

GERMANY IS TOLD WHY 2 ATTACHES MUST LEAVE U. S.

ACTIVITIES OF BERLIN'S REPRESENTATIVES NOT APPROVED BY WASHINGTON.

SECRETARY LANSING DOES NOT DISCUSS OR SPECIFY FACTS

Washington Still in Dark as to Attitude of Berlin, but Its Position Is Said to Have Satisfied Von Bernstorff.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 7.—Secretary Lansing has communicated to Germany through Count von Bernstorff, the German ambassador, the reasons which caused the United States government to request the immediate withdrawal of Captain Karl Boyed and Captain Franz Papez, respectively, naval and military attaches of the embassy here.

In the communication, which is believed to have reached the Berlin foreign office today, Mr. Lansing is understood to have said that naval and military activities of the attaches constituted their principal offense. It is said that there was no discussion of facts relating to the reasons for the state department's request, nor any disclosure of the department's sources of information.

CONGRESS MAY RAISE \$112,000,000 MORE

TOTAL DEFICIT NEXT JUNE IS ESTIMATED IN PROPOSAL OF PRESIDENT.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 8.—The plan under which President Wilson has asked congress to raise money for national defense contemplates increased internal taxes. If the military and naval programs are carried out the total estimated deficit on June 30, 1917, will be \$225,000,000.

To raise this \$112,000,000 the president proposes: Reduction of exemption under income tax law of \$3000 for single and \$4000 for married persons to \$2000 and \$3000, respectively. Reducing the figure at which surtax being from \$20,000 to \$10,000 or \$15,000. Increase of tax on large incomes. Tax of 1 per cent per gallon on gasoline and naphtha, \$20,000,000. Tax on 50 cents per horsepower on automobile and internal explosion engines, \$15,000,000. Stamp tax on bank checks, \$15,000,000. Tax of 25 cents per ton on pig iron, \$16,000,000. Tax of 50 cents per ton on fabricated iron and steel, \$10,000,000.

LINER'S TROUBLE IS ALL MECHANICAL

MINNESOTA SKIPPER SAYS THAT NO MUTINY OCCURRED—SHIP IS NOW IN TOW.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 8.—That the troubles of the liner Minnesota were entirely mechanical, that there had been no mutiny and no trouble with the crew, was the substance of a wireless message received here today from Captain Garlick, master of the disabled liner.

This was the first direct statement from the Minnesota's skipper to anyone but officials of the Great Northern Steamship company and contradicted the statements made repeatedly by C. W. Wiley, marine superintendent of the company, that all suggestions of bomb plots and mutiny were matters of surmise originating ashore.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

Real estate transfers were filed Thursday with Recorder Dedman as follows: United States to Frank Sirois, 169 acres in section 22, township 2 south, range 6 east of the Willamette meridian; patent. Conrad P. Olson, trustee for the estate of Charles H. Kelley, to John W. Loder, lots 4, 5 and 6, block 1, and lot 6, block 2, C. T. Toozie addition to Oregon City; \$1. Melissa A. Bestow to William Peters et ux, lot 7, block 51, Oregon City; \$725.

DEAL of the NAVY

By WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE. AUTHOR OF "RED MOUSE," "RUNNING FIGHT," "CAT'S PAW," "BLUE BUCKLE," ETC. NOVELIZED FROM THE PHOTO PLAY OF THE SAME NAME PRODUCED BY THE PATHE EXCHANGE, INC. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE.

On the day of the eruption of Mount Pelee Capt. John Hardin of the steamer Princess returned to his home in Annette, Inez, a young girl, was forced to leave behind her father and his companion, Inez, by the eruption of Mount Pelee. Inez, a young girl, was forced to leave behind her father and his companion, Inez, by the eruption of Mount Pelee.

TWELFTH INSTALLMENT "RACKED BY THE U. S. N."

CHAPTER LII. A Thorn in the Flesh.

It was late at night when Hernandez and his two companions, Senorita Inez Castro and the Brute, crept to the outskirts of the village of Santa Maria, and stealthily approached the ramshackle old hotel. For two days they had kept carefully out of sight.

They had left the dead Ponto to his fate. He had now become a cipher. He was food for the jackals and they left him to the jackals. "Then," said Inez, "it shall be Ponto's share for mine."

Hernandez leered at her. "What does it matter," he returned; "what is mine is yours, fair Inez—Inez, mine own." She crept to him, resting her shoulder against his breast. "You mean that, Hernandez?" she queried, a jealous note tinging her tone. "There is no one—there never shall be one—save Inez!"

Hernandez leered again. "Time and time have I not told you so?" he answered. "We are one—as in the past—so in the present—so in the future." Hernandez brushed her gently to one side and rose to his feet. "War first—love afterwards," he said. "Business now—and later, happiness. A whirl of happiness—of world-wide happiness. When I am king of a principality—and you are queen. Come, let us go!"

