

# 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.

An embargo has been proclaimed on Chinese as well as Siamese credits in German banks, according to a dispatch from Berlin.

Count von Bernstorff, the former German ambassador to the United States, has been appointed, according to the Berlin Vossische Zeitung, to the post at Constantinople.

An Amsterdam dispatch to Reuter's Limited, London, states that Berlin newspapers announced the seizure of all property in Germany belonging to the government of Siam or to its citizens.

Mobilization of the second increment of draft troops was changed Tuesday from September 15 to 19, and the third increment from September 30 to October 3. Mobilization of the first increment will be as previously announced September 5.

Sheriff James N. Taylor, a member of the Logan county, Kentucky, exemption board, and J. W. Edward, county judge, were arrested by a deputy United States marshal on the charge of conspiring to violate provisions of the selective draft law.

Burma beans, found on analysis by the state laboratory at Bozeman, Mont., to contain strychnine, were ordered destroyed by the state board of health. Tons of them had been shipped into this state and sold to innocent dealers. German agencies are suspected.

In principle the British government is of the opinion, Lord Robert Cecil, minister of blockade, told the house committee Tuesday, that neutral shipping which has been persistently assisting Great Britain's enemies should be treated after the war on the same footing as enemy shipping.

It costs the United States just \$156.80 to equip an infantryman for service in France. Figures just made public show that of this total, clothing represents \$101.21; fighting equipment \$47.36, and eating utensils \$7.73. The soldier's gas mask costs \$12; his steel helmet \$3 and his rifle \$19.50.

Hog prices, which have risen every day since July 21, reached a new high record in Chicago Tuesday when they soared to \$19.75 per 100 pounds. In August, 1914, hogs sold for \$8.90. The top price during August, 1915, was \$7.85; during August, 1916, it was \$11.50. On August 1, 1917, the price was \$16.30.

Warning against exploiters of woman labor was sent from Washington, D. C., to its state and local branches Saturday by the National American Woman Suffrage association. A circular letter urges every woman who does a man's work to demand a man's pay, "as a matter both of justice to herself and duty to her fellow workers."

A dispatch to the London Daily Mail from Vevey, Switzerland, says the barns of the Zeppelin-works at Friedrichshaven are being used for the building of a new type of airship from which much is expected. The body of the machine is serpentine in form and from both sides of it smoke clouds can be thrown out which will entirely conceal the machine.

Buckwheat cakes will be plentiful this winter, according to predictions made by state officials of Pennsylvania. That state has led the nation in buckwheat production for years and this season there was an increase of 15 per cent in acreage. Consequently, it is stated that last year's crop of 4,250,000 bushels may be increased to 6,200,000 bushels in 1917.

The National Guard division to go to France, representing 26 states and the District of Columbia, will be mobilized at Mineola, L. I., at a camp named Albert L. Mills, after the late Brigadier General Mills. The Oregon troops are included in this division.

Following a thwarted attempt to rob the McCloud State bank Thursday, one of two robbers killed his companion as they were making their escape, because the latter could run no longer, having been shot in the heel by a member of the pursuing posse.

The insistent demand from abroad for silver from the United States government for coinage and for domestic purposes was reflected Thursday in New York in a record jump in the price.

There is only enough wool being produced in the United States to provide every man in the country with a bathing suit annually, according to statistics discussed at the National Sheep and Wool bureau conference in Chicago. The bureau voted to put its services at the command of Herbert C. Hoover, food administrator.

## NOW WATCH AMERICA

German Newspapers Beginning to Take Seriously Preparations of Uncle Sam for Prosecuting War.

Amsterdam—The Cologne Gazette, which is the first German newspaper to take seriously the American war preparations, in a leading article warns the public that after all it might be worth while to watch the United States.

It is possible that the Cologne newspaper is acting on instructions from Berlin, for it is felt in the German capital that it would be foolish to allow the newspapers to publish derisive reports of Uncle Sam's war work when the authorities know that American aid will decide the war against Germany. Two months ago fashionable Berlin considered the American war preparations little more than a circus affair.

