

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.

Candidate Hughes is greeted with the second largest crowd of the West-ern tour at Portland.

Fishermen in Tacoma harbor hooked a shark while fishing from a buoy, landing the fish after two hours' tussle. The shark measured nine feet long.

Miss Grace Arnold, a Portland stenographer, has been admitted to practice in the United States District court. She is the third woman thus honored in Oregon.

Canada is enlisting men for service in the British navy, a departure in policy, as it was decided at the beginning of the war to confine recruiting in Canada to land forces.

A Naches Valley, Washington, farmer complained to the county commissioners that one of the bull elk imported from the Yellowstone Park herd, had taken possession of his clover field and refused to leave.

The conference in Washington to settle the impending railroad strike has not accomplished anything and the President has sent for the presidents of the roads involved, in the hope that an adjustment can be made.

A bill providing that the sheriff of any Georgia county in which a lynching occurs be removed by the governor was tabled 113 to 29 by the Georgia house Saturday a few minutes before the close of the legislative session, after it had been passed by the house.

The new German war usury bureau has justified its existence by revealing surprising details of widely ramified food frauds, according to reports received at The Hague. The frauds are said to involve a half dozen leaders and 100 accomplices.

Rockefellers of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania have begun a reunion in New York and discussed plans to educate Rockefeller children whose immediate families cannot send them to school. Including John D. Rockefeller, who could not attend, there are 260 members of the association, it was said.

Plans for a more vigorous campaign to prevent the spread of infantile paralysis were made in Washington, D. C., at a conference of health authorities Friday of most of the state with officials of the Federal Public Health Service. Resolutions will be adopted by the conference, in which eminent plague experts, scientists and bacteriologists are participating, outlining definite proposals for checking dissemination of the disease. While few of those present expressed alarm that the epidemic might assume country-wide proportions, they uniformly declared measures were necessary to guard against a widespread outbreak.

Oregon troops on the border have just received their first payment for services.

Candidate Hughes, speaking to women only in Spokane, addressed them as "fellow citizens."

Secretary Baker has mapped out arguments to be used in the campaign for the re-election of President Wilson.

Owing to court duties, Justice Brandeis will not accept appointment on the commission to settle the Mexican problem.

Human blood from recovered victims of infantile paralysis, is being used as serum to combat the disease in New York City.

A California farmer is cultivating jimson weed, considered a pest in this country, but which is used as a household remedy in China, and principally for asthma.

The U. S. forestry reports practically no damage by fires in the national forests in the Northwest, thus far this season.

A San Francisco contracting firm is expected to get the job of building Portland's million-dollar postoffice, because of its low bid.

The British torpedo boat destroyer Lasso sank Sunday off the Dutch coast, having struck a mine or been torpedoed. Six of the crew are missing.

An insane fugitive from the Oregon asylum, terrorizes citizens of Salem, and it is feared he may reach his home and do bodily harm to his family.

Oregon shippers are facing ruin because of the car shortage. A deficit of 975 cars on the Southern Pacific in Oregon is shown by the Public Service commission investigation.

The price of milk by the pint was raised in New York City, retailers asserting the advance was necessary owing to the increased cost of supplies, principally bottles. The price of milk by the quart remains unchanged.

U. S. LUMBERMEN PLAN EXPANSION OF MARKETS IN DEVASTATED EUROPE

Chicago—The government will cooperate with the lumber manufacturers of the United States in sending abroad a corps of experts to study the condition of European lumber markets with a view to a great expansion of the field of the American producer.

This was decided Tuesday at one of the most important conferences ever held in American business history, for the conference marked the opening of steps for co-operation between the nation's business men and the government itself for the extension of American trade abroad.

Part of the result of the conference will be the urging of the immediate passage of the Webb bill, now pending in congress, to remove any question of the legality of the organization by lumber manufacturers and other groups of business men of foreign sales agencies to secure and distribute orders for American goods to be sent to foreign countries.

General's Daughter Gives Blood for Babies



MISS HOUSTON SCOTT

Miss Houston Scott, fourteen-year-old daughter of General Hugh L. Scott, chief of staff of the United States army, has given five ounces of her blood for serum to prevent infantile paralysis in other children. She had the disease several years ago. The operation was performed Saturday, August 12, in Washington, and was kept secret till public health officials there asked that it be made public in order to encourage others to give their blood.

Before taking up the question of how to organize the American lumber industry to secure the great volume of foreign lumber business that must come to the United States, even before the European war ends, detailed reports were given of the conditions abroad by the various interested organizations, as well as from governmental agencies.