Softly he crept to a secluded doorway of the hotel and knocked cautiously upon it. It was opened in due course. The frowled head of a servant thrust itself forth. "Ah," whispered Hernandez, "my good friend." He slipped a goodly coin into the hand of his good friend—and the good friend became at once a better friend. "The Americans?" queried Hernandez. "Have they gone?" "Gone," returned the servant; "today they went. Enter, señor."

Hernandez, alert but satisfied of temporary safety, beckoned to his two companions and the three crowded into the dingy little closet of the porter. He turned back to the porter. "Tell us," he commanded, "the best route to San Pedro and Los Angeles. Our way lies north." Many hours later at Los Angeles, a coterie of Americans sat around a broad table in an unused courtroom in the post office building in Los Angeles.

Spread upon the table were a number of documents—a trinket or two. Among them was a lock of hair. Among them were a patch-together parchment map and a Spanish grant. The admiral leaned toward the United States district attorney—the latter had come down from San Francisco to place the seal of his department's approval upon the matter now in hand. "Are you satisfied?" queried the admiral. "Absolutely," said the district attorney, "the paper title is at present unassailable, and as much to be recognized as though"—he bowed to Annette—"as though our fair daughter here were a sister republic. It remains for you, sir"—his glance bent upon the commander of the battleship Missouri—"to find out who may be in possession—and to oust them in favor of this paper title."

"I wonder whom we'll find?" mused Annette, her eyes glowing. "Probably no one," returned the admiral. Swiftly—and unnoticed—he pushed

the thorny burr under the saddle, next to the pony's skin. Then he slouched away in the general direction of the bar.

CHAPTER LIII. A Dangerous Connection.

There are few drivers of a high-power car who permit themselves restraint upon an open road. But the machine that crept along the avenue in this sparsely settled portion of suburban Los Angeles seemed almost crippled. Everything passed it—even horse-drawn vehicles.

And one horse in particular kept always on ahead. This horse was Annette Ilington's. There were four people in this car—and three of them were waiting for the inevitable to happen. They crept on and on—always two hundred yards behind.

"Ah!" exclaimed Hernandez finally, "it is in!" He was quite right. Suddenly the horse ahead swerved sharply to one side, violently shook its head and neck—leaped frantically into the air, and then, with a violent burst of speed, tore down the road like fire.

Hernandez increased his speed to twenty miles—to twenty-five—but the horse tore on before him. Annette was riding like the wind—but she had lost control. Joe, in the car behind, leaped to his feet and tried to force his way from the car. "Let me out," he cried, struggling; "I got her into this, and I'll get her out."

Hernandez turned to the Brute. "Hold him," he commanded. And the Brute obeyed. Inez Castro now was on her feet. "Look—look—look," she cried, "the horse is mad—he'll kill her—look—ah—ah—"

It was all over. In one final burst of frenzy the horse had leaped high in the air, and come down on all fours, not on the solid road, but in the ditch. Annette was flung violently from her seat—and struck the ground with a thud. The horse, freed of his burden, sped on—up the road—sped on.

Hernandez stopped his car. Joe leaped out and ran to Annette. "She's killed," he said. Hernandez followed him. "If so, we cannot help it," he returned calmly. "If she's killed, I did it, you black-guard," cried Joe, remorsefully. "Inez bent over the girl. She's not dead," she said, "she's very much alive. She's only stunned."

Hernandez motioned to the Brute. "Carry her to the car," he commanded. And the Brute again obeyed. "Now, slowly," commanded Inez of Hernandez, "until I revive the girl." They were in open country now—the community was but sparsely settled. Hernandez glanced warily from side to side.

"We must make haste," he mused, taking a grass-grown road to the right. He stopped the car before a house. It was an ordinary dwelling. There was no sign of life about it. The grass in the doorway was a foot high. Everything appeared unkempt. But in the parlor window was a sign: To let, furnished. Hernandez stepped into the doorway and peered into the windows.

"We'll let it furnished—free—for a short time," he said. He forced the door and entered. "All the comforts of home," he said, smiling, "fetch in the girl." Back in the city, Neal, off duty once again, sought Annette at her hotel. "She's gone again—alone," said Mrs. Hardin, "she would go. She's so restless she couldn't sit still."

Neal smiled. He was not worried. He got a saddle horse and started out in the direction taken by Annette. He seized a chair and whirled it about his head. Back in the deserted furnished house, Hernandez still looked about him. "We can hide here till doomsday," he laughed, "running water, too. Look here. Everything but food—everything. Look—yonder on the mantel—even pen and ink. This place was meant for us." He bowed low. "Ah, my charming friend Senorita Ilington," he said to Annette who had recovered consciousness and was staring about her in astonishment, "you have had a long sleep—and pleasant dreams I hope."