"America's army," says the Cologne Gazette, "becomes stronger daily. The country's factories are doing all they can to turn out air machines and other material, ships are being built at all the yards—everything is being done to increase the military value of the army to the highest possible point."

"No wonder a new hopefulness is noticeable in the souls of our enemies, who are encouraged to hold out another winter, after which, with the new troops from America, they will defeat the central powers and bring the war to a triumphant end."

"The enemy countries know better than to try to bring about a decision this year, but their people have sweet hopes. Small detachments of American troops are paraded in the streets of Paris and London, and are welcomed there as a symbol of the better days which will take place of these sad present."

"We cannot doubt that the Americans will fight, not only because the great financial and industrial powers in that country do not wish to drop the golden fruit of war orders, but because they look forward to the days of peace when battered Europe will have to be rebuilt with American help."

"The American government does not know whether next year the entente with the help of American soldiers will win, but it knows that it will need an army to enforce its position in Central and South America, in the Pacific and Far East. This is why Washington does not wish to do anything about the pope's peace appeal."

## ADD MILLIONS TO INCOME TAX

Senate Adopts Amendment Affecting Receipts of \$500,000 Yearly.

Washington, D. C.—After protracted debate in which many senators urged heavier levies on incomes and war profits in the war tax bill, the senate Thursday tentatively adopted Senator Gerry's amendment which would add \$40,375,000 by greatly increasing surtaxes on incomes exceeding \$500,000.

On a test vote for elimination of the so-called Lenroot amendment made in the house providing 25 per cent increase in surtax rates on incomes exceeding \$60,000 and raising about \$66,000,000 in revenue, the senate voted 35 to 32 against their elimination by the finance committee.

Under the Gerry amendment the total tax levy on all millionaires' incomes, including the present law, would be 67 per cent. With the Gerry amendment the bill would aggregate \$2,035,000,000, with several amendments by Senator La Follette pending for further increases in the income tax rates. The Gerry amendment was adopted without a dissenting vote.

All of the Lenroot amendments as adopted by the house were retained by the Senate after reductions proposed by the finance committee were rejected on two test votes.

## German Stir Mexican Hatred.

Mexico City—Friends of Germany are conducting in Mexico a newspaper propaganda against the United States, but, up to the present time the efforts have failed of their purpose insofar as the better educated and influential classes of Mexico are concerned. There is reason to believe that it has had no effect on men prominent in public life, those associated with the government or the high officers of the army, but it seems certain that the German campaign has exerted a certain influence over the uneducated.

## Swiss to Limit Bread.

Berne, Switzerland—The Federal Council has chosen October 1 as the definite date when the bread card system will be introduced in Switzerland. The daily consumption will be limited for the time being to 250 grammes per person, plus 500 grammes of flour monthly. The council also took measures to reduce the coal consumption, especially through the conservation of electrical energy. Each canton is ordered to save coal by the early closing of moving picture and public establishments.

## "Command" is Used Again.

Petrograd—Lieutenant General Korniloff, commander-in-chief of the Russian army, has issued orders for a resumption of strict training for all the military forces, the free time of the soldiers to be devoted to gymnastics, drills and games, and for a cessation of all discussions. "Henceforth the only language in the army is command." This is significant, in view of abolition of the use of the word "command" since the revolution.

# PRESIDENT FIXES PRICES OF COAL

Dealers and Middlemen To Be Regulated Next.

## MINE COST IS BASIS

Washington State is Highest, Having Base Rate of \$3.25 Per Ton—U. S. Divided Into 29 Districts.

Washington, D. C.—Bituminous coal prices were fixed by President Wilson Tuesday night for every mine in the United States. The next step in coal control, a White House announcement said, will be to fix the prices to be charged by middlemen and retailers.

