

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.

Offers of \$1 per bushel for North-western wheat are refused.

One child in every five dies of infantile paralysis in New York.

The State department declines to stand behind American bankers who were negotiating a loan to China.

Sir Roger Casement, the instigator of the Irish revolution, was hanged in London Thursday for high treason.

The Deutschland submarine has successfully passed the allies' warships off Chesapeake Bay and is far out to sea.

A hotel clerk in Spokane is sentenced to 60 days in jail and \$750 fine for permitting illegal sale of liquors in the hostelry.

Should the great railroad strike now pending be declared, all traffic would be stopped on 1285 roads, with the exception of mail and troop trains.

The Serbian government has decided to convoke the Serbian parliament. King Peter of Serbia and the Greek government have been advised of this intention.

The garment strike which virtually has paralyzed the women's suit and cloak industry in New York for nearly four months, was declared settled at a general meeting of the strike committee.

Frank West, two-year-old son of F. A. West, of Prosser, Wash., was drowned in the Sunnyside canal. The body was recovered after having been carried through two miles of wood-stave pipe.

The supreme lodge of Knights of Pythias in session at Portland last week, elected John J. Brown, of Vandallia, Ill., supreme chancellor and Charles S. Davis, of Denver, vice chancellor.

National Guardsmen, relieved from duty on the border for disability, returned to Oakland, Cal., to find their armory had been looted of \$1500 in clothing by burglars, who had cleaned out every locker.

An attempt by Bulgarian soldiers to seize an island in the Rumanian waters of the Danube river close to the town of Giurgevo has caused a sensation there, according to reports received by Bucharest newspapers.

The shipbuilding plant, backed by Louis Swift, of Chicago, vice president of Swift & Co. and purchasing agent for the Union Meat company tentatively located at Flavel, Or., has been moved to Portland through efforts of Herbert Brown.

A Zurich dispatch says that several young men paraded the streets of that city Tuesday night bearing banners inscribed: "We demand complete demobilization." The police were obliged to charge the crowd with drawn swords before it would disperse. Several persons were wounded.

It was officially announced at the Mexican foreign office that Luis Cabrera, Ygnacio Bonillas and Alberto Pani have been selected as the commissioners to negotiate with the United States commissioners regarding the questions at issue between Mexico and the United States.

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The heat wave that has enveloped Chicago and the Middle West, was broken Monday by a stiff breeze from the North.

England positively refuses to permit medicines for American Red Cross societies to pass the allies' lines into Germany or Austria.

Winston Churchill, former first lord of the British admiralty, declares England was saved by her navy.

During a quarrel between two employees of the Union Meat company at Portland, one man was knocked into a vat of boiling water and cooked alive.

Striking employees of the three large packing houses in East St. Louis have voted to accept the concessions made by the employers and to return to work Tuesday. About 4500 men are involved.

The U. S. court at Norfolk, Va., has rendered a decision which gives back to English owners the prize ship Appam, captured by the Germans.

The failure of the Pope's appeals to the warring nations for peace was admitted by the Pontiff in addressing a delegation of the youth of Rome.

Henry Edward Duke, a barister and Unionist member of Parliament for Exeter, was appointed to be the new chief secretary of Ireland in succession to Augustine Birrell. The new chief secretary will have a seat in the British cabinet.

Night Bathing in Lake Michigan Saves Many.



Night bathing in Lake Michigan saves thousands of persons during the hot spell in Chicago. Parts of the lake front swarms with women bathers till late hours of the night. It is the

only way they have to cool off from the great heat of the day. The custom may now be so well established that night bathing will become a regular feature of the summer.

RAILROAD STRIKE SEEMS INEVITABLE

Congress is Urged to Take Immediate
Action to Forestall Trouble.

National Chamber of Commerce Believes Arbitration is Futile—
Wilson Much Concerned.

Washington, D. C.—Officials of the Federal government, including President Wilson, are closely watching developments in the controversy between 225 railway systems and their 400,000 employees, and are preparing to offer every possible aid in effecting an agreement and avoiding a strike.

