

## 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.

Spokane grocers and butchers are discussing the question of advancing prices on their goods.

A Klamath Falls, Oregon, sheriff pours 200 gallons of seized liquor into the Main street sewer.

Because of the car shortage, Portland fuel men are employing auto trucks to transport wood to the city from nearby forests.

The British steamer *Bornu* has foundered 25 miles west of Ushant in a heavy gale. All the passengers and crew were saved by the Norwegian steamer *Rein*.

Andrew Carnegie has bought from S. P. Shott, of Savannah, Ga., the Shadow Brook estate in Lenox, Mass., and will occupy it as a summer home. The deal is said to involve more than \$400,000.

Miss Jessie Ashley, sister of Clarence D. Ashley, former dean of the New York University Law School, is adjudged guilty of distributing birth control literature in court in New York and fined \$50.

The importation of goods for private use in Petrograd has been prohibited on account of traffic congestion. Special permission of the ministry is required for shipments for other than government purposes.

Frank Moore, injured 16 months ago when a motor car he was driving was run down by a Southern Pacific train near Thurston, Ore., leaves the Eugene hospital almost fully recovered from his injuries, which included a broken back.

A \$1,000,000 timber deal was consummated at Tillamook, Or., when Wallace McCann, of Portland, as master in chancery, received from John P. Olson, of Chicago, a \$25,000 check to bind the sale of timber lands in Tillamook, Washington and Lane counties.

G. C. Burris, a Superior Court juror at Seattle, was taken from the jurybox and lodged in the county jail, charged with disobeying a court order directing him to pay \$10 a week for support of his wife. Burris was arrested on a long husband warrant last May and released on promise to make payments.

Short skirts and military footwear are chiefly responsible for the high cost of shoes, according to C. E. Bosworth, special agent of the bureau of foreign and domestic commerce. "Three years ago," says Mr. Bosworth, "there was no market for glazed kid. Skirts then became shorter and shoes lengthened, which used up the supply of kid."

Mrs. Mary Fairbanks, mother of ex-Vice-President Fairbanks, died suddenly at Indianapolis at his home Tuesday night. Mrs. Fairbanks was campaigning in Illinois at the time. Mrs. Fairbanks, who was 87 years old, had been enjoying good health and took a long motor ride just before she became suddenly ill.

A wireless press dispatch from Bucharest says an official decree has been issued committing for trial on a charge of conspiracy two men named Babosh and Thot, who are charged with having attempted last year to assassinate Premier Bratiano, of Roumania; M. Costinesco, Roumanian minister, and the late M. Filipescu, former war minister.

At a sale conducted under the direction of the United States District court at Cleveland, the Wheeling & Lake Erie railroad was sold to Blair & Co. and Kuhn, Loeb & Co., of New York, for \$12,000,000. The reorganization plan calls for the addition of \$9,984,708 to the road's treasury. Stockholders are to be assessed \$27 a share to provide this amount and in return are to receive 6 per cent preferred stock of the road.

The new Trolpast canal in Sweden has been opened by King Gustav. The canal connects Wener Lake and the North Sea.

Ten persons, mostly school children, remained for an hour and a half in the municipal hydraulic elevator at Oregon City, Or., when the cage stuck midway in its 90-foot shaft.

Detectives in St. Louis have recovered \$13,000 of the \$32,000 stolen from a paymaster of the Burroughs Adding Machine company in Detroit August 4.

The British mine-sweeping vessel *Genista* has been torpedoed and sunk, according to the British admiralty. All the officers and 73 members of the crew were lost, only 12 escaping.

Even the price of stale bread has been increased in San Francisco. "Yesterday's bread" used to sell two loaves for a nickel. Now the price is three loaves for a dime or four for 15 cents.

A greater Canada, industrially and politically, when peace is declared, is predicted by Baron Shaughnessy, president of the Canadian Pacific railway.

Nine aviators from the army training school in San Diego, five of whom were flying for their junior military aviators' licenses, made the round trip to Los Angeles without mishap.

Everything in the port of Constantinople that would have been useful to Field Marshal von Mackensen's forces was destroyed by Russian sailors before the port was evacuated, says a Reuters dispatch from Petrograd.

