

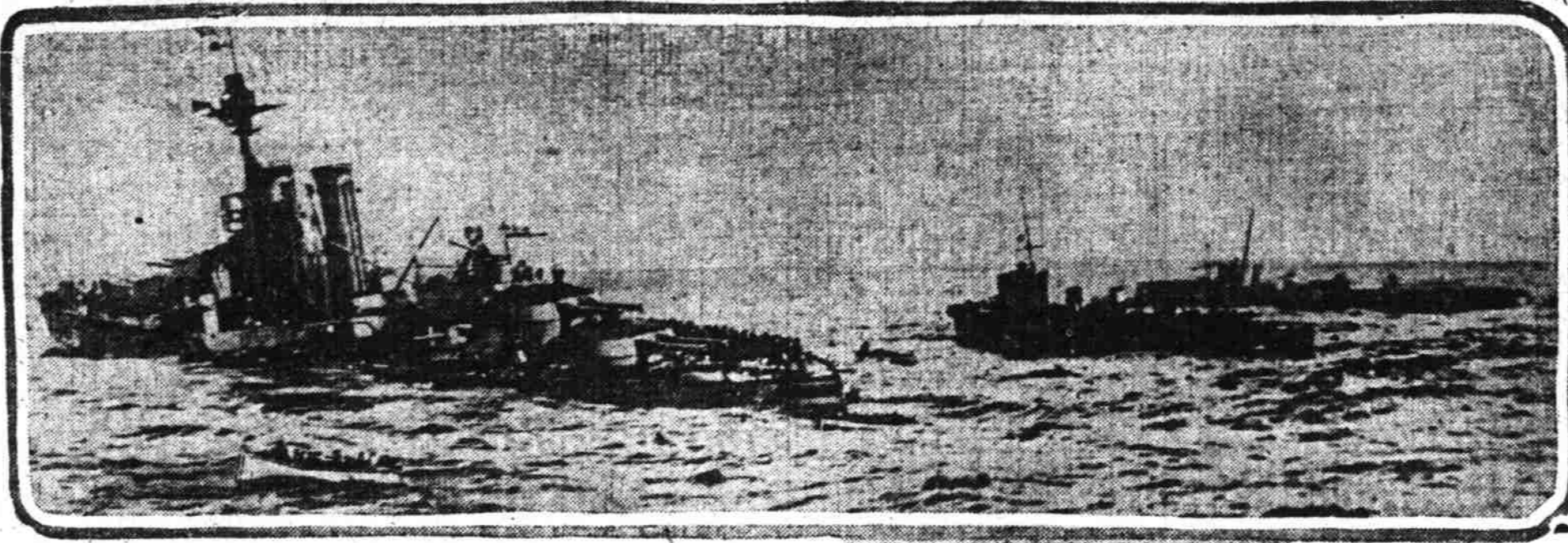
PORTLAND, OREGON, SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 21, 1914.

GERMAN MINES AND SUBMARINES HAVE TAKEN HEAVY TOLL FROM BRITISH NAVY IN WATERS SURROUNDING THE BRITISH ISLES

Blowing Up of the Superdreadnaught Audacious Kept a Secret for Long Time by British Admiralty, but News Finally Came Out Through Passengers on Olympic.

