Box Trade Thrives.

Portland—Portland has some very ambitious lads, according to a report prepared by Superintendent Donaldson, of the street cleaning bureau. He reports that his bureau after the last Rose Festival parade hauled away 40 truckloads of boxes the boys had taken into the business district to sell for curb seats. Tons of paper and other waste materials were gathered up from the streets at the close of the Festival. The paper was taken to the incinerator, while the boxes were distributed to poor families for fuel.



THOMAS R. MARSHALL.

guson, of Texas, who headed the minority report against the administration plank, was given 30 minutes in which to discuss it.

The plank offered by the minority was this:

"The Democratic party has always stood for the sovereignty of the several states in the control and regulation of elections. We reaffirm the historic position of our party in this regard and favor the continuance of that wise provision of the federal constitution which vests in the several states of the union the powers to prescribe the qualifications of their electors."

Great Britain's Answer on Mail Seizures to Evade Issue Again

Washington, D. C.—While Great Britain has indicated to the State department that examination of detained neutral mails would be expedited as much as possible, department officials said Monday that the concession could be considered by this government as only a minor one, not affecting the question of right of seizure, over which the two governments have disagreed.

Intimations have reached the department that the British reply, now being prepared, would formally call attention to the steps taken to obviate delay in mail examination, thus disposing of many specific complaints that the allies had exceeded their rights in extending their censorship outside territorial waters and had employed "vexatious inquisitorial" methods in enforcing it.

Living for Diplomats Grows.

Washington, D. C.—Secretary Lansing has asked congress for \$75,000 for special allowances to diplomatic officers in foreign capitals, reporting that the cost of living had increased 200 per cent over normal times. "Most of the diplomatic officers at these capitals" said Secretary Lansing, "are able to live at present only by drawing substantially on their private means and in many instances where secretaries of embassies or legations have no private means their continuance at these posts will be impossible."

CONVENTION ACTS IN HARMONY

Coliseum, St. Louis—President Wilson and Vice President Marshall were nominated by acclamation late Thursday night by the Democratic National convention, the ticket being completed four minutes before Friday.

Contrary to expectation, however, the convention did not finish its work, because the platform was not ready, and it met again at 11 o'clock Friday morning.

It was announced in the convention that the sub-committee drafting the platform had finished its work, but that the entire resolutions committee was not assembled to pass upon it, and it was not known when that could be done.

President Wilson's own plank, charging conspiracy among some foreign-born citizens for the benefit of the foreign powers and denouncing any political party which benefits and not repudiating such a situation, was incorporated in the platform just as the President himself had sent it from Washington. It was understood that the President insisted that the plank should be put in the platform in the way he had drawn it.

There never was any doubt of President Wilson's nomination, but there was a possibility that some vice-presidential booms might be brought out in opposition to Vice President Marshall. They melted away, however, when the convention got in session, and as soon as President Wilson's nomination had been made a roaring chorus of acclamation, Senator Kern, who re-nominated Mr. Marshall, cast aside a long prepared speech and simply declared: "I nominate Thomas Riley Marshall, of Indiana, for vice president."

To President Wilson's nomination there was only one dissenting vote, Robert Emmett Burke, of Illinois, who came to the convention declaring that he was opposed to the President. His vote technically made the President's nomination 1091 to 1.

A striking incident of the session was the action of the convention in calling on William J. Bryan to speak. This was done on the motion of Senator Thompson, of Kansas, that the rules be suspended and the ex-secretary be permitted to take the platform. The motion was carried and Mr. Bryan was escorted to the platform immediately.

He spoke 45 minutes, pledging his support to the President.

\$50,000,000 Loan Is Made.

Petrograd—A \$50,000,000 banking credit was completed between representatives of five New York financial houses and the Russian government. The credit was secured by the deposit by Russia in a local bank to the order of American banks of 15,000,000 rubles. In addition the American banks received an option to purchase 100,000,000 rubles in Russian government 5 per cent bonds at 94 1/2. The American parties to the transaction are J. P. Morgan & Co., and others.

The Red Mirage

A Story of the French Legion in Algiers

By I. A. R. WYLIE

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SYNOPSIS.

—12—
Sylvia Omney, her lover, Richard Farquhar, finds, has fallen in love with Captain Arnaud of the Foreign Legion. In Captain Sower's room Farquhar demands an apology. Refused, he forces Farquhar to resign his commission in return for possession of Farquhar's father's written confession that he had murdered Sower's father. Gabrielle saves Farquhar from suicide. To shield Arnaud, Sylvia's fiance, Farquhar professes to have stolen war plans and tells the real culprit why he did so. As Richard Nameless he joins the Foreign Legion and sees Sylvia, now Mme. Arnaud, meet Colonel Destinn. Farquhar meets Sylvia and Gabrielle, and learns from Corporal Gosta of the colonel's cruelty. Arnaud becomes a drinker and opium smoker. Sylvia becomes friendly with Colonel Destinn. Arnaud becomes jealous of Farquhar. Farquhar, on guard at a villa where a dance is in progress, is shot down by Arnaud. Arnaud justifies his insanely jealous action to Colonel Destinn. Arnaud goes to a dancing girl who loves him for comfort. Gabrielle meets Lowe, for whom she had sacrificed position and reputation, and tells him she is free from him. Sylvia meets Destinn behind the mosque.

