

NEWS OF THE WEEK

General Resume of Important Events Throughout the World.

Huerta squirms under pressure of the foreign powers.

The strike of trainmen on the Southern Pacific has been called off temporarily.

The national weather bureau denies charges that the recent Great Lakes storm was not properly forecast.

A strike of firemen in the textile mills of Lawrence, Mass., has thrown nearly 4000 operatives out of work.

Emperor William, of Germany, has forbidden officers of the German army and navy to dance the tango while in uniform.

Chicago is going to have all locomotives within the city limits use automobile horns instead of the usual whistle and bell.

A beautiful Indian blanket bath robe has been set as a wedding present to Miss Jessie Wilson by the Commercial club of Pendleton, Ore.

San Francisco's Tivoli theater, one of the oldest and best known playhouses of the West, is to be turned into a moving picture house.

Senator Pomerene introduced a bill to appropriate \$500,000 for combating hog cholera. He declared that the loss from that disease this year would aggregate \$50,000,000.

Fears are felt for the safety of Stefansson and his Arctic exploration expedition, as no trace of his ship, the Karuk, has been seen since the Arctic storm early in October.

A cargo of corn grown in Ireland has been received in Canada, owing to the shortage in the American crop, and it is found that it can be imported more cheaply from Ireland than from the United States.

Three hundred members of the Rock Island, Illinois, Women's club marched to the city hall and demanded that the mayor and commissioners take action and close disorderly resorts and rid the city of undesirable.

Mexican Rebel Leader Carranza has drawn the United States representatives into a diplomatic entanglement from which it is believed he will be able to force some definite agreements, any of which would be in the nature of recognition.

A Wall street brokerage firm has failed with liabilities of about \$5,000,000.

Fifteen hundred Navajo Indians rallied in defense of eight renegades and are reported in armed encampment on Beautiful Mountain, 35 miles southwest of the Shiprock agency, near Santa Fe, N. M., defying United States Marshal Hudson's attempt to capture the renegades who are wanted on Federal warrants charging horse stealing, assault and bigamy.

A treaty of peace between Greece and Turkey has been signed.

The coming wedding of Miss Jessie Wilson is claimed to be the 13th white house wedding.

Financial pressure is being brought to bear to force Huerta out of office.

Many eminent authorities express serious doubts of the efficacy of radium in the cure of cancer.

The president has announced that he will read his message personally to the coming new congress.

Twenty-five hundred trainmen on the Southern Pacific in Texas have struck and a serious tie-up is threatened.

Latest reports of the storm on the great lakes place the death list at more than 150, and the property loss at many millions.

Secretary of War Garrison Lauds American Army

New York—Secretary of War Garrison, at a dinner given in his honor at the Lotus club, said the people of the United States as a whole did not regard the army in the proper way. The secretary made his statement in discussing the effectiveness of the army, even in time of peace.

"For one thing," he said, "I think the people fail to discriminate between their hatred of bloodshed and war and the function of the army in respect thereto. For the fireman, physician, engineer and for the clergyman, none of us have words other than of praise and encouragement. Yet for the soldier whose very presence is a protection against others attempting to use force and whose efforts in our behalf, when force is used against us, are essential to our defense, the people have either a negligent attitude or other one of disapproval. I cannot, on any reasonable grounds, account for this.

"If it were true that the officers and men of the army were swaggering bullies, seeking to engage in war for war's sake, or undesirable citizens who brought disgrace upon the uniform and the country, there would be reason for this public attitude. But exactly the contrary is the case. The army, both officers and men, never was of higher tone than today, nor as high, in my opinion.

"No sane man can think that a nation situated as is the United States with respect to the world could do without an army. It is essential for any nation today to maintain sufficient force to secure the carrying out of its decrees. We all believe that the tendency of the American government is toward righteousness, that we have no desire for aggrandizement, for oppression, or for taking away from anyone or any nation that which rightfully belongs to it.

