

ENGLISH MARINES TAKE CARE OF OSTEND



Ostend, the Belgian seaport and fashionable resort, has been protected by a large force of British marines, here shown marching through the streets. Above is seen the British airship Beta hovering over Ostend on the watch for the enemy.

JAPANESE STOP ATTACK IN NIGHT

German Loss Is 48 Men, While Japs Lose Only Five.

Inlanders Proceed Without Further Diplomatic Controversy; Consul Instructed to Leave.

Tokio—It is officially announced that German infantry at Tsing Tau delivered a night attack Monday against the Japanese, but were repulsed. The Germans had 48 killed and the Japanese five killed and eight wounded. The cannonading on land and sea in the vicinity of Tsing Tau continues. Four Japanese shells hit the German boat Itis, which retired into the inner harbor after an exchange of shots.

Pekin—Without further diplomatic controversy, the Japanese are proceeding along the railway to Tsi Nan. Their troops at Kei Hsien, who occupied the station there, have been reinforced. The Chinese have not withdrawn from the line, but are not opposing the Japanese march.

One Chinese was killed by the Japanese when they took over the Kei Hsien station.

The Chinese foreign office proposed to Japan that China assume control of the railway line which is owned by Germans, expel all German employees from the district and guarantee that there will be no further transfer of the road until the war is ended. The Japanese have contended that it was necessary for them to occupy the railroad, as otherwise it would be used by the Germans for the transportation of war supplies for Tsing Tau.

The American State department, upon the advice of the American minister to China, Dr. Paul Samuel Reinsach, who arrived in Peking Wednesday, has instructed Willys R. Peck, the American consul at Tsing Tau, to withdraw from the Kiau Chau district. The legation sent the message by wireless.

Fifty Thousand Irishmen Enlist in English Army

Dublin—The number of new recruits for the British army obtained in Ireland amounts to about 26,000. More than 8000 of these are the Dublin district, 4000 from Cork district and the remainder from Belfast.

Many of the southern recruits belong to football and athletic club classes. There is not such a rush to join the colors from the agricultural districts as was expected, as there is a lack of men of available age. Emigration has left Ireland with a much greater population of the old and real young men than there is in England, while she already has a much larger proportion of men in the army than has England.

John Redmond and his colleagues are addressing recruiting meetings in various parts of Ireland, and their appeals are expected to be fruitful.

Man Is Killed by Slap.

Dixon, Ill.—James Sinn, a druggist, of Morrison, and manager of the Morrison baseball team, was held to the Whiteside county grand jury a few days ago for murder. During the ball game between the Morrison and Charlotte, Ill., teams, Dorey Palmer, who was intoxicated, mistreated a young son of Sinn's and Sinn slapped him with his open hand, fracturing his windpipe. Palmer fell from the seats to the ground and lay there during the 13-inning game. His death was discovered at the close of the game.

German Ships Captured.

London—The admiralty announces that the British cruiser Cumberland has captured off the Cameroons river in West Africa the Hamburg-American liner Armfried and the following merchant steamers: The Max, Koenigs, Amsinck, Paul Woermann, Eran Woermann, Henrietta Woermann, Aline Woermann, Hans Woermann and the Janete Woermann. All were in good order and most of them contained general cargoes and considerable quantities of coal. The European crews have been removed as prisoners.

European War Hurts Republic of Panama, Too

Panama—Like nearly all the Central and West Coast South American countries, Panama is suffering from the effects of the European conflict. The situation here is aggravated, it is declared, by a lack of financial surplus, and it has been found necessary to propose the discharge of many government employees and the stoppage of practically all of the public work.

There is no immediate possibility of securing additional revenue from import duties. Under treaty agreements with the United States the republic cannot increase duties beyond the 15 per cent which is already imposed. Ever since the outbreak of the European war imports have steadily declined, those from Europe having almost disappeared, while imports from the United States and other neutral countries have not increased sufficiently to make up the deficit.

