

WAR MUNITIONS BLOW UP

\$25,000,000 Loss In New York Explosion and Fire.

WAREHOUSES BURN

Three Dead and Many Injured By Shock That Shakes Five States—Washington Gets Tip of Impending Danger.

New York—Property loss estimated at \$25,000,000 was caused early Sunday by a series of terrific explosions of ammunition awaiting shipment to the entente allies and stored on Black Tom Island, a small strip of land jutting into New York Bay off Jersey City.

The loss of life cannot be determined definitely until there has been opportunity to check up the workmen employed on the island and on boats moored nearby.

Three are known to be dead and at least five more are missing. Scores of persons were injured, some of them probably mortally.

The detonations, which were felt in five states, began with a continuous rapid fire of small shells, the blowing up of great quantities of dynamite, trinitrotoluene and other high explosives, followed by the bursting of thousands of shrapnel shells, which literally showered the surrounding country and waters for many miles around.

Fire started soon after the first great crash, which spread death and desolation in its wake, destroyed 13 of the huge warehouses of the National Storage company on Black Tom Island and six other warehouses in which were stored merchandise valued at between \$12,000,000 and \$15,000,000. The flames, shooting into the clouds, were reflected against New York's "skyline" of towering office buildings, which only a few minutes before were shaken to their foundations as by an earthquake. Miles of streets in Manhattan alone were strewn with broken glass and shattered signs.

The cause of the disaster has not been determined. Officials of the National Storage company and the Lehigh Valley railroad, which also suffered heavily through loss of property, declared, however, that reports to them showed a fire started shortly after 1 o'clock Sunday morning on a barge belonging to an independent towing company that had been moored alongside a dock used by the railroad company to transfer ammunition shipments from trains to vessels in the harbor.

The barge, it was said, was there without authority of either the railroad or the storage company. The officials refused to disclose the name of the independent towing company, saying they were investigating "to ascertain whether the barge purposely had been set on fire as the result of a plot."

Advance Tip Given.

Washington, D. C.—The government Secret Service was notified three days ago that several enemies of England had been employed by German agents to precipitate just such an explosion of ammunition as took place in New York harbor. The informant said that the men were Irishmen, probably members of the Sinn Fein.

What steps were taken to guard against the catastrophe is not known. In any event, they were futile. The Secret Service now is running down its clues in the hope that it will enable the apprehension of the criminals if it should turn out the tragedy was caused by human agency.

The information came from a source which in the past has proved absolutely reliable. It failed to disclose the names of the men in the plot and it is not certain they can be obtained. However, it is understood the source is to be "tipped" again, in the hope that some further details may be secured which will aid in the arrest of the men involved.

Not Liable to Foreign Duty.

Washington, D. C.—Mooted questions about the status of state troops called for the Mexican emergency are decided in an opinion given Secretary Baker by Brigadier General Crowder. General Crowder holds that the state soldiers are not subject to duty outside of the United States unless and until they are formally drafted by order of the President; that they are under control of the Federal government and not of their respective state governors, and that they are entitled to the same pensions and privileges as regulars.

Petrograd Fire Reported.

Berlin—Reports of a great conflagration at Petrograd, in which a bridge across the river Neva, 12 large steamers, including several trans-Atlantic liners, and the Putiloff gun works and other establishments were destroyed, are printed in the Lokal Anzeiger. The newspaper adds: "The police suspect that the conflagration was the work of anarchists, who planned to burn all public buildings being used for military purposes."

HUNDREDS OF CHILDREN DIE IN MONTREAL FROM INTENSE HEAT

Chicago—The present heat wave, which envelops all of the country excepting the Pacific Coast, is proving especially severe in Eastern Canada, where the people are unused to torridity. Dispatches say that more than 250 children perished in Montreal the past week from heat. The temperature there Tuesday was 93—the highest point reported in five years. In Quebec 23 children have been killed by the heat since Sunday. Toronto also reports unusual heat, which has continued for nearly a week, resulting in deaths and prostrations.

Conditions, in Montreal especially, are most unusual. Ordinarily that city is positively cold when the States are baking and sweltering, and hay fever sufferers have hailed Montreal as the one spot they could count on for relief. Now conditions are almost reversed, as Montreal is seven degrees hotter than Chicago.