"We also know that it takes two to keep the peace and that we cannot safeguard the interests of our people without the force constantly ready to maintain and secure it."

Secretary Garrison cited as convincing proofs of the highly efficient character of the army the numerous instances in which it has been effectively used in times of peace. The relief work at San Francisco, at Omaha, during floods in the Ohio and Mississippi valleys, in the California forest fires, the administration of executive functions in the Philippines and Cuba, Porto Rico and Santo Domingo, the building of the Panama canal, he pointed out as such instances.

"In view of all this," Mr. Garrison concluded, "I am sure I will not be accused of lack of modesty in repeating that I am wholeheartedly proud of the army of the United States and of what it has done and what it is capable of doing."

Huerta is Defiant; Refusing to Quit Office

Mexico City—Regardless of rumors and notwithstanding the insistence of far-seeing friends, General Huerta appears more determined than at any time to retain the presidency and carry out his plans of installing the substitute congress.

Huerta reiterated Tuesday that he continued to be head of the Mexican government, and the fact that he took no step towards preventing the inauguration of the new congress, as demanded by the United States, was construed at the embassy and the legations as indicative of what may be expected in the future.

Vincet Astor Now 22

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—Vincet Astor, who a year ago assumed the responsibility of looking after the great estate of his father, Saturday celebrated his 22d birthday at Rhinebeck.

Young Astor, whose wealth is estimated to be \$7,000,000, spent the morning in walking about his estate, and later went for an automobile ride with his fiancée, Miss Helen Dinsmore Huntington. No special celebration of his birthday was held at the Astor home, and Astor, according to his wishes, received no presents.

Plan Hall for "Immortals"

Chicago—America's "Immortals" are planning a hall of fame in which their portraits will be preserved. It probably will be established in New York. Hamlin Garland, of Chicago, said that the proposed building had been discussed at an executive meeting of members of the National Institute of Arts and Letters and the American Academy of Arts and Literature. The subject was broached after Louis Betts, of Chicago, had volunteered to paint a portrait of Mr. Garland for the institute.

Phone Tolls Cut Down

San Francisco—Reductions on all California long-distance telephone calls were announced here by the State railroad commission, averaging 21 per cent and aggregating \$526,000 annually. The commission finds that the Pacific Telephone & Telegraph company's income from long-distance calls averages 14 per cent. Nine per cent, the commission thinks, is sufficient, and made its reductions accordingly.

All Officers Are Executed

El Paso, Tex.—Executions of federal prisoners captured by General Pancho Villa's rebel troops at Juarez have begun. The order for the execution of many of the prisoners has been issued directly by General Villa, and at different periods the firing squads took out men and shot them.

Stronger Food Laws Asked For

Washington, D. C.—A conference of food and drug inspection officials of nearly every state, meeting here with Federal officials, determined to ask congress to revise and strengthen the pure food laws.

The ISOLATED CONTINENT

A ROMANCE OF THE FUTURE

By GUIDO VON HORVATH and DEAN HOARD

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For fifty years the continent of North America has been isolated from the rest of the world by Z-rays, the invention of Hannibal Prudent, president of the United States. A message from Count von Werdenstein, chancellor of Germany, that he had succeeded in penetrating the rays hastens the death of Prudent. Dying, he warns his daughter Astra that foreign invasion is now certain. Astra succeeds her father as president. Napoleon Edison, a former pupil of Prudent, attempts to assassinate Astra and hints at new discoveries which will make North America impenetrable. A man evading the name Chevalier Leoni offers Werdenstein the secret of making gold in return for European disarmament. The Chevalier is made a prisoner. Countess Rosita, a spy, becomes a man's lover. Astra succeeds her father as president. She falls in love with him and agrees to marry him. By the use of rockets he summons a curious flying machine. He escapes and sends a message to Astra which reveals the fact that he is Napoleon Edison. Edison and his assistant, Santos, go in search of new deposits of the remarkable substance, clyrith. They find it on the estate of Schomburg-Lithow. The countess gets Santos into her clutches. She promises to reveal Edison's secret if he will return to her. Santos turns over the Schomburg-Lithow estate to her. On the day of the wedding of Astra and her countess and Santos flee the country.