Thursday the President forwarded to the Labor department an appeal he had received from the Chamber of Commerce of the United States declaring a strike inevitable "unless some strong measures of intervention are speedily introduced" and urging an inquiry. Acting Secretary of Labor Post said he was in close touch with the situation, but had not decided whether action by the department would be necessary.

The Federal board of mediation and conciliation, which is authorized by law to attempt to avert strikes on railroads, also is keeping watch of developments, and its officials expect to be called on as soon as the strike vote, now being counted, has been completely canvassed. They said that nothing could be done at present.

Copies of the chamber's appeal to President Wilson were forwarded to chairmen of the congressional commerce committees and the representatives of the railroads and employees.

Harry Wheeler, chairman of the chamber's committee on railroads, said he had recently attended a meeting of representatives of the employers and employees in New York, and that as a result his conviction was deepened that an amicable settlement was remote. "I am assured," he added, "there will be no modification of the attitude of the roads. Neither is it expected that the representatives of the men, with the new powerful strike vote in their hands, will recede from the position which they have taken heretofore."

Shark Startles Newport.

Newport, Or.—Beach bathers were startled Thursday when they heard of the capture of a shark at the Devil's Punchbowl, 10 miles north of Newport. Their fears were dispelled later, however, when it was learned that it was a sand shark and not one of the man-eating species. The shark was washed ashore while Carl Shoemaker, state game warden, was visiting the bowl. He killed it and brought it to Newport, where it is now on display. Two years ago a man-eating shark, 25 feet long, was killed off Yaquina Bay.

Fruit Basket Bill Passed.

Washington, D. C.—"The honest grape, fruit and berry basket bill," by Representative Reavis, of Nebraska, prescribing dimensions for standard baskets for interstate shipment of grapes, small fruits and berries, was passed Thursday by the house. Grape growers of New York and Southern and Western small fruit and berry raisers advocated its passage for protection against competitors using undersized containers.

Hughes' Auto Searched.

Niagara Falls.—Charles E. Hughes, en route to Detroit, spent Sunday here. At his request there was no public reception.

ACTIVITY OF ALLEGED SPIES AT PANAMA CANAL IS INVESTIGATED

Washington, D. C.—Activities of persons suspected of being spies employed by foreign governments to acquire information regarding the nature and extent of the defenses of the Panama canal have made the administration decide to request congress to supplement the existing laws against improper acquisition of knowledge of military and naval plans and fortifications.

Representatives of the department of Justice and the War and Navy departments have been in conference on the subject, and it is expected that they will agree on some drastic legislation to be submitted to congress.

It is possible that the scope of the conference may be extended beyond the original ideas of a mere protection of the secrets of the American coast defenses to cover generally such attempts as have been common since the beginning of the present war to destroy powder and ammunition plants, on which the United States government must rely in time of trouble.

Several of the military powers of the world are believed to have undertaken to obtain information as to the character of the defenses of the Panama canal. The latest incident to excite suspicion is the operations of a little Japanese power vessel, ostensibly a fishing launch, which sought to obtain a permit for pearl fishing in the waters of Panama bay and vicinity.

The canal authorities have been warned that this craft appeared to have been making surveys and that these were not confined to the water but extended to the isthmus proper.

While these operations may have been perfectly innocent in intent and only such soundings were made and bearings taken as might be incident to the pursuit of pearl fisheries, the canal zone authorities have regarded the matter as of sufficient importance to warrant investigation and report to Washington. Meanwhile, licenses have been withheld until some general line of policy can be formulated to govern all such cases.

Bottle Tells Zeppelin's Fate.

Berlin—Extracts from letters found last February in a bottle picked up in the Skagerak, containing last messages from the commander and crew of the Zeppelin L-19, wrecked in the North Sea, have been given out. The writings included the final report of the Zeppelin's commander, written an hour before the airship went down. The greater part of the extracts consist of personal messages to members of the victims' families. One of them says "An English trawler came along this morning, but refused to save us."