Oregon Dry Law Seriously Hurt by Circuit Court Decision

Portland—Restrictions as to the amount of liquor which persons in Oregon may receive from outside the state every four weeks are in danger of being swept aside.

Sections of the Oregon dry law regulating the importation of liquor and alcohol into the state are nullified, in the opinion of District Attorney Evans, if the decision of Circuit Judge Morrow Tuesday in overruling the demurrer to the complaint of Wadhams & Co., against the San Francisco & Portland Steamship company remains in force or is upheld by higher courts on an appeal.

"Two thirds of the Prohibition law is wiped out by this decision," said Mr. Evans. "The state is not a party to the suit and any appeal from the ruling must be made by the steamship company."

Judge Morrow's decision holds that the provision of the dry law limiting the right of importing large quantities of alcohol to wholesale druggists is in direct violation of the interstate commerce clause of the United States constitution. Any manufacturer, genuinely in need of alcohol in wholesale quantities, may import as much alcohol as he desires for manufacturing purposes, maintains the jurist.

Possession of alcohol by the manufacturer not being unconstitutional, it is unconstitutional to prohibit him from importing it ruled Judge Morrow.

"That being the case, it follows that as the possession of intoxicants is not unlawful for the individual, no matter what the quantity, the restriction of the amount received by him to two quarts of whiskey and 24 quarts of beer a month must be unconstitutional also," said the attorney.

Ten Die in Cleveland Tunnel.

Cleveland—Federal officials investigating the waterworks disaster which cost 22 lives late Tuesday ordered all attempts to reach the bodies of 12 men imprisoned in the tunnel abandoned until Wednesday.

This action was taken because tests of the gas through which the rescuers had to pass showed that it was highly explosive and the officials feared a second explosion. An attempt will be made to pump out the gas so that the work of recovering the bodies may progress.

All hope that any of the 12 men trapped in the tunnel are alive has been abandoned. Ten bodies, those of members of the two rescue parties which tried to reach the doomed men but themselves succumbed to the deadly gas, are in the morgue.

Students Will Be Released.

Washington, D. C.—All National Guard organizations composed of college students will be mustered out of the Federal service in time for them to proceed with their school work at the Fall term.

It was announced at the War department Wednesday that the policy of the government would be to disband organizations completely as units of the National Guard and to seek the reorganization of the college men into branches of the officers' reserve corps.

Swedes Chase Russians.

Berlin—An attack on German merchant vessels by Russian destroyers, alleged to have taken place within Swedish territorial waters, is reported in a statement which says: "Two Russian destroyers attacked four German merchant steamers at the entrance to the Port of Lullea, within Swedish waters. The Swedish torpedo boat Virgo steamed toward them and the Russian craft fled, pursued by the Virgo, which had made ready for action. The Swedish government has protested against this breach of neutrality."

Poles Thank Americans.

The Hague, via London—The Polish bureau Wednesday informed the Associated Press that the Polish delegates to the Congress of Nationalities at Lausanne, Switzerland, have sent a cablegram to President Wilson, thanking the American Nation for the action begun to succor the economic misery in Poland. Hope is expressed that the "sacred watchword of liberty and independence for Poland will find a ready echo in America."

COLUMBIA NAVAL BASE IS ON TAPIS

Conferees Are Willing if Secretary of Navy Daniels Assents.

URGENT IMPORTANCE ADMITTED

Lane Amendment to Appropriation Bill for Torpedo Boat and Submarine Base is Admitted.

Washington, D. C.—The Lane amendment to the naval bill, appropriating \$500,000 to establish a submarine and torpedo boat base on the Columbia river, will be accepted by the house conferees if Secretary Daniels will inform them that he favors the appropriation at this time. This was learned by Representatives Hawley, Sinnott and McArthur Saturday. They immediately arranged a conference with Secretary Daniels and later in the day presented to him the reasons why, in their judgment, this base should be authorized without further delay.

Before calling on Secretary Daniels the house members conferred with Captain J. S. McKean, aide for material and chief adviser of the secretary on matters of this character.