Two Idaho Lads Admit Murder of Nevada Professor

Twin Falls, Ida.—Harold and Lynn Lovelace, brothers, ages 12 and 11, respectively, are in custody here, charged by their own confession with the murder of Professor F. Thomas Hamill, a teacher from Carson, Nev., at his homestead 45 miles south of Twin Falls, Tuesday afternoon of last week. The story of the shooting and the flight of the boys is almost unbelievable.

They had traveled about 120 miles with Hamill's horse and light wagon, sleeping in the sage brush, without bedding and thinly clad. They had with them supplies which they had taken from Hamill's house, also eight guns and revolvers of various kinds. They had also stolen guns and other things from ranchers along the way.

At the inquest Tuesday the verdict was that Hamill met his death from a bullet from a rifle in the hands of Lynn Lovelace. His elder brother Harold is held as instigator and accessory. Neither the mother nor their stepfather, a man named Pennywell, can be located.

Spain Increases Army.

Madrid—An increase in the Spanish army to 180,000 men on peace footing is provided for in a military reorganization bill which soon will be presented to parliament by the minister of war, General De Luque. This calls for an increase over the present force of 40,000 men. Under the new plan 68,000 men will be garrisoned in Morocco. The reserves of the active army will permit rapid mobilization of 400,000 men. The project provides for officers sufficient for a reserve army of 600,000.

Villa May Be Dead Again.

El Paso—A new report of the death of Villa was received here Tuesday by Andreas Garcia, Mexican consul. The report, emanating from San Geronimo, in Chihuahua, said that the bandit-chieftain died of blood poisoning resulting from his wounds at Tallamantes, near Parral, on July 9, and was buried near there. While the report was transmitted for what it was worth to Mexico City, it received little credence at the local consulate.

NEWS ITEMS Of General Interest About Oregon

Government August Crop Report for Oregon

A summary of the August crop report for the state of Oregon, as compiled by the bureau of crop estimates, U. S. department of Agriculture, is as follows:

Winter wheat—Preliminary estimate, 12,500,000 bushels; production last year, final estimate, 16,200,000 bushels.

Spring wheat—August 1 forecast, 4,460,000 bushels; production last year, final estimate, 3,825,000 bushels.

Oats—August 1 forecast, 14,400,000 bushels; production last year, final estimate, 16,060,000 bushels.

Barley—August 1 forecast, 4,600,000 bushels; production last year, final estimate, 4,680,000 bushels.

Potatoes—August 1 forecast, 6,790,000 bushels; production last year, final estimate, 5,520,000 bushels.

Hay—August 1 forecast, 1,820,000 tons; production last year, final estimate, 1,870,000 tons.

Pasture—August 1 condition 99, compared with the ten-year average of 92.

Apples—August 1 forecast, 1,210,000 barrels; production last year, final estimate, 1,043,000 barrels.

Prices—The first price given below is the average on August 1 this year, and the second, the average on August 1 last year:

Wheat, 90 and 87 cents per bushel. Corn, 80 and 85. Oats, 42 and 42. Potatoes, 80 and 68. Hay, \$10.20 and \$7.70 per ton. Eggs, 24 and 23 cents per dozen.

Nearly One-Fourth of County's Students Attend High School

"If Benton county had had eight more students in the high school last year, one-fourth of all the school children in that county would have been attending high school. That is to say, practically one pupil in every four who attended school in Benton county last year, was a high school student," said Superintendent of Public Instruction, J. A. Churchill, recently. This information is contained in the annual report of County Superintendent Roy E. Cannon, which was recently filed with the state department of education.

The fact that any county in Oregon has one-fourth of its pupils enrolled in the high schools is considered a remarkable showing, in view of the fact that the United States as a whole, less than 7 per cent of the children get into the high school, according to the last report of the United States commissioner of education. The attendance reports from many other counties are almost equally encouraging. Mr. Churchill believes that the increased attendance in the high schools is due to a considerable extent to their standardization, and to the new high school tuition fund law which provides free tuition to high school students.

Settlers to Get \$92,648.13 for Forfeited Land Grant Lands

Moro—The bill recently introduced by Representative Sinnott, and passed by the house and senate, which now awaits the President's signature, appropriates a total of \$92,648.13 to reimburse settlers who entered upon the land of The Dalles Military Road company in 1867, and subsequently lost the land and improvements.

The grant was declared forfeited by the government, and the courts subsequently vested the title in the Eastern Oregon Land company, successors to the road company. The bill contains a proviso that not more than 5 per cent of the amounts recovered shall be paid as attorney's fees.

The total number of claims allowed is 67 and the amounts range from \$300 to \$2000 each. Thirteen of the claimants are dead and 27 have removed to parts unknown.

Forest "Test" Fire Set.