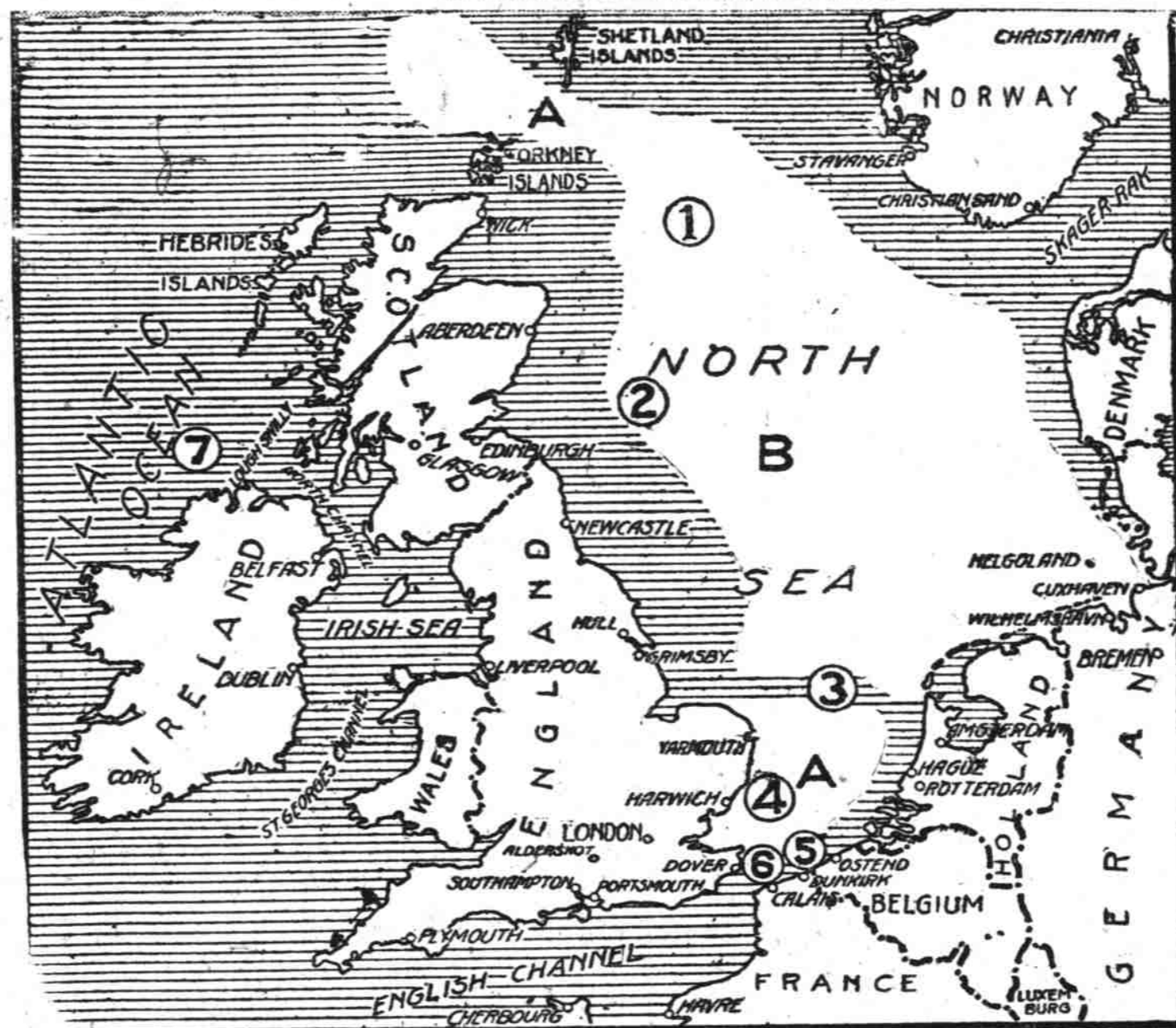
Despite denials of British officials and the silence of the British war office, it is now known that the superdreadnaught Audacious, one of the big battleships of the British navy, was blown up by a mine or a torpedo off the north coast of Ireland, October 27. Her crew was rescued by the White Star liner Olympic, which carried a large number of passengers. They were kept from going ashore for five days and before they were permitted to land they had to promise they would not say a word about the disaster.

LATEST BRITISH SEA LOSS AND MAP OF DISASTERS



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- List of British Losses. Here is a list of British war vessels sunk by mines or submarine since the outbreak of the war: Amphion, light cruiser, sunk by mine August 6; 131 lives lost. Speedy, torpedo gunboat, sunk by mine September 3. Pathfinder, light cruiser, sunk by submarine September 6; 250 dead, wounded and missing. Aboukir, Hogue and Cressy, cruisers, sunk by submarine in North sea September 22; 1400 lives lost. Hawke, light cruiser, sunk by submarine October 15; 387 lives lost. Niger, torpedo gunboat, sunk by submarine in the Downs November 12; no lives lost. Hibernia, light cruiser, sunk by submarine November 1; 40 lives lost. D-5, submarine, sunk by mine; 12 of crew of 16 lost. Audacious, superdreadnaught, sunk by mine or submarine October 27.



