

## WORLD HAPPENINGS OF CURRENT WEEK

Brief Resume Most Important  
Daily News Items.

## COMPILED FOR YOU

Events of Noted People, Governments  
and Pacific Northwest, and Other  
Things Worth Knowing.

The First National bank at Finleyville, Pa., was held up and robbed of \$115,000 in cash and bonds Monday.

A reward of 100,000 pesos for the death or capture of Francisco Villa has been offered by the government of the state of Chihuahua.

Mrs. Eleanor Hodgman Porter, authoress, known especially for her "Pollyanna" stories, died at her home in Cambridge, Mass., Friday night.

Brigadier-General C. M. Bailey, U. S. A., retired, died in Chicago Saturday. General Bailey was born in New York in 1841. He was retired in 1899.

A 7-cent fare on the Seattle municipal street railway is provided in the ordinance which was presented to the city council as an emergency measure.

Scrubwomen, elevator men, janitors and window washers in the Chicago federal building will resign July 1 unless they are granted an increase in pay.

An increase of \$12,745,000 in the appropriation of the army air service is tentatively agreed to by the senate. The house fixed the air service fund at \$27,255,000.

Flour made a further decline in price at the largest Minneapolis mills Monday, family patent flour being quoted at \$14.75 to \$15 a barrel in 98-pound cotton sacks in carload lots.

The Walker bill was signed by Governor Smith of New York Monday. The law legalizes the manufacture and sale of beer containing not more than 2.75 per cent of alcohol by weight.

The forty-five million dollar soldier bonus bill, introduced in the New York legislature by Miss Marguerite L. Smith, republican member of the assembly from New York, was signed by Governor Smith Saturday.

Two children were burned to death and three other occupants of the Henry Bloyd residence on South Fourth street, Kelso, Wash., burned and injured in escaping from the house early Sunday morning when the structure was destroyed by fire.

One person dead and more than 10 injured was the toll of two tornadoes that Saturday swept Castle Rock, Minn., a town of 200 population, and a strip of countryside near Red Wing, Minn.

Governor Ben Olcott of Oregon, with Lieutenant R. M. Kelley as pilot, reached Stockton, Cal., at 3:40 P. M. Monday by airplane after a flight which extended from the Canadian boundary.

An unconfirmed report was received in El Paso, Tex., Sunday that General Francisco Villa had ordered American and other foreign-owned mining companies in Chihuahua to pay him \$500,000 and that he had cut the power line between Boquillas and Parral.

A detachment of cavalry from Fort Myer was called out Sunday night to disperse a mob of more than a thousand persons which surrounded the jail at Alexandria courthouse, 12 miles from the limits of the District of Columbia. The mob was attempting to obtain possession of William Turner, a negro.

Americans have evinced no great determination to become possessors of articles once belonging to ex-Kaiser Wilhelm. Seven lots of gold-embroidered velvet hangings from the throne-room of the imperial palace at Berlin were knocked down under the auctioneer's hammer in New York Saturday for only \$305.

Authority to accept for the United States a mandatory over Armenia was asked of congress Monday by President Wilson. The executive said he was conscious he was "urging a very critical choice," but that he did so "in the earnest belief it will be the wish of the people of the United States that this should be done."

Indianapolis.—Estimates based on incomplete reports from all parts of the country received here indicated that the American Legion had added between 400,000 and half a million new members to its rolls in the nation-wide membership campaign of last week. New York, Texas, California, Virginia, Ohio, Illinois and Pennsylvania all appear as contestants for first place in the race on the basis of early returns.

## JOHNSON VICTOR BY SMALL MARGIN

Wood Vote Creeps Up as Count  
Progresses.

## CHAMBERLAIN WINS

Stanfield Heads Ticket for U. S. Senatorship—Capital Punishment  
Is Favored Again.

With all but one small precinct in Multnomah county accounted for in the returns and with numerous other counties incomplete, Hiram Johnson is holding his lead over Leonard Wood for the Oregon presidential preference by the narrow margin of 510 votes.

Johnson's lead as shown on the first returns that had been received Sunday was cut down materially in the all but complete count in Multnomah county. One basis on which he had a lead of more than 1700 in the state at large was a lead of more than 1500 in Multnomah. But the missing precincts in Multnomah as they came in gradually ate into this lead until the count closed with Johnson leading in the county by only 1122.

The count now stands, including Multnomah county:

Presidential preference—Wood, 40,198; Johnson, 40,819; Hoover, 13,036; Lowden, 14,487—Johnson's lead 510.

