

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.

Henry Hewitt, Jr., of Tacoma, Wash., millionaire lumberman, has sent five checks of \$100 each to Captain Hartwell W. Palmer, of cavalry troop B.

The Italian advance continues on the Trentino front. The official report says that in the Arsa valley the Italians stormed Fort Mattassone and carried the ridge of Monte Trappola.

Two fires in the downtown district of El Paso, Tex., causing a total loss of \$75,000, were attributed to incendiarism. Rumors spread of a plot by Mexicans, but were given no official basis.

Thomas Kelley, millionaire contractor, accused of defrauding the province of Manitoba in the erection of Parliament buildings at Winnipeg, was found guilty by a jury in Assize court.

It was announced at army headquarters in San Francisco that orders had been received from Washington forbidding the giving out of any information regarding troop movements, Federal or National Guard, in the Western department.

As a result of a family quarrel near Pearl, Wash., 14 miles southeast of Bridgeport, Claude Tinker killed his mother and his brother, Frank. He also attempted to kill his father, who is a well-known rancher in that vicinity, but did not succeed.

Bandits attacked the bridge over the Medina river at MacDona, Tex., about 20 miles southwest of San Antonio, Friday night, according to a report. The bridge guard of United States soldiers routed their assailants, who fled in the darkness. Two Americans were wounded. One of the bandits was taken prisoner.

General Trevino, commanding the de facto government forces in Chihuahua, informed the war department at Mexico City by telegraph that the American troops had commenced a retirement northward and had abandoned the towns of San Buena Ventura, Las Cruces, Namiqupa and Santa Clara. These places, he adds, were immediately occupied by his forces.

The first white robin of any season has been reported by M. M. Lyons, of Portland. The rare bird was seen flitting about at East Fourteenth and Weiser streets. That it is a robin Mr. Lyons feels certain, for, he says, it is a young bird and is being mothered by a regular robin redbreast. "The bird is marked and built like a robin, and it chirps like one," said Mr. Lyons. "But it is white from beak to the tip of its tail."

The name of the Pacific Reserve Fleet, with headquarters at the Puget Sound navy yard, has been changed to "Reserve Force, U. S. Pacific Fleet." Six vessels of the reserve force are in Mexican and California waters under command of Rear Admiral Fullam, who shifted his flag from the cruiser Pittsburgh to the cruiser Colorado. His title henceforth will be commander of the Reserve Force, Pacific Fleet, instead of commander-in-chief of the Pacific Reserve Fleet.

President Wilson, describing himself as "in a fighting mood," enunciated Friday to a large crowd in Independence Square in Philadelphia, his conception of some of the cardinal American ideals. He declared that America, in dealing with other nations, must "vindicate at whatever cost," its principles of liberty, justice and humanity; that "America first" must be translated into action exalting it above all selfish interests; and that the nation's policy and development must be guided by the whole people and not by any small group.

The United States now is waiting for General Carranza's final word in reply to the note sent Sunday demanding release of the prisoners taken at Carrizal and a formal diplomatic announcement of intentions.

Respite of 30 days pending hearing of pardon applications were granted by President Wilson to S. D. and W. S. Simpson, officers of the American National Bank of Caldwell, Idaho, convicted of issuing a fraudulent certificate of deposit.

Fighting activity in the Western theater on the fronts occupied by the British and the north wing of the French army was important and has been so for the past two days, says the official statement issued by German army headquarters.

Veterans of the Civil War began arriving at Spokane Tuesday for the annual encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, Department of Washington and Alaska. It is expected that 900 of the 3000 veterans in Washington and Alaska will attend the convention.

MRS. HETTY GREEN, WORLD'S RICHEST WOMAN, DIES AT 80

New York — Mrs. Hetty Green, known as the world's wealthiest woman, whose fortune is estimated as high as \$100,000,000, died here Monday, aged 80 years. She had suffered three strokes of paralysis in the last two months and for several weeks had been practically helpless.

Her death occurred at 8:05 o'clock at the home of her son, Colonel Edward H. R. Green, adjoining the plain brick four-story house on the corner of Central Park West, where Mrs. Green had lived lately in seclusion, except for her son and several Japanese servants and trained nurses.