Recently Ernesto T. Lefevre, secretary of foreign affairs and one of the president's trusted advisers, stated that a general reduction of government salaries was in contemplation. This, however, he said, cannot be done without the sanction of the national assembly. A measure is said to be in preparation for this purpose.

Considerable dissatisfaction is manifested in commercial circles over the determination of the administration to carry to completion the proposed National exposition. It is pointed out that the immediate abandonment of this project would materially aid in straightening out the country's finances and probably would make unnecessary the borrowing of a considerable sum at high interest.

English Aid Belgians in Defending City of Antwerp

London—The Morning Post's English correspondent in Antwerp makes the following statement: "The Belgian field artillery is co-operating effectively with our heavy artillery. Our infantry is entrenched on the narrow bank of the Nethe, opposite the main German forces. Two German attempts to cross the river have been smothered by our artillery."

The dispatch is the first intimation that English forces have gone to Antwerp and are co-operating with the Belgians in the defense of that city.

A dispatch to the Central News from Antwerp says: "The Germans have been repulsed. They asked for a two-hour armistice to bury their dead but Belgians refused to comply."

"The Belgians have destroyed all the bridges over the river Nethe. The Germans unsuccessfully attempted to rebuild the bridges."

A dispatch to the Exchange Telegraph from the Hague says: "Refugees arriving here from Antwerp say that the position of the Belgians there is excellent and that the German advance has been steadily checked. The forts are admirably resisting the heavy German artillery fire."

Mine Is Thought Wine.

Rome—Details of the destruction of a fishing boat off Rimini by a floating mine show that the fishermen mistook the mine for a wine cask, which they sought to recover. Throwing out a line, they drew the supposed cask to land and when it touched their craft an explosion occurred. The boat was blown to pieces and all the nine men were killed. Members of other fishing crews in the vicinity were wounded by flying splinters. Experts say that the position of the Belgians there is excellent and that the German advance has been steadily checked. The forts are admirably resisting the heavy German artillery fire."

100,000 Horses Wanted.

St. Louis—An order for 4500 cavalry horses and mules was placed with local dealers by representatives of the French government here. This was the largest order for army horses received here since the Boer war. This order, which is to be filled within the next ten days, will cost France approximately \$750,000. Representatives of the French government, who made the purchase, declared they would remain here six weeks and were authorized to buy 100,000 horses at an expenditure of about \$12,000,000.

Lipton Hospital Ship at Harre.

Harre—Sir Thomas Lipton's yacht Erin, which has been transformed into a hospital ship, has arrived here. On board the Erin were the Duchess of Westminster and several nurses.

GERMAN WINGS TURNING BACK

Entrenched Center Firm--Long Battle Still Undecided.

French Military Men Expect Important Move by Foe Soon--Inlanders Pushing North.

Paris—Thursday was the 19th day of continued hard fighting along the 150-mile front from the Somme to the Meuse and yet there is no definite indication that the historic battle is nearing a finish.

There are, however, evidences that the Germans are receding before a forcible and sustained pushing from the allied armies, especially on their western and eastern wings, while the center, where the Germans are more strongly entrenched than at any other point with heavy artillery, remains almost stationary.

It is generally concluded by French military men that some important move must soon be made by the Germans, who have found it impossible to stem the advance of the allies, though they offered the sternest and most desperate resistance, sacrificing thousands of men daily.

The German wings appear to be folding back on the center, leaving them some loophole for a backward movement by way of Rethel.

The Germans' main supply base at Juniville, which is protected by heavy masses of troops, as it is absolutely essential that this place shall be held for the revictualing of the German armies in Northeastern France, appears to be placed in a somewhat precarious situation with its single line of railroad.

"Crush English," Says Kaiser.

London—The Times Thursday says that it is able to give from a thoroughly trustworthy source the text of an order issued by Emperor William to his army on August 19. It follows: "It is my royal and imperial command that you concentrate your energies for the immediate present upon the single purpose, and that is that you address all your skill and all the valor of my soldiers to exterminate first the treacherous English and walk over General French's contemptible little army."