## ALLIES DEVELOP OWN RESOURCES; BECOME INDEPENDENT OF U. S.

New York.—The necessity for the United States to show a proper appreciation of the business received in the way of war orders from the entente allies is the subject of a statement issued here Tuesday by Henry P. Davidson, of J. P. Morgan & Co., detailing his impressions of the financial and military situation that he found on his recent trip to Great Britain and France. He returned Monday from England, after having assisted in the arrangement of the new \$300,000,000 British loan.

"It is perfectly clear that if we regard Great Britain and France as desirable customers and wish to continue to sell them our products," the statement says in part, "we must treat them as a producer usually treats a desirable customer, in which event I am confident we will continue to supply them largely, not only during the war, but for the reconstruction period which will follow."

"Great Britain and France have not only carried on the war on the Western front, but have at the same time developed their own manufacturing resources in a way which surpasses belief, so that today they find themselves well equipped and in a position to provide not only for themselves, but in a large degree to assist their allies."

"In stating this I do not mean to imply that there are not many things they will require from us, as they did before the war, and will after. I do mean that there are many supplies which they would rather purchase from us than produce at home, reserving the resources required for their production for other purposes to their better advantage. The point is that today their position is one of independence compared with that of two years ago."

### Loss of Life May Reach 200; Greek Naval Officers Bitter

Athens.—The torpedoing of the Greek steamer *Angeliki* on Saturday near Piræus, with many Greeks aboard, was carried out without warning, it is said here. This action is believed to indicate that since the capture of Constantine the German submarines have obtained a new supply of benzene, enabling them to resume operations in the Mediterranean.

Greek naval officials are particularly bitter that the attack seems to have been made within Greek territorial waters, only a few miles from Salami, where a formidable allied fleet has been stationed since September 1.

The loss of life is now said to reach 200, though the full number aboard the *Angeliki* is not known. The submarine, it is further said, warned ships endeavoring to rescue the Greeks to keep off.

### Chrysanthemum Show On.

Washington, D. C.—The government's 16th annual chrysanthemum show opened here Tuesday and will continue throughout the week in the big hothouses of the department of Agriculture. The exhibit includes 250 varieties, many of them indigenous to England, France, Australia and Japan. Among the new specimens are Mrs. G. M. Mason, Dawn of Day, Lord Hopesong, J. T. Raynor. England is represented by His Majesty and Queen Mary and Earl Kitchener, and France by Marquis Visconti Ventosa.

### Government to Find Jobs.

Seattle.—United States Commissioner General of Immigration Caminetti Tuesday announced extension of the Federal government's work for the unemployed of the nation to women and girls, teachers and others following professional vocations, honorably discharged army and navy men—in fact, everyone in search of a job—in a far-reaching plan to place the department of Labor at the service of all people. The movement, he said, had been accorded the enthusiastic approval of 21 of the leading women's organizations.

### Everett Repels I. W. W.

Everett, Wash.—When word was received Tuesday that 45 men, said to be members of the Industrial Workers of the World, were coming by boat from Seattle, 200 citizens gathered under the leadership of deputy sheriffs and stood guard at the wharf. When the steamer docked and the men came ashore, the waiting citizens loaded them into automobiles and drove them beyond the city limits, where they were warned to return to Seattle.

### Railroad Needs \$10,000,000.

Seward, Alaska.—The Alaska Engineering commission will ask congress for between \$10,000,000 and \$11,000,000 for construction expenditures on the government railroad during the next fiscal year. The commission Monday bought 10 lots at the foot of Adams street as a site for a terminal passenger station.

### Italian Destroyer Blown Up.

London.—A dispatch to Exchange Telegraph from Athens says: "The *Embrois* Corfu correspondent reports that the wreckage of an Italian torpedo boat destroyer blown up by a mine laid by an Austrian submarine off the Epirus coast, fell upon the submarine and completely destroyed it."

### Invasion of England Is Possibility.

London.—Field Marshal Viscount French, commander in chief of the armies in the United Kingdom, addressed the volunteers at Derby Sunday. He said that an invasion of the British Isles was not a mere supposition, but a possibility. They must be prepared to meet.

### Russian Cities Want Food.

Petrograd.—Minister of the Interior Protopopoff has applied to the military authorities, according to the *Reich*, for permission to draw upon the military stores for food supplies for the populations of Petrograd and Moscow.