CHAPTER XVIII—Continued.

"I am afraid," said the Count von Werdenstein, "that he is preparing a surprise for us. I do not like his silence."

"Or is he simply enjoying a long honeymoon?" was Rosita's sarcastic comment.

But the count shook his head doubtfully.

For a year had almost passed when the first European aerodromes were finished and ready for its trial trip. It was as perfect as mechanical genius could make it.

Count von Werdenstein had invited several reigning monarchs to attend the trial flight and Suemeg rivaled the ancient Roman pageants in splendor. Only a few besides the royal spectators were allowed on the plateau near the aerodrome plant. The police compelled the uninformed thousands who lived in the neighborhood to keep a respectful distance.

Santos Duprel's heart beat high when he and Rosita stepped into the waiting machine. Rosita had decorated this first aerodrome with a gorgeous princely crown, and it glittered bravely in the morning sun.

Rosita was clever and studied the aerodrome under Santos' direction until she was expert in its control and manufacture. When they entered the aerodrome, Santos went to the wheel, moved the starting lever and the wings rose slowly, then swooped downward, causing the machine to rise swiftly. Rosita stood by her side, working exactly as desired and the machine soon disappeared from the view of the watchers, behind a bank of clouds.

They went up and swam in the fleecy clouds that billowed in the golden sunshine. They reached an enormous height, then Santos reversed the machine, turned off the power and they slid downward. Rosita stood by his side, embracing him with one arm. In her exuberance she reached up with her free hand and pulled the lever that emptied the brass receptacle; a blinding flash came, striking downward, zigzagging through the clouds, and mighty thunder echoed through space.

She realized her might, and in that moment of intoxicating delight she dreamed a dream—she saw herself as the ruler of the world.

"How long will it take to have twenty machines like this, Santos?" asked Rosita, eagerly.

"Five or six months, my queen!"

"Then, then we will see." Her eyes glittered strangely with a fire that was not love.

When they landed on the spot from where they ascended, the Emperor of Germany handed Santos Duprel the parchment with the great Imperial seal attached, and said: "Count von Duprel, I want to be the first to congratulate you."

An hour later the newly made Count von Duprel was receiving the matrimonial blessing from the court vicar. The crowned heads were happy to witness the marriage ceremony.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Garden of Eden.

Napoleon and Astra kept the flight of the Countess Rosita and the disappearance of Santos Duprel secret. Even Mrs. Edison did not know that Rosita had left.

Astra watched Napoleon's thoughtful face with some apprehension. At times he would sit gazing into space, entirely oblivious to his surroundings. Rosita's flight had made him aware of the harm that could come to his beloved country.

Their honeymoon had been short, as neither could be absent from their posts long. The following week Astra returned to her presidential duties and Napoleon to his aerodrome.

Shortly after their return he talked long and seriously with his wife. Then the American Eagle left the roof of the Crystal Palace and flew toward the west. He stopped at Clyrnye and questioned Sullivan, and found that Santos and Rosita had left the aerodrome in Russia. So he knew that they had, by this time, perfected their

Not More Than Two Hundred Feet Below Him Stretched a Broad, Snow-Covered Peak.

ly obtainable, and it would be unnecessary to go through a lot of preliminary steps before they could carry it away.

Satisfied with his discovery, he explored the secluded spot that never before had been touched by human foot. The geological formation was of volcanic origin. It seemed as though the mountain had been rent apart and the space left between the raw edged ridges in the course of time had developed into a paradise.

The place appealed to his sentimental instincts. He took his machine over to the meadow and ate his lunch on the green, mossy grass. He filled his cup from the crystal lake and drank deep of the cool, refreshing water.