Prices were set on cost of production estimates furnished by the Federal Trade commission after months of exhaustive investigation. The country is divided into 29 districts, and every producer in a district will market his output at the same price.

The President named no agency to carry out the provisions of his order, but is expected to appoint soon a coal administrator, who will be given entire control of the coal industry. Rumor here has named President H. A. Garfield, of Williams college, as the man. Mr. Garfield now heads a committee named by the President to fix a government price for wheat. His work will end by September 1, when the wheat committee probably will be dissolved.

The prices named for run of mine coal in the large producing districts average slightly more than \$2. In a few districts they are below that figure, and in the Western territory they are higher. Washington state is highest, with \$3.25 at the mine. The price for Washington state prepared sizes is \$3.50 and for slack or screening \$3.

The President's statement said: "The scale of prices is prescribed for bituminous coal at the mine in the several coal-producing districts. It is subject to reconsideration when the whole method of administering the fuel supplies of the country shall have been satisfactorily organized and put into operation."

Subsequent measures will have as their object a fair and equitable control of the distribution of the supply and of prices not only at the mines, but also at the hands of the middlemen and retailers.

The prices fixed range from 20 to 35 per cent under the maximum price of \$3 fixed by government officials and operators at a conference here more than a month ago. The \$3 price agreement, however, did not hold, as many operators refused to abide by it after Secretary Baker, as the president of the Council of National Defense, repudiated it as too high. Prices recently have ranged far above the \$3 limit.

The fixing of prices was the "second step in the direction of coal control." The first was taken Monday when the President named Robert S. Lovett as director of transportation and approved an order issued by Mr. Lovett directing that coal shipments to the Middle Northwest be given preference over other goods.

## COUNCIL DENOUNCES ARREST

Spokane Laborites Demand Release of I. W. W. Prisoners.

Spokane, Wash.—Declaring its belief that the Industrial Workers of the World were justified in resorting to the strike as the only weapon at their command, the Spokane central labor body has made the following demands: That these men now in jail be released at once.

That Governor Lister be removed from position of public trust.

That Major Wilkins be at once relieved from his command.

That all men representing labor resign from the Council of Defense.

That a general strike of all industry be called until such time as may be necessary to insure "observation of the law."

## Austria Considers Peace.

Copenhagen—A telegram from the official Corr Bureau of Vienna seems to indicate that Austria-Hungary will accept the Pope's peace proposals. A summary of Austro-Hungarian press opinion circulated by the Corr Bureau says: "The newspapers regard the concrete proposal as a suitable basis for beginning peace negotiations, but doubt whether the entente shares this hope." In view of the well-known practices of the Corr Bureau, this may undoubtedly be regarded as the government's voice.

## Jam Made for Soldiers.

Tacoma, Wash.—The government's first contract for blackberry jam, to be given to the Puyallup and Sumner Fruitgrowers' association, was filled Wednesday. It consisted of 3600 cans to be distributed among the forts of the Northwest. That the government will follow England's example and supply jam to its soldiers is indicated by the fact that the cannery has just filed bids for 120,000 cans with the quartermaster department in Seattle.

# SHEEP'S CLOTHING

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

AUTHOR OF "THE LONE WOLF," "THE BRASS BOWL," ETC. COPYRIGHT BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

## CHAPTER XVI—Continued.

A key grated almost inaudibly in the lock. Lydia started; but before she could move the door swung open far enough to admit Craven, and was at once slammed behind him.

A pace or two from the wall the man pulled up and stared at his daughter, his face dark with temper.

Slowly Lydia rose and confronted him, hard eyes challenging his relentlessly.

"What's this," he demanded abruptly in an ugly voice, "what's this I hear about your bringing Peter Traft here in a taxi?"

"What does this mean," the girl retorted, "that you send me here to be locked up, as though I were a thief to be held for the police?"

He ignored, if he was sensible to, the stressed pronoun. "I want an answer to my question," he said threateningly. "I demand an answer to mine," she returned, unyielding.

