

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.

Russian army in Turkey retires 80 miles in Bagdad region to await cooler weather.

Germans fail in counter attack against the French, who hold ground they won along the river Somme.

Vienna admits defeat of the Austrians, when they were driven back nearly five miles from their positions.

The new Swiss war loan of 100,000,000 francs at 4 per cent, issued at 97, has been oversubscribed by 51,000,000 francs.

Admiral Jellicoe, of the British navy, reporting on the North Sea naval battle, estimates the Germans lost 21 ships.

Since the beginning of the European war the Swiss national debt has risen from an average of 28 francs per capita to 150 francs.

Theodore Tobiasson, owner of a millinery store in Spokane, was shot and killed in his store by Alphonse Pansiera. Pansiera, according to the police, said Tobiasson owed him \$5000.

It is understood that the report that Sir Edward Grey, the English foreign secretary, is to be raised to the peerage, is correct, and that in fact he already has accepted such an offer. A baronetcy of the United Kingdom probably will be conferred upon him.

The War department has announced that it will call to the colors within a few days the regular army reserve, consisting of between 4000 and 5000 men who have served in the army, in order to hasten organization of new units provided by the army reorganization act.

A new project for saving life at the time of naval engagements is reported from Copenhagen. It is said several prominent Danes intend to organize a fleet of several hundred motor boats along the west coast of Jutland. These boats, flying the Red Cross flag, will be sent out to pick up the wounded after each sea battle.

Petitions carrying 75,000 names in support of initiative No. 24, which authorizes the operation of breweries and sale of beer direct to consumers, were filed with the secretary of state of Washington. It is estimated that 50,000 of the petitioners will be found qualified to sign, while the law needs only 32,000 signatures to place on the ballot.

Loss of at least 17 lives and property damage which may total several millions of dollars resulted from the tropical storm which swept the east Gulf Coast and turned inland Saturday. All the deaths reported occurred near Beloit, Ala., where 17 negroes lost their lives. Several resorts along the coast in the vicinity of Mobile had not been heard from. There was no loss of life in either Mobile or Pensacola, the largest cities in the storm's path, according to messengers from those places, which still were cut off from the direct wire communication.

A bill to establish a National park service, with a compensation system of supervision, and a bill to accept from the state of Oregon exclusive jurisdiction over the Crater Lake National park, were among measures passed by the house of representatives.

The customs bureau of the Treasury department begins an examination to learn the total amount of arms and ammunition that has been exported to Mexico within the last year. The work was undertaken at the request of the War department. Orders were sent to all customs inspectors to tabulate the information and send it to Washington as soon as possible.

Three deaths from heat were reported to the police in St. Louis Tuesday. The victims were elderly men. The highest temperature was 94 degrees.

No soldier along the border is to be without a Bible, if efforts now being made to provide each fighting man with a pocket-size khaki-bound volume at a cost of 5 cents are successful. The army chaplains who have been interested in the movement are lending their assistance to it. The Bibles are provided at cost.

Herbert Munter, a Seattle aviator, flying at South Bend, Wash., while 3000 feet in the air had to descend when the crank shaft of his engine broke. He landed safely on the tide flats.

General Trevino reported Wednesday night to the Mexican war department that several wounded American soldiers, who belonged to detachments engaged in the fight at Carrizal, have been found in different parts of the state of Chihuahua. He said they were being returned to the American side as soon as encountered.

New Supreme Court Member and Wife.



ASSOCIATE JUSTICE BRANDEIS AND MRS. BRANDEIS
This photograph shows Associate Justice Louis D. Brandeis for the first time in his robes of office.

GERMAN SUBMARINE IS ENTERED AS MERCHANTMAN

Baltimore—The daring German seaman who brought the submarine merchantman Deutschland across the Atlantic slept quietly aboard their vessel which lay moored to a carefully screened pier guarded by a strong squad of Baltimore police. Captain Paul Koenig, the skipper, had delivered his papers to the North German Lloyd office, entered his vessel at the custom-house as a commerce carrier, and had presented to a German embassy official a packet of correspondence for von Bernstorff.