"Beautiful spot!" he murmured, stretching out his arms slowly, as if extending his blessing. "I name you 'The Garden of Eden!' Then he entered his machine, flew over the clyrnye deposit, filled some sacks with the irregular, hard crystals and started homeward. His mind was filled with schemes to frustrate the European plans.

The next day he took six aerodromes from Clyrnye to the Garden of

Eden, and they made trips back and forth until the whole deposit of clyrnye was landed on the island of Clyrnye.

The spectroscopic showed that there must be more under the surface, but Napoleon knew he had sufficient for the time being, and was satisfied to leave the rest until such time as he needed it.

New hangars were built on the island. The work progressed rapidly. Aerodromes after aerodromes of the new type was stored away by the expert workmen.

Napoleon's visits to Astra were his happiest hours. He confided his hopes and expectations to her. She gave him all the sympathy and encouragement at her command. Their lives were attuned to perfect harmony.

The work on Clyrnye had progressed so well that Whistler was able to oversee it all without Napoleon's assistance. One day he took leave from Astra with the following words:

"I am going to pay a visit to our excellent friend, the Count von Werdenstein, and then, when I have ascertained his attitude toward the peace committee, I will go on a still hunt for the final preventive of war."

The Count von Werdenstein's palace was equipped with a roof hangar, as were all the large private dwellings and the Eagle found it an easy matter to alight there without molestation. Napoleon had sent a graph message to the count to expect him, but did not mention the time of his arrival.

The quick descent made it impossible for the observers to discern the type of machine that alighted, and the workmen in the hangar did not pay any attention to Sullivan when Napoleon left the craft. Sullivan simply locked the door and sat reading until his return.

The count was very much surprised to receive his card, as the attendants had not announced him. Nevertheless, he received him in his usual suave manner.

Napoleon saw and felt that the count was in an extremely happy state of mind, that he was no more in despair, but hopeful.

"I am very glad to see your excellency drop into our circle once more. He grasped both hands of the president of the peace committee.

"The pleasure is mine, your honor," was Napoleon's reply. "My call is not an official one, it is a private matter. That is why I dropped into your home so unceremoniously."

"You are welcome."

"I thought you would be kind enough to listen to me. You remember my last visit here, when I wanted you to sell me, or to help me purchase the Peak Suemeg in Hungary? At that time I thought the place contained the crystals of clyrith, the substance from which my aerodromes are made." Napoleon paused, and the count looked at him cautiously.

"I took some samples of the crystals when I discovered it, and analyzed them. To my surprise I found that it has not the same electro magnetic qualities that the clyrith of Clyrnye has. He paused again; still the count said nothing. "No, I am sorry that I have troubled you in this matter, as I do not want the property, for my experiments have proved to me that the crystals are worthless for my purposes."

"But you are mistaken," blurted out the count. He realized in the same second that he had made a mistake, but, after all, what difference could it make? He smiled serenely, and gave no sign of satisfaction at having brought this information from the count.

"All I can tell you is," continued he, "that the chemical quality is not the same, and I cannot make use of the deposit, and for this reason I do not wish to interest myself further in the property."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

CROPS IN JAPAN ARE SMALL

American Farmers Could Not Live On Such Scarce Returns for His Seed and Work.

Japan is such a mountainous country that the area of arable land is quite disproportionate to the size of the whole empire. It is alleged that barely 12 per cent of the entire surface can be cultivated, and that even the cultivable part is not naturally very fertile. Still there are large tracts of wild moorland which might easily be brought under cultivation, or at least be converted into grazing lands.

