

SAVING A RUBENS MASTERPIECE



Removing the "Assumption of the Virgin" from Antwerp cathedral for the purpose of hiding it in a cellar to save it from the vandalism of German raiders.

ANTWERP LEVY IS \$100,000,000

Germans Make Big Demand for War Indemnity.

Commanding General Tells Citizens His Forces Have Entered City as Conquerors.

London—Germany has imposed a fine of \$20,000,000 (\$100,000,000) on Antwerp as a war indemnity. The population of Antwerp is about 292,000. The levy, therefore, is approximately \$342 per capita. A dispatch to the Reuter Telegram company from Amsterdam says that General von Beseler, commander of the German troops that captured Antwerp, has issued the following proclamation: "To the inhabitants of Antwerp: The German army has entered your city as conquerors. No citizen shall be harmed and your property shall be spared if you refrain from hostile acts. All refractions will be punished according to the law of war and may lead to the demolition of your beautiful city."

The Hague correspondent of the Exchange Telegraph company says that Prince August Wilhelm, the fourth son of the emperor, was among the first to penetrate the fortifications of Antwerp. He sent an enthusiastic message to the emperor, who replied, bestowing the Iron Cross on the prince and General Beseler. According to a report received here from The Hague, Baron von der Schuetz has been appointed governor of Antwerp and has notified the Belgian refugees in Holland that they may return unmolested with all guarantees for their safety. It is said that the German soldiers are active in mastering the fires. The Germans agreed in the terms of capitulation not to disarm the civic guards or make prisoners of males between the ages of 18 and 30 years.

Berlin—The German official report on the capture of Antwerp says: "The first shot was fired on September 30 against the outer line of forts. On October 1 the first forts were taken by assault. The river Nethe was crossed by the German infantry and artillery on October 6 and 7. On October 7 Antwerp was notified that a bombardment was imminent and this was begun at 12:40 o'clock in the morning of October 8. Simultaneously an attack was made on the inner forts."

Japanese Report Advance.

Tokyo—The following statement relative to Japanese operations at Tsingtau, seat of government of the German concession of Kiau Chow was given out here Monday: "The German forts, warships and aeroplanes are trying vainly to arrest the Japanese advance. We are sustaining no damage. Japanese warships have silenced Itia fort and driven a warship out of range of their guns. Our aviators answered an unsuccessful attack by German airmen on Japanese mine draggers by flying over Tsingtau and dropping bombs."

Tars Fear Mines and Quil.

London—A message to the Weekly Dispatch from Chiasso, Switzerland, says: "The crews refuse to work on vessels of the Adriatic because of the fear of floating mines. Americans who spent a night on board the Sardegna, bound for Alexandria, are indignant, as the Italian government offered a torpedo boat to convey their steamer to Ancona, and the shipping company had promised compensation in the event of disaster. All passages have been recalled and traffic in the Adriatic is again at a standstill."

Turks Active in Syria.

Paris—A dispatch to the Havas agency from Athens says: "The newspapers here say it is announced from an authoritative source that the Turks are showing much energy in Syria, Palestine and North Arabia, where they are concentrating troops at several points and fortifying important ports on the coast and on routes to the interior."

Breadstuff Rise Halted.

Venice—The repeated efforts of the Austrian government finally have persuaded the Hungarian cabinet to consent to a suspension of the import duties on grain, but as a partial concession to the Hungarian agrarian interests, it is understood the government will not attempt to fix any scale of maximum prices for the grain market. The spirit manufacturers have been forbidden to use corn and potatoes. It is hoped that these measures will tend to prevent a further increase in the price of breadstuffs.

Germany Is Overjoyed.

Rome—Dispatches from Berlin say that the capitulation of Antwerp has caused unprecedented enthusiasm throughout Germany, where the general opinion is that the fall of the Belgian city marks the beginning of the end. Everywhere there are signs of great rejoicing. Flags have been raised and demonstrations parade the streets, acclaiming the army.

Germany Is Preparing to Attack Great Britain

Amsterdam—Reports are current in Berlin that the Krupp have completed enormously heavy guns of a calibre and range never before attempted and that a large fleet of Zeppelins is being collected near Kiel awaiting a favorable opportunity to sail for England, according to the statements of a British newspaper man who has just returned from Berlin to Amsterdam.