A heartless wife sees her husband going mad because she does not love him, but she refuses to give him even a friendly smile. She refuses to make amends even when she learns that he is killing by torture the man she really loves. Is such a woman worth any man's affections?

CHAPTER XII—Continued.

"What is it, Desire? Had we not better wait until another time?"

"What I have to say is said quickly. A volunteer corps is being formed for Tonkin. I have offered for service. If I am accepted you will accompany me."

"I refuse."

"On what grounds?"

"I simply cannot. You are absurd and melodramatic, Desire. I have given you my answer. Have you anything more to say?"

He got up quietly.

"Nothing."

She hesitated, then glanced at Gabrielle Smith with a pretty expressive shrug of the shoulders, and passed calmly out of the room. But the little appeal had been ignored. Gabrielle was watching the man standing motionless in the lamplight. After a moment she came up to him and placed a cup on the table near him.

"Your tea, Captain Arnaud."

He started nervously.

"My tea—oh, thank you. I had forgotten. You are very good—a sort of administering and practical angel." He tried to laugh. "Does nothing ever upset you? I believe in the middle of an earthquake you won't still come up to me and say in your quiet, hobgoblin sort of way, 'Your tea, Captain Arnaud,' and make me feel that earthquakes were the most trivial occurrences possible."

"They are at least more frequent than the seismographs would have us suppose, Captain Arnaud."

"What does that mean?"

He turned his heavy light eyes to her face. She met the interrogation quite calmly, her hands clasped in front of her with prim precision.

"I mean that I know something of what has happened," she said.

"For instance?"

"I know what happened at the Villa Bernotto's."

It was very silent in the shadowy room. Arnaud had not moved. But over his white, vice-marked features there quivered the first signal of re-awakened consciousness.

"How did you know?" he asked quietly.

"I can't tell you. I guessed. Something you said made me understand that you hated Mr. Farquhar."

"You know his name?"

"I know him."

"I was in the dark—I am still. But I was almost sure of one thing. And it was I who warned the patrol."

"You wanted to trap me?"

"I wanted to save you both."

He turned away from her then with a trembling gesture of incredulity.

"You wanted to save me from what—from murder? Was it worth while? Don't you know what I am? Ask my wife. She can tell you—a drunkard, an opium-smoker, a dissolute—"

"A madman, Captain Arnaud."

"How do you know that? I have been trying to hide it from everyone. But you are right. I am mad—obsessed. They say some mad people suffer tortures from the knowledge of their madness. I am like that. I know that I am mad, and I am in hell. I can see the days that are to come—horrid mishapen horrors, crowding along the path and waiting to spring on me."

He caught hold of her by the hand, and his quiet, terrible voice dropped to a whisper. "Today was a red-faced devil—you know, like the one you saw that night. I drugged myself so that I should not wake until it had gone. But you cannot cheat the devil with

opium. I went out on to the plateau. Farquhar was there. Poor Farquhar! My heart was sick for him. They had torn my bullet out of his shoulder, and he held himself like a man. I wanted to let him go, but I knew it was no good to try, so I sent him and a dozen others over the plateau at the double. You understand—it was a mile or more, and he looked as though there wasn't a drop of blood in him. He fainted—over the body of a comrade whom he had tried to help. I marveled that he had gone so far. The sergeant ordered him up, but he did not move. He was unconscious. But that did not count; he had disobeyed orders. We are very severe with that sort of thing in the Legion. I had him strung up in the crapaudine. Do you know what that is, mademoiselle? We strap a man's wrists and ankles together behind his back and leave him like that for a day or two, out of doors, with a quarter of an hour's interval here and there to break the monotony. It used to be a very favorite punishment in the Legion. The good General Negrier abolished it, but now and again we revive it. I revived it. Richard Farquhar is out there now, on the plateau, and perhaps he will not live to see the morning. And he saved me—he saved—". The terrible dry whisper ended suddenly. Arnaud put his hands to his head with a movement of pathetic helplessness.

"Miss Smith—I—I am afraid I have been wandering—talking nonsense. You—you don't think I am altogether mad, do you?"

"No, no—Captain Arnaud—only worn out—exhausted. Come, I want you to lie down on this sofa here, and I shall put the lights out. You must promise me to try and sleep. On your word of honor."

"My word of honor? Oh, I don't think that's worth much nowadays. But I'll do anything you ask."

"I only ask of you to sleep and forget," she answered.

He nodded, yielding to her like a sick child, his eyes following her movements with an humble gratitude. She

"I'm Going to Act for You."



arranged the pillows beneath his head, and he took her hand and kissed it, diffidently, apologetically.

"I hope you don't mind. I expect if you knew what I was—that I had done, you would shrink from me."

"No, Captain Arnaud, if you were the devil himself I should not shrink from you."

