

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.

The keel of the superdreadnought California, building at the Mare Island navy-yard, will be laid October 25, the navy department has announced.

The Labor Temple, the largest log building in Alaska, built last winter by the Alaska labor union, was destroyed Tuesday night by fire caused by a defective flue. The loss is \$12,000.

The heaviest snowstorm of any autumn in the past ten years prevailed in the Michigan copper country Tuesday. All shipping was forced to seek shelter, and Lake Superior was deserted by boats.

Wholesale prices on men's and women's footwear have been advanced 50 to 75 cents a pair within the last three days and certain lines have been withdrawn entirely from the market, owing to a shortage in leather.

John S. O'Connor, pioneer cut-glass manufacturer and inventor, died at his home at Hawley, Pa., as the result of a fall. Mr. O'Connor cut the glass that took first prize at the Paris exposition. He was born in Londonderry, Ireland, June 6, 1831.

Seventy-four hostile aeroplanes, of which 21 were French and 53 were British, were shot down by the Germans during September, according to an exact list compiled by the German military authorities, says an Overseas News Agency statement.

Ernest Oils, a sentenced burglar, scaled the 30-foot east wall of the penitentiary at Joliet, Ill., with a braided twine rope and escaped. Twenty feet from where he went over the wall a guard was on watch with a rifle, but he failed to see the convict.

President Wilson and Secretary of War Baker cabled Governor Harrison, of the Philippines, asking him to convey their greetings to the Filipino people on the occasion of the convening of the first Philippine legislature composed entirely of natives.

The United States supreme court refused to review the convictions of four labor leaders in the 1913 West Virginia coal strike who were sentenced to six months' imprisonment for contempt of court in failing to obey an injunction by a federal district judge.

The Culebra Island naval station off the Porto Rican coast was almost completely destroyed last week by a hurricane which swept that vicinity. The station has been practically abandoned by the navy, and only a few houses and supplies, used by the marines who practice advance base maneuvers, are left.

Plans for a campaign to make Chicago "dry" in 1918 were formally announced at a luncheon of the Dry Chicago Federation. Fifty thousand dollars was pledged to carry on the campaign. It is planned to submit the question to a referendum vote in the spring of 1918. Ex-Representative Hobson, of Alabama, spoke at the meeting at which the campaign was launched.

After several hours' struggle with the heaviest sea in months, the coast guard crew from Manatee, Mich., succeeded in rescuing P. T. Daily, a contractor, and eight workmen, who were carried out into Lake Michigan on a derrick scow which capsized in the day broke from its moorings here during a fierce storm. The nine men were nearly eight miles out in Lake Michigan when the coastguard reached them.

Although the registration of 738,710 voters in New York City exceeded last year's record by 70,899, the predictions of political leaders were not fulfilled. The complete registration figures now available show a gain of 33,424 over the registration for the last presidential election in 1912. Politicians have prophesied that a total of 750,000 to 800,000 would be attained. One reason given for the failure to reach these figures is the return to Europe of many men of foreign birth.

Reports from the Portland office of the bureau of labor statistics of Oregon, show that during July and August 1913 applications for help and 5139 applications for employment were received. The bureau furnished employment for 4661 persons in the two months.

Ten army machine guns of the most up-to-date design, which will constitute the government's principal evidence in the baring of an alleged plot to violate the neutrality laws of the United States by shipping the arms to Mexico, arrived in Los Angeles Friday and were immediately seized by federal authorities.

A delegation of six men from the Danish West Indies, who were chosen by the colonial councils of the islands, left San Juan for Denmark to report to the committee with regard to the sale of the islands to the United States. The delegation has been instructed to recommend the sale.

Late reports concerning the cyclone which struck the Danish West Indies islands early in the week show that the country districts in the island of St. Croix suffered heavy damage. Entire villages and numerous mills were destroyed. The damage done in St. Thomas is estimated to exceed \$1,000,000.

The British steamship City of Madras was overhauled off Ambrose Channel lighthouse Friday by the United States torpedo-boat destroyer Sterrett and brought back to Clifton, Staten Island. The City of Madras had ignored the war vessel's signal to stop when it left quarantine.

Ex-King Otto, of Bavaria, who has been insane for many years, has died suddenly, according to the Copenhagen dispatch to the Exchange Telegraph company, quoting a Berlin official announcement. The mad king died at Fuesenried castle, near Munich, where he had been confined since 1872.

Commander of the German Submarine U-53.