Artillery officers assured this correspondent that the new Krupp guns have a range of about 25 miles and probably are destined for use at some channel port in event the Germans secure a foothold there. He also says that the aeroplane factories in Germany are working day and night supplying machines and that 200 aviators are qualifying for military service every week.

"The British are more hated than either the French or Russians," he said. "The Germans would rather capture one Englishman than 20 others. In Germany England is blamed for it all, rightly or wrongly. She is accused of being at the bottom of this war. Neither officers nor men of the German army seem to have much regard for the British army as a fighting machine, but they freely admire the pluck of the British officers and the rapid range-finding abilities of British artillery."

"Judging from what I saw in Berlin, that city at this moment holds another five or six army corps of able-bodied young men attached either to the first or second reserve or to the landsturm. The same proportionately may be said of all the other German cities. Everywhere there is struck by the boundless enthusiasm for war."

World's Baseball Series Won by Boston Braves

Boston—The Boston National league club completed the most remarkable record in modern professional baseball by defeating the Philadelphia Americans in the fourth and final game of the world's series at Fenway Park Tuesday by a score of 3 to 1.

Beginning with their rush from last place in the senior league in the middle of July, the Braves have broken traditions and records in the National sport with speed and abandon during the last three months. They emerged late in the afternoon champions of the universe, leaving a trail of startling surprises and upsets in their wake which it will be hard to duplicate in years to come.

Last and far from the least of their accomplishments was the overthrow in four consecutive games of the world famous baseball machine of Connie Mack, with its hundred thousand dollar infield, home-run heroes and corps of skillfully blended veteran and youthful pitching stars. To the victors belong the spoils and the credit, and unexpected as was the crushing defeat, the Mackmen took it in sportsmanlike spirit, praising the winners and offering no excuses for their failure to hold their national league rivals in check. In fact, none are available, for the Bostonians and the Bostonians out-played and out-gamed their more experienced opponents in every game and department of play. The best that could be said of the Athletics by their warmest admirers was that the team, neither collectively nor as individuals, appeared to get going in the form shown in previous world series.

Fraud Convictions Stand.

San Francisco—The United States Circuit Court of Appeals denied an appeal of Charles E. Houston and John H. Bullock from their sentence in 1912 to a year in prison and fines of \$2000 each on conviction of conspiracy to defraud the government in the sale of coal. The appeal was made on technical grounds which were upheld in one dissenting opinion. Houston and Bullock were found guilty in the Federal courts in Washington of having combined to exact exorbitant prices for coal delivered to army officials in Seattle in 1908. Between them Houston and Bullock obtained \$92,941 on checks signed by Quartermaster J. E. Baxter. The government charged that they had stifled all bidding and that the moneys obtained were far in excess of a reasonable price for the coal.

Return of Belgians Up.

Berlin—Negotiations are in progress between The Netherlands and Germany for the return of Belgian refugees in The Netherlands. Permission has already been given for the return of women. A question has arisen, however, concerning the military age of Belgian males. Many of the Belgian men in Holland are said to be soldiers who donned civilian attire before crossing the frontier. These refugees are becoming a burden to Holland. The German government recognizes this and is trying to solve the problem. A conference was held between the German envoy to the Netherlands and the Dutch minister of the interior.

Teutons Fortify Belgium.

London—"The German positions in Belgium are equal to those on the Aisne," says a Central News dispatch from Ostend. "In addition to Antwerp they have prepared reinforced concrete works heavily mounted with guns, extending from a point east of Louvain to a place north of Vilvorde, on through Alost and thence south to a point southeast of Brussels. There is also a continuous line of fortifications from Liege through Namur and Mons to Valenciennes. Thus, should the Germans be beaten, they would be protected."

Mrs. Wilson Memorial Up.

Washington, D. C.—A movement to build a memorial to Mrs. Woodrow Wilson in the form of a model block of sanitary houses in the slum district of Washington has been started by Mrs. Archibald Hopkins, who interested Mrs. Wilson in slum work here; Mrs. Ernest Bickwell, wife of the director of the American Red Cross, and other prominent women. The plan is to raise money for the block by subscriptions from the women of the country and to call it the "Ellen Wilson Memorial Block."