Where the farmer lives and labors there is abundant evidence of his diligence and self-sacrifice. Doubtless the major part of the farming land is lean soil. Still the judicious use of fertilizers—mostly night soil applied in small quantities direct to the growing plant; the elaborate and skillful system of irrigation that gets full value from every drop of water; the laborious subsoil working—by hand in the soft loam of the rice fields—and the incisive weeding out to produce better results in quantity than they do. When the harvest is measured by bushels of rice, or wheat, or barley or whatever else the yakusoku (farmer) may raise, the thorough husbandman of Europe or America would laugh at the scanty crop. Land that ought to yield at least twenty bushels to thirty bushels of rice to the acre actually gives less than ten on the average. From "Our Neighbors: the Japanese," by Joseph King Goodrich.

"All Fours" Walk Relieves Ills.

If you are the victim of indigestion and appear at your office each morning with a well-developed groan, try running around the room on all fours like a cat just after you have taken your morning repast. This is the advice of a Paris physician, and he doesn't claim it is a panacea for all sorts of indigestion, but he recommends it for relief of stagnation in the stomach—a condition where the food becomes massed and prevents a free action of the intestinal juices.

The effect of his "all-fours" treatment is to agitate the stomach, acting as a massage, and thus aiding it to discharge its contents. He has proved by a series of chemical experiments, assisted by the X-ray, that the emptying of the stomach progressed with much greater rapidity when the patient galloped around the room for five minutes in the attitude of the house cat.

THE MOTHER'S THANKSGIVING



Yes, it's hard labor to cook for 'em. Read up new things in the book, for 'em. Best things an' 'em an' 'em an' 'em. Hurry an' hurry an' haste for 'em. Get all excited and "het" for 'em. Sizzle an' sizzle an' sweat for 'em.

Still, when the job is all done for 'em, Eatin' the dinner's such fun for 'em. When I just love to be near 'em, See'n' how good things appear to 'em.

FOR THE THINGS THAT ARE OURS

ON the last Thursday of the eleventh month," quoth Every woman, "we are advised by our respected and respective governors that we should offer up thanks to God. They seem to take for granted any and during the twelve intervening months we've each been sufficiently blessed to make a day of thanksgiving quite a comfortable outlet for the accumulated gratitude of the year. But I'm beginning to wonder," every woman continued reflectively, "if we really have got anything at all? Prices are higher than that last aviator went—what was his name? The one that broke the record just before he died—and still reaching for altitude. We can't run the house much longer if this keeps on. Used to have a good salary in the family, but it's clean out of date; the style of 1900 fits too tight for 1912. Had figured on a lot of real, old-fashioned, touching gratitude for that raise that didn't arrive—but there! Who feels thankful for chickens that never broke the shell? Don't feel any enthusiasm about the lift on shoe leathers, either, due to the prosperity of the automobile industry. We haven't done much automobile riding lately, and the kiddies go through their shoes just the same way we used to back in the eighties, when round steak was 8 or 10 cents a pound. What? You get it for 22? My man! a robber—25 cents he charges me. No, we're going to have a chicken this year, one chicken instead of a turkey. We don't like turkey, anyway. Thinking of bills reminds me of the three different specialties we have had this year for the children. Used to be a called in to the doctor, with a capital D—kill or cure, that was the end of it. But, of course, we can't take chances with the babies.

"We haven't worked up much steam yet for the great day, have we? Things look kind of blue in our family. Yes, and blue they have looked for some time since the 'days of Old Fables'—and then some. Perhaps our Pilgrim forefathers did a rather daring thing when they said, 'Let us set apart a day and offer thanks to God for the great blessings which he has vouchsafed us.' Perhaps they did the most daring and the most wonderful of all things when, near the end of each successive year of hardship and tribulation, they took in their hands one golden, toll-worn, noble day and offered it to their God as a precious thing.

"But then they weren't like us, those Pilgrim men and women. They had just come into a brand-new country, and they had to work hard and stick together and help each other, and naturally when they had a fine harvest there was a sort of oneness and mutual unity to their gratitude that we can't get in our big, modern civilization. They thought they were grateful to God, but really they were loving and thanking each other as much as anything. Of course we can't feel that way, because—well, because!