Captain Hans Rose, commander of the U-53 of the German navy, sank at least six—perhaps seven—steamers off Nantucket lightship within twenty-four hours after he left Newport, Saturday. His action has brought about strained relations with Germany, relations more strained than at any time since the sinking of the Lusitania.

CRUSHED TO DEATH IN FREIGHT WRECK

Ten Dead and Eleven Injured in Rear End Stock Train Smash-up.

Elwood, Neb.—Ten men were killed, fatally crushed, and 11 others seriously injured when a train on the Burlington railroad crashed into the freight caboose in which these were riding, 12 miles east of here Sunday morning. Five other men, standing on the rear platform of the caboose, saw the approaching train soon enough to jump to safety. One other man in the caboose cupola was thrown clear of the wreck and escaped injury.

The train in collision were the second and third sections of a regular stock train. Lack of lights and warning signals is given by survivors of the collision as the cause of the accident.

All the victims are residents of Nebraska towns of western and central parts of the state, most of them farmers or stockmen.

The second section train had stopped at a point about half way between Smithfield and Bertrand because of hot boxes.

Members of the crew were at work on the hot boxes when the third section, running 10 minutes behind the first, crashed into a caboose. It is declared that the crew of the second section had failed to put out torpedoes or lights to warn the train following, and that the headlight on the engine pulling the third section had gone out. No one was aware of the danger until the third section was within a few yards of the rear end of the second. The engineer reversed his engine but he could not stop.

The heavy stock train jammed into the train ahead, driving the waycar under a car of cattle ahead. The 21 men on the floor of the caboose were jammed into a space of less than four feet in width and this was filled with wreckage. The railroad ran a special train from Holdrege with physicians and the injured were taken to Hastings for hospital care.

CABOOSE GROUND INTO BITS

Five Escape by Jumping—Hot Box Halts Section of Train—Crew Fail to Put Out Signals.

New Loan of \$250,000,000 Puts Check on Rapid Imports

Chicago.—Beyond question, the flotation of the British loan of \$250,000,000 in this market in the early part of September has been instrumental in checking the flow of gold to this country, and to that extent, has been beneficial.

Up to the third week in September the gold imports this year aggregated \$384,450,000, against exports of \$93,500,000, so that the excess of imports over exports this year has been \$291,445,000, which compares with an excess in gold imports over exports for the corresponding period of last year of \$247,171,000.

Whether gold imports can be long held in check is a difficult question to determine, as much depends upon the British requirements and the attitude of the American banks and the investment public. But it is certain that sooner or later gold will again flow into this country in considerable volume, unless, of course, the war should come to a sudden and unexpected termination.

This enormous accumulation of gold which has taken place since the beginning of the war is resulting in a tremendous expansion in various forms of credit. This expansion is a form of inflation, but, being based upon gold, is not dangerous.

One of the unfortunate results of the upward tendency of prices is the effect that they have on corporations having a fixed earning rate, for these corporations can only increase their revenue from an increase in volume, and, naturally, there are limitations even on that. This applies especially to the railroads.

Foreign Submarine Sighted Off Georgia Coast; Shipowners Worry

Savannah, Ga.—The presence of a submarine of undetermined nationality off Tybee bar, off Savannah, was reported to local custom house officials and to the British consul here, it was learned Wednesday. Officials at both the custom house and consulate refused to say where their information came from, but each emphasized the statement that it was "entirely unofficial." No American underservice agents are believed to be in these waters.

It was reported in marine circles here that the navy-vault at Charleston, S. C., had been advised by wireless of the presence of a submarine off Tybee bar. Custom house officials and those of the British consulate said their information was that a submarine was off the bar Wednesday. Several allied merchant ships are in port here, and officers of several acknowledged that they were "slow in loading," although all declared reports of submarine activities would not prevent their departure.

Eleven U-Boat Victims Saved.

London.—A report that 11 men from the Norwegian steamship Ravn, sunk by a submarine in the Arctic last month, have been rescued, is said by the Exchange Telegraph's Christiania correspondent to have been received by the Norwegian foreign office. Four other men perished from exhaustion and a boat containing five men was lost.

The Norwegian shipowners' association has demanded that the government take measures to protect Norwegian steamers.

King Hopes For Peace.

London.—The hope of King William of Wurttemberg for "a speedy and honorable peace," is expressed in a telegram to the German Chancellor, Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg, as quoted in a Reuter dispatch. The king's message, sent in response to the chancellor's congratulations on the 25th anniversary of his accession to the throne, is quoted as follows: "May God give a speedy and honorable peace which will guarantee us further progress. May he guide your excellency, in whose wise leadership I firmly trust."