With an impatient gesture Craven advanced as if meaning to seize her and enforce obedience. But halfway he paused, let his hand fall, with obvious effort relaxed; mustered a flickering and uncertain smile, meant to be ingratiating; moderated his tone. "Oh, come now!" he said in strained indulgence. "We can't go on forever quarreling, you and I, Liddy."

"I agree," she replied coolly. "Any explanation you can make—"

"It's all a mistake. Mrs. Ellsworth, a most zealous woman in—ah—our service, misinterpreted my message, believed it imperative you should be detained, and when you showed temper committed an unpardonable error. I'll see she apologizes; meantime I, your father, express my sincere regret."

Briefly Lydia analyzed words and tone, and found both hollow with insincerity. She shook her head wearily. "You're not telling me the truth. I've learned too well to know when you're inventing. If you mean what you say, if you wish to prove you didn't instruct that woman to lock me up, open that door and let me leave this house at once."

Craven sighed, shrugged tolerantly. "Very well," he urged. "I've no wish to detain you. Just one thing—and we'll go together. First be good enough to give me that puzzle box—"

"No!" Lydia cried out in a round full voice. "No!"

"What's that?" he said, incredulous. "I said no," Lydia told him. "I will not give you the puzzle box. It belongs to Mrs. Merrilees."

In a breath his face was suffused with blood. "So that's your style, is it?" he stormed, advancing. "Well, we'll have this out here and now, my lady! I'm your father—I order—I command you to hand over that box! Unless, of course, you prefer me to take it by force."

He had come within two feet, was menacing her with face and gestures of uncontrollable wrath. But she didn't yield a step.

"You can't," she said evenly. "What the devil's to prevent?"

"Because Mrs. Merrilees has it now." The man fell back as though she had rammed a shape of horror between them; stammering and aghast he jabbered repetition, "Mrs. Merrilees has it—now!"

Lydia affirmed with a nod. "You—you're not fooling me, Liddy?" asked Craven in a stricken voice.

"I'm telling you the truth, if you've the wit to recognize it," she said with the brutal intolerance of youth for age allied with depravity. "Sheer chance fooled you. My cab broke down at Fifty-fifth street. I walked two blocks north to get another at the Margrave—where Mrs. Merrilees wasn't stopping, and where you didn't mean to meet me after I'd called here—and by downright good luck found her with Mrs. Beggarstaff. So I gave her the necklace, and came on here—Mr. Traft escorting me, though not at my request."

"Good heavens!" said Craven again, his accents quivering. "Do you know what you're saying, Liddy?"

"I'm afraid—I know too well."

With an inarticulate groan Craven sank into a chair and buried his face in his hands. "You've ruined me!"

"I've saved you, you mean."

"You don't understand. What—" He looked up eagerly. "What did they say when you—when you gave back the necklace?"

"They were kind enough to say nothing, to pretend Mrs. Merrilees had instigated the smuggling swindle that you invented—to blind me. Even Mrs. Merrilees pretended, in the goodness of her heart. And I was deceived until—this Mrs. Ellsworth locked me in, and so gave me a chance to think from a true point of departure. Then I understood. I thought it all out—realized that you had stolen the necklace—that you were an associate of criminals—that I was the daughter of a common thief!"

Groaning, Craven covered his face again.

"Now," said the girl, "let me go. I don't know what action they mean to

take against you, but, as for me, I ask nothing better than to be permitted to go and forget you."

"You mean you won't appear against me?" he asked.

"Not if I can manage to lose myself—another name, perhaps—"

"It won't be necessary," Craven interrupted in a voice of chill despair. He rose, stood staring at her with eyes deep sunken in sockets that had been suddenly hollowed out by despair. "I'm done for!"

A certain simplicity in that declaration convinced and struck fear into a heart that had been impregnable to all other appeals.

"What do you mean? Father, what do you mean?"