Above—The sinking of the British superdreadnaught Audacious off the coast of Ireland. The photo was taken from the deck of the Transatlantic liner Olympic, one of whose white lifeboats is seen in the foreground, bringing rescued sailors from the sinking ship to the liner. Two torpedo boats are standing by. This remarkable photograph and the news of the sinking of the Audacious reached New York almost simultaneously on Saturday, November 14. The port deck of the stricken vessel is partly awash and the crew can be seen gathered on the starboard side.

GERMAN CONSORT OF HOLLAND'S QUEEN IS CALLED TO ACCOUNT VERY SHARPLY BY THE COUNSELLORS WITH THE QUEEN PRESENT

Prince Henry of Mecklenburg-Schwerin Too Friendly With German Officers Interned for War; Netherlands Does Not Want to Share the Fate of Belgium.

By Herbert Corey. Amsterdam, Oct. 28.—This is really the story of a royal family in difficulty. It goes to prove that it is mighty hard to be a king or queen nowadays. One so seldom has his or her own way. Just incidentally it shows that Holland is against Germany to the last Dutchman and die—or very nearly the last. So is Queen Wilhelmina and her consort of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. They had to be.

Before all this war trouble began Holland liked Germany very well, indeed. There were reasons for it. There are ties of blood and language and propinquity and business. The Rhine flows for a part of its course through Dutch territory. German steamships carried cargoes on it to and from Dutch ports.

There was also the court. Royal Families a Habit. In times of peace the Dutch king paid a certain courteous attention to their court. Royal families are an acquired habit with the Hollanders, as raw to-matoes are with some folk. The past has shown that sort of thing that do not fit well in democratic little Holland. Also she does not make a direct appeal to the eye. Much may be forgiven a lady monarch who is tall, lissome, and has rosy cheeks. Nor do her mental qualities attract.

"I have attended three command performances of the opera," said an Amsterdam gentleman. "I'll never go again." That called for an explanation.

She Never Sees a Joke. "It isn't etiquette to applaud before the queen does," said he. "No matter how well the actors work or the hands folded in her lap, starting hands folded in starting straight ahead of her. She doesn't care for the theatre or opera. She only goes twice or three times a year, because it is a custom."

Something still ruffled with him. "You mustn't laugh before the queen does, either," said he. "And she never saw a joke in her life."

So her influence had been negligible. But—again contrary to what we have been taught in the states—that Mecklenburg-Schwerin consort of hers has made himself most popular. Perhaps his tender-hearted Dutch ladies were rather sorry for him. It was generally understood that Wilhelmina preferred his elder brother almost to the point of being unpleasant about it. Also the consort was slender when he was a youth, and had beautiful eyes. Nowadays Dutch sentiment regarding him is expressed thus:

"He's a mighty good fellow." "Consort Favored Germany." Naturally enough, a Mecklenburg-Schwerin found the friends of his youth companionable in his maturity. German noblemen were his favored companions. Germans were continually at court. The court circle thought and talked German. Not long ago the process of reinforcing the Dutch army in the German military began.

So her influence had been thought significant. But all the time the prince consort did neglect his Dutch paymasters. He made himself well liked. When the war began Holland was with Germany in a placid sort of way. She didn't bother herself over the huge questions of right and wrong. White papers and blue papers were showered upon her by the warring governments, and she didn't bother to read them. But when Germany began to heavy-shoe through Belgium she waked up. In part, no doubt, she was influenced by pity for the Belgians, although Holland has never liked Belgium or the Belgians. In greater part she saw herself as the next small neutral to be taken apart.

The Dutch say themselves that they haven't enough imagination to be afraid. Whether that is true or not, the Dutch army was mobilized and ready for the field before that of Belgium was. It began as a better army, and is an infinitely better army today than it was when it was first mobilized. History shows that these interloper Dutchmen fight like hornets whose feelings have been hurt. They are ready—the soldiers themselves are almost too ready—to fight now. If Holland ever does declare war against Germany she will have 250,000 first line soldiers in the field ten seconds after the news gets on the wire.