Now the submarine is ready to discharge her million-dollar cargo of dyes, and take on board for the return trip to Germany metal and rubber needed by the emperor's armies and navy. The return merchandise is waiting on the dock, and the time for leaving port will depend largely on plans for eluding vigilant enemy cruisers expected to be waiting outside the entrance of Chesapeake Bay for the reappearance of the vessel.

OMNIBUS REVENUE BILL PASSES HOUSE, INCREASING INCOME TAX

Washington, D. C.—The administration omnibus revenue bill, creating a tariff commission, imposing a protective tariff on dyestuffs, repealing present stamp taxes and providing for new taxes on incomes, inheritances and war munitions profits, passed the house late Monday by a vote of 240 to 140.

During the closing hours of debate several amendments, providing for elimination of the bankers' tax and modifying the tariff commission section, were adopted over the opposition of Democratic leaders.

The amendments cut the salaries of members of the tariff commission from \$10,000 to \$7500 annually; struck out the provision under which no member or former member of congress could serve on the commission, and provided a single appropriation of \$300,000 to pay expenses of the commission the first year, instead of the bill's stipulation of a continuing annual appropriation of that amount. The entire section levying a tax of \$1 for each \$1000 of capital, surplus and undivided profits held by bankers was stricken out.

Many amendments proposed by the ways and means committee also were adopted, including one under which cigarette manufacturers must pay a special tax of 3 cents for every 10,000 cigarettes.

Growers Steal Berry Pickers.

Tacoma, Wash.—Wholesale brigandage exists in the Puyallup valley. Berry pickers worth their weight in gold are the booty; respectable citizens and fellow-members of co-operative associations are the brigands. The human spoil, with all its goods and chattels, children and dogs, sport shirts and scalloped skirts, is carried away in highpowered automobiles to berry patches, where the pickers are watched like prisoners of war.

H. Shepherd, of Alderton, was one of the heaviest sufferers Tuesday, for

Banks' Opinions Differ.

New York—A wide divergence of opinion among the banks of the country as to whether the Federal reserve act has been successful after a year's operation is shown in a report issued Tuesday by a New York trust company, which has completed a nationwide survey of the attitude of banks toward the act. More than 5000 replies were received to the queries sent out, 1760 of them being favorable, 1773 unfavorable, and 1811 noncommittal.

One of Captain Koenig's first acts after he moved his ship up the harbor from quarantine early Monday was to announce that the Deutschland was not only one of a fleet of mammoth submarines built or building for a regular trans-Atlantic freight and mail service. He said the next to come would be the Bremen, and that she might be looked for at some port along the coast within eight weeks.

The German captain submitted his craft to a thorough inspection by the surveyor of the port and an agent of the department of justice. These officers agreed that there was on sign of armament of any description on board, and that there was no doubt in their minds about the boat's being entitled to the status of an ordinary merchantman.

The captain asserted that his voyage had established the fact that a submarine of the type of the Deutschland could travel anywhere that the ordinary vessel could go, 13,000 miles, if necessary. He had no fears, he said, of his ability to elude enemies that might be waiting for him off the Virginia Capes when he starts his return trip.

"I will be able to submerge within the three-mile limit, and they cannot catch me after that," he said.

Newest Photo of Republican Chairman



WILLIAM R. WILCOX
This is the latest photograph of William R. Wilcox, new chairman of the Republican National committee, who will manage the campaign for the election of Charles E. Hughes.

while he ate his dinner neighboring growers inveigled his employes away by offering the bait of higher pay. The larger growers have suffered irreparable loss, and their fruit is spoiling on the plants because of the labor shortage. That is the reason they are resorting to outlawry to harvest their crops.

Fishermen Lost in Gulf.

Mobile, Ala.—The wreck of the fishing smack Philip Keyes probably has added eight to the death list of the Gulf hurricane. Two survivors of the crew were picked up at Dauphin Island.