Wall street's estimates of Mrs. Green's fortune range from \$20,000,000 to \$100,000,000. Officials of the Chemical National bank, in which Mrs. Green once made her downtown headquarters, declined to hazard a guess concerning the size of her estate.

Hetty Green was the world's most remarkable mistress of finance. The richest woman in America, she lived almost as frugally as a shop-girl. Her home was wherever she chose for a time to hang her little black crepe and bonnet, often in the hall bedroom of some cheap boarding house or in some remote and modest flat around New York.

Mrs. Green's eccentric extremes of economy led to the popular misconception of her as a "self-made woman." As a matter of fact she was born rich. In 1865 she inherited some \$10,000,000, which accumulated upon itself until in 50 years it had multiplied nearly ten times. She also inherited family traditions which had been a pride for three centuries, and which she was anxious to perpetuate in her children.

Blame for Recent Irish Uprising Placed by Royal Commission

London — The Royal commission which investigated the Irish rebellion in its report submitted Tuesday says the responsibility for the outbreak does not rest with Baron Wimborne, the lord lieutenant, since resigned, who is declared to have been in no way answerable for the policy of the government.

The chief secretary for Ireland, Augustine Birrell, who resigned shortly after the suppression of the outbreak, was primarily responsible, say the report.

The Royal commission was presided over by Baron Hardings. Outlining the causes of the outbreak in Ireland, the report says:

"The fact should be borne in mind that there is always a section of opinion in that country bitterly opposed to British connection and that in times of excitement this section can impose its sentiments on largely increased numbers of the people."

The report points out that it is outside the scope of the commission's instructions to inquire how far the policy of the Irish executive was adopted by the cabinet, or to attach responsibility to any but the civil and military executive in Ireland. The report then gives these conclusions:

"That the main cause of the rebellion appears to be that lawlessness was allowed to grow unchecked and that Ireland for several years had been administered on the principle that it was safer and more expedient to leave the law in abeyance if a collision with any faction of the Irish people could therefore be avoided."

The importation of large quantities of arms into Ireland and the toleration of drilling by large bodies of men, the report says, created conditions which rendered possible the recent troubles in Dublin and elsewhere.

"It appears to us," said the commissioners, "that reluctance was shown by the Irish government to repress by prosecution written and spoken utterances and to suppress drilling and maneuvering of armed forces known to be under control of men who openly were declaring their hostility to your majesty's government."

"There developed widespread belief that no repressive measures would be undertaken by the government against sedition."

"This led to a rapid increase of preparation for insurrection and was the immediate cause of the recent outbreak. We are of the opinion that on the outbreak of the war all drilling and maneuvering by unrecognized bodies of men, whether armed or unarmed, should have been strictly prohibited."

Seven Killed in Explosion.

Emporium, Pa. — Six men were instantly killed, one died aboard a train to a hospital and five others were seriously burned about the body here Sunday afternoon when several thousand pounds of powder exploded in the dry house at the Aetna Explosives company's plant. The dry house was demolished and the ruins ignited, threatening adjoining property. Fifteen men were working in the building when the explosion took place. Three standing near a door were blown from the building, with but minor injuries.

Russians Continue to Win.

Petrograd — Russian troops continue to drive back the Austro-Hungarian army in the region south of the Dnieper river, in Galicia, says the Russian official statement issued Sunday. Many places south of Kolomea have been occupied by forces of Emperor Nicholas. It is announced that on June 28 and 29 General Letchitsky took prisoner 305 officers and 14,574 men, making a total of 217,000 Austro-Hungarians captured since June 4.

NEWS ITEMS Of General Interest About Oregon

Mill Fire Loss \$100,000 at Banks.

Banks — Fully a million feet of lumber were lost in the fire which destroyed the mill of the Eccles Lumber company Saturday, and an estimate of the loss is placed at fully \$100,000 by officials of the company.

Whether or not the mill will be rebuilt has not been decided. M. H. Eccles, of Baker, owner of the mill, is expected here this week, when a decision may be announced.

The mill was insured, but officials were unable to say to what extent. The mill was new and had been in operation only a few months. Shortly after completion nearly two years ago, it closed down after operating a few weeks and operations were not resumed until this spring. In the meantime a planer was added. The plant was equipped with the latest and most modern machinery.