King-Consort Virtually a Prisoner. Do not be impatient. We are coming to the point where the Dutch king and his consort could be served by preserving a certain friendliness for Germany. The story goes that she urged that point of view in certain cabinet meetings. The Dutch counselors heard her gravely. Then:

"The people," said these unruly cabinet members, "have intrusted us with the duty of directing the course of Holland. Your majesty will remember."

She did. For a time she made her consort remember, too. She plunged herself into good works, and won a popularity she had previously lacked by her attention to the soldiers and their needs. The prince consort did likewise, and said nothing. It was an unpleasant position for a pair that rule by divine right but they couldn't help themselves. Wilhelmina has held to this attitude. But the consort is in trouble.

German officers began to be interned in Holland. Many of them were friends of the prince consort. He began to pay visits to their camps. He shook hands with them, and was on the most obvious terms of good fellowship. At the same time officers of the Dutch army have been enjoined not to enter upon friendly relations with interned officers of any nation whatever. They are directed to preserve the most absolute neutrality of conduct.

GIVEN HIS LESSON. "Your majesty will remember in the past visits to their camps of the interned German officers."

That Mecklenburg-Schwerin blood flamed up. After all, these were commoners. "I shall not submit to this dictation," said he.

The counselors looked at Wilhelmina. Wilhelmina looked interested. "We shall strictly confine you to your quarters," said the cabinet, after a painful pause. "And we shall confine you to your quarters."

It was no inspiration of the moment. That is a hard lesson to learn before the consort was called down. The Mecklenburg-Schwerin blood cooled. In the end a compromise was reached. For very obvious reasons of state he is still permitted to wear his uniform, but he isn't visiting any more camps of the interned. Now and then he reviews a Dutch regiment, but to all intents and purposes he is confined to quarters. He only leaves the inclosure of the royal palaces when he gets leave.

It will be conceded that this was no way to treat a royal family. But the story is on every one's lips in Holland. It was vouched for to me by a gentleman who had investigated it. I personally believe it, but even if it isn't true there is a significance in the fact that it is widely believed and generally approved. Royalty seems to be sitting below the political sea in Holland these days. A solid, merchandising, level-headed democracy is in control.

OTHER BOOKS RECEIVED. "Doing Us Good and Plenty," by Charles Edward Russell.—An American book of Socialist propaganda. Published by Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago, Ill. Price 50 cents.

"Burgess Unabridged, a Dictionary of Words You Have Always Needed," by Herb Roth. Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. Price 50 cents net.

"The Search for the Spy," by Ross Kay.—The first of a series of boy's stories on the "red" war. Published by Barse & Hopkins, New York.

By T. E. Powers

THE EVENING STORY THE MARSHALLS

Copyright, 1914, by W. Werner. ROSEMONT is a pleasant little suburb, but its residents are not overburdened with cash. They bought their homes many years ago, via the monthly payment plan. An artistic real estate man laid Rosemont out, and then sold it for considerable profit, so that he now is able to live on Long Island himself. By the time that most of them got through paying they were a bit exhausted and didn't care much that front yards needed lawn seed and back yards needed fences and parlors needed curtains and houses needed paint. Everybody shambled along and lived as comfortably as they could, and talked about what a pretty place Rosemont would be when they all got together and "fixed up."

Then the Marshalls moved out there. The family consisted of Mrs. Marshall, a pale, tired, elegant woman; Mr. Marshall, a sallow, petulant, stately man; Alice Marshall, aged 16, a slim, pale girl, whose underclothes were hand embroidered and whose shoes were made to order; Robert Marshall, a slim, silent boy of 14, whose expensive

cept in department store windows or on the stage. And the stage was mostly the "movies"—decanter, statuary, lovely upholstered wicker furniture for the porch, a bed hammock, and a pair of slippers. Rosemont looked at a bit sullenly—they were so very golly and wide. And all the other articles that you'd like to buy if you had money.

Rosemont looked and was cast down. In a week it knew that it was shabby and poor and shiftless.