NEWS NOTES OF CURRENT WEEK

Resume of World's Important Events Told in Brief.

Twenty-seven cases of cholera are reported in Vienna. At the fall of Antwerp 20,000 troops were made prisoners. A German submarine is responsible for the sinking of a Russian cruiser, together with 568 men. Ferdinand, nephew of the late King Charles, of Roumania, has ascended to the throne of that country.

It is claimed that Italy has spent \$1,000,000 a day since the war began in preparing her army for war. The Boers, subjects of Great Britain, are said to be in revolt and wish to establish their own republic. It is reported from Petrograd that Germany has ordered all officers and men, regardless of age, to the colors. The Boston "Braves" won the world's series from the Philadelphia Athletics by taking four straight games.

Governor Hunt, of Arizona, has ordered the State Guards to prepare to protect the territory along the Mexican border. The 22 men charged with murdering Archduke Francis Ferdinand and his organic wife, which is said to have started the European war, are on trial in Austria.

Six hundred wounded Frenchmen, returning from the front, were killed in a railroad wreck when the train was precipitated from a trestle into the Marne river. "It is stated that the Germans lost 45,000 men during the attack on the fortresses Waelhem and Wavre-St. Catherine at Antwerp," says a Central News dispatch from Amsterdam.

The return for last week issued by the Reichsbank of Berlin shows an increase of 544,000,000 marks (\$136,000,000) in specie notes, while circulation shows a decrease of 292,000,000 marks (\$73,000,000). The following official statement was given out at Paris: "There is nothing in particular to report. Violent attacks have occurred along the front. We have gained ground at some points and we have not lost at any place."

In a dispatch from Rome, the correspondent of the Central News says that Montenegrin troops are now only eight hours' march from Ragusa, the Austro-Hungarian seaport in Dalmatia, the fall of which is believed to be imminent. The London Daily Mail's Amsterdam correspondent says Berlin newspapers are distributing posters announcing that the civil population is leaving Belfort, a fortified French town in the so-called territory of Belfort, in fear of a bombardment.

The French embassy at Rome has issued a communication saying that the French cannon of long range landed at Antivari September 22, have all been transported to the top of Mount Lovchen, from which a bombardment of Cattaro, Dalmatia, has begun. British war office reports large loss of officers, 236 are killed, 586 wounded and 322 missing.

A dispatch to the Havas Agency from Cetinje says: "It is reported here that the Roumanian Prince Ghika, who has arrived at Scutari, will try to profit by the present critical moment to have himself proclaimed Prince of Albania."

The communal council of Ostend has passed unanimously a declaration that the town is ready for every sacrifice in order to resist the German advance to the last moment," says the London Daily Telegraph's Ostend correspondent.

The French authorities have seized food supplies valued at between \$1,500,000 and \$2,000,000 which had been deposited on the docks at Havre by a German firm. The action was taken to prevent the supplies from being taken abroad.

A dispatch from Petrograd says the Russians have driven the Germans from Wloclawek, Russian Poland, 35 miles southeast of Thorn, East Prussia, and have fortified themselves within a few miles of the fortress of Thorn. The German left wing in Poland is said to have been partly enveloped.

A dispatch to the Havas Agency from Rome says: "It is reported that at a meeting of 27 Liberal and Democratic members of the chamber of deputies, a resolution was adopted declaring that armed neutrality corresponds with the exigencies of the moment. The resolution also expressed confidence in the government."

Leaders of the opposition party in Japanese legislature are opposed to limiting Japanese activity in the war. Borgerhant, a suburb of Antwerp, has been set on fire by the German bombardment, according to a dispatch from Amsterdam.

A dispatch received in Rome from Russian headquarters says that the intimation has been given to the Austrians holding the town of Przemysl, Galicia, that they will be permitted to surrender with military honors, but that if they refuse the Russians will give them no quarter.

A German aeroplane flying over Paris and suburbs Saturday morning dropped two bombs, one of which wounded three persons. German newspapers publish articles expressing satisfaction that the British and Japanese attacks on Tsingtau, the fortified position in the German leased territory of Kiau Chau, have been repulsed. They declare that the splendid defense of the Tsingtau garrison is an indication that the promise of the governor of the colony to defend the territory to the bitter end is being carried out.