\$10,000 Resort Destroyed.

Aberdeen, Wash.—The Pacific Beach hotel, located at Pacific Beach, a fashionable summer resort, 15 miles west of here, owned by Carl Cooper, was burned to the ground Sunday morning, with a loss of approximately \$10,000. The place was insured to the amount of \$7500. The fire, which started soon after 6 a. m. in the second story of the building, enveloped the entire hotel in flames within a few minutes. Mrs. Sterling, of Walla Walla, fainted in an upper corridor. Carl Cooper, however, picked her up and carried her out.

Prince Adalbert Lives.

Berlin—Stories appearing in the foreign press asserting that Prince Adalbert, the third son of Emperor William, had died in Brussels, are declared to be untrue. Prince Adalbert is in the naval service, and when last heard of was acting as navigation officer aboard the dreadnaught Prussia. Prince Joachim has been wounded and Prince Oscar suffered an attack of heart trouble, but, beyond that, it is said that all members of the imperial family are well.

\$2,000,000 Left Suffrage.

New York—The residue of the estate of the late Baroness De Baux, formerly Mrs. Frank Leslie, has been bequeathed to the cause of woman suffrage. It was learned here. The estate has been estimated at \$2,000,000. Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, president of the International Woman Suffrage Alliance, said that she had been informed that she had been named as recipient of the residue, but had not been informed yet as to the amount of the sum.

General Carranza Resigns, But Is Requested to Stay

Mexico City—Shortly before midnight Monday the delegates to the general conference of southern delegates rejected by an almost unanimous vote the resignation of General Venustiano Carranza as first chief of the Constitutionals. The resignation was laid before the convention early and the vote followed, a heated debate. A committee was sent to the National Palace to ask General Carranza to accept once more supreme power.

The entrance of General Carranza into the conference chamber in the early evening for the purpose of tendering his resignation was dramatic. After the packed galleries and floors had waited nearly an hour the first chief entered, accompanied by his staff. All those present arose and applauded.

Without introduction General Carranza began reading the text of his resignation in a low voice, often stopping because overcome by emotion. When he concluded he immediately

AMMUNITION FOR RUSSIANS



Cart load of ammunition for the Russian troops, guarded by a squad of soldiers.

left the chamber amidst applause. As he passed out he was embraced by many generals.

When the delegates once more had seated themselves the chairman of the conference was besieged with appeals for recognition. Luis Cabrera took the floor and in an eloquent address cautioned the delegates not to accept the resignation unless they were ready to designate a successor.

Cabrera was followed by General Obregon and many others. The debate became so violent that it was necessary for the chief of police to caution the orators against the expression of personalities. General Eduardo Hay, General Carranza's chief of staff, informed the press that whether the resignation was accepted or not, he, with General Obregon and other delegates, would meet at Aguas Calientes with a peace commission named by General Villa.

France Pays War Toll of \$420,000,000 in 60 Days

Paris—The war is costing France \$7,000,000 a day. Minister of Finance Alexandre Ribot announced that the outlay for the first 60 days of the conflict had been \$420,000,000.

M. Ribot gives an interview to the Temps on the situation in the Bank of France. He says that on October 1 the bank had \$812,400,000 in cash, which was \$63,800,000 more than it had on the eve of the war. "Loans and discounts," the minister of finance said, "are \$895,200,000, an increase during the last week of \$17,500,000."

"The advances made to the government on October 1, after two months of the war, reached \$420,000,000. The credit balance on the same date in the treasury was \$59,200,000, and therefore we are far from having exhausted the amount provided by our convention with the bank."

"The total bank bills in circulation October 1 was \$1,845,800,000, this being \$37,400,000 less than it preceded. This is explained by an increase in the deposits which on October 1 reached \$435,400,000, an increase of \$41,800,000 over the preceding week, and it can be seen that France is far from having exhausted her reserves and that when the hour comes she will find the money for a new loan, which at present is unnecessary."

Duke Spares French Art.