"I think for just a minute I'll be not my little self, but my big self—I'm going to be the People, the Protean overself of whom we hear so much and think so little. I have been blind for many thousand years. Blindness is surely a curse. Yet, lo! of late years the veil of darkness has been streaked with light. I am beginning to see—and the wonder of it! True, I find myself a thing of shreds and tatters, but sight alone is needed to remedy all that. Every day I am learning new things. There is much that I can hardly grasp as yet—I have been ignorant so long, and the lessons are now puzzling. But with what eagerness I grasp for new knowledge, and how gladly I attempt each little new experiment! I am equalizing myself. In my blindness I have cast too much toll on some organs and too little on others. I am far from the ideal of an athlete, but like the original protoplasm, all forms lie dormant within me. Yes, I, who was a blind beggar by the roadside, have been touched by a healing Hand, and before I lie down to sleep I shall sit upon the Throne of the World!

"Here I subside, rather breathless. Into my own little, narrow, hard-shelled self. But exercise of that sort does one good. After all," declared Everywoman rather cheerfully, "unlike the grubbiest and petty struggle each for each. We Men and Women,

KEPT GUARD OVER HIMSELF

Good Story of How Celebrated Boston Divine Got Cider for Thanksgiving Day.

The annual spectacle of a celebrated Boston divine doing sentry duty with a musket on his shoulder in front of his own residence on Thanksgiving morning—and all for the purpose of getting a drink of Thanksgiving cider—is worth recalling, even after a lapse of 134 years.

Dr. Mather Byles, a Puritan clergyman, born in Boston in 1706, owed his fame to his wit and practical jokes as much as to his pulpit ability. In November, 1777, he was arrested as a Tory and sentenced to confinement in his own home. A military guard was stationed around the house with instructions not to permit Dr. Byles to leave home under any circumstances.

On Thanksgiving morning the staid old Puritan of the arrested minister's flock were surprised to see their pastor himself pacing up and down before his own front door with a musket on his shoulder. The regular sentry had disappeared and Dr. Byles was doing sentry duty in his stead.

"You see," Dr. Byles explained, "I begged the sentry to let me go out to procure some cider with which my family and I might celebrate Thanksgiving Day. He would not permit me to leave the house. So I proceeded to argue the point with him, and he has now gone to get the cider for me on condition that I shoulder his musket and keep guard over myself during his absence."

After the Feast.

We'll gather round the festive board that's groaning with good cheer. For 'ol' Thanksgiving' only comes just one day in the year.

Don't bother 'bout the vittles soar. To that spot assigned by nature till you just can't hold no more. Just loosen up the buttons, the neckwear get untied.

So's to give the good ol' turkey room to circulate inside. Then slide into the rocker, or stretch out upon the mat. An' that you ain't exploded, thank kind Providence for that!

May Well Give Thanks.

Materially, despite the professional mourners, we have been blessed with abundance. The fruit of the field, the employment of labor, the reward of industry in every activity, has sufficed to maintain a national standard of life unequalled in the annals of the world.

Problem for Class in Anatomy.

Lawyers are trying to persuade the Missouri supreme court that a man's head is not a part of his body. Their client, a murderer, shot a man in the head, but the indictment charged that he shot his victim in the body, and for this error they believe he should be freed. According to this anatomical theory the old song about "Coming Thro' the Rye" was an encounter between a couple of headless trunks. And how could a body kiss a body under those circumstances, and how could a body cry?—Kansas City Star.

Unfortunate Neglect.

A letter brought by the postman was thinner than the bulky ones which a struggling young author usually received, and he tore it open eagerly and read: "Your recent favor stating that you inclose manuscript of story, with stamps for return if not suitable, has been received. Your contribution is accepted." "At length!" exclaimed the young author, joyfully. But his heart seemed to sink as his eyes caught the following: "P. S.—You neglected to inclose the manuscript."