Weyerhaeuser Director.

St. Paul.—Frederick E. Weyerhaeuser, son of the late Frederick Weyerhaeuser, multimillionaire lumberman, was elected a director of the Great Northern Railway company to fill the vacancy caused by the death of James J. Hill, at a meeting of the board of directors held in the offices of Louis W. Hill, president of the railway company. The meeting preceded the annual meeting of stockholders of the Great Northern Railway.

Exchange Sets \$74,500

New York.—A sale on the New York Stock Exchange was sold Wednesday for \$74,500, an advance on the last sale of \$4500. This sale marked the high record for the year.

Under Fire

By Richard Parker
Based on the drama of
Roi Cooper Megrue
Author of
"UNDER COVER"
and Co-Author of
"IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE"

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SYNOPSIS.

The chief characters are Ethel Willoby, Henry Streetman and Capt. Larry Redmond. The minor characters are Sir George Wagstaff of the British admiralty and Charles Brown, a New York newspaper correspondent. Ethel is a resident of Sir George's household, secretly married Streetman, a German spy, though she did not know him as such. Captain Redmond, her old lover, returns to England after long absence. From him she learns the truth about Streetman; furthermore, that he has betrayed her simply to learn naval secrets. The European war breaks out.

So far as he could see, that false hope he had held out to her was all that stood between him and the Tower of London—and likely worse. "Certainly will announce our marriage," he assured her. "All that I told you of my family, my income, was true—except that I'm German, not French."

She gave him an amused look.

"But you see, you are not as clever as you thought," she informed him. "If you'd only been frank with me, I could have been of so much greater help to you."

"You could?" he said, as a look of mystification spread over his face. "How? Why?"

"I have not been quite honest with you," Ethel said.

He seized her roughly by the arm.

"You have not lied to me about the fleet?" he threatened.

"No, no! That was absolutely true," Streetman reassured her.

"Then what do you mean?" he asked.

So long as she had not deceived him in that quarter it mattered little to him what she might have done.

"I told you," Ethel explained. "I told you there was no Englishman in my life. I lied. There was—a captain in the English army. Before I met you we were engaged. He threw me over for some other woman—a woman with money. I hate him!" Streetman saw no reason to doubt her. As Ethel flung herself into the arms of her husband she did her best to convince him of the truth of the old adage that hell had no fury such as hers. As she perceived the success of her ruse she hurried on to elaborate her fiction. "Yes, I hate him! I hate all Englishmen. It is for you—for Germany I would serve," she told him. "That is why I have not done more for you. I thought you were working for France, England's ally. England—how I hate her! I want to see her dishonored, defeated, ruined by your people."

"You—you?" Streetman cried, as a great light broke over him. "And I never dreamed!" he murmured, as he seized both her hands. He was not rough now—but eager, impulsive. "Yes, it is true," he said then. "I am a German. I serve the Wilhelmstrasse."

"Then let me serve it, too," Ethel begged, much as she had besought Larry Redmond only a short quarter of an hour before. But then she had been in earnest. "Think what I—a woman—could do; and a clever woman," she urged. "Take me with you, wherever you go. I would be useful."

The idea pleased Streetman.

"Yes, you would!" he exclaimed. "And you shall go. You shall go with me tonight."

"Where?" she asked him.

"To Brussels!"

"Brussels—but why there?"

He told her then the very heart of the German plan.

"Germany will invade France through Belgium," he informed her. "In two weeks we shall be in Paris."

"But Germany's treaty with Belgium—you forget that!" Ethel reminded him. She could not believe that any country that retained the merest vestige of honor would so debase herself. "Belgium's territory must be sacred," she said.

He released her hands then. He needed even them to express his scorn.

"Treaty? Bah! What is that—a scrap of paper?" he cried.

"But are you sure?" she pressed him. This, she knew, was information—and big information, of the greatest moment to the English war office.

"Yes, yes! I'm sure!" he declared. "That is the plan worked out by the great general staff, and we must go to Belgium tonight. You will meet me in an hour at Charing Cross. Tomorrow we shall be in Brussels."

"Where shall we stay in Brussels?"

"I am sent to the Grand hotel," he explained. "I shall pass myself off as Monsieur de Lorde. You shall be Madame de Lorde."

"Madame de Lorde?" she repeated, as if to fix the name indelibly upon her memory.

"In Brussels we shall await instructions," he continued. "When they come we shall do much—you and I—for the Vaterland. Good-by, my dear, until tonight!" He started to go, but he turned back suddenly as if the urge of great events had not quite obliterated all thought of his relations with Ethel. He leaned toward her. "Now," he said, "now you won't refuse to kiss me?"