British Save Suez Canal.

London—The Turkish army of 13,000 soldiers which attacked British positions on August 4 at Romani, 22 miles east of the Suez canal, has been thoroughly defeated, according to the latest official statement. The Turks are now in full retreat and were hotly pursued for 18 miles by British troops. The number of unwounded Turks captured was 3145. Among the prisoners were 70 Germans, including 36 officers. A complete battery of German guns was also taken.

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During the automobile ride in Canada, at a lonely spot a Canadian soldier, with fixed bayonet, ordered the driver to halt and searched the car for explosives. The soldier, when told of Mr. Hughes' identity, replied with a grin that he was sorry, but Canadian military rules made no exception.

The Red Mirage

A Story of the French Legion
in Algiers

By I. A. R. WYLIE

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CHAPTER XX—Continued.

The clear eyes darkened. Gabrielle Smith did not take the extended hands. Her own were clasped before her.

"I have come to plead with you, Madame Arnaud—not to judge."

"And if I promise you—if I tell you that I will do all that lies in my power—"

"Then my errand is accomplished." Sylvia's hands dropped. It struck her that this woman had a mean soul, coarsened with rough contact with the world. She could not rise to the high altitudes of forgiveness and reconciliation. She could only grasp the material things of life. Sylvia caught a glance of her own reflection in the glass opposite, and she saw how the real her own beauty had become. After all, beauty is the outward and visible sign. Suddenly her name was called—roughly yet piteously—and her eyes sank.

"That's my husband," she said gravely. "Even in his delirium he is always calling for me. The dying are sacred, are they not? We must forgive them as we forgive the dead."

"Yes," Gabrielle assented. "I must go to him. But I will do what I have promised. I—I will atone for him. Perhaps it may soothe him—comfort him to think that the wrong he has done has been righted—don't you think?"

"Perhaps."

But Gabrielle Smith did not seem to see the extended hand. There was a hard line about the fine mouth, and without greeting—almost as though goaded by an impatient contempt—she went out of the open French windows into the brazen glare of the afternoon. Sylvia Arnaud watched the slight upright figure vanish into the archway beyond the courtyard. She was vaguely disconcerted—like an actress left suddenly without her cue—and beneath the tranquil consciousness of virtue there stirred the old hatred, the old mistrust.

In the sickroom all was still again. The blinds were drawn, and in the green-tinted shadows Desire's face showed like a white light. She went softly over to his bedside and sat down, looking at him. His eyes were closed and he appeared to sleep. A cold wonder crept over her. He had changed so completely in those few months of their married life that the change ceased to be terrible. This was not the man whose fleeting, unknown fascination had caught her restless fancy—not even the man she had grown weary of. He was nothing—a mere husk of something that had once been. Still, as she sat there and looked back on those months, many things became triumphantly clear to her. She understood why she had grown weary, and why weariness had changed to nausea. He was a bad man. He had sinned; he had let another suffer for him, and had pursued his victim with a relentless hatred. Her woman's instinct had recognized the evil and had passed judgment. Beside him Richard Farquhar's figure gleamed in the limelight of her imagination—a cavalier of the old school, quixotic and romantic. But she did not love him. Perhaps there was even somewhere in her a vague contempt—at least, a slightly patronizing pity strengthened by the knowledge that now his salvation was in her hands. Her thoughts passed on from him to the implacable, ruthless man who had come back to her out of the jaws of death, and to whom she was going with the surrender of her whole self. And as she thought of him invisible hands tore down the veil, and she saw the picture that he had painted of her—saw it and shrank from it even though she knew that it was the insignia of his power.

Desire's eyes opened. They rested full on her face, and in their recognition, their pathetic, helpless worship she regained herself and the heights of her virtue. She bent over him. "Are you better, Desire?"