### Virginia Goes "Dry."

Richmond, Va.—Virginia entered the ranks of prohibition states at midnight Tuesday, swelling the total of 18. No liquor can be shipped and carriers have served notice that none will be received for shipment.

## NEWS ITEMS Of General Interest About Oregon

### Car Shortage Reaches 2186 in State of Oregon

Salem.—The car shortage on the Portland division of the Southern Pacific Wednesday reached 2186, a new record, and indications that it will continue to mount are given in reports which have been received by the Oregon Public Service commission. The company reported that it had orders on file for 2557 freight cars and only 371 empty cars available for loading.

Residents in Tillamook county who own stock are threatened with serious consequences because of their inability to obtain hay. Large amounts of hay are shipped annually to Tillamook. This year only a few cars are available and a shortage in hay has resulted.

The Public Service commission received a vigorous complaint from Rosenberg Brothers, of Tillamook, asking for relief. They assert that they annually ship in from 100 to 150 cars of hay from the Willamette valley and store it in their warehouses. This season they declare they have been getting only one car every 10 days, where they need from three to five a day. With no hay stored, the Tillamook people foresee a serious situation next winter, when it will be impossible to ship in because of the uncertain railway connections at that time of the year.

### Hood River School Board to Use Fuel Oil This Winter

Hood River.—Hood River's high school building and the \$30,000 annex to the structure now nearing completion, will be heated with oil. With a few necessary changes made the old wood furnace will be used. From a 12,000-gallon tank the fuel will be pumped to the furnace by the electrically driven pump.

By using oil instead of wood the school board estimates a saving of more than \$275 will result this year. The oil delivered at the big new tank, costs \$1.20 per barrel. Body fire cordwood is selling for \$5.50 per cord. By the time the wood is sawed and put in basements the cost is increased about \$1 per cord. A barrel of oil, it is said, is more than equal to half a cord of wood.

### Coos Tract May Be Cut.

Marshfield.—A company of Marshfield men of whom W. J. Conrad is an interested member, is negotiating for the timber from a tract of Southern Pacific land lying west of Boulevard Park, an addition located between Marshfield and North Bend. The tract contains about 700 acres and had some of the only remaining old growth timber adjacent to the city of Marshfield. In the event the deal is consummated, the timber will be logged into Pony inlet and sold to the various mills on Coos Bay. The timber in question lies in the Pony inlet watershed, but its cutting would not affect the Coos Bay Water company's supply, since the reservoir is above the place where it is proposed to cut.

### Mail Service Improved.

Marshfield.—Smith River residents, who live on a tributary of the Umpqua river, and have a stream navigable for 26 miles, are to have an improved mail service. Instead of receiving semi-weekly mails, they will hereafter be supplied three times a week. Captain William Dewar has obtained the contract, will leave Sulphur Springs, at the head of tidewater, on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. The mail route is between Sulphur Springs and Reedsport, but arrangements have been made for a private extension to Gardner, three miles from Reedsport. Smith River is one of the most fertile and productive sections of Oregon.

### 70 Cars of Apples to Go.

Roseburg.—That approximately 70 carloads of apples will be shipped from Douglas county to the Eastern markets during the present season is the estimate of local buyers. The Umpqua Valley Fruit Union will handle about 30 carloads of apples, while the Producers' Fruit company will ship about the same amount. In addition to the consignments handled by these firms not less than 10 carloads of apples will be assembled and shipped from distant parts of the county.

Thus far this season 11 carloads of apples have been shipped from Douglas county.

### Economy Proves Costly.

Portland.—Saving of waste paper and other combustible material by business houses of the city will necessitate the city incinerator once more to use fuel in the furnaces at the city incinerator. The heavy supply of paper and other inflammable stuff has made the purchase of fuel at the plant unnecessary for several years. It is reported that an insufficient amount of combustible material is being received now to keep the fires going. A request is made for a \$2000 appropriation for purchase of fuel for the plant next year.

### Lumber Tax Is Appealed.

Oregon City.—The Weyerhaeuser Land company, E. S. Collins, W. R. Burt, Frank E. Dooly, and the estate of T. D. Collins, represented by C. L. Starr, Portland attorney, Tuesday began an appeal from the board of equalization to the circuit court in an attempt to obtain lower assessment on their timber holdings, assessed at more than \$1,000,000. A similar case now is pending in the state supreme court. The county is fighting to uphold the Nease timber cruise, on which all timber assessments are based.