Captain McKean heartily approved the Lane amendment and said the Navy department was in favor of establishing two submarine bases on the Pacific Coast at this time, one on the Columbia and the other at San Diego. Captain McKean then went with the Oregon members to call on Secretary Daniels.

The three representatives urged Secretary Daniels to write Chairman Padgett, of the house naval committee, recommending concurrence of the house in the senate amendment. Secretary Daniels said he would talk with Mr. Padgett about the amendment. The Oregon members tried to exact from him a promise that he would "talk favorably," but he would not commit himself.

Injunction Order Against Longshoremen Strikers Reasonably Modified

Portland—At the conclusion of a two-day preliminary hearing on the merits of the temporary restraining order issued July 19 against striking longshoremen, on petition of the San Francisco & Portland Steamship company, Federal Judge Wolverson Saturday ordered that the injunction be continued pending further the final hearing to determine whether it shall be made permanent.

In granting the preliminary injunction, however, he modified considerably the terms of the previous temporary restraining order.

In general terms, this order restrained the men from interfering unlawfully with the business or property of the company, or with non-union men employed by the company.

Judge Wolverson said he would permit picketing on condition that it be carried on peacefully. He defined "peacefully" to be without threats, violence, vile language or any form of intimidation against strikebreakers.

Explosion Wrecks Grants Pass Irrigation Plant—Plot Suspected

Grants Pass, Or.—What is believed to have been an attempt to blow up the pumping plant which supplies the South Side and Fruitdale ditches with irrigation water at the dam of the Rogue River Public Service corporation, three miles east of this city, was made at the pumping station early Saturday morning.

The night watchman at the pumping station had just stepped behind some heavy timbers when a terrific explosion occurred.

The turbines were damaged and timbers ripped off the dam. The damage to the plant will amount to approximately \$5000 although the most serious aspect at the present time is the loss of the irrigation water to several hundreds of acres of sugar beets.

Americans See Bullfight.

El Paso, Tex.—Hundreds of Americans crossed the Rio Grande Sunday to attend the first bullfight and broncho-busting contest held in Juarez since the Villa regime. General Francisco Gonzales, commandant, and Andres Garcia, Mexican consul, expressed gratification over the number attending. The bull ring was thronged with Mexican soldiers, rifles across their knees and cartridge belts swung about their bodies. Interspersed between them sat American men and women and hundreds of gaily-dressed Mexicans.

Check Order Rescinded.

Washington, D. C.—Postmaster General Burleson has suspended until further notice his recent orders authorizing postmasters to collect checks on banks in small communities where there are no members of the Federal Reserve system. The suspension was ordered at the suggestion of the Federal Reserve board. Members of the board said the recommendation was made because more time is necessary to perfect the check collection plan.

The Red Mirage

A Story of the French Legion in Algiers

By I. A. R. WYLIE

(All rights reserved. The Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

SYNOPSIS.—It stopped at last, abruptly, tragically, and Destin lifted his head as though released from a hypnotic trance. A little group of men in white drill uniforms were crossing the courtyard. They were carrying something between them—something that fought and struggled.

Colonel Destin's eyes were fixed on the broad red line which ran from north to south, past carefully marked towns and villages, through white spaces of open plain, skirting broad waterways and low-ridged mountains, to the immense yellow bank where it ended abruptly, like some proud thought that had come to nothing. Colonel Destin bent lower, his brows contracted in impatient bitterness. With a red pencil he struck off an inch of the great line and marked it with a cross. The place of the seven hundred dead.

The door opened again. He did not hear it. His knuckles were pressed against his forehead, as though crushing back an intolerable recollection. Only as he was addressed by name he started and glanced back over his shoulder.

"I must apologize, Colonel Destin. I ventured to come in unannounced. The sentry appears to regard me as one of the family with the right to come and go as I please."

"You have earned the privilege. Pray be seated."

The visitor came slowly, haltingly across the room. He came to the table, but did not accept the proffered chair. He stood in an attitude of listless exhaustion, his hands clasped on the heavy walking-stick, his face with its almost unearthly transparency half turned to the impouring sunshine.

"I was in the Arab quarter last night, Colonel Destin. All-Mahomed's brother heads a fresh rising. There will be an attack from the north. The Arabs in the town are arming stealthily, but they will only move if there has been success outside."