United States Senator George E. Chamberlain continues to lead Starkweather for the Democratic nomination. Throughout the state, with incomplete returns from 26 counties, including complete returns from 225 Multnomah precincts, Chamberlain is virtually two to one ahead of Starkweather.

Stanfield is 11,857 votes ahead of Abraham for the Republican senatorial nomination, with the lead increasing as the returns continue to come in.

Senator Chamberlain has, according to the latest returns tabulated, a total vote of 6332 in the state at large, including Multnomah county, while Starkweather has received 3563 votes, a Chamberlain lead of 2769. The Multnomah count gives Chamberlain 3134 votes to 1705 for Starkweather, a Multnomah lead of 1429.

All measures on the state ballot were approved, the only close contest being over the proposal to restore capital punishment. Opinion of voters was fairly well divided on this matter, but the measure has carried bringing back the death penalty.

## Service Men Fail to Receive \$127,150 in Liberty Bonds

Liberty Bonds to the value of \$127,150 belonging to 2,543 ex-service men have been returned to Washington by the Post Office Department because of incorrect address, according to Lieutenant Colonel Matthew C. Smith, head of the Service Information Branch of the War Department, in a statement issued today. Veterans who have not received their bonds at this late date are advised to write to the Zone Finance Officer, Washington, D. C., giving their name, army serial number, organization, and address.

There are also on file with the Zone Finance Officer 7,059 discharge certificates which cannot be delivered to their owners because they were mailed in without return address, or mailed out and returned undelivered. Alphabetical lists by states of these undeliverable discharge certificates have been furnished to all senators and congressmen, with the request that they be given the widest publicity possible.

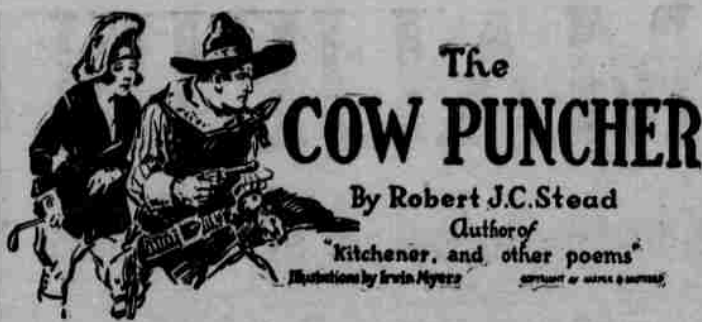
In April, 7,384 Liberty Bonds to the value of \$369,200 were mailed, making a total of 1,077,978 bonds of various issues to the par value of \$53,898,900 now delivered to ex-service men.

During the same month the \$60 bonus was paid to 3,960 ex-soldiers who did not receive it at the time of their discharge.

Ex-service men who still have claims to be adjusted with the various Government agencies should address Lieutenant Colonel Matthew C. Smith, Council of National Defense Building, Washington, D. C.

Mexico City, Mexico.—V. Carranza, who fled from this city on May 6, and who took flight into the mountains of Puebla following a battle near Rinconada, was killed at 1 o'clock Thursday morning at Tlaxcalaltongo, according to official announcement here.

Carranza's companions, the names of whom are not as yet known, are declared to have shared his fate. The attack which resulted in the death of the president was led by General Rodolfo Serrera, it is said.



## CHAPTER XII.

Conward paused to speak to Irene before leaving the house.

"I owe you my good wishes," he said. "And I give them most frankly, although perhaps with more difficulty than you suppose."

"You are very good, Mr. Conward," she acknowledged.

"I could not wish you anything but happiness," he returned. "And had I been so fortunate as Elden, in making your acquaintance first, I might have hoped to contribute to your happiness more directly than I can under the present circumstances." He was speaking in his low, sedulous notes, and his words sent the girl's blood rushing in a strange mixture of gratification and anger. The tribute he implied—that he himself would have been glad to have been her suitor—was skillfully planned to appeal to her vanity, and her anger was due to its success. She told herself she should not listen to such words; she should hate to hear such words. And yet she listened to them, and was not sure that she hated them. She could only say:

"You are very good, Mr. Conward."

He pressed her hand at the door, and again that strange mixture of emotions surged through her.

Conward proceeded to the business section of the town, well pleased with the evening's events. He found his way impeded by crowds in front of the newspaper offices. He had paid little attention to the progress of the war scare, attributing it to the skillful publicity of interests connected with the manufacture of armaments. To the last he had not believed that war was possible.