"I don't believe you would. You'd comfort him—you'd tell him there was hope for him yet—that he wasn't altogether bad. My wife—" He faltered, and her grasp on his powerless hand grew firmer.

"Your wife is very young, Captain Arnaud. One day soon she will understand as I do."

"If that were true—possible—then I could sleep—"

His eyes closed. A weak tremulous sigh quivered at the corners of his mouth. Noiselessly she turned out the lights and left him.

Sylvia Arnaud's room lay at the farther end of the corridor. Gabrielle knocked and immediately entered. Her manner, from that of quiet good humor, had become alert and hard. Her eyes were very bright, her mouth set in lines that for once betrayed no trace of humor.

"Your husband is very ill, Madame Arnaud," she said. "He is on the brink of a nervous breakdown—perhaps worse—and only you can save him. I came to warn you—"

"You are very kind, Miss Smith."

"This is not the time to exchange commonplaces. When he awakes you must go to him. You must tell him that you will accompany him to Tonkin. But you must act at once—before it is too late."

Sylvia Arnaud drew back, white and trembling, the first indulgent good humor turned to an incredulous anger.

"Miss Smith, are you forgetting—?"

"That I am your paid companion? No. But it is in your or my power to make our status into that of absolute equality—this moment if you wish. Do you wish it?"

Sylvia stared blankly at the stern white face of the woman confronting her. Her anger had burned out like straw, and she was now only frightened and a little resentful.

"I—I don't want to lose you, Miss Smith," she stammered. "I know that you do not care for me; but in your strange way you have been friendly—and I—I am very alone. I have confidence in you. I am prepared to overlook the evening's outbreak."

"That's what you cannot and shall not do," was the grim answer. "You have driven your husband to the verge of madness, Madame Arnaud, and through madness to crime—to the murder of a man who surely was once dear to you."

"Whom do you mean?"

"Richard Farquhar."

"I forbid you—you are beside yourself—"

Gabrielle interrupted the indignant protest with a quiet decision tinged with irony.

"We are always beside ourselves when we tell the truth, Madame Arnaud. But fortunately I have not much more to say. Go to your husband—tell him that Richard Farquhar never was and never could be his rival in your affections—tell him whom it was you went to meet in the grove that night—"

"I cannot—what you ask is absurd."

The gray, neat little figure came closer.

"You are very lovely, Madame Arnaud," Gabrielle Smith said very gently and almost reverently. "One understands why men suffer so much and patiently for you. A man's life is in your power. Whatever he has done he loved you. He still looks up to you as a saint in heaven. Madame Arnaud, such loyalty is rare. You dare not kill it!"

Sylvia laughed carelessly.

"That all comes too late," she said. "You cannot plead to me for pity. And justice! What justice dare you claim for an outcast—a cheat, a man whom all honest men shrink from—or for a disolute rascal who has not shrunk from murder? They have earned their fate."

Sylvia rose instinctively to her feet, and they faced each other in the silence of unrelenting antagonism. The little gray-clad woman turned and went quietly toward the door. For the first time Sylvia's voice sounded breathless and anxious.

"What are you going to do?"

"I am going to act for you."

The door closed. Sylvia Arnaud ran to it and, turning the key, set her back against it as though shutting out an unreasoned, nameless terror.

CHAPTER XIII.

Dreams.

There were dreams on the great plateau—unreal shapes which took their airy substance from the stars and from the white translucency of the Arabian night. Richard Farquhar saw them distinctly. In the first hours of twilight he had believed them the pigments of his own pulsing, fever-driven brain. And he had rolled over, hiding his face against the hard soil, and had bitten his lips bloody.

The melancholy hour between life and death was over, and slowly, with all the mysterious majesty of the East, night led out her shining myriads from the darkness into the waiting solitudes. Only the sentinel of the hour stood out as something living, a tall rigid shadow magnified by the silver ghostly light of the stars.

The sentry had turned and became suddenly an immense shadow. The shadow bent over him and whispered:

"Are you awake, comrade?"

"Yes, of course I am awake," he said.

"How are you? Are you in great pain? Perhaps I could loosen the cord a little. Shall I try?"

"No, you will get yourself into trouble. I am all right—"

"Mother of God! Your wrists are covered with blood. The devils! See, here is water. It will refresh you. You are a brave man. You have not cried out. If you had cried out they would have gagged you. They gagged a countryman of mine out there in Madagascar, and in the morning he was dead. There, drink!"

Farquhar turned his head away. Hitherto he had not been conscious of pain; now he knew it had been there throughout, at the back of his consciousness—a white-hot searing of his muscles, a frightful crushing weight, a hand that seemed to hold him by the throat, choking the breath from him.

"I cannot drink—"

He could not hear his own voice. He was not even sure that he had spoken at all. The shadow of the sentry seemed to envelop the whole earth, blotting out its own shape. But the whisper went on. It sounded so close to him that it seemed to have crept into his very brain.

The soldiers are in deepest sympathy with Farquhar. If he should organize a revolt they would follow him. Will he do so, after this torture, or will he heed the stern inner call of duty and honor? What would you do?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Venezuela's 1914 imports were valued at \$3,987,467.