"Just shiftless, that's the only word," said Mrs. Cary bitterly, first to Jenny Cary, who retorted, "Mamma, I got to have new hair ribbons. I'm sick," and was so ashamed yesterday. Alice Marshall has got 'em 12 inches wide, and she wears different ones every day."

And Mr. Cary retorted, "I know it. But don't see how I can do any different. With the high cost of living—and there's always 20 bookkeepers to take a fellow's place if he asks for a raise." And then Mr. Cary, stoop shouldered and with hair getting gray, rushed to the "L" and enviously saw Mr. Marshall swing down the avenue in a glistening new roadster.

So Mr. Cary said it again to Mrs. Wilson across the street. And poor I told Mr. Wilson 15 years ago to buy some lots by the river and now he could have been rich. But will a man ever take a woman's advice? No, my dear, did you see their dining room wall paper? It cost \$2 a roll if it cost a cent. I just cried last night. But, goodness what's the use of papering our dining room when the paint has all peeled off outside of the house, and goodness knows when we'd ever buy the paint, let alone getting it on."

Which trade some of them comforted both Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Cary.

The Marshalls were not purse-proud nor stand-offish. They were friendly, sociable, almost wistfully friendly. It seemed otherwise Rosemont could have soled itself by ignoring them. But Mrs. Marshall joined the Ladies' Civic club and paid her dues three years in advance. Mr. Marshall was generous with seat room in his roadster, and Baker, Cary and others saved "L" fare once or twice a week. Alice Marshall never seemed to know that she was in a class apart from the other high school girls. Robert Marshall alone kept to himself and evidently didn't like to spoil his expensive clothes by playing with the other boys.

Yet for all the Marshalls' condescension they never quite bridged the distance between themselves and the others. A gap remained. And it was a gap lined with envy, walled with mean feeling and floored with discontent. The folks of Rosemont had, of course, always known that the world held rich, satisfied people, but they had never been brought in such close contact before. And the envy which had been abstract with luxury a long way off became specifically rankling with heavy luxury stuck under Rosemont's nose.

Rosemont at first tried to improve itself, but very soon sat down idly. It simply didn't have the money. It was all Rosemont could do to buy

shoes and school books and milk tickets. For most of Rosemont was young and newly married when those homes were bought. And why should you buy a home unless children are coming to fill it? Most of Rosemont's homes were well filled. The Bakers had six. The Carys had four.

And Mrs. Baker and Mrs. Cary and Mr. Baker and Mr. Cary and their respective children and most of the other parents and children of Rosemont began to have a dreary, forlorn feeling that life was a poor business and living hardly worth while. Why, pray, should Mrs. Marshall have that quiet air of habitual elegance? Mrs. Cary asked herself and looked fiercely at her faded house dress. Mrs. Marshall had crepe de chine negligees.

"It isn't fair," said Mr. Baker sullenly to Mr. Cary. "Look at that old chap spinning along in his case. I

hotly, "is his aristocratic air. He offers you a ride, by George, but he does it in such a condescending way. As though he wanted to inspect a poor devil at close range and see what he is like."

At high school Alice and Robert finally had come to be let alone. Not that there was any tangible reason, but the other young people felt uncomfortable with two who did not know what it was to be poor or without carfare or ice cream money.

Gradually Mr. and Mrs. Marshall came to be let alone. They didn't mix somehow. Of course they didn't care, Rosemont observed. With all that money they doubtless had plenty of friends elsewhere and they rather wondered why they had selected so unimportant a place as Rosemont to live in.

Then Mr. Cary bustled home one night with important news fairly radiating from him. He rushed from the "L" station. He stopped Baker on the corner. Together they sought their wives and told.

Rosemont the next day went around grinning sheepishly. And it patted Mr. Marshall on the back, and the women ran over informally to see Mrs. Marshall. And at high school Alice and Robert were generously allowed to treat the entire four classes.