"Nobody wants to fight," he had assured his business acquaintances. "Even the armament people don't want to fight. All they want is to frighten more money out of the taxpayers of Europe." To Conward this explanation seemed very complete. It covered the whole ground and left nothing to be said.

But tonight he was aware of a keener tension in the crowd atmosphere. They were good-natured crowds, to be sure, laughing and cheering and making sallies of heavy wit; but they were in some way more intense than he had ever seen before. There was no fear of war; there was, rather, an adventurous spirit which seemed to fear that the affair would blow over, as had so many affairs in the past, and all the excitement go for nothing. That war, if it came to war, could last no one dreamed; it would be a matter of a few weeks, a few months, at the most, until a thoroughly whipped Germany would retire behind the Rhine to plan ways of raising the indemnity which outraged civilization would demand.

Conward elbowed his way through the crowds, smiling, in his superior knowledge, over their excitement. Newspapers must have headlines.

At his office Conward used a telephone. Then he walked to a restaurant, where, after a few minutes, he was joined by a young woman. They took a table in a box. Supper was disposed of, and the young woman began to grow impatient.

"Well, you brought me here," she said, at last. "You've fed me, and you don't feed anybody, Conward, without a purpose. What's the consideration?"

"I'm pulling off a little joke, and I want you to help me. You know Elden—Dave Elden?"

"Sure. I've known him ever since that jolt put him out of business up in your rooms, ever so many years ago. He was too rural for that mixture."

"I want you to get him down to your place some night to be agreed upon—I'll fix the date later—and keep him there until I call for him, with his fiancée."

"Some joke," she said, and there was disgust in her voice. "Who is it on—Elden, me, or the girl?"

"Never mind who it's on," Conward returned. "I'm paying for it. Here's something on account, and if you make a good job of it I won't be stingy."

He handed her a bill, which she kissed and put in her purse. "I need the money, Conward, or I wouldn't take it."

This part of his trap set, Conward awaited a suitable opportunity to spring it. In the meantime he took Mrs. Hardy partially into his confidence. He allowed her to believe, however, that Elden's habits would stand correction and he had merely arranged to trap him in one of his favorite haunts. She was very much shocked and thought it was very dreadful, but "of course we must save Irene."

But concerning another part of his program Conward was even less frank with Mrs. Hardy. He was clever enough to know that he must observe certain limitations.

At length all his plans appeared to be complete. The city was in a tumult of excitement over the war, but for Conward a deeper interest centered in the plot he was hatching under the unsuspecting noses of Irene and Elden. If he could trap Dave the rest would be easy. If he failed in this he had another plan to give failure at least the appearance of success.

The fact that the nation was now at war probably had an influence in speeding up the plot. Everything was under high tension; powerful currents of thought were bearing the masses along unaccustomed channels; society itself was in a state of flux. If he were to strike at all let the blow fall at once.

On this early August night he ascertained that Dave was working alone in his office. Then he called a number on a telephone.

"This is the night," he explained. "You will find him alone in his office. I will be waiting to hear from you at—" he quoted Mrs. Hardy's telephone number. Then he drove his car to the Hardy home, exchanged a few words with Irene, and sat down to a hand of cribbage with her mother.

Poring over his correspondence, Dave, with his ear cocked for the cry of the latest extra, spent the evening hours in a valiant effort at concentration.

There came a timid knock at the door. "Come in," he called.

No one entered, but presently he heard the knock again. He rose and walked to the door. Outside stood a young woman.

"If you please," she said, "excuse me, but—you are Mr. Elden, aren't you?"

"Yes. Can I help you in any way?" The woman giggled a moment, but resumed soberly: "You will wonder at me coming to you, but I'm from the country. Did you think that?"

"I suspected it," said Dave with a smile. "You knocked—" He paused.

"Yes?"

"Like a country girl," he said, boldly. She giggled again. "Well, I'm lost," she confessed. "I got off the train a short time ago. My aunt was to meet me, but there are such crowds in the street, I must have missed her. And I saw your name on the window and I had heard of you. So I just thought that I'd ask—if you wouldn't mind—showing me to this address."

She fumbled in her pocket, and Dave invited her into the office. There she produced a torn piece of paper with an address.

"Why, that's just a few blocks!" said Dave. "I'll walk around with you." He turned for his hat, but at that moment there was another timid knock on the door. He opened it. A boy of eight or ten years stood outside.

"What is it, son?"

The lad looked shyly about the office. It was evident he was impressed with its magnificence. "Are you Mr. Elden that sells lots?"

"Yes. Were you thinking of buying a few lots?"

"Did you sell lots to my father?"