Paris—Duke Ernst Gunther, of Schleswig-Holstein, brother-in-law of the German emperor, with other Germans recently visited Pierrefonds, a French town where Clement Bayard, a Paris manufacturer, has a home. Entering M. Bayard's house, the Duke left for the manufacturer an autograph note reading: "I restore your home with its beautiful objects of art in the same state as I found them, without breaking or damaging, as the servants can testify. You see the Germans are not barbarians, as has been charged."

Lassen Shoots Fireballs.

Chico, Cal.—Balls of fire and flaming fire were seen spouting from the craters of Lassen Peak. These fireballs are superheated boulders torn loose from the throat of the crater and shot upward by explosions of steam. The streams of one mountain are bringing down so much grit, ash and slime that the irrigation ditches in the valleys are becoming choked and fields are being overlaid. Ranchers have petitioned the government to build catch basins on Hat and Lost creeks, 30 miles from the mountain.

Girl Bomb Victim Knits.

Paris—A visitor who went to see Denise Cartier, the 13-year-old girl who was injured by a bomb dropped by a German aeroplane two weeks ago, found her knitting jerseys for the soldiers. Surgeons had amputated one leg above the knee. She said with unaffected courage: "If I have been courageous, I am sure any French child would have been the same. I am content to lose my leg for France."

The Governor's Lady A Novelization of Alice Bradley's Play By GERTRUDE STEVENSON Illustrations from Photographs of the Stage Production

CHAPTER I

Daniel Slade sat reading the evening newspaper in the handsomely appointed library of his spacious home. To all intents he was a man at peace with the world. He had money and power. He had advanced from a penniless miner to a millionaire figure in the business world. At fifty he was the fruit of a well-spent, energetic life. Handsome and immaculate in his perfectly tailored evening clothes, he fitted into the beautiful room with its rich tapestries and oriental rugs with all the ease and naturalness of a man born to culture and wealth.

Every now and then his eyes wandered from his newspaper to the figure of his wife sitting at the other side of the richly carved table. The tiny, unimposing little woman in her badly cut, dun-colored gown was the one incongruous detail in the room. She was like a shabby little prairie flower suddenly transplanted to a conservatory where brilliant orchids and lovely roses bloomed all about her, her faint little fragrance overpowered by their heavy sweetness—her delicate loveliness completely submerged by very contrast with the radiant beauty of her surroundings.

Slade's critical eyes, the dowdy little figure, with the work basket in her lap and her head bent over the stocking she was contentedly darning, was an actual eyesore. He had fitted up a magnificent home that would have made a perfect setting for a princess, and his wife's appearance had not changed a particle from the days when they lived in a tumble-down cottage and he worked in the mines in his shirt-sleeves. With the getting of vast amounts of money he had not acquired a sense of manners and tastes that at times failed to conceal the rough and brutal instincts of the real man. His social horizon was enlarging, but within it his wife seemed to find no place. He wanted, beyond this and everything, to climb the political tree and pick the fruits thereof. His wife seemed not to know that there was such a thing as a political tree to climb. With herself, her husband and her work she was contented and happy.

The wives of other men of his position were social queens noted for their beautiful gowns, their entertaining and their clever wit. He alone was shackled to a woman he would have been ashamed to introduce to his friends. Only he was tied to a wife he could not force either by pleading or argument to enter into the life which meant so much to him. Tonight as he rehearsed in his mind his many unsuccessful efforts to make Mary advance and take an interest in his life as it was now, rebellion surged in his heart. He had struggled year after year to attain his present standing, his present position in the world, and Mary, the one loved thing of his life, insisted on hanging like a millstone around his neck.