How the fire started is a mystery. It was first observed about the center of the mill, and before any steps could be taken to check the flames, it had spread throughout the entire mill.

The Eccles Lumber company owns several mills in the state. This is the second loss they have sustained within a few months. Last winter their principal mill at Baker was destroyed, but has been rebuilt.

Dog Saves Oregon Professor's Son.

Eugene — Because of a fox terrier belonging to members of the Kappa Sigma fraternity recognized that Roger De Busk, aged 6 years, was in distress as he floundered in the millrace near the University of Oregon, the life of the little fellow was saved Wednesday.

The dog ran up and down the banks, as if greatly excited, attracting the attention of Glenn Shockley, a member of the fraternity, who went to the boy's rescue.

Roger is a son of Professor B. W. De Busk, of the university. He had fallen from the Alder-street bridge, and, being unable to swim, was carried down stream about 50 feet before being rescued. No one witnessed the accident, and but for the dog's conduct the boy probably would have perished.

Arguments to Come High.

Salem — It will cost about \$55 a page for all arguments submitted in favor of or against any initiative measures to be placed before the voters of the state in the November election, according to Secretary of State Olcott.

It is impossible to say just what the size and extent of the pamphlet will be, or how many will be printed. The registration in 1914 was about 305,000, while the registration before the primary was about 230,000. This year the registration before the primary ran about 260,000, and it is expected the final figure will show a corresponding increase. One pamphlet is sent to each registered voter.

Lumbermen May Meet.

Klamath Falls — Plans are now under way for a convention of the California White and Sugar Manufacturers association here in August. Harold D. Mortenson, President of the Pelican Lumber company of this city, has charge of the arrangements for this meeting.

During the first week of August, the White Pine Manufacturers association of Spokane, will hold its annual convention at Bend, Ore. As this meeting will be attended by all pine lumbermen of the Inland Empire, the two organizations may meet here together to talk and formulate plans for better grading and market conditions.

Fire Patrols Sent Out.

Salem — The increase of logging operations, with consequent greater fire hazard, should be offset by increased efficiency of the fire patrol system of the state, thinks State Forester Elliott, who is directing the annual campaign against destruction of Oregon's most valuable resource.

Although its organization is not much larger this year than last, previous seasons' experience has enabled him to get closer working efficiency throughout the whole organization than ever before.

Twenty-six of 27 district wardens have received their badges and gone to their posts already.

Oregon Steer Worth \$171.

Baker — That an Oregon steer had brought the highest price ever paid for a western animal of its kind in the Kansas City, Mo., market was the word received Wednesday. The sale was made by F. C. Oxman, of Durkee, Baker county, and was "king" of a herd of 400 steers shipped from Mercer county, California. It weighed 1560 pounds and brought \$171.60. It was a shorthorn and was 4 years old. The steer has never had any grain or other kind of feed except the California range grasses of last winter.

Banks Mill In Doubt.

Baker — No definite plans for the rebuilding of the \$40,000 Eccles mill at Banks, destroyed Saturday by fire, will be made until the return of W. H. Eccles, president of the company, now in Ogden, according to the announcement by Roland S. Eccles. Only a minor part of the contracts held by the Banks mill can be handled in Baker, it is said, because of the different class of lumber available.

The Red Mirage

A Story of the French Legion in Algiers

By I. A. R. WYLIE

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SYNOPSIS.

Sylvia Omney, her lover, Richard Farquhar, finds, has fallen in love with Captain Arnaud of the Foreign Legion. In Captain Sower's room Farquhar forces Sower to have Preston's I O U's returned to him. Farquhar is helped to his rooms by Gabrielle Smith. Sower 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 Destin. Farquhar meets Sylvia and Gabrielle, and learns from Corporal Goetz of the colonel's cruelty. Arnaud becomes a drunkard and opium smoker. Sylvia becomes friendly with Colonel Destin. 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 Destin. Arnaud goes to a dancing girl who loves him for comfort. Gabrielle meets Sower, for whom she had sacrificed position and reputation, and tells him she is free from him. Sylvia meets Destin behind the mosque. Arnaud becomes ill but Sylvia will not help him, nor interfere for Farquhar. Gabrielle, adding Farquhar, who is under punishment, is mistaken by him in his delirium for Sylvia.