"Well, if I knew your father's name perhaps I could tell you. Who is your father?"

"He's Mr. Merton. I'm his son. And he said to me, before he got so bad, he said, 'There's just one honest man in this city, and that's Mr. Elden.' Is that you, Mr. Elden?"

"Well, I hope it is, but I won't claim such a distinction. I remember your father very well. Did he send you to me?"

"No, sir. He's too sick. He don't know anybody now. He didn't know me tonight." The boy's voice went thick and he stopped and swallowed.

"And then I remembered what he said about you, and I just came."

"Have you help—a doctor—a nurse?"

"No, sir. We haven't any money. My father spent it all for the lots that he bought from you."

Dave winced. Then, turning to the young woman: "I'm afraid this is a more urgent case than yours. I'll call a taxi to take you to your address."

To his surprise, his visitor broke out in a ribald laugh. She had seated herself on a desk and was swinging one foot jauntily.

"It's all off," she said. "Say, Dave, you couldn't lose me in this burg. You don't remember me, do you? Well, all the better. I'm rather glad I broke down on this job. I used to be something of an actress, and I'd have put it over if it hadn't been for the kid. The fact is, Dave," she continued, "I was sent up here to decoy you. It wasn't fair fighting, and I didn't like it, but money has been mighty slow of late. I wonder—how much you'd give to know who sent me?"

Dave pulled some bills from his pocket and held them before her. She took them from his hand.

"Conward," she said.

Dave's blood went to his head. "The scoundrel!" he cried. "The low-down dog! There's more in this than appears on the surface."

"Sure there is," she said. "There's another woman. There always is." Elden walked to his desk. From a drawer he took a revolver, toyed with it a moment in his hands, broke it open, crushed it full of cartridges, and thrust it in his pocket.

The girl watched with friendly interest. "Believe me, Dave," she said, "if Conward turns up missing I won't know a thing—not a d— thing."

For a moment he stood irresolute. He could only guess what Conward's plan had been, but that it had been diabolical and cowardly, and that it concerned Irene, he had no doubt. His

impulse was to immediately confront Conward, force a confession, and deal with him as the occasion might seem to require. But his eye fell on the boy, with his shock of brown hair and wistful, half-frightened face.

"I'll go with you first," he said, with quick decision. Then to the girl, "Sorry I must turn you out, but this case is urgent."

"That's all right," she said. "I'm used to being turned out." And before he knew it she was in the street.

"All right, son," said Dave, taking up the matter now in hand. "What's your name—your first name?"

"Charlie."

"And your address?"

The boy mentioned a distant subdivision.

"That is out, isn't it? Well, we'll take the car. I guess I'd better call a doctor at once."

He went to the telephone and gave some directions. Then he and the boy walked to a garage and in a few moments were humming along the by-roads into the country. Dave had already become engrossed in his errand of mercy and his rage at Conward, if not forgotten, was temporarily dismissed from his mind.

He chatted with the boy.

"You go to school?"

"Not this year. Father has been too sick. Of course, these are holidays, and he says he'll be all right before they're over."

Dave smiled grimly. "The incurable optimism of it," he murmured to himself. Then outwardly: "Of course he will. We'll fix him up in no time with a good doctor and a good nurse."

They drove on through the calm night, leaving the city streets behind and following what was little more than a country trail. Here and there they bumped over pieces of graded street, infinitely rougher than the natural prairie; once Dave dropped his front wheels into a collapsing water trench; once he just grazed an isolated hydrant.

"And this is one of our 'choice residential subdivisions,'" said Dave to himself. "Fine business! Fine business!"

As the journey continued the sense of self-reproach which had been static in him for many months became



more insistent. The intrusion of Conward into his mind sent the blood to his head, but at that moment his reflections were cut short by the boy.

"We will have to get out here," he said. "The bridge is down."

Investigation proved him to be right. A bridge over a small stream had collapsed and was slowly disintegrating amid its own wreckage. Dave ran the car a little to one side of the road, locked the switch and walked on with the boy.

"Fine business!" Dave repeated to himself. "And this is how our success was made. Well, the 'success' has vanished as quickly as it came. I suppose there is a law somewhere that is not mocked."

They were passing through a settlement of crude houses, dimly visible in the starlight and by occasional yellow blurs from their windows. Before one of the meanest of these the boy at last stopped, pulled the door open and Dave entered. At first he was conscious of a very small and stuffy room, with a peculiar odor which he attributed to an oil lamp burning on a box. He walked over and turned the lamp up, but the oil was consumed; a red, sullen, smoking wick was its only response. Then he felt in his pocket and struck a match.