The Governor's Lady

A Novelization of Lady Alice Bradley's Play

By GERTRUDE STEVENSON

Illustrations from Photographs of the Stage Production

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SYNOPSIS.

Daniel Slade suddenly advances from a penniless miser to a millionaire and becomes a power in the political and business world. He has his eye on the governor's chair. His simple, home-loving wife fails to rise to the new conditions.

CHAPTER I—Continued.

"Dan," she said, "I'll tell you something. These expensive laundries ruin your shirts right off, and when I washed 'em they lasted a whole year. They ain't ironed right, either."

"Oh, my God!" groaned Slade, helplessly, pitying her lack of understanding rather than being angry with her. "I wish you'd forget, Mary, that I had to let you wash and scrub once. We're up now. Let us kick the ladder out from under us and stay up—forget how we got here."

"But I don't want to forget," remonstrated the little wisp of a woman opposite him. "I was perfectly contented those days. I ain't now. I hate this house. I hate it. It's too big. The help scare me, so many of 'em. I'd like just one hired girl and my old sitting-room set." She stopped meditatively, her thoughts wandering back to the early days when her husband took his pick and dinner pail and tramped off to the mines, and she sang as she bent over the washtub and busied herself at the kitchen stove.

Her husband sat with face averted, his imagination carrying him far into the future—a vision of honor as chief executive of the state and power in keeping with the untold riches he had accumulated.

"That's it," he finally exclaimed, "I want to go ahead and you want to stick over your washtubs. I need the support of big people—got to mix with 'em, and be one of 'em. And you won't."

"No, I don't have to," replied Mary. "I need it."

"You don't see the necessity of joining me?" he asked, testily.

"I don't know how."

"Do you want to know how?" he persisted.

"No," came the provokingly indifferent answer.

"You're putting the bars up in the middle of the road," he continued, "and I'm making up my mind to change them."

Suddenly Mary's lips quivered and a hurt look showed in her eyes behind the misty tears as she realized that whatever she did irritated her husband. She started to speak, but was interrupted by the entrance of a servant, who announced that Senator Strickland and his daughter had just phoned to say that he and his daughter would call on their way to the opera.

Slade's face flushed and paled at the thought—flushed at the pleasurable surprise at this unlooked-for attention from the senator, and paled as he thought of the senator's stunningly gowned daughter arriving to find his wife in a cheap, ill-fitting dress that would have looked badly even for morning wear.

"Mary, you look like a steerage passenger," he exclaimed suddenly, turning on the flustered little woman, who was aghast at the very thought of a call from the senator and his daughter. "Go upstairs and dress. I'll make excuses and hold them till you come down."

"I can't," she gasped. "I ain't got time, anyway, and I haven't anything to go to the opera in."

Slade leaned forward and struck the table with his clenched fist. "Don't you understand? You must see these people. Tonight's paper names me for governor. Strickland's influence is more necessary to me than any other man's in the whole state. He controls the party. He's bringing his daughter to my house. You're meeting them socially. Come on, now, come on—became persuasive—"put on a nice little gown and come along and show them you can do something. We'll hold a reception here and it'll be a direct answer to Wesley Merritt's slur on you in tonight's paper."

Go to the opera with Katherine Strickland—with a woman who had just returned from Europe—the woman who had dined with a queen and been feted all over the continent. Hold a reception—hostess in this house where she felt safe from Dan, a wife and comrade—the very antithesis of what to her was a strange and altogether unmanageable fashion—with an accent she did not recognize as belonging to her own plain western speech.

Mary caught her breath with a sob of dismay. The very thought paralyzed her. "I can't, Dan," she finally managed to blurt out. "I'd do anything else for you—but not this. I'll not ask you again," replied Slade, ominously, and poor Mary, too excited to interpret the threat, picked up her sewing and her newspapers and made for the door.

"Tell them," she exclaimed breathlessly, "tell them I had a headache—that's a fashionable enough excuse, anyway." And, terrified, she fled out of the room as Katherine Strickland and her father were announced.