"You remember the knave of diamonds—the knave of clubs? There's one more knave in the series—spades—and that spells—death!"

"Father!"

"It's an old story—too long to detail. The knaves are warnings. I haven't had spades yet; but I'll get it within six hours unless I produce the necklace to be sold and shared. And that's now removed forever beyond my reach!"

"Father!" the girl reiterated wittlessly. She caught the arm of a chair to steady herself, unconsciously sank into it, and sat staring and terrified.

"The trouble," said Craven in a broken voice, "the trouble is, I've always wanted to run straight—always. I guess every crook does, down deep. And when I saw a chance to marry money I shook Smith and Gordon. Only they wouldn't be shaken. And then I ran short, and to keep up appearances until after the marriage made up my mind to turn one last trick—the necklace—and then," he laughed bitterly, "virtue! But they were on the same job. And then you turned up. Otherwise I could have come through with the loot and saved myself. Now—"

He paused an instant, profoundly speculative. "I may have a chance yet for a getaway. They don't know where I am; though they may suspect. If only I can get an hour's lead out of town—"

The sound of sobbing disturbed him. What lies had conjured up—fear, disgust, contempt—the truth had exorcised: the rags and tatters of her childhood's love for him alone remained. Spent, broken in heart and spirit, humbled and torn with the horror his confession inspired, Lydia sat huddled in misery, racked with tearing sobs.

Craven moved to her side, touched her hair with hesitant fingers. "Well, well!" he said huskily. "We were fond of each other, weren't we, while it lasted, little girl? And your mother—I loved her. Well—well—"

He turned and without her knowledge gained the door; paused for a single, prolonged backward glance; shook his head uncertainly; shrugged; deftly inserted a key in the slit in the doorknob; and let himself softly out.

Only the muffled jar of the closing door made her understand that she was alone.

## CHAPTER XVII.

To the right of the hallway, as one entered, stood a conventional mahogany hat and coat rack, framing a mirror. On this Peter noticed the raincoat Craven had worn. His hat lay on the floor near the foot of the stairway. Immediately opposite the mirror an arch admitted to the drawing room, a room in darkness tempered by the glow from the hallway.

Just within the arch lay the body of Thaddeus Craven, supine, limp, with arms outstretched. Kneeling beside the body Quoin looked up at Mrs. Ellsworth and demanded in an irritable voice, "Light, please!"

The woman moved away into the gloom. A switch clicked sharply; the room was rendered brilliant by half a dozen sconces.

In this illumination the body of Craven wore an aspect even more terrible and repellent. Death conferred no majesty on his clay. The upturned face was deeply congested and hideous, with eyes bulging and glazed, with lips swollen, purple, and half parted.

Quoin bent an ear to the bosom, above the heart, sat up and felt for the pulse in a swollen red wrist, bent again to hold his ear close to the gaping lips. Then he got up and, looking from Mrs. Ellsworth to Peter, nodded sober refutation of any lingering doubt.

"Gone!" he said. "Not a flicker of heart or breath—a stroke of apoplexy—or something. I'm no doctor."

"How did it happen?"

"He was coming downstairs," Mrs. Ellsworth replied with difficulty. Quoin interrupted brusquely, "What was he doing upstairs, please?"

"His daughter—talking to her."

"She's up there now? Safe? Unmolested?"

"Locked in the sitting room—safe, yes."

"Doesn't know of this as yet—eh?"

"Go on. How did he come here, and why did he send his daughter on ahead?"

"If you please," the woman begged, "one moment. I am fearfully shocked."

"Take your time," Quoin consented. And while she turned away and, with a handkerchief pressed to her lips, struggled to recollect herself, the detective explained to Peter in an undertone, "Widow of one Ellsworth, in his day a world-known collector of stolen property—I mean a 'fence,' of course. Always lived most respectably—much as you see. Craven probably did a lot of business with him first and last, and afterward with Mrs. Ellsworth, who carried on the business in a smaller way, but quite as successfully, as far as keeping out of trouble was concerned. Feeling better, Mrs. Ellsworth?"