"Sylvia." His hand groped feebly for hers. She touched it kindly. She would not reproach him. She was forgiving him. He was going to die. And then she would be free. She did not think of her freedom. It was like a hidden pulse—beating persistently, feverishly.

"I heard you call," she said. "Is there anything want? The nurse will be back in a moment."

He caressed her hand with an infinite tenderness.

"They are going to shoot him at daybreak," he said very gently. "And then all will be well, will it not? You will forget him. You will learn to understand—everything. We shall begin a new life together in a new world, my wife. There will be no shadow between us where we are going—"

She shrank from him, half in horror, half in vague fear. He was dying, and he seemed so sure. He did not ask for forgiveness; there was no remorse in his sunken eyes—rather a grave, serene pity. His hand still held hers. There was a power in its weakness which terrified her; she felt as though she would never be able to free herself.

"Sylvia—you will not leave me? I feel as though I could rest with you beside me. You will stay?"

"Yes—yes."

"I have loved you so greatly, my wife. I have been down to hell for love of you, and now I am fighting my way back—to you—to the light. Love is stronger than sin—than death—than God himself—"

His voice trailed off again, his eyelids dropped, hiding the pale light of ecstatic delirium.

The nurse entered on tiptoe.

"There is a man—a soldier—in the drawing room, madame," she whispered. "He brings a message for madame—it must be delivered at once. I will keep watch while madame is gone."

She nodded. He had sent for her. She was going to him. Nothing mattered now. She had waited long enough.

The little fragile chain of self-control had snapped. She was going to him—now, cost what it would. Yet out-

wardly she was quite calm as she pushed aside the curtains. Only the uneven color of her cheeks might have betrayed her.

"Yes?" she said interrogatively.

The legionary standing against the light turned and clasped his heels together.

"A letter, madame, to be delivered in your hands."

"I thank you." Her voice sounded gentle, graciously courteous. She tore open the letter with steady fingers.

"Will you take back a message from me?" she asked.

"Such are my orders, madame."

"Will you tell Colonel Destinn 'Yes'?"

"Is that all, madame?"

"That is all."

Yet he remained motionless, watching her.

"Madame, I have another message. It is for another lady—a Mademoiselle Gabrielle, who is Madame's companion."

"From whom?"

"From a comrade who dies at daybreak."

She caught her breath inaudibly. The pulse stopped for a moment. In the full course of her reckless purpose something glimpsed and held her—a poignant suspicion, an emotion that was like jealousy.

"Mademoiselle Gabrielle is not here," she said slowly. "If you give me the message I will deliver it."

"It is verbal."

"I will deliver it exactly."

He looked at her. She did not like his face. There was an imperturbable arrogance in his eyes which offended her.

"The message is a simple one. My comrade said to me: 'Tell her that her faith in me made many things possible. Tell her that the reality was more beautiful than the mirage.'"

"A strange message," she tried to laugh, but the laugh shook and broke off. "I shall endeavor to remember."

"My comrade will thank you, madame."

He saluted and turned to go. But on the threshold of the wide-open windows he halted. He seemed to be looking at something, and suddenly, to her angry amazement, he stopped and picked up a silver frame from the bric-a-brac on the low table.

"What are you doing?" she demanded impatiently.

He faced her with an ease and decision that startled her.

"Who is this, madame?"

"Are you mad? Shall I have to report you to your colonel?"

She glanced at the photograph which he held toward her. Against her will, forced by an indescribable fascination, her eyes rose again to his face. And suddenly the pulse stood still, drowned



"Who is This, Madame?"

In a rushing flood of incoherent terror.

"That was my brother."

She used the past tense for the first time with that deadly sense of conviction. The legionary unfastened his tunic and drew out something, which he laid quietly on the table beside her.

"Then this belongs to you," he said simply.

Mechanically she took up the little locket and opened it. Inside was the thing she knew that she would find, her own miniature—a valueless, amateurish effort done in her schoolgirl years for her adored comrade.