### China Pheasants Liberated.

Gaston.—J. H. Wescott, of this place, has just received a crate of young China pheasants from the State Game commission, to be liberated in this locality. They were turned out on the Benjamin Ward farm near a patch of kale and will be carefully protected.



### SYNOPSIS.

The chief characters are Ethel Willoughby, Henry Streetman and Capt. Larry Redmond. The minor characters are George Wagstaff of the British admiralty and Charles Brown, a New York newspaper correspondent. Ethel, a resident of St. George's household, secretly married to Streetman, a German spy, though she did not know him as Streetman, furthermore, that he has betrayed her simply to learn naval secrets. The European war breaks out. Ethel prepares to accompany Streetman to Brussels as a German spy in order to get revenge and serve England. Captain Redmond, Ethel and Charles Brown turn up at a Belgian inn as the German army comes.

Here is a big opportunity for Charles Brown, the New York newspaper correspondent, to show either a world of good sense or a state of mind bordering on insanity. The problem is up to him—whether he will stick by his friends, no matter what occurs, or consider the safety of his own person. There is a big thrill in this installment. It describes the meeting and planning of spies.

### CHAPTER XII—Continued.

Ethel consented to the arrangement. She was immensely relieved that the quick-witted journalist so readily accepted her allies.

"Good, good!" their delighted host exclaimed. "Sweet consommé, a bit of boiled chicken, an artichoke, a bit of salad, and some coffee—real American coffee, without chicory, eh, m'sieu?" He was already edging toward the door that led kitchenward, to begin his preparations for a meal that should forever perpetuate his tin in the memories of his two guests.

"Great! Sounds immense!" Mr. Brown rejoined with enthusiasm.

"Yes, m'sieu—immense! That is your good American word. . . . I shall serve such a dinner as the Lion d'Or never has seen before!" And Henri disappeared in high spirits. After the depressing dullness of the past weeks it was indeed exhilarating to minister to two appreciative patrons.

By the time Christophe had vanished Ethel Willoughby had quite recovered her self-possession. And when Charles Brown turned to her with a look of inquiry upon his face she was ready to meet his scrutiny with a stout heart.

"You seem surprised—and quite naturally," she said, "at hearing that man call me Madame de Lorde."

"Well, that afternoon I knew you as Miss Willoughby," he replied.

"But I was then Madame de Lorde," Ethel explained glibly. "You see, Mr. Brown, I'd been married secretly."

"Secretly?"

"There were reasons—good reasons," she rejoined. "I could not explain what they were then; nor can I now."

"Surely—surely!" he acquiesced, for he had not the slightest desire to pry into her private affairs. "But what on earth are you doing in this dead-end alley?" And then, in the next breath, he exclaimed, as a sudden inspiration came to him, "Oh, by George! How dull of me! You're honeymooning, of course!"

"Not exactly!" Ethel replied. Just a bit lately, perhaps. "My husband isn't here—just now. He had some business in Brussels, but I came on ahead."

She had, indeed, left Streetman in the Belgian capital. "Shall you be staying long?" she asked Mr. Brown. "No! I'm off in the morning," he informed her.

The information relieved her vastly. She had not relished the thought of having to confess to the American that Monsieur de Lorde was no other than his erstwhile acquaintance of the tea party—Henry Streetman. But as a spy in his majesty's service, Ethel took as easily to subterfuge as a duck to water. She surprised herself often by the readiness with which plausible tales sprang to her lips.

"Oh! Then you won't be able to meet Monsieur de Lorde," she said with a note of regret. "I don't expect him till tomorrow."

Charles Brown murmured his regret at that circumstance.

"But what are you doing here?" Ethel asked him then. "Perhaps you're a secret in your past too?" she asked gaily.

But Mr. Brown could lay claim to no such romantic excuse.

"Oh, I came over looking for a war," he explained.

"And you haven't found it?"

"Nothing like it at all!" he replied.

"The day after I saw you I got a straight tip to beat it for Belgium. I bought you one-and-a-half cylinder 1840 bicycle, and I've pedaled away for three days, till I feel all legs and back. My right name, this minute, is George W. Achewell!" And Charles Brown sat down by the table upon which Madame de Lorde was resting her trim elbow.