What does duty mean to you? Despite his position of power, the situation in which Colonel Destin finds himself is hopeless. There is nothing to live for, apparently. At this moment sounds the stern call to duty, but an instant later temptation in the person of Sylvia stays his response. Will duty win?

CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

Once past the sentries, the spahl turned into one of the quieter avenues leading to the barracks. He had not decreased his speed, and his horse's hoofs struck a metallic, ominous music out of the cobble roadway. Colonel Destin heard it and it seemed that another sound had caught his attention, for he went to the window and stood with his hand on the clasp, his head bent. Something rustled—something white flashed out from between the trees and came gliding hurriedly toward him.

"Sylvia!" he muttered. She almost flung herself into his arms, clinging to him with a child's panic, and for the moment that he held her their shadows were sharp cut against the light. Then he half dragged, half carried her into the room and closed the windows. There were heavy curtains on either side, and he dragged them across. Save for the soft jingle of his spurs and her own quick breathing there was no sound. He came back to her and drew her veil from her white face.

"Where have you come from?" "From the Cercle. Desire left me. I don't know where he went to—but I ran here." "I have watched five nights for you." "I knew. It has been awful—the temptation, the fear, the uncertainty. Every night I tried to make up my mind one way or another, but I couldn't. I seemed to have lost hold. Oh!"—her white baby hands clutched at his dothan in helpless despair—"oh, what have you done—what have you done?"

"I was very brutal." He led her gently to an armchair far from the window and stood quietly beside her, his hand still holding hers, his eyes turned from the bowed head to the disordered table, as though seeking a memory. "Some men are born brutal—some become brutal through habit, Sylvia. I have been life too long from my deliberately chosen standpoint to change. And then I meant there should be no illusions—either for you or me."

"I have none," she broke out bitterly; "they are all gone. I would not have come to you tonight if you had not made me see my own worthlessness."

"I knew that. You would have played on the safe side of the game and called it virtue."

"Paul, how cruel you are!" "Yet—you love me, don't you?" She looked up at him with veiled wistful eyes.

"Yes—I believe I do. You are the one real thing left me—the one real thing of my whole life. I have been fed on illusions, my own and other people's. They thought because I was beautiful—more beautiful than most women—that I was also better, different. And I believed so, too. From our second meeting I knew that you had seen me—the real me—the foolish, selfish, vain, shallow child. And at first I was frightened, angry, fascinated against my will and then—intensely, unutterably grateful."

and he walked restlessly to the table, where he stood a moment in silence, his back turned her, his head bowed. "This is a miniature of my son," he said abruptly. She came softly across the room and took it from him. There was a moment in which they seemed to pass out of each other's consciousness. Then she looked up timidly. His head was still bowed, and the sharp-cut indomitable profile gave her no clue, no indication.

"He died?" she said almost in a whisper. "No, it was I who died." He straightened up like a man shaking off a dream. "I am getting sentimental, Sylvia. You are young and very beautiful—and I am an old man who has murdered the best in him—"



"I Knew That You Were a Traitor, Richard," She Said, "but I Thought You Were Still a Gentleman."

"I never think of you as old," she interrupted thoughtfully. "There is something about you—" "What was that?" She had broken off abruptly, her features white with panic. He lifted his head, but did not look at her.

"Did you hear anything?" "Someone rode up—there is someone coming—now—" Her voice was dry. Terror had stamped out all trace of beauty from her face. Destin crossed the room and held open a side door.

"Go in there!" he commanded quietly. "It is probably a message. In five minutes the man will have gone. Don't come in till I call you." She obeyed unresistingly, and with one haunted glance over her shoulder, crept past him into the unlighted room. He closed the door and went back to his table. He was now perfectly calm. Someone knocked imperatively, and he answered the summons with tranquil indifference. As the door opened he glanced up, and the eyes of the two men met fixedly over the wavering candle-flame. It seemed to blot out everything but their faces.

Richard Farquhar saluted. "I have come with a message from General Meunier."

"The message is urgent, then?" "Yes. A spahl arrived this evening with news that the tribes are rising. The outposts have been cut up. There is no communication between here and—"

"Give me the letter!" With rapid, steady fingers Colonel Destin broke the seals and hurried over the half a dozen lines of precise writing. When he had finished the whole man had changed. The mask was in its place, so absolute in its disguise of energy and steely purpose that what had been before now seemed a grotesque incredible comedy.

