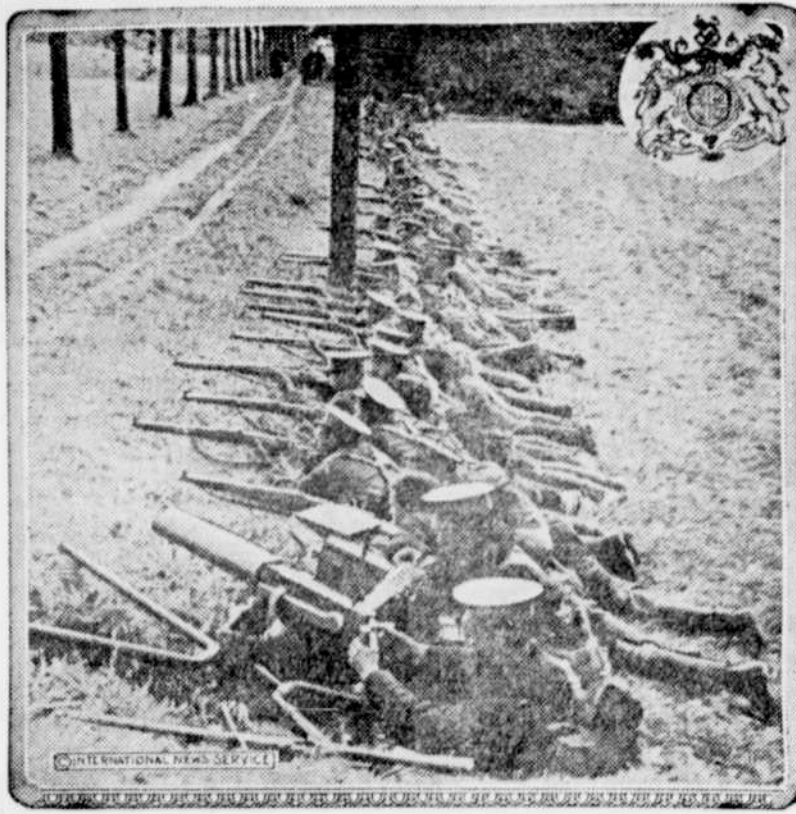


BRITISH IN THE TRENCHES AT LIERRE



PRESIDENT NAMES STRIKE ARBITERS

Perpetual Peace in Colorado Mines Is Sought.

Wilson Expresses Hope That Both Sides Will See Duty to Community and Keep Unity.

Washington, D. C.—President Wilson announced Monday the appointment of Seth Low, of New York; Charles W. Mills, of Philadelphia, and Patrick Gilday, of Clearfield, Pa., as a commission through which future differences between operators and miners involved in the present Colorado strike may be settled.

The commission, officials explained, was not appointed to deal with the existing differences which have caused rioting and bloodshed in Colorado. Hywel Davies and W. R. Fairley, the conciliators who have been attempting to settle the strike for several months, will continue in their efforts to have the operators and miners agree on a settlement of the present strike.

In a statement announcing the appointment of the commission, the President expressed "the very earnest and sincere hope that the parties may see it not merely to their own best interest, but also a duty which they owe to the communities they serve and to the nation itself to make use of this instrumentality of peace and render strikes of the kind which has threatened the order and prosperity of the great State of Colorado a thing of the past."

The President announced in his statement that the commission will place itself "at the service alike of the miners and the operators of the mines of Colorado in case controversy between them should in the future develop circumstances which would render mediation the obvious way of peace and just settlement."

Persians Oppose Allies.

Berlin—The official news bureau says: It is reported from Constantinople that the larger part of Northern Persia has been aroused to hostile action against Russia, and that in Southern Persia the movement against Great Britain is increasing. Prince Abbas and Prince Osman, relatives of the Khedive of Egypt, have been banished by the British authorities on the charge of engaging in an anti-British conspiracy. Seven foreigners disguised as hodjas were taken before a court martial in Constantinople for conspiracy.

Sweden May Defy Kaiser.

London—Telegraphing from Copenhagen, the Daily Mail correspondent reports that Germany's declaration making wood contraband of war has caused a tremendous revision of feeling in Sweden and Norway against Germany and agitation for an understanding with Russia. Sweden's loss by reason of this declaration, it is estimated, will amount to \$15,000,000 a year. "The temper of the Swedes," says the correspondent, "is such that they discuss sending cargoes of wood under escort of Swedish warships."

Crocker to Wed Indian Maid.

New York—Keturah Kalantuch, whose grandfather, Chief Sequoy, was a Cherokee warrior and wise man, is the bride-to-be of Richard W. Crocker, who used to be the "big chief" of Tammany Hall. Her father, a Scotchman, married Princess Sepoyah, the Indian chief's daughter. This developed Thursday when a marriage license was issued to Richard Welsted Crocker, 73 years old, no occupation, and Miss Beulah Benton Edmondson, 23 years old, a singer.

BRITISH WARSHIP BLOWS UP; 800 OF CREW PERISH

Sheerness, Eng., via London—The British battleship Bulwark was destroyed by a terrific explosion as she lay off here Thursday. There were only 14 survivors from the crew of 700 or 800 men who were aboard.

In the opinion of naval men there was an internal explosion that put an end to the battleship, which for 12 years had done service at home and abroad and lately had been doing her part in guarding England's shores. There was no great upheaval of water such as would have occurred if she had been torpedoed or struck by a mine.