He drew down the shades and switched on the light. "See," he added, "you have slept till evening—pretty staggard. And how is your good health. No bones broken. That is well." Annette did not answer. Suddenly she leaped to her feet. "Joe," she cried, "Joe Welch—you here?" "Yes," returned Hernandez, again bowing. "Joe is here—he has always been here—with us. Joe is our good



"Up—Up," He Cried, Tugging at Her.

killed her—he must bring her to life again. With her in his arms he started up the lane—whether he knew not. Suddenly, in the distance, he saw Neal—on horseback. Welch broke into a run toward his foster brother.

"She—she lives," said Joe thickly, "at any rate—you can tell her—tell mother—tell yourself—that I brought her back—to life. That pays up—pays up—for—"

He fell prone upon the ground. Neal knelt by his side. "Gone," he said, taking off his hat, "gone, Annette." "We'll forget everything," she answered sobbing, "except that he died a hero—a real hero—at the last!"

CHAPTER LIV. A Piece of Steel. Neal's first duty was toward Annette—his second toward Joe. He carried Joe tenderly to the side of the road and left him there, covered with green boughs. Then he lifted Annette upon his steed and set off for help. It took time to find a surgeon—time to get a car.

Meantime things happened at the furnished house—the house so swiftly and violently unfurnished by its interloping tenants. Inside the room nothing but a mass of wreckage was to be seen. But slowly, painfully, impelled by some unseen force, this mass of wreckage slowly rose. Beneath it some giant writhed and wriggled.

Finally a head appeared—the Brute's head. He looked about the room. Nothing was to be seen. He peered into the depths from which he had just emerged. Then suddenly he saw something. Seeing—he worked away like mad. Inside of ten minutes, Inez, in a stupor, was staring at the Brute from one side of the room—Hernandez from the other.

Hernandez shook the lethargy from him. He crawled to Inez. "Up—up," he cried, tugging at her, "you have no time to lose. Come on, you beast—come on." Seizing them both, tearing at them frantically, like mad, he sped with them toward a cluster of trees on the other side of the road.

In the midst of this dense growth he had hidden his machine. Panting with frenzy, his glance ever over his shoulder, he forced them into the car, sprang to the wheel, threw in the clutch, and was off. It was three days later, on the high seas, that Hernandez—his other two companions well hidden in the hold—stole out of the companion way of a fruit steamer bound for the southern seas.

He glanced cautiously around a corner. The first figure that met his sight was Neal Hardin—an ensign in the navy. "What's he doing here?" demanded Hernandez of himself. He watched warily. What he saw disturbed him. Neal was giving orders to the captain of the ship.

Hernandez looked about him. Suddenly he darted forward, stooped, and picked up something from the floor. "What is it?" queried Inez. "A piece of steel," he said. That night, well muffled, he stole toward the compass, and concealed his piece of steel where it would do the most good—or most harm, as you prefer. No one saw him—no one knew. But on his return, turning a corner, he ran full tilt into Ensign Neal Hardin himself. Neal sprang upon the muffled figure and tore the enveloping cloak from Hernandez's grasp.

THIS STORY IS REPRODUCED IN FILM AT THE GRAND THEATRE EVERY WEDNESDAY

John W. Loder et ux to James Neek, tract described on page 506 and 507, book 36; \$550. W. A. Wood et ux to Louise S. Christy, lot 1, block 3, Laurelwood addition to Molalla; \$150. Real estate transfers were filed Friday with Recorder Dedman as follows: Elfin Hughes to Phebe Hughes, 1.75 acres in section 27, township 2 south, range 1 east of the Willamette meridian; \$1. M. S. Abraham to E. E. Otey, lot 8, block 22, Zobrist addition to Estacada; \$500. E. W. Gillam to Arnold Kester, lots 23, 24 and 25, block 71, Minthorn's addition to Portland; \$500. United States to Wesley Joslin, deceased, 303.54 acres in sections 32 and 33, township 3 south, range 1 east of the Willamette meridian; patent. Real estate transfers were filed Saturday with Recorder Dedman as follows: Gordon Voorhies et ux to Clementine L. Hall, 2.351 acres in Waverly Heights \$5900. Blanche L. Smith et ux to Martin J. Duffy, lot 1, Rosewood; \$10. George H. Gregory et ux to F. C. Mortenson, lot 10, block 7, Gregory block 10, Waverly Heights; \$1. Real estate transfers filed with County Recorder Dedman follow: J. P. Duncan et ux to Frank Irish et ux, 15 1/2 acres in the William Bland donation land claim in township 2 south, range 1 east of Willamette meridian; \$1. William Feitelson et ux to Isaac Birdwell, lots 1 and 2, in block 1, of Windsor; \$300. Ralph Sawtell, trustee, to O. L. Kayler, seven acres in section 20, township 7 south, range 4 east of the Willamette meridian; \$10. Agnes N. Mumford to Jane Carroll, lot 4, block 7, Gladstone; \$1. E. G. Nelson et ux to J. A. Aldeman, 160 acres in section 12, township 3 south, range 2 east of the Willamette meridian; \$10. W. O. Walters et ux to C. U. Seavy, 100 acres in section 16, township 7 south, range 4 east of the Willamette meridian; \$10.