"Yes—thank you. Mr. Craven called up about half-past ten to say his daughter was coming to see me, bringing with her a valuable property—I have no idea what—and that I was to find some pretext to detain her until he followed. She got here about eleven in a taxicab with this gentleman. When she heard Mr. Craven was coming she refused to wait, and I had to lock her in the room to keep her. Mr. Traft—I'm sorry—I put off with a note ostensibly from her. When Mr. Craven came he went directly to the girl. While he was upstairs two men of my acquaintance came to the basement door, and I let them in."

"Southpaw Smith and Colonel Gordon?"

"Yes. Mr. Craven had—business relations with them, I believe. They forced their way upstairs, declaring they must see him. When he came down they were waiting for him in here—in shadow. Smith stepped out and said something to him in a low tone—I didn't hear. Mr. Craven shook his head and made an inaudible reply. Smith lost his temper at that, and said aloud, 'You lie! Permit me to present you with this token of our esteem.'"

"And that was—" Quoin prompted.

"This," said the woman, pointing down to Craven's clenched right hand.

With an exclamation of surprise Quoin bent over and, after some difficulty with the stiffening fingers, stood up, exhibiting a knave of spades.

"And then?"

"Nothing. They went away, Smith and Gordon, by the basement."

"There was a quarrel—blows were struck?"

"No. Mr. Craven said something to this effect, 'If that is your decision, very well—so be it!' Smith merely laughed unpleasantly, called Gordon, and turned down the basement stairs. Afterward I heard the gate slam as they left."

"And Craven—"

"He stood looking at the card, swaying and mumbling to himself. I wondered if he had been drinking. Then I noticed he was holding one hand to his side, as though his heart was paining him. I was alarmed, and asked if I could do anything. He looked at me as if he didn't know me, took a step or two this way, and suddenly fell as if he had been shot. And immediately I telephoned for a doctor—"

"I understand, Mrs. Ellsworth." For an instant Quoin contemplated the knave of spades, frowning thoughtfully. "Odd," he mused, looking up at Traft, "odd how these things run. It's not a month now since an Italian in a low coffee house up on One Hundred and Tenth street left his chair for a minute, with his hat on it by way of reservation. When he returned and picked up the hat there was a playing card beneath it—the death card—in his case the four of hearts. Five minutes later he was shot dead where he sat. It only goes to show how the criminal imagination inclines to melodrama—give your victim warning, so that he may die a dozen imaginary deaths before you kill him. In this case Craven's heart spoiled their fun; but the chances are he would never have got back to his hotel alive."

He paused, looked pityingly down at the dead man, sighed, "Well—poor devil!" then, unfolding a handkerchief, placed it gently over the livid and distorted mask. "Better not move him till the doctor comes; though I fancy we can save you the trouble of an inquest, Mrs. Ellsworth. And we'll do our best to keep it out of the papers. We'd better draw the portieres while Peter gets Miss Craven out of the house. Yes, that's your job, Peter; but better not tell her anything until you get her away. Take her to Mrs. Beggarstaff—don't you think?"

"Yes," agreed Peter, "for a few days or weeks—as long as she needs to get over it."

"And then?" asked Quoin curiously.

"Why," said Peter in surprise, "didn't you know we were going to be married?"

## (THE END.)

## Prophetic.

Sir Hubert Herkomer, the well-known artist, used to tell an amusing story of a London art dealer. This man had two beautiful reproductions of the painting "The Approaching Storm."

One of these pictures he placed in the show window, but it did not sell. At length, in order to draw attention to the picture, he put a card on it on which he printed the words, "The Approaching Storm, especially suitable for a wedding present."

## Alkali Salts.

Alkali salts follow water when the course is downward and flowing to lower levels, but as well it rises to the surface by capillarity, and when the water evaporates the salts remain fixed and we see the alkali on the surface.