"You could have knocked me down with a feather," said Mr. Cary to his wife that night. "Old Marshall walked in rather uneasy-like, and said he'd like to go to lunch with me if I didn't mind. That sort of made me mad—that affected humbleness of his always got my goat. It didn't go with his frizzling eyes. But I said 'All right; where will we go?' And he said he didn't know places. I laughed sarcastically at that. And I said I guess you know plenty of places. And he said, 'Oh, yes, cheap ones.' But he'd like to go to a tony place. Well, I know where they are, though I've

never been in any." Mr. Cary laughed. It was a genial laugh unhampered by the harsh note of envy. "And then he up and confessed he used to be a janitor till an uncle in Germany died and left him all this money. And he'd heard Rosemont was a pleasant place with pleasant people, so he thought they'd slip in and be part of us. And they lit in and bought all the stuff they thought people like us had."

"They looked aristocratic!" wailed Mrs. Cary.

don't suppose he ever did a day's work in his life—ever knew what it was to get up on a cold winter morning and build a fire."

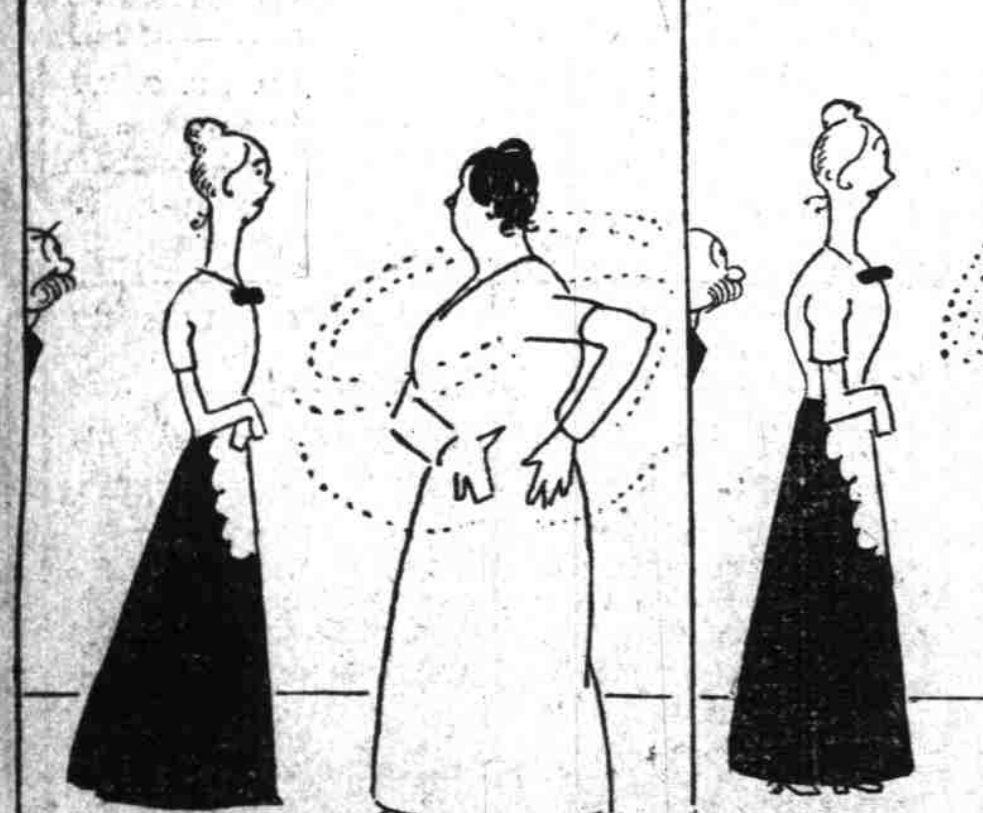
"What I can't go," said Mr. Cary

NEW WILLIAMS BOOK

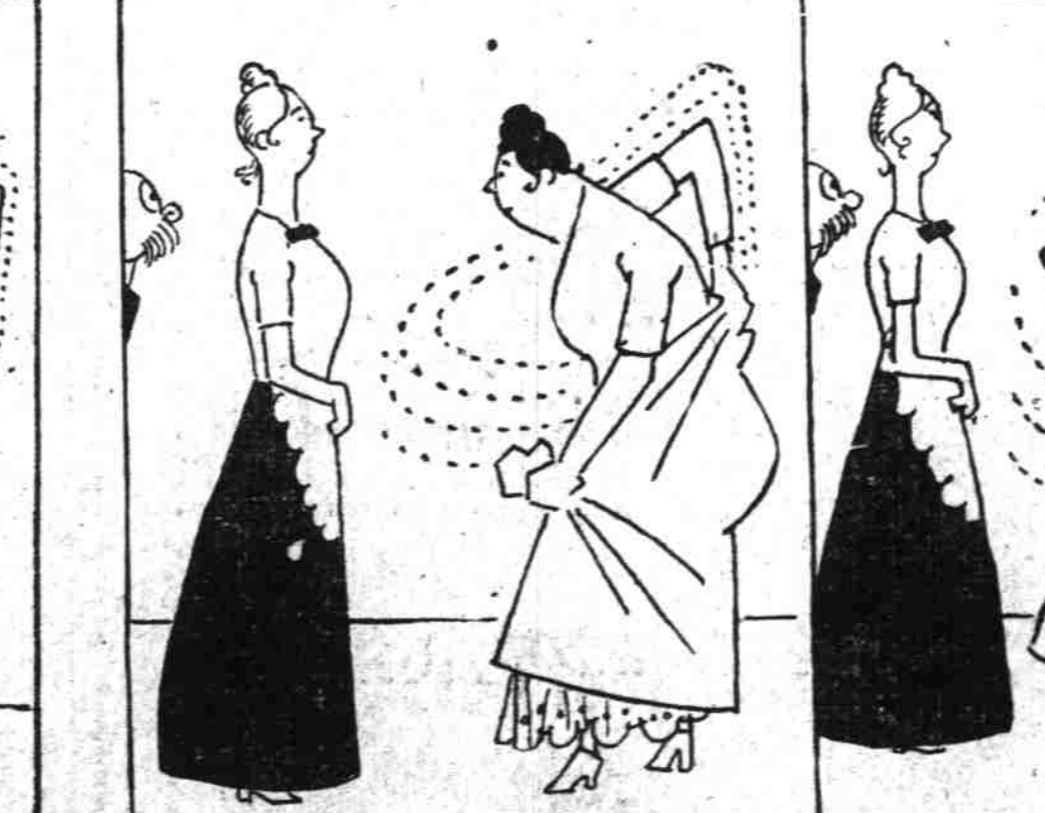
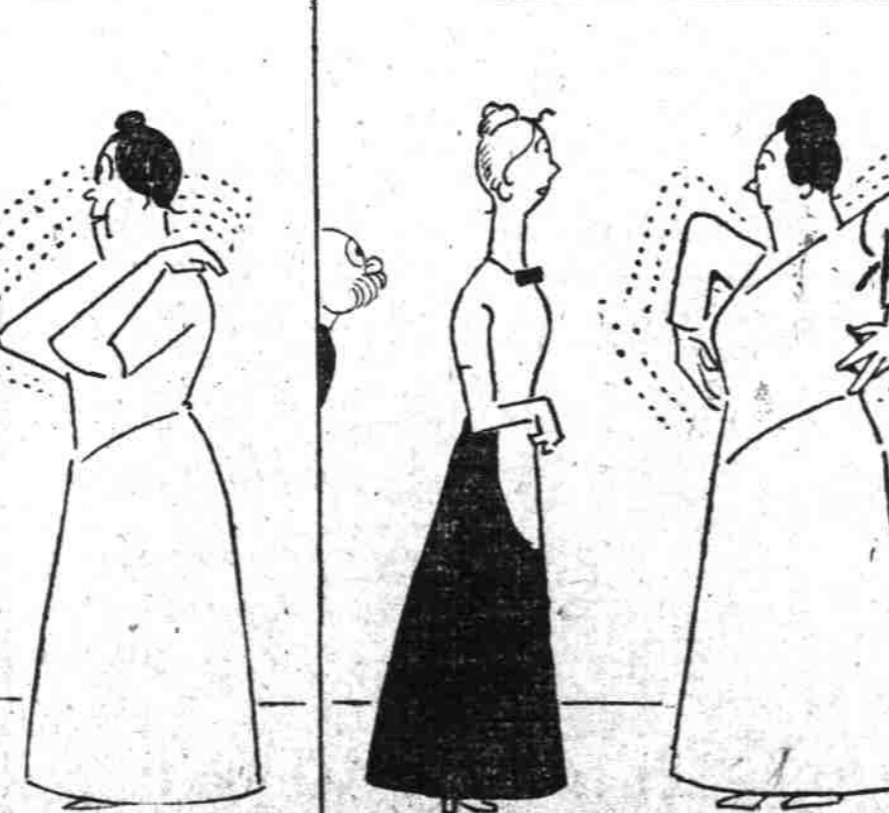
Advance sheets of text and pictures of John H. Williams' forthcoming work, "Rosemont and Its High Sierra," was the appetite for the complete volume, which the author announces is almost ready to come from the makers.