Instead, the ship was enveloped in smoke and flame, and when this had cleared nothing could be seen but wreckage floating on the water.

Houses in towns seven and eight miles away were shaken by the explosion and even before men on ships anchored near by could reach their own decks, the Bulwark had disappeared. The neighborhood was strewn with an enormous amount of wreckage, while pieces of the ship were thrown six or seven miles onto the Essex shore.

Considering the size of her navy,

WAR AND PEACE IN CHAMPAGNE COUNTRY



French troops marching through a valley of the champagne country, where the peasants are picking the grapes for the famous sparkling wine.

Great Britain has been singularly free from disaster of this character. Nevertheless when the French warship Jena was destroyed by an internal explosion in 1907 all cordite ammunition was taken from all the British ships and carefully examined. Refrigerators were installed in the ships to keep the powder cool.

The Bulwark, which was one of the older battleships, cost £1,000,000 (\$5,000,000).

Serbs Stubbornly Resist.

Vienna, via Amsterdam and London—An official announcement issued here says: "On the Southern front the enemy is offering stubborn resistance and is endeavoring to delay the advance by heavy counter attacks. On the Eastern bank of the Kola Bara our troops again have gained."

Allies Place New Orders.

St. Louis—Bids for 1,700,000 flannel army shirts for the allied army were submitted by several local firms to representatives of the British War department here. It is believed the contract, which is to be given early next week, will amount to more than \$2,000,000. A contract for 7000 sets of harness costing \$175,000 was awarded to a St. Louis firm by representatives of the allies. Shipments will begin in a few weeks. Another firm announced it had just shipped 43,000 suits of underwear to Amsterdam.

Kaiser's Coat Is Captured.

Petrograd—The Army Messenger asserts that among the trophies taken by the Russians at Czestochowa was Emperor William's carriage, which contained one of the emperor's coats. The Messenger also says: "The Germans are making attack after attack in an attempt to break the Russian forces, but without success."

Food Prices in Germany Show Remarkable Rise

Berlin—The effects of the war on the prices of provisions had, until late in October, hardly made itself apparent.

In the last few days, however, a sharp general rise has set in, embracing practically everything to eat except meats, which, owing to Germany's unusually large stock of swine, have risen little, and in some cases not at all.

Vegetables have practically disappeared from the market. Some lentils are to be had, but only inferior culls. Beans are scarce and hulled peas are not to be had. Prices of peas and lentils have risen from 7 cents, the price before the war, to 15 cents, and it is predicted that they will shortly cost much more. The government recently confiscated all coffee held at Hamburg by English warehouses, but even with this, the supply is running short and prices have increased markedly.

Fresh oranges or lemons are rarely to be had, there are no bananas and pineapples, except the canned stock, and with the entrance of Turkey into the war, the supply of dates and figs probably will be cut off.

Cold storage stocks of eggs have been greatly reduced, and it will be not a short time before there will be none to be had. The Berlin chamber of commerce points to the somewhat surprising fact that Germany produces only 5 per cent of its egg supply, the remaining 95 per cent coming from Russia, Galicia, Hungary, Bulgaria, Italy and Denmark.

Potatoes have reached prices which are a hardship to the poorer classes.

American Citizen Held as Spy by Germans

New York—Edward Bright, an American citizen, graduate of Columbia, and formerly editor of the Baptist Examiner, in order to avoid arrest at Goettingen, Germany, charged with being a spy, according to information received by his wife in this city. Mrs. Bright got word recently that her husband was imprisoned on October 17, and, after appealing to the State department at Washington, she decided to make her information public.

Mr. Bright, with his family, had resided at Goettingen nearly ten years, Mrs. Bright said. Mrs. Bright with her two sons, came here shortly before the war began. Her first news regarding her husband's plight came in a letter dated October 25, written by a maid in the Brights' Goettingen household. This was confirmed by a letter from the same city October 30, by an American friend, who said her

WAR AND PEACE IN CHAMPAGNE COUNTRY

"Human element" is blamed for the wreck of the steamship Hannele, which went ashore on the reefs of Duxbury, near San Francisco, November 28, by a coroner's jury. The jury further recommends the erection of a life-saving station at the scene of the disaster.

Arkansas has secured a new electrician who will pull the lever that will put to death 10 condemned men who were relieved to await the outcome of the abolishment of capital punishment amendment that was lost in the recent election. The former electrician quit the place because of the gruesomeness of the job.

The Turkish embassy at Rome says that the Egyptian advance guard on the Suez canal has deserted to the Turks.

Thanksgiving Day found 7,000,000 starving Belgians in dire want of bread and only half enough to appease their hunger.

A young Portland streetcar conductor was electrocuted in a bath tub when he reached up to turn off the electric light.

A dispatch to the Havas agency from Athens says advices received in the Greek capital from Mitylene state that a Turkish mine-layer has been torpedoed and sunk in the Bosphorus.

It is said in Petrograd that the report published in the Bourse Gazette that Russia, France and Great Britain were endeavoring to secure the reopening of the Dardanelles is a pure invention.

Reports of a pan-Islamic anti-British movement and confirmed by the Russian Koye Slovo, of Petrograd, which says that the movement had its beginning in Afghanistan. The Porte says that all Arabs who are fit for military service have declared their readiness for a holy war.

"The situation at present does not demand legislation for the suppression of football," said Premier Asquith in the house of commons, replying to a question as to whether such a move was under way. The premier added that negotiations with the football magnates were progressing from which satisfactory results were expected.

Dispatches from Petrograd state that the German lines