King of Annam Deposed.

Paris—Duy-Tan, the 16-year-old king of the French protectorate of Annam, on the China sea, has been deposed as a result of a revolt of Annamites at Quang-Ngai, which he has been accused of having fomented. The governor general of French Indo-China reports that the outbreak was suppressed quickly and the king arrested near Hue. He is succeeded by Prince Bun-Dao, who has just been crowned king in his stead.

The Red Mirage

A Story of the French Legion in Algiers

By I. A. R. WYLIE

SYNOPSIS.
—15—
Sylvia Omney, her lover, Richard Farquhar, finds he 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 fiancé, 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, friendly with Farquhar. 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. Arnaud becomes ill but Sylvia will not help him, nor interfere for Farquhar. Gabrielle, aiding Farquhar, who is under punishment, is mistaken by him in his delirium for Sylvia. Farquhar delivers a message to Destinn at night and finds Sylvia with him. He learns that it was Gabrielle who aided him.

There are women who appear able to fool all men with their wiles, but they can't fool smart women. Sylvia made men miserable wherever she went—made them throw their lives away recklessly. But the dawn of a day of reckoning is beginning for her, and a woman of her own sort is the instrument.

CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

"Faithful friend!" He caught her hand roughly from the bride. "There is something in all this I don't understand. Have I been mad—or dreaming?"

"Dreaming, Richard."

"Oh, I remember—the men who follow mirages die." That was the night when she came to give me "God speed," and it was for that man who came to me that night on the plateau—who saved me? Was it you?"

"Yes."

"And everything—all you said—was a lie, a charitable farce?"

"It was the truth."

He did not speak for a moment. He bent lower in the saddle, as though to penetrate the twilight that hid her from him. And suddenly it was her hand that sought his and held it.

"I am sorry," she said. "I did not mean to hurt you."

"I have to thank you," he answered unevenly.

Then gently he freed himself and, pulling his horse round in the middle of the road, galloped back in the direction of the barracks.

CHAPTER XV.

Mrs. Farquhar.

"And so we part company?"

"I think it better, Mme. Arnaud."

Sylvia looked up from her book. It was "East Lynne," and the condition of the cover suggested assiduous reading.

"I dare say you are right," she said lazily. "All the same, I don't quite understand you, Mr. Smith. You saved me in rather an awkward dilemma the other night. And now you want to leave me."

Gabrielle smiled.

"If I was of any assistance to you, it was for reasons that had nothing to do with you personally."

"Sylvia fidgeted irritably. "What do you mean?" she asked.

"Madame Arnaud, you are pretending. You want to pretend that the lives that you have linked to yours have really nothing to do with you—that you are not responsible, that you are just a beautiful, innocent woman sitting among your dreams on a mountain top far above the turmoil of ordinary mankind. And you want me to pretend with you. But I really can't. As you said—I know too much. I'm a discomfiter."

The liberty curtains dividing the open door from the courtyard were pushed aside and Sylvia's English maid made her discreet appearance.

"If you please, madame, a lady wishes to see you—Mrs. Farquhar, from England."

There followed a brief, poignant silence, Sylvia Arnaud's hand tightened convulsively on the bonbonniere, and she looked at Gabrielle with the helpless appeal of a child who suddenly realizes that it has lost itself in a crowd of strangers.

"Tell Mrs. Farquhar that I—I am—"

But Mrs. Farquhar was already in the room. She stood for a moment on the threshold, smiling at them both, with the delighted consciousness of having successfully performed the part of an agreeable surprise packet. Her appearance undoubtedly heightened the desired effect. She wore a white dress and a white toque. Moreover, she was profusely powdered, and looked, if possible, younger and more

daringly self-assured than ever. For a minute, during which she hesitated, her bright eyes rested rather earnestly on Gabrielle Smith, who, bowing formally, went out into the courtyard with a grim amusement written on her small, sunburnt face. Whereupon Mrs. Farquhar advanced and kissed Sylvia on both cheeks.