Colonel Destin nodded.

"That is interesting. If your information is correct, we shall have further cause to be grateful to you, Mr. Lowe."

"It is probably one of the last services I shall be able to render, Colonel."

"Legionary, you are charged on your own confession. Do you still insist that you were the sole instigator and leader of the mutiny?"

"Yes, my colonel."

"You have no statement to make, no explanation to offer?"

"None."

Colonel Destin leaned forward on his elbow. And suddenly it seemed to the man beside him that he had ceased to interrogate—that he was pleading with a smothered passionate energy.

"Captain Arnaud, you were with me. You were the sole survivor of my staff. Have you anything to say for this man?"

There was a brief silence. It seemed as though Arnaud had not heard. He was still staring in front of him, and a full minute passed before he lifted his eyes slowly, reluctantly to Destin's face.

"I?" And then suddenly he half arose, his hands gripping the edge of the table. "I—I—have—" He stopped. His blank gaze had passed on. It rested on the prisoner's gaunt untroubled features and lit up with a flame of awakened recollection. He relapsed.

"No, I have nothing to say," he said slowly and distinctly.

It seemed that the heat became denser, more stifling. There was no sound but the soft maddening buzz of the flies in the circle of sunshine. Colonel Destin drew himself up stiffly.

"Then I have no option but to pass the highest sentence on you, Legionary," he said. "There is only one mitigation which lies in my power. I know that you are a brave man—you shall die as one. You will be shot—unbound—at daybreak—by your comrades."

"I thank you, Colonel Destin."

The major looked up shyly. Throughout he had been conscious of something unseen passing between these two men; he saw now that they gazed at each other unflinchingly with that intensity which seeks below the surface for the inexplicable.

The sergeant came forward and touched the condemned man on the shoulder. He turned at once with a little whimsical shrug of apology, bowed ceremoniously to the whole court, and to his own horror the major realized that he had returned the salute. He glanced anxiously around him, and recognized on the faces of his companions the same uncertainty and bewilderment. Destin looked at no one.

Richard Nameless was led out into the sunshine. With his passing the spirit of tension passed also; there returned the old torpor, touched with the petulant irritation of exhausted nerves that have been too highly strung. Colonel Destin picked up his kepi and, without greeting, strode out of the courtyard. The rest followed. But as they reached the door they hesitated. Someone had laughed. It was no usual sound; in the heavy stillness it rang shrill and unnatural. They turned and saw that Desire Arnaud had not moved. He sat at the table with his hands spread out before him and laughed.

The major shrugged his shoulders.

"I have seen it coming," he said regretfully. "I have seen it coming a long time. Ah, this terrible country—this terrible, beautiful country! It is pitiable—and his poor wife! Well, I shall give our friend, the doctor, a hint. He will know better."

He too went out, but the laughter followed him. It drifted out on to the courtyard, and rose with the stifling waves of heat to the windows of the whitewashed room where Colonel Destin sat with his forehead pressed against his clenched hands, listening.



"You Will Be Shot, Unbound, at Daybreak, by Your Comrades."

Destin. I am retiring from the service."

"France will be the loser."

Stephen Lowe did not speak for a moment. He was gazing fixedly and apparently indifferently at the great map spread out on the table before him.

"I wish to retire a rich man, Colonel Destin."

Destin looked up into the keen significant eyes.

"You are very persistent, Mr. Lowe," he said.

Stephen Lowe leaned forward; his frail body emanated a sudden power and the knowledge of power.

"I do not know. My offer is not the old offer, Colonel Destin. It's not money. As a French officer and a naturalized Frenchman, you never can offer your invention to another nation."

"There is a man who will inherit it—my son."

"Tomorrow you may have no son." Destin made a single gesture—the instinctive, upward movement of a man seeking to protect the face from a sudden blow.

"My son is in England; he is with his regiment."

"If you had accepted my second offer you would know that he resigned his commission over a year ago. He did so at Sower's request—to save your honor." He waited a moment, studying the livid immobile features with a pitying interest. The iron mask was

down. It was a curious, terrible thing to see this man, who had braced out death and every law of humanity, reel with the shaking foundations of his secret temple. "You gave your son his life," Lowe went on quietly. "You have ruined it. In a few hours it may finally be taken from him. It lies in your power to give him back that life and the conditions which make it worth the living. Have you not—as I have—some sense of atonement?"