Why, oh, why, couldn't the woman progress? Why hadn't she developed as he had done? Why was she complacently sitting there satisfied to remain just as she had been twenty

washing. She was heart-broken because she couldn't personally superintend the making of Dan's coffee. Her life was incomplete because a hired cook made the bread that was served on the table and because Dan never seemed to miss the evenly brown loaves that had been her especial pride in the old days. Mary Slade was as commonplace as a cup of boiled tea. She was a plain, ordinary, everyday woman, who loved a simple, unpretentious life, with the neighbors dropping in for a word or two, exchanging recipes for muffins and debating the proper way to season a stew. There was neither charm nor comfort for her in the vista of rooms opened out from the spacious library. The brocade chairs were straight and didn't rock. They were high-backed and stilted compared to her own low-seated little rocker in the cottage. When she sat back in them, stiffly and awkwardly, her feet didn't even reach the floor, but dangled restlessly above the priceless rug that was one of her husband's newest purchases. All big crises in life are the results of trifles. It took the merest incident to crystallize Slade's thought into action. Mary had picked a portion of the paper after it had dropped from her husband's hands. She started to read the printed page with all the serious importance of a little child trying to do something very big and grown-up. Suddenly her eyes lighted with pleasure and a tender smile of pride and delight illuminated her features. In turning the pages she had suddenly discovered a picture of her husband, under which she read a simple but significant line: "Daniel S. Slade, a Possible Governor."

"Oh, Dan," she cried, happily, "Isn't this a fine picture of you. I could almost imagine it was going to speak to me."

Then she paused a little wistfully and doubtfully before she asked: "But do you really want to be governor?"

"Want to be?" Slade caught his breath as he repeated her question.

Want to be—when every aim and ambition the last few years had been made in the one direction, toward the one longed-for goal—political power! Want to be—when years before he had turned his eyes on the governor's chair and had been battling grimly, silently, persistently toward that end ever since! Want to be—when that was his one ambition, the one thing he had yet to achieve!

He sighed wearily to himself. That Mary could ask that question was the best proof of how irrevocably they had drifted apart. Living in the same house with him, eating at the same table, day after day at his side, the little woman knew no more of his real self or his ambitions than the merest stranger.

"It's a nice story about yer, Dan," Mary went on, all unconscious of the struggle going on just a few feet away from her—the struggle between the heart of a man that calls out to the companion of his youth, the sharer of his joys and struggles and the brain of a man that demands the glory of power and the fulfillment of ambition.

"But, Dan," questioned Mary's gentle little voice, "who's the Governor's Lady?"

"His wife, of course," snapped Slade. "What does it say about you?"

He reached over and took the paper from her hands, leaned forward eagerly toward the light and frowned as he read: "Should Daniel S. Slade, the examiner, ex-town marshal, ex-sheriff, ex-United States marshal, ex-land boomer and multimillionaire, arrive, it will be interesting to see the governor's lady dusting the gubernatorial chair—probably the only occupation congenial to this kind-hearted and plain little woman."

Slade repeated mockingly, cut to the quick by this public allusion to his wife's plainness and lack of social graces. "That simple little phrase, stinging as it was brief, was as a match flame to dry timber. It was all that was necessary to bring the hot rage surging through him to the boiling point. The sweetness of the little woman's expression, the tenderness of her eyes whenever they rested upon him, the plaintive softness of her voice meant nothing to him then. Through angry eyes he saw only the lack of smartness in her sallow brown dress, only the note of absurdity she struck amid the exquisite surroundings of the room he had furnished for her. He thought of nothing but the sorry spectacle she would make at a brilliant dinner or smart function where beautiful women in fashionable chiffons chatted freely and easily of men and things in the progress of the nation.

"This is some of Wesley Merritt's tin-horn tooting writing!" growled Slade. "D—n his dirty work!" As her husband muttered to himself, Mary had calmly resumed her endless mending of socks, long years of thrift and saving making it impossible for her to throw away even a well-worn pair in spite of the fact that the need for repairing had long since passed. Slade found himself looking at the little woman who had been his wife for twenty years, through lean years and hard years, as faithful and patient then as later, when success first began to come his way, very much as the right kind of people—otherwise he might have scrutinized an entire stranger. For a moment the tragedy of their present state caught at his soul, and he felt the infinite pathos of the woman's predicament. A softer note came into his voice as he asked slowly: "Mary, haven't you got any clothes. Mary? Haven't you any of the things other women wear at night—silk or lace or ruffles or—whatever they are?"