"My dear Sylvia—my dear little Sylvia—now I am sure I am the last person on earth you expected—an old woman traveling in a savage country full of foreigners! It's almost indecent, isn't it?"

Sylvia smiled faintly, like someone awakened from a stupor.

"Oh, I don't know. Won't you sit down? I certainly didn't expect any English person in this dreadful place. If one can live in England—"

She broke off suddenly. "What made you leave?"

"You see, I have been rather lonely. Since Richard left—"

"Ah, yes, of course," Sylvia sat down with her back to the sunlight, her hands clasped tightly in her lap. "You must miss him very much."

"Oh, terribly. But that's our fate—to have to get on without people we have suffered for. You, for instance, I'm sure sometimes you feel sad—a little homesick—"

"Often," Sylvia looked up eagerly. "We are alike, rather. We understand each other." Mrs. Farquhar was silent a moment, considering the white-faceted woman opposite her with bright, affectionate eyes. "And so you are sometimes lonely? If it were not for Captain Arnaud I should pity you, Sylvia."

"Yes, of course, if it were not for Desiree—" She stopped, as though seeking for words, and slowly, beneath the persistent gaze of the blue eyes, the last trace of color died from her cheeks. The hand that passed Mrs. Farquhar's cup across the table shook. "I am sorry—but the life out here makes one so nervous and jerky."

"Yes, I can imagine that," Mrs. Farquhar agreed seriously. "I had hoped to find Captain Arnaud here. I was so charmed with him, you know, and wished Richard and he had been more friendly. Poor Richard!" Sylvia's hand tightened on the carved arm of her chair. She made a movement as though on the edge of an impulsive speech, then drew back, white lipped and silent. Mrs. Farquhar bent forward and patted her on the knee. "I didn't mean to hurt you. I know how delicate and sensitive you are, child. But you must never worry about Richard. He writes me such wonderful letters, and in each one of them he talks about you, how good you are, how much nobler and better you are than other women. Really—it is quite touching—" She stopped short. Sylvia Arnaud had risen to her feet. She stood perfectly upright for a moment, staring in front of her with blank eyes, and then suddenly she lifted her hands to her head.

"It's the heat—the awful sunshine—" She collapsed, senseless, at Mrs. Farquhar's feet.

Mrs. Farquhar got up. She looked down at the motionless figure but did not touch it. She rang the little ornamental bell lying in the midst of the English silver.

"Your mistress has fainted," she said coolly to the panic-stricken servant who answered the summons. "I think a little sal volatile is all that is needed. I leave her, I am sure, in good hands." She smiled graciously and went out into the sunny courtyard. Gabrielle Smith, who stood by the fountain, trimming the luxuriant ferns, turned as she heard the light, quick tap of Mrs. Farquhar's French heels. Mrs. Farquhar held out her hand.

"I have to thank you for your letter," she said.

"There isn't any need for thanks. I hesitated for twenty-four awful hours. But I felt I had to do something. Once I had seen your name and address on that envelope I dared not keep silence."

"I shall never be able to repay my debt. I hurried here as fast as express trains and wretched French packet boats could carry me. I wanted to reach Sidi-bel-Abbes before you left. You have given up your situation?"

"Yes."

"Will you come to me?"

Gabrielle Smith did not answer for a moment. Her eyes rested steadfastly, significantly, on the faded, powdered face.

"I think—better not, Mrs. Farquhar. You know nothing about me—not even whether I am respectable—"

"You are the woman who has given me the hope that I may see my son again before I die. That is all I care about! I am an old woman, Miss Smith, and what lies before me is almost beyond my powers. I need you—my son needs you. Will you think of that?"

"Yes," Gabrielle answered simply.

"Then I rely upon you. Here is my card. Come to see me as soon as you can. We must act at once. Will

Has the time come for a recognition of kinship between Richard and one of his enemies—Colonel Destinn, or Captain Arnaud?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Optimistic Thought.
The jealous feed on jealousy, yet never grow fat.