"Mr. Brown," Ethel said, "you're not English. I am; but you are an Anglo-Saxon, and you must sympathize with the allies."

"Sure I do!" was his prompt response.

"Then, whatever happens while you're here," she continued with an air of great earnestness, "whatever happens, I want you to remember that I am English, and that it is England I serve always. . . . You will believe it?"

"Oh, of course I will!" he assured her. And immediately a thought came into Charles Brown's head that made

him start. "And by the way," he said, "while I think of it, I want to warn you about that chap I met at tea at your place. Streetman, he called himself. You remember him?"

To hide her confusion Ethel rose and moved a few steps away from the table.

"Yes, I remember him very well," she answered.

"I happened that night to get some dope on him," Charles went on, in entire innocence of the effect his words had upon her. "He's what you might call a professional spy—working for the German secret service now. That's why he stuck up for them that afternoon; but really he's a Russian."

"A Russian!" Ethel exclaimed, startled in spite of herself, by that surprising news.

"Yes," he continued. "He got kicked out of Russia ten years ago for some dirty business. Then he worked for the English against the Boers. They couldn't stand him either—he's an awful rotter. I don't know much about him after that. Now he's with the Germans. . . . You'll forgive my speaking of this," he said, "but I thought perhaps as you're in the admiral's family, he might be trying to pump you about some of the navy's secrets."

"Oh—thank you for telling me!" she exclaimed gratefully. And, somehow, she felt the least bit guilty that she could not be frank with him. "And one thing more—" she added, as he seemed about to leave her. "You won't speak of meeting me here?"

"You'll promise, won't you, even though I can't explain?"

"My dear girl," he protested, "I've been on so many stories, I've seen interviewed so many people, I've seen so much of human nature, that I know pretty well when to print a story and when to let it go—and I'll go through for you any way you want me to."

Ethel turned to him impulsively, gratefully.

"Thank you—you're a dear!" she told him.

And at that moment the French spy—he of the newspaper—returned.

And, paying scant heed, apparently, to Ethel and her companion, he sat down at a table, lighted another cigarette, and resumed his latent reading once more.

As soon as he caught sight of the stranger Charles Brown warned Ethel with a quick "Shh!"

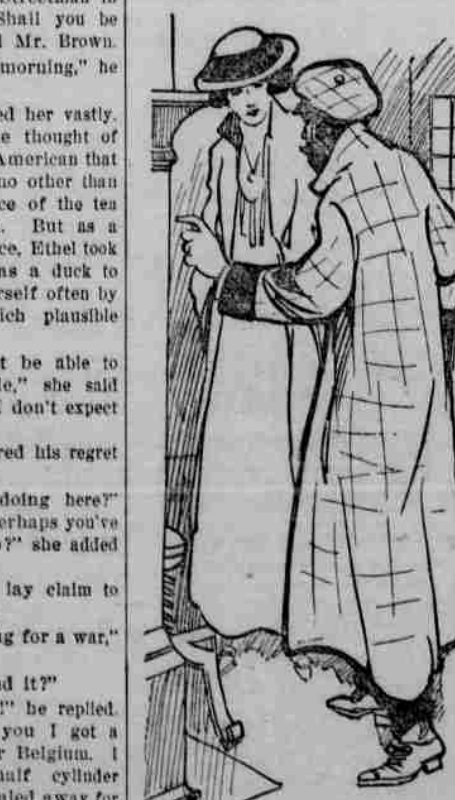
"It must be nearly time for dinner," Madame de Lorde remarked carelessly, as if their conversation bore only upon trivial matters.

"That's so. And if we're going to dine together I think I'll go wash up—or the folks will think I belong here!" Mr. Brown said, glancing down at the wreck of his once immaculate new English suit. "Oh, I almost forgot my vanity bag!" he exclaimed. And he retrieved his paper parcel from the table where he had dropped it. Then he went joyfully to his room.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### Der Tag.

Meanwhile Ethel Willoughby, alias Madame de Lorde, strolled aimlessly to the cigar counter and leaned negligently against it. Her feelings were decidedly mixed—compounded of pleasure and uneasiness. As it turned out, she found it agreeable to meet Mr. Brown. It was a distinct relief to be able to talk to someone against whom she was under no necessity of being on her guard. But at the same time, a matter of business had brought her to Courvoisier, and the inn. To be sure,



Streetman expected to join her later. But in the meantime Ethel expected to meet someone else first. Who that person might be she did not know, except that the unknown was a spy in the service of the French.