"Yes, I've got 'em," Mary replied, indifferently, "but it's too cold to wear 'em, and those silk stockings you told me to buy—I can't wear them, either—they tickle my toes. Satin slippers made me uncomfortable, and—" she finished with a bubbling little laugh, "I guess I wasn't made for those things, Dan, dear. I'm too much of a home body."

Her very self-satisfied complacency nettled her questioner. The very sight of the darling needle in her fingers maddened him.

"Good God, Mary," he exclaimed, "can't you ever stop this endless mending? Haven't I begged you, day and night, not to mend my socks. I won't wear socks all over darns—they're uncomfortable."

Just a suggestion of a smile played around Mary Slade's sweet mouth as she answered: "They're yours, Dan. It's the only thing left that I can do for you—now. I can't bear to see strangers touch your things—" and her voice trailed off in a wistful sigh, a sigh which might on any other occasion have made its appeal to her earnest-faced man now gazing at her so grimly.

The lightness of her tone showed how little she realized the seriousness



"This is some of Wesley Merritt's Tin-Horn Tooting Writing."

of the situation—how little she understood how inadequately she was filling her position as his wife. She loved her husband with the devotion of a slave and the reverence of a worshiper at a shrine, but, like many another good woman, she wanted to show her affection in her own way and not in his. Because she wanted to do for him with her hands, she turned a deaf ear to his pleas that she use her head. She wanted her husband to be happy and comfortable, but she wanted to make him happy and comfortable according to her own ideas of what ought to make a man satisfied. She had seen him rise gradually at first and then by leaps and bounds. Now that he had become wealthy and successful she wanted to decide for him that he ought to let well enough alone. To her it seemed foolish to bother about being governor, absurd for him to fret about the way she dressed and did things.

So, for awhile they sat in silence and the fire dying down left the room chilly, so chilly that Mary started up to get a shawl. Halfway to the door, she was pretemporarily called back by her husband, who, ringing for a maid, dispatched her for the wrap, while Mary, humiliated and with something of the air of a martyr, went sighing back to the big, uncomfortable chair to resume the mending that was such an irritation to her husband.

"Why can't you learn to be unkind on, Mary?" her husband asked, not waiting. "Other women do."

"I'm slow—slow and old-fashioned," the woman answered, quietly, but with an air which plainly showed that she was perfectly satisfied with herself and that she thought he ought to be. "I've never been with women who knew how to do these things. You didn't know any such people until lately. I don't want to know them," she concluded with an engagingly confident smile.

"But I can't go everywhere always alone," Slade expostulated. "A man's wife ought to go with him and meet the right kind of people—otherwise he's an outsider. What do you think I built this house for? I don't work in the mines any longer with my hands. I've got to use my head. I don't drink. I don't smoke. I don't dissipate—keep yachts and horses—or women. A man's got to do something. I'm going into public life, and I want to entertain here. You'd have me sit back and take it easy and—rust?"

"You deserve everything you've got, Dan," answered Mrs. Slade, inconspicuously, entirely losing the point of his tirade. "You struggled like a dog. Nobody knows, only you and me. We've been through it together."

"Well," demanded Slade eagerly and hopefully, "why don't you march along with me then, Mary?"

His wife turned to him earnestly. For a moment Dan Slade thought the woman he loved was about to rise to the occasion.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Humor.

Once upon a time in the Adirondacks, or the Maine woods, or where you will, a deer was accosted by a hunter.

"Can you direct me to my hotel?" asked the latter civilly. The deer died laughing.

"Pardon my discourtesy, but the humor of me being mistaken for a guide is too much!" protested the beast with its last breath.

It is not always easy for a rube to work both ways without hardship.—Puck.

Certain of it.

Sandy was being entertained at a Soho restaurant, London, and the dinner consisted of rich and fanciful dishes.

"Well," he was asked, "what will you have next?"

"Ah!" replied Sandy, thoughtfully. "I think I'll hev indigestion!"