The light revealed the dinginess of the little room. There was a bed covered with musty, ragged clothing; a table littered with broken and dirty dishes and pieces of stale food; a stove cracked and greasy, and one or two bare boxes serving as articles of furniture. But it was to the bed Dave turned, and with another match bent over the shrunken form that lay almost concealed amid the coarse coverings. He brought his face down close, then straightened up and steadied himself for a moment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Almighty Dollar.

Bribery has been the downfall of many public men during the course of history. Francis Bacon, the greatest thinker of his age, was ruined by his cupidity. Lord Chancellor Macclesfield and Waterbury were destroyed by the same vice. Benedict Arnold sold a fort in New York to the enemy for \$13,755. For this same sin Gorgel betrayed Austria, Althopel forsook David and Judas delivered up Christ.

Standard for Radium.

Scientists in Europe are trying to determine and agree upon an international standard of strength and purity for radium.

## NEW SOUTH WALES

Premier Wool State of the World.

Australia is the chief producer of fine wool, and New South Wales is the greatest wool-producing state of Australia.

At the end of June, 1917, the New South Wales flocks contained nearly 36,200,000 sheep. (The same year, the entire United States, second country of the world in sheep-raising, had only 47,616,000 head of sheep.) The wool clip of New South Wales in 1917 totaled 270,525,000 pounds. "In the grease," worth about \$8,000,000 to the growers. The same year 22,083,432 pounds of mutton were exported from New South Wales.

The State had 2,766,000 cattle in 1917 and 734,000 horses.

Meat is transported, at low cost, from New South Wales to the world's markets in large refrigerated ocean steamers.

The great factor in low cost production of meat and wool, in addition to the large areas of suitable land, is the mild climate. It never freezes, except in the highest mountains, and fodder grows the year around—hence farm animals are raised without the necessity of providing barns and other shelters, and without the labor and cost of winter-feeding from mow or granary. Such a gift of Nature puts the ranchman ("station-owner") of New South Wales beyond the pale of competition. The results show in the tremendous growth of pastoral wealth in New South Wales.

New South Wales Information Bureau.  
149 Broadway, New York City.

Mother.

"Love cannot stay at home; a woman cannot keep it to herself; and a mother is always spending it, giving it away to her children."—MacLeod.

Timely Advice.

If you would keep the wolf from the door don't inveigle him into the front yard with titbits of extravagance.

Shellac is the joint product of insects and plants and comes from India. The lac insects are about 1.25 of an inch long, a bright red in color. They suck the juices of plants, digest them and exude them in the form of resin, which soon encases the whole insect. When the young insects have swarmed out, the resin is scraped from the branches, ground, washed, mixed with colophony and orpiment, cooked slowly and drawn out into the thin sheets we know as shellac.

## NAME 'BAYER' MEANS ASPIRIN IS GENUINE

Prescribed by physicians  
for over eighteen years



Each package and tablet of genuine "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" is marked with the safety "Bayer Cross."

The "Bayer Cross" means you are getting genuine Aspirin, prescribed by physicians for over eighteen years.

In the Bayer package are safe and proper directions for Colds, Headache, Toothache, Earache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Neuritis and Pain generally.

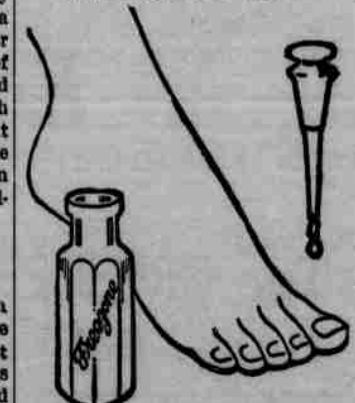
Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost only a few cents. Druggists also sell larger Bayer packages. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.—Adv.

Lift off Corns.

It is the application of science to the work that helps the worker. The social reformer cheers but does not invigorate. As Prof. Milliken well said not long ago: "One little new advance like the discovery of ductile tungsten which makes electric light one-third as expensive as it was before, is a larger contribution to human well being than all kinds of changes in the social order."—Samuel Crowther in the World's Work.

## Lift off Corns!

Doesn't hurt a bit and Freezone costs only a few cents.



With your fingers! You can lift off any hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the hard skin calluses from bottom of feet.

A tiny bottle of "Freezone" costs little at any drug store; apply a few drops upon the corn or callus. Instantly it stops hurting, then shortly you lift that bothersome corn or callus right off, root and all, without one bit of pain or soreness. Truly! No humbug!