She could scarcely do otherwise than submit to him now. He put his arms around her, and when he had taken his kiss he said, "In an hour!" Then he hurried away.

Ashamed, disgusted, Ethel wiped her lips with loathing. And in another moment she had thrown open the door behind which Captain Redmond waited.

"Larry—Larry?" she called.

"What is it?" he cried, springing quickly to her side. Her tragic manner alarmed him.

"She turned away from him; for she could not bear to face his honest eyes as she told him what she felt she must. "I hoped I'd never have to tell you this," she said, "but now that it has come, I've got to. Larry, the man I married is a German spy."

"A German spy? Your husband?"

"But it can't be!" he exclaimed incredulously.

"But it is!" she insisted. "I only just found out. Till now I thought he loved me—a little. But he didn't. He's a cheat, a trickster, he's a spy. That's what he told me about the navy. That's why he married me, because he was a spy."

"But now I've fooled him!" she exclaimed fiercely. "I've made him believe that I, too, am with the Germans and that I shall work with him. The situation staggers Captain Redmond. He seemed nonplused.

But what can I do? I can't arrest him—your husband," he told her.

"No—you can't, for tonight he goes to Brussels and I go with him. I shall be at the Grand hotel, as Madame de Lorde."

"You are going to Brussels?" he repeated, grasping, even as he spoke, something of the import of the news.

"Yes; for Germany is to invade France through Belgium!"

"Good heavens!" he gasped, astounded at the enormity. "But you can't go there—with him! I forbid it!"

"No, no!" she protested. "You promised we'd work together—that you wouldn't try to stop me. You promised on your honor."

"But my dear, you can't hold me to that now," he objected.

"But I do!" she insisted. "I'm going to Brussels. Even you can't prevent it. . . . Good-by, Larry!" And she started to leave him.

He stopped her quickly.

"Ethel! Please!" he entreated.

"No, Larry!" was the firm answer.

He saw that her determination was too great to be denied. And he walked up to her then and raised his hand to hold her for just a fleeting moment longer.

"Wait!" he besought her. "I'll come to you tomorrow in Brussels. Perhaps somehow I can help you—protect you."

"Oh, you can, Larry, you can!" she panted, all but overcome by relief and gratitude. She had quailed at the thought of her perilous mission. But nevertheless she had never hesitated to go through with it. "Remember—Grand hotel—Madame de Lorde! I'll learn everything for you tonight—for king and country!" And she held her hand out to him impulsively.

He caught it in both of his.

"For king and country?" he repeated after her gravely. And then he kissed her hand with something akin to reverence. "And for you!" Captain Redmond whispered.

CHAPTER XI.

At the Lion D'Or.

In the little Belgian village of Courvoisier two happy peasants were playing checkers in an inn called the Lion D'Or. It was still August—still the finest of summer weather. And in the coffee parlors of those two idlers there was not the slightest reason for them to forego their customary afternoon diversion, even if their great and powerful neighbors—Germany and France—were at that very moment crouched and ready to spring at each other's throats. In Belgium all was peaceful. And the very sun seemed to shine upon that tiny country with just a little more beneficence than it had over the rest of the world. For Belgium, fortunately, there was no dread of war. Secure in the conviction that she had no enemies, her people went about their affairs with the same light-hearted content that they had come to regard, through the years, as their natural heritage.

"Olla, messieurs!" the inn's sole waiter, Louis, exclaimed as he laid upon the table the change that was due the two guests. And "Behold, gentlemen!" he repeated in quite the grand manner as he placed before them two liquor glasses filled with an amber ambrosia.

The players thanked him. And in that moment one of them brought the game to a swift termination by the execution of a masterly move toward which he had long been maneuvering. The two peasants tossed off their cordials then. They had already risen from their chairs when the innkeeper himself, one Henri Christophe, entered.

"You're going already?" he exclaimed, reluctant to see good customers leaving. "It is not late."

"My wife expects me," one of them replied with a humorous grimace. "You understand?"

"Mals on! I comprehend perfectly," Christophe answered. He knew the fellow's wife—a somewhat temperamental woman, with a sharp tongue. And he had no wish to bring down an avalanche of ill-will upon his excellent hostelry. So he bade his departing guests good-by.

As they passed through the open doorway, chattering, he turned to another man who sat in a corner of the room reading a newspaper. He was a Frenchman—that other—and a stranger to the innkeeper.

"Something for monsieur?" Henri Christophe inquired pleasantly.