As Slade turned from the frightened, insignificant figure of his feeble wife, he saw a woman of perfect poise and queenly carriage, a woman a trifle haughty and insolent in her youth and beauty and assured command of all the intricacies of social grace and charm. Her wide, full eyes met his with an amazing, frank curiosity to see this new factor in the political world. Her gown was a triumph of soft, shimmering silk and alluring chiffon—a gown that emphasized the charm of her proud, statuesque figure. She was the sort of

woman that makes a man glow with pride to present as his wife or daughter. She was all that Mary Slade was not.

Slade stood looking at her, fascinated, forgetting for the moment the man she was with, remembering nothing but the magnetic personality of the woman whose reputation for doing big things in a big way was already known to him—a woman whose eyes meeting his gave back flash for flash and understanding for understanding.

Almost mechanically Slade found himself acknowledging Senator Strickland's formal presentation of his daughter. Hesitatingly he offered his hand, which the girl, perfectly at ease, grasped with a cordial, sympathetic pressure. Her eyes were looking critically into his, much as if she were trying to read him through and through and take his measure for future use.

Her easy, graceful acceptance of the situation, her thoughtful inquiry for Mrs. Slade's health, prompted by well-bred sympathy rather than any curious interest, and the cultured modulation of her splendid voice, charmed him as no woman had ever done before.

There was nothing of the shy, retiring ingenue in Katherine Strickland's makeup. She was a woman of splendid physique and wonderful mental development. Her appeal to a man was that of a dominant intellect as much as of a lovely woman. She immediately impressed Slade as being keen-witted, strong-minded and clever. His admiration displayed itself in his shining eyes and his unusually affable, attentive manner.

Suddenly he found himself comparing his own little old-fashioned wife with this handsome, self-possessed woman before him. What a wife Katherine Strickland would be for the governor of a state! What a picture she would make presiding at the head of a millionaire's dinner table! How wonderfully such a woman would adorn the richly furnished rooms of his newly built mansion! Instead of the work-worn fingers of his wife, continuously fumbling with darning threads, he saw, in a mental vision, this woman's lovely hands constantly engaged in unwinding the threads of problematical political tangles. Here was a woman who would be a man's wife and comrade—the very antithesis of the household drudge his own wife was content to be, with no interest outside of the four walls of her home and no desire for anything bigger in life than the daily routine of breakfast, dinner and supper, washing on Monday, ironing on Tuesday, and so on to the end of the week—week after week in the same deadly rut. Here was a woman who would "go along with a man"—possibly a step ahead, blazing the way for new and greater glories and recognizing no limit.

Slade brought his reflections to a sudden halt as he remembered the girl's father.

"Why, what has happened to you, senator? Your face looks different than it did this afternoon."

"Her fault," replied the senator, with a smile of tolerant affection, indicating his daughter. "She made me cut my beard this way. It's French."

Katherine laughed a delightful, throaty little laugh.

"Nonsense, father," she protested. "Of course, I like the West, but I don't believe in being absolutely typical. I was horrified when I got back and found you so blatantly the typical, much-cartooned Westerner."

"Mr. Slade," resumed Strickland, "a few influential men from different parts of our state are having a meeting in town tomorrow, and I want you to meet them. I'm arranging a little impromptu dinner, and thought Katherine might be able to persuade Mrs. Slade and yourself to join us."

CHAPTER II.

As Slade turned from the frightened, insignificant figure of his feeble wife, he saw a woman of perfect poise and queenly carriage, a woman a trifle haughty and insolent in her youth and beauty and assured command of all the intricacies of social grace and charm. Her wide, full eyes met his with an amazing, frank curiosity to see this new factor in the political world. Her gown was a triumph of soft, shimmering silk and alluring chiffon—a gown that emphasized the charm of her proud, statuesque figure. She was the sort of

"Oh, father, tell the truth," Katherine interrupted. "These gentlemen want to meet you, Mr. Slade. I hear we're to expect great things of you. You see, I've been mixed up in politics all my life, and I do love to have a hand in them."

"She'd run for president if they'd let her," teased her father.

"Indeed I would," the girl admitted, brazenly. "I've got politics in my blood, and home doesn't seem like home unless politics are being brewed in our dining-room. So you'll both come, won't you—you and Mrs. Slade."