Baker—Setting fires in the Minam National forest to keep his lookout men in training is the unique method inaugurated by Forest Supervisor Ephraim Barnes. A brush fire was set near Sanger, at a point visible to lookouts but to none of the other fighting force. Precautions were taken to keep rangers and lookout men ignorant of the real cause of the fire, and when the smoke was first sighted word was flashed by the nearest lookout to the fire-chaser at Eagle Forks, bringing a man to the scene within two hours.

Widows to Get \$13,511.

Salem—Nineteen widows of Marion county will be paid \$13,511 due them under the Widows' Pension act of 1913, as a result of a recent decision of the Oregon Supreme court sustaining the Circuit court's ruling that the 19 applicants were entitled to relief. The County court ordered the pensions paid after withholding payment for three years. Mrs. Eva Maude Wolfe, one of the applicants, will receive a total of \$1715 in back pension.

Car Shortage is Serious.

Salem—Convinced that business interests in Oregon tributary to the Southern Pacific company face disaster and ultimate bankruptcy unless immediate measures to relieve the growing freight car shortage are adopted, the Oregon Public Service commission has demanded that the company furnish needed facilities to Oregon producers and shippers.

The Red Mirage

A Story of the French Legion in Algiers

By L. A. R. WYLIE

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CHAPTER XXII—Continued.

Farquhar came out of the shadows to the corporal's side.

"There must be no struggle," he said. "It would be quite useless, and we must keep Harding out of this."

"Yes, of course."

"You said I had friends here. Who?"

"An Englishman for one, who calls himself Preston."

"What does he know?"

"Everything—more than you do, Don Quixote. But wisdom invariably comes too late in this world. Hush!"

With a roar of laughter the song came to an end, and in the brief light that followed the two men listened intently. Without warning Goetz wrenched open the door. By the dim light of the lantern falling into the now darkened passage they saw the body of a man lying face downward on the stone. He still breathed. Beyond him, leaning against the wall, was the German doctor. His head was thrown back; they saw his face—a white mask, made whiter by the dark line of blood trickling from the half-open mouth. His eyes shone to meet them with a boyish triumph.

"He wanted to go in—I knew—we fought and I managed to stun him—the road is clear, Englishman."

"Good God, do you think we are going to leave you there?"

"He got at me with his bayonet. It's all over. Go—don't make it all—in vain."

Farquhar caught the cold fast-weakening hand in his. Danger was forgotten in grief and self-reproach.

"Must I bring death and destruction to you also?"

The fading eyes brightened.

"This is not death—not destruction. It was my chance—to make good—"

He faltered and staggered to his knees. "Goetz von Berlichingen—I—I have known always—your highness—greet our fatherland—"

He made a last effort to draw himself up to the salute and fell quietly forward.

"You will forget what you have heard," Goetz said simply. "The road is clear. We must not make the sacrifice a useless one. Come!"

"The sentries—"

"The sentries are the men you saved. The sentries are blind tonight."

She came out of the darkness, a slight frail figure in the big cloak, her hands outstretched. He caught them and kissed them, and then the white grave face which she lifted to him with the dignity of a great and single passion.

"You had my message, Gabrielle?"

"Yes."

"You understood?"

"Everything."

The light which shone in her eyes dazzled him. It was supreme happiness, supreme sorrow.

"If there is a new life waiting for me over there you will come to me. You will help me to live it—as you have helped me to live in the past—"

"I shall be always with you, Richard. But you must not think of me now; think of your life—for my sake."

An Arab servant brought up the two horses. She drew back instantly, and Farquhar swung himself into the saddle. Preston came up to him and pressed his hand for a last time.

"Our friend Goetz here will explain everything that has happened. You will ride straight to Les Imberts. It is thirty-two kilometers—you should be there before daybreak. Let your horses go. There is a train starting for the north at five o'clock. I shall be on my way to Oran. I shall have passports for two Englishmen—Richard Farquhar and John Eyres. You will remember? Now off with you—and Godspeed!"

Goetz had already ridden out of the grove. Still Farquhar lingered. Gabrielle had come forward and placed something hard, metallic, in his outstretched hand.

"It is your own gift to me—your revolver," she said. "It is loaded. May it guard you well, Richard."

For a fleeting second he looked down at her. Swifter than a dream he revived his life as he saw it mirrored among the shadows in her eyes.

"You have saved me twice," he said. "You will save me again. God keep you for each other."

He drove his heels in his horse's flanks and a moment later was galloping at Goetz's side across the plain.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Kismet.

In the full blaze of the afternoon Colonel Destinn had ridden out of Sidi-bel-Abbes. He had taken three mounted legionaries with him, and they had followed sullenly silent in the low cloud of yellow dust which rolled back from his horse's hoofs. It was now close on midnight.