"Atonement—you?"

Lowe bowed his head in grave deprecation.

"I am a blackmailing scoundrel, and quite ruthless—as you have been and are. But I understand atonement. Moreover, you know that I am not lying—and that what I promise to do I will do."

Colonel Destin turned and crossed the room. Lowe waited composedly, without triumph. He saw Destin take a key from the inner pocket of his dolman and insert it in the lock of the small iron safe set into the wall. He came back a moment later with a sheaf of transparent paper in his hand. He swayed slightly.

"These are—the plans."

Lowe made a little movement of assent.

"Consider! A friendly power—"

Destin laughed under his breath. Very deliberately he tore the delicate paper across and across. "Not that," he said under his breath, "not that. My son—would not desire that."

There was a silence. Stephen Lowe glanced curiously and a little bitterly at the white shreds fluttering under the sunlight, and then for the last time at the peaceful face of the man beside him.

"You may be right," he said. "It is quite possible that you are right. But I am not made like that, Colonel Destin."

He went out, closing the door softly after him.

CHAPTER XX.

Fate Decides.

Destin had decreed that Desire Arnaud should die. He was in his room now, dying quietly and unostentatiously, "from the brain downward," as the doctor had explained to Madame Arnaud with extreme gentleness, and had been deeply moved by the manner of its reception. She had not cried or fainted. She had looked at him with her warm brown eyes, and had given him her hand with a quiet dignity.

"It is the will of God, doctor."

He had admired her immensely, and she had admired herself. "The will of God!" It was beautiful and simple, and it was wonderful to find that in spite of modern skepticism all things work out for the best for those who surrender themselves to the unseen guidance.

And now this woman was here—this woman in the pale gray dress, with the brown hair and small dead-white face, out of which the eyes burned with a fierce consuming energy and purpose.

"Mrs. Farquhar lies stricken with total paralysis," Gabrielle Smith said. "She cannot speak to me, but I can read her eyes. She is asking for her son. Madame Arnaud, you have influence with Colonel Destin. You can set Richard Farquhar free. You can atone."

"Atone!" It seemed incredible, ridiculous. It was tactless. Above all, it brought storm into her peace. Yet she remained gentle—very calm.

"You ask me to intervene at a strange moment for a strange cause, Miss Smith," she said. "My husband is dying."

"And the man who saved him?"

Sylvia glanced toward the curtained doorway and laid her finger gently to her lips.

"Hush, you must not talk so loud. My husband is sleeping. And then—I am sorry—I can do nothing. Should I be justified in trying? Your—feeling blinds you, Miss Smith. I cannot, even for the memory of a girlhood's friendship, take up arms—risk perhaps humiliation and misunderstanding for a man who sold, his country for a woman."

"Mr. Preston is in Sid-el-Abbes," was the answer. "Mr. Preston knows that Richard chose the appearance of dishonor to save your husband—your happiness, Madame Arnaud."

Sylvia recoiled the step she had taken. Her hands were pressed to her face.

"If that were true—" But she did not ask a question. She knew that it was true. It was pitiable—terrible—beautiful. Her whole soul seemed to expand beneath its beauty. There had been no "other woman" in his life—only the one—Sylvia Arnaud, for whom he had sacrificed his honor, his name, his place. And now it was for her to act and to use her power nobly—to regain the ground lost on that fatal evening—to win back the holy place in his life. Suddenly she held out her hands.

"Gabrielle, forgive me!" she said gently, and there were tears gathering on her long lashes. "I must have seemed hard—wicked. I did not understand. I had not your love—or the faith that love gives. I saw only dishonor—and sometimes we who stand outside the stress of life judge very harshly."

"But you knew him," was the stern reproach.

"I was a child, Gabrielle. Can't you understand? Will you, too, judge harshly?"

But will Sylvia plead for the life of Richard if she learns that Colonel Destin will expect her to sacrifice her honor to him for the sake of the condemned man?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)