No sooner did he find himself alone with Ethel than the little Frenchman dropped his paper.

"Bonjour, madame!" he said.

"I beg your pardon?" Ethel said.

"Do not look around—stay where you are!" the stranger told her crisply.

All at once it occurred to her that this somewhat inferior-looking individual might be he whom she sought. But she could not be sure. And she resolved to bide her time.

"Really, sir," she said, with assumed hauteur, "I beg you to explain this mystery—this—"

"Mystery—" he took the word out of her mouth—"shall we say rather the mystery of General Jacques?" he corrected her politely.

"Oh, you are—"

"A friend of France! . . . And your passport?" He waited for her to supply the mystic word.

"Courvoisier!" she said in a low voice.

"Good!" he exclaimed with satisfaction. "The other day to General Jacques at the fort you offered your services for France," he ventured.

"Yes!"

"He wishes now to take advantage of your offer."

"I am ready," she answered quietly.

He proceeded swiftly to the business in hand.

"The Germans will be here tonight, and here the road forks, one turn to the right, the other to the left—you know?"

"It is important, the general says, that he should know which road the Germans take—whence comes the attack. . . . You are to inform him by telephone."

"But they will cut the wires," Ethel objected.

"All that they can find," he agreed. "But last night, while the others slept, we have strung a wire from the fort to—that chimney!" By the merest nod he indicated the huge fireplace that projected into the room.

"Here!" she exclaimed.

He bowed.

"I have beneath my coat a telephone," he continued hurriedly. "If Madame will be good enough to change places with me and keep watch, while I connect the instrument, the affair will be simple."

"Of course!" Ethel responded.

The Frenchman stole to the fireplace and crept inside the wide opening.

And while his head and shoulders vanished momentarily up the chimney he busied himself with his work of attaching the instrument to the dangling wire within.

"All is well?" he called in a low voice, as his deft fingers twisted the ends of the wire.

"It is done," the little man declared. He quickly brushed a few clinging particles of soot from his sleeves.

"The telephone is in the far corner," he explained, "beneath some tree branches. It cannot be seen."

"And what am I to do?" she asked.

"At the earliest possible moment after the Germans arrive and you have found out which road they take, call on that instrument. An officer will be waiting every moment from now on. I have signaled that the connection is made."

"I understand—and you may depend on me," she promised.

And he had already reached the door to take his departure when he came to a sudden halt. "Now may I ask you are Madame de Lorde?" he inquired in his quaint English.

"Yes!"

"Now it is perhaps best that you be told. . . . he continued. "Before you came a gentleman in the service of your country, a gentleman who met you in Brussels—he ask for you."

Ethel started at his announcement. And she drew nearer to him.

"Captain Redmond!" she exclaimed in a low voice.

"Sh—sh—madame!" he warned her. "It was he," she whispered.

"Is he here?" she asked eagerly.

"He could not wait. He must return to his work," he enlightened her. "But what was he doing here?" she demanded in alarm.

The little Frenchman waved her to a nearby chair.

"Not so close, madame!" he begged. She sat down obediently.

"What was he doing here?" she asked.

"He came to arrange about the telephone," the fellow told her. "It is his plan."

"His plan! Then he will come back—"

"He could not be certain, madame."

"But he's alive, and well—"

She could hardly wait for his answer.

"Yes, madame, quite so."

"Oh, thank God!" Ethel murmured, in a tone of vast thankfulness.

Her fellow-spy smiled at that—a happy smile.

"I am glad I have told you," he said. "I had thought perhaps it was an affair of the heart. He had the book. . . . And now, madame, for what you will do permit me to thank you. It is for France."

"And for Larry?" Ethel murmured softly.

It was Ethel's turn to warn him then. For a door opened. Henry Christophe had returned.

"Good day, m'sieu!" the little man said cheerfully. And he departed.

"Ah, madame! Dinner is ready!" Christophe announced to Ethel. "And where is the American gentleman?"

"I fancy he will be here directly," she told him.

"Ah, good, good! But we must not spoil the chicken," he said. He had taken especial pains with that chicken, and he wished it to be served at just the proper moment.