"I knew him as Philip Grey, madame. He gave it me nearly two years ago—when he was dying."

"Then—he is dead?"

He made a grave pitying movement of assent.

"He was my friend, madame. He belonged to my company. He was not strong, and one day out in the desert he gave way. He went mad, I think—mad with exhaustion and thirst. He disobeyed orders, and they gave him a double burden. He broke down, and they left him out there—in the desert."

"How long ago?"

"As I have said—nearly two years. It was Colonel Destinn's great forced march south—one hundred and fifty kilometers in three days. Many of us died on the road."

She laughed suddenly. She had the odd feeling that there was a third person in the room—a black faceless shadow that had laughed with her. She had to make a great effort to regain her composure.

"Yes—and then?"

"Afterward they allowed me to go back and fetch his body. I did not know his real name, but he had given me the locket, and it occurred to me that if ever his people knew they would be glad that he had not been left out there—alone. He lies in the Legion's cemetery—Philip Grey, No. 3112."

"Yes—I remember—thank you."

She did not see him go. She dressed quickly and went out into the courtyard. A voice called her by name with monotonous persistency, but she didn't hear it. There was a woman with flowers to sell standing hesitantly in the passage, but she did not see her. She had grown deaf and blind to the present. She was looking back along the road she had come, and she saw the fate she had invoked stalking invisible beside her.

"Sylvia! Sylvia!"

The flower-girl still stood in the shadowy passage. Imperturbably, with inscrutable eyes, she watched Sylvia Arnaud's figure stand out for a moment against the sunlit avenue and disappear.

"Sylvia!"

"Philip Grey, No. 3112, Legion Etrangere."

Sylvia knelt, with clasped hands, and gazed at the roughly-cut letters. Around her and above her a sea of crosses lifted up their gaunt black arms—hundreds upon hundreds, in the voiceless identical supplication of forgotten things. She prayed softly. She did not cry. She felt herself surrounded with a peace that was above tears. Little by little the flood was flowing back on its old course. She was thinking what she should say to Destinn when he came to claim her. She would rise up and point to this piteous untended mound. "This lies between us," she would say to him. She would not curse him. In expiation she would claim Richard Farquhar's life. She would go back to her husband; she would take up the broken threads and weave them to the perfect pattern. She would carry with her the memory of that brief glimpse of her own soul, of her own love. The dead are not in vain—it was a beautiful thought—

Steps sounded on the gravel pathway. She looked up, but it was not Destinn who came toward her. It was the flower-seller, her basket crowded with fresh blossoms.

"Roses, madame? Roses to offer to the dear dead?"

"Ah, yes, I thank you. Give me all that you have."

She covered the low mound with gorgeous red and gold. The beauty of it—of this chance—lifted her grief on soft wings to a gentle, almost happy resignation. She said, smilingly, "I shall come every day, and every day you must bring me all your flowers."

She wondered what it was—that had come over her. Something had happened. There had been a sharp, insignificant little pain between her shoulders—a mere nothing. She caught her breath; it hurt her, and she turned slowly, her eyes wide open with a childish amazement.

"What has happened?"

The woman opposite her said nothing. Her face, through the rising mist, was blank, unreadable. Sylvia put her fingers to her lips—she did not know why she had done so; she saw now that there was blood on her fingers.

She remembered that she had kissed one of the roses. Perhaps it had bled. She tried to turn back again. Her limbs were curiously heavy—almost leaden. Then she dropped, face downward, amid the scattered roses.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Evidently Feared for Minister.

"It is a great help in my parish," says Canon Tupper-Carey of York, England, "to go to the public houses and play cards with the men so as to get to know them. Of course, it is very unpleasant sometimes when a drunken man puts his arms round your neck." He remembers once visiting a public house in Leeds and a man coming up and saying: "I'm surprised to see you here, Mr. Carey."

"Why should I not come here as much as you?" answered the canon. "I have not made a beast of myself." "Well," replied the man, "you haven't so far."