"Not now! After a little while, perhaps," the stranger replied, and returned to his reading of his newspaper. He had just lighted a cigarette and had filled his lungs with the first satisfying puff when a newcomer strode through the doorway. This latest arrival wore a cap and a long, linen duster. And there was something in his aspect that did not wholly please the little man at the table, as he cast a quick, sidewise glance at the tall intruder. Perhaps it was the small, Teuton mistake that adorned the upper lip of the tall man in the duster. At all events, the Frenchman's eyes narrowed to two slits. And though he seemed rapt in his paper he nevertheless watched every move that the other made.

The tall man paused for a moment at the cigar case that stood just inside the outer door; and drawing a pipe from his pocket he filled and lighted it. Then he crossed the room and looked down at its other occupant.

"Do you speak English?" he inquired.

The man told him that he could.

"Can you tell me how far it is to Tourville?" Larry Redmond asked.

The tall man was no other than the Irish captain.

"Ten miles!" the Frenchman replied promptly.

"Exactly?" Larry questioned.

There was a slight yet still noticeable pause as the little man looked up at him searchingly.

"Exactly!" he said with a peculiar emphasis on the word.

"Exactly?" Larry said once more. And when the wiry Frenchman sprang up from his seat and looked significantly into his eyes Captain Redmond no longer doubted that they understood each other. "You have the password?" he whispered.

"Exactly!" the other repeated finally.

"You have been waiting long, my friend?" Larry asked him.

"You were expected yesterday," his confederate replied.

"I could not leave then. It is busy back there inside their lines," Captain Redmond explained.

His fellow spy started at that. And he looked at him with undisguised surprise.

"You have been with the German army?" he exclaimed, as if the feat were scarcely to be believed.

"No, not yet! But tonight I shall be in the German army. I must join my regiment at once." He pulled aside his duster, revealing the fact that he was already in the German uniform. The long linen coat effectually concealed his dress, for there was nothing about his leather puttees to betray it. "I shall be a captain—puttees betray it," Larry continued.

The Frenchman regarded him soberly.

"Here in that uniform, it is dangerous work, Captain Redmond," he reminded him.

Do you think it possible for Captain Redmond to associate intimately with the German officers and men and remain undiscovered?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MADE A GREAT DISCOVERY

Man Found Something He Possessed a Long Time, but Never Had Tried to Use.

"I say, old chap, why have you deserted the club?"

"To tell the truth, dear boy, I've been so blooming busy that, with the exception of an occasional tramp or two for my health, I've hardly left the house."

"Oh, I say, anything new?"

"Tremendously new to me, old chap. Several weeks ago I very unexpectedly ran across it—an old machine I've owned a good many years and never paid much attention to. Upon examination the thing is so monstrous wonderful, you know, that it has stumped me in open-mouthed consternation. I can't actually take it in, and, bless me, I can't understand why I've so long ignored its possibilities—just accepted it, you know, this wonderful inheritance of my ancestors, as something very natural and quite ordinary."

"Hope you've struck a money-maker, old man!"

"I believe I have, you know, and that's one of the remarkable parts about my discovery. Can you conceive, old chap, of my having never seen its possibilities? It's merely a piece of machinery, mind you, and let me tell you some of the things it can do. With a turn from me I can make it see or hear or speak or walk or dance or write or telephone! Why, I can, and with no effort at all, make it breathe!"

"Oh, I say! What is the blooming thing, old chap?"

"It's my blooming self, old top, and I'm going to put it to work and make a fortune."—Julius.

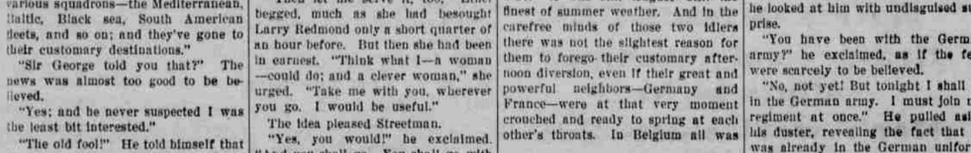
He Was Impressed.

"Was the sermon today to your liking, John?" inquired the pastor. "Indeed, sir, it was a grand sermon," said John, with genuine admiration. "What part seemed to take hold of you?"

"Well, now since you ask me, I'll tell you. What took hold of me most was your perseverance—the way you went over the same thing again and again and again."—Christian Herald.

Profuse in Promise.

"He's a promising author." "Yes, I've several of his signed promises in my strong box now, and they're all overdue."—Detroit Free Press.



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