They left the smooth, white military road behind them and galloped out into the waste—faster and faster—memory hot at his side, its merciless hands upon the reins. The kilometers flashed past. Vineyard and huddled lightless villages lay far behind in the eastern shadow. There was again a

back limp into his arms. Then Destinn understood. One shot at least had told. Exerting all the powers of a brilliant horsemanship, he held on to the unconscious man and forced the straining mare to an increased effort. Side by side the two horses burst into the narrow passage between the rocks. Destinn bent forward.

"We've no chance like this—warn Sidi-bel-Abbes—I shall try to take cover—God help you!"

Goetz nodded without answering and dashed on. At the end of the cutting Destinn drew rein and slipped to the ground. There he fell, face downward. The blood drummed in his ears. It filled his brain, thundering down every other sound. A dozen Arabs swept through the gully, but he neither heard nor saw them. When he at last lifted himself upon his elbow the pursuit had long since rolled away in the distance. The dawn had broken.

He glanced down at the man lying motionless beside him. His heavy brows contracted over eyes in which there had dawned a sudden emotion, a startled incredulity, changing a moment later to a bitterly contemplative amusement. He bent over the dark unconscious face. The fiery eyes that time after time had defied his with their brilliant recklessness were closed. The black brows smoothed out into an untroubled serenity. Yet the expression was as he remembered it.

In the far distance, beyond his range of vision, a sudden sharp rattle of artillery broke the silence. His eyes flickered with a faint triumph. Sidi-bel-Abbes had not been taken unaware. Perhaps that daredevil German had arrived in time.

He laid a shaking hand on the quiet breast. The man still breathed. It was like an answer—an acceptance. He opened the tunic with rapid skillful fingers. The roar of battle was now close at hand. It rolled toward the narrow barrier of rock in a cloud of rising dust, from which flashed an intermittent lightning. Colonel Destinn permitted no heed. He had traced the course of his bullet. It was lodged an inch above the heart, but its force had been checked by an old tattered letter case, which he tossed on one side. With strips of his linen shirt he plugged the ragged-looking wound and bandaged it. The whole thing was the work of a few minutes. Death swept down upon them both, but this man was not to die through him.

He had lifted the unconscious head upon one arm; his eyes passed for an instant to the tattered letter case and rested there. It had fallen open. Moved by he knew not what impulse he touched it tremblingly. A few dried and faded rose leaves, a letter, yellow with age, singed and pierced by his own bullet. Suddenly it grew very still about him. The crash of battle seemed to have sunk behind a deadening veil of silence. There was nothing left in the world but this man and himself.

"Richard Farquhar!"

The name escaped him without his knowledge. The legionary groaned and half turned, his unconscious hand clutching Destinn's arm, and a minute later his eyes opened. They looked at each other steadily, and Destinn shrank back. This was the expiation—the punishment. There was to be no curse and no mercy, but the grim working out of a logical merciless law.

"You know now, sir?"

The weaker voice sounded loud in his ears—louder than the thunder of the guns. He made a movement of stunned assent.

"Yes; you are Richard—Richard Farquhar, my—"

He broke off. He was looking in the eyes of his judge; he awaited sentence.

Farquhar drew himself up with a desperate effort.

"They're—they're coming on fast—aren't they, sir? I haven't much time. And I have a message—from my mother—who is waiting for you—in Sidi-bel-Abbes. She gave it me two years ago. Can you hear me, sir?"

"Yes—yes."

"I was to tell you—that night when you left her—you won her. She has waited for you." He dropped back, gasping, into Destinn's arms. "Sir, I thank God—that at the last I have found you. I also have my message—I understand—and honor—and pity you."

Destinn bowed his head. A word of release had been spoken. He was free. The burden of years dropped from him. He was gazing down into the face of a child, in the frank clear eyes of a memory. He held the wounded man closer, shielding him with a stern tenderness.

"I too—thank God, Richard."

The cheering had grown louder. Within a hundred yards of the rocks where they meant to make their last rally the barred shot-ridden ranks of Bedouin cavalry faltered. For an infinitesimal second of delay they seemed to be gathering to face the new attack; then the leaders broke away westward and with them, in a magnificent, awe-inspiring semicircle, the whole beaten, panic-stricken host.

It was Goetz von Berlichingen who had led the victorious flank attack, sweeping the retreat far into the west. He had had no orders to do so and only a small detachment of chasseurs at his command. But he had succeeded, and now he lay in the sand, coughing up blood from a bullet-riddled lung. General Meunier knelt beside him. He had no great interest in dying legionaries, but he wished to make sure of Colonel Destinn's last whereabouts.

"You say to the right—among the rocks there?"

"Yes."

"Then your flanking movement probably saved them. You are a daring fellow. If you had lived I should have had the pleasure of court-martialing you. As it is—have you any request to make?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



With Strips of His Linen Shirt He Plugged the Ragged Wound.