In binding, the new volume will be in styles uniform with Mr. Williams' other books of the northwest, "The Mountain That Was 'God,'" and "The Guardians of the Columbia." The advance sheets show some especially beautiful illustrations, of which there will be more than 200, including eight four-color plates from paintings by Chris Jorgensen, California artist.

NO, MRS. BUNGALOW'S NOT CRAZY



Wrong again. The lady's not going through a new series of reducing exercises. Not at all. You can't guess what she's doing? Bet you your wife or daughter got it the first look. Simple, too. Mrs. Bungalow is merely showing Pearl the waitress what her new dress is like. Pearl understands perfectly, although Bungalow, like you, didn't get the idea until he saw the missus rigged out in the new togs. By looking at the last picture you can see for yourself that Mrs. Bungalow's pantomime was a full and accurate description of the new dress, and one that any woman could understand. Only thing that now puzzles us is how Mr. Powers got all this inside dope.



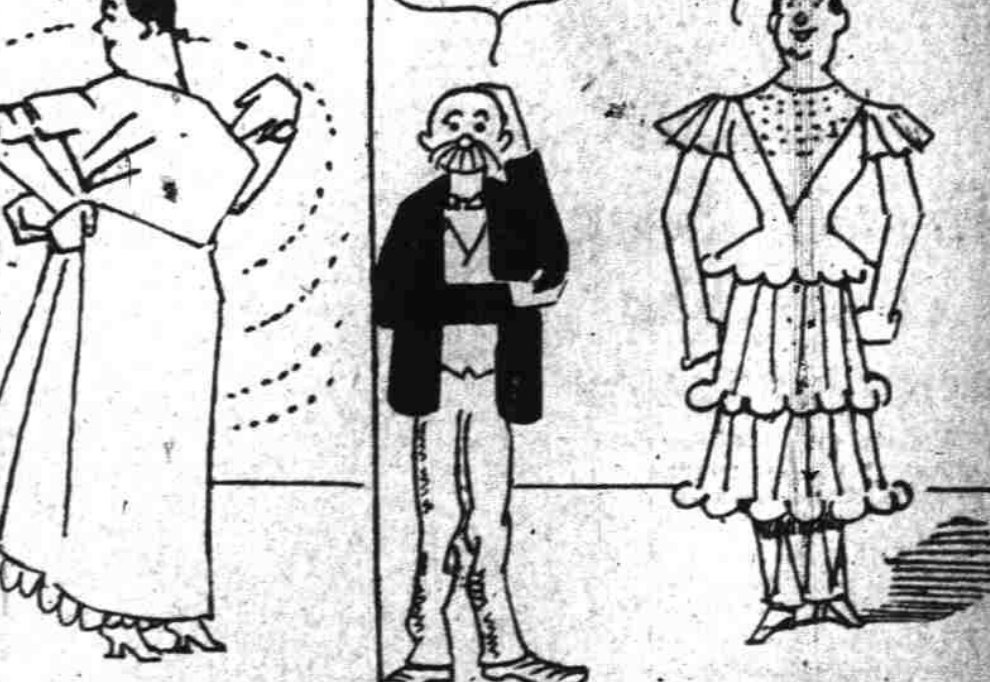
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