"The First marches at midnight," he said, half to himself. "The orders were already given when you left?" "Yes. Corporal Goetz's men were in campaign but five minutes after the signal." "You were badly wounded. What are you doing in this business? You aren't fit to carry a rifle." He saw the tightening of the dogged jaws, and for a moment there flashed between them a strange sympathy—the sympathy of fighters to whom fighting is the great essence of life. It passed like a streak of light in the darkness. Colonel Destin turned away.

Meunier. I shall be with the regiment in ten minutes."

"This time there was no answer. The silence seemed to impress itself slowly on Colonel Destin's consciousness. He looked up over the top of the letter which he still held to the light and his gaze rested for a second on the little ivory fan and the white gloves—then passed upward, as though drawn by an irresistible fascination, to the face of the man opposite. He, too, had seen. A minute later their eyes met. In the distance a huge chanted the Legion's war signal. "Aux armes! Aux armes!"

Richard Farquhar swung round and closed the door behind him. Instinctively Colonel Destin had placed himself between Farquhar and the door leading to the inner room. It was typical of him that he did not threaten or attempt to deny the vital facts of the situation. In an hour this man might be arrested and shot down—but not now. Richard Farquhar picked up the fan and opened it.

"Colonel Destin, a man I knew gave this to the woman he was to have married. How did it come here?"

Colonel Destin looked into the blazing eyes of his opponent and frowned. It was the first sign of yielding self-possession.

"You are brave. Courage is the one thing I can respect. You are free to go, Englishman."

"Not till you have answered."

"I shall then have double cause to order out a shooting party on your behalf."

"What you insinuate is a damnable lie—"

Destin laughed. "At least you have the courage of your convictions," he said, almost with regret.

The legionary made no answer. He had thrust aside the intervening table, and the next instant both men were locked together in a merciless embrace. There was no sound—scarcely a movement. The first fury of Farquhar's onslaught balanced his fever-weakened condition and leveled their respective strength to practical equality. Then the steely muscles of the elder man asserted themselves, and slowly, imperceptibly, he retreated from the door, seeming to yield, never for an instant relaxing his tenacious hold upon the other's arms. Suddenly he wrenched himself free and sprang back to his writing table.

"If you touch that door I shall shoot you down—now," he said quietly.

Farquhar turned, conscious that his own rage had suddenly burned out. He saw that the door which Destin had protected had opened, and that Sylvia Arnaud, white and large-eyed with terror, stood trembling on the threshold. Farquhar recoiled a step. Colonel Destin had replaced his revolver on the table. There was something akin to pity written on his hard face. Sylvia glanced at him and then at Farquhar. Behind her fear there had already begun to dawn the knowledge that the situation was dramatic and wholly in her hands.

"I knew that you were a traitor, Richard," she said. "But I thought you were still a gentleman. It seems I was mistaken." Her manner was tearful, childishly resentful.

He turned from her without answer. "I owe you an apology, Colonel Destin," he said simply. "Do you trust me enough to let me place myself under arrest?"

"I trust you enough to let you find your punishment under fire," was the courteous answer. "I shall need brave men."

"I thank you."

They saluted each other—gravely, with respect, as unreconciled duellists who have learned each other's worth in the bitterness of battle; then, with a slight bow to the woman, standing against the dark background of the inner room, Richard Farquhar passed out of the open window.

"Aux armes! aux armes!"

He laughed to himself, his teeth clenched. But the music of that storm signal was as the call of the blood, a challenge to the fighting spirit of his race. He swung himself lightly into the saddle and drove his heels against the horse's dripping flanks.

"En avant, Grand!" The animal swerved. Someone had caught at the bridle. Farquhar bent forward, peering into the darkness. "Who is it? My God—Gabrielle!"

"Yes; I thought I recognized you. Where have you come from?" "Colonel Destin's—"

"Is—"

"Yes; she is there."

"Captain Arnaud is asking for her, and I suspected. There isn't a moment to be lost—"

Has Captain Arnaud discovered his wife's utter treason, and started out to kill her and her men friends? After what you know, would you blame the husband for anything murderous he did?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)