Slade was stammering his acceptance when Strickland interrupted abruptly.

"How'd you like to be governor, Slade?"

Slade threw back his head with a laugh that was intended to denote complete unconcern.

"Oh—that talk! Did the evening papers put that into your head or— and he paused significantly, "did you put it into the evening papers?"

Strickland's laugh was a practical admission.

"It would mean a hard fight, Slade. The water-front crowd's against you, and you can't get on without their influence."

"Not in this town, at least," amended Katherine.

"You've got to have Wesley Merritt, his paper, his highfalutin editorial and his speechmaking—and his wife," Strickland explained. "He and his crowd run the town."

"Oh, you mean my neighbors?" asked Slade. "They come around," he finished, meaningly.

"But, man alive! Only today Merritt's attack on you was scurrilous. I remonstrated with him myself. He's your out-and-out enemy. I've tried to get him—to come over and shake hands, but he swears he'll never cross your threshold—"

"I guess they'll come when I want 'em to come," Slade interrupted, with an assurance his auditors could not understand. "In fact, I'm looking for 'em any minute now, and he consulted his watch."

"You're looking for them—here—to-night?" gasped Strickland, showing plainly he thought Slade was making a joke of the matter.

"Yes, tonight," replied the would-be governor, quietly, and turned to Katherine.

Strickland subsided, a question growing in his mind as to whether he had fully measured the man he expected to use for his own political and financial ends. There was in Slade's method of fighting a direct and open quality that would make him hard to handle in the crooked and indirect ways of political life.

Katherine Strickland's eyes narrowed as she met Slade's gaze. Her quick, calculating mind saw in this man the possibility of realizing her highest hopes and ambitions. With such a man a woman could scale any heights—reach any goal. He was hard—yes! But a man needs to be hard in these days and times if he is ever to accomplish anything. In her fertile brain smoldered ambitions as great as his ambitions that she now realized would never be attained unless she herself made some great, radical change in her life.

She had pushed her father as far as the man would—could go. She had outdistanced every girl in her circle. She had reached high, but she had triumphed. Now she was at the end of her tether. It was a matter of making some one huge stroke or sinking back into staid obscurity, a situation after the most bitter because of her previous successes. The thought of settling down into the everyday life of the western city where she was born made her very soul squirm. Surely there was something more in life for her. Surely there were bigger goals to be gained.

She had never realized how empty the old home life was until now, when she suddenly found herself a part of it again after the brilliant European season and the stimulating, exciting life in diplomatic circles at the capital. The thought of remaining in the West, a big frog in a little puddle, had grown positively hateful to her. Big or little herself, she wanted a big puddle. She was quite satisfied in her own mind that no puddle would be so big that she couldn't become a frog of considerable size in it.

Now, as her next gain and soul clamored for higher goals and a wider field, the thought of Slade's millions, Slade's dominating, forceful personality, Slade's reputation for sweeping everything before him, Slade's probable governorship, flashed through her mind like a burning streak of electric fire. With him, with his weapons, what a career lay before a woman!

Just as suddenly she found herself wondering what sort of a woman had been a mate to this man for so many years. She was conscious of a poignant pang of envy—jealousy almost—against this woman who had the opportunity which was denied her.

"Well, what do you think of your own country, now you're back?" she heard Slade's voice saying. "Seem big to you?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

French Temperance Society.

An organization for the promotion of temperance in France has been founded by M. Schmidt, deputy for the department of the Vosges. A feature of the new body is its catholicity. It includes every shade of political and religious belief, and all classes of society—politicians, professional men and workmen. A meeting, addressed by doctors, lawyers and a deputy, has just been held in Bordeaux. The new association, which is called "L'Alarmer," justifies its name by calling attention to the rising flood of alcoholism in France.

Remembered Instructions.

She was a little girl and very polite. It was the first time she had been on a visit alone, and she had been carefully instructed how to behave.

"They ask you to dine with them," papa had said; "you must say, 'No, thank you; I have already dined.'"

It turned out just as papa had anticipated.

"Come along, Marjorie," said her little friend's father, "you must have a bite with us."

"No, thank you," said the little girl, with dignity; "I have already bitten."



She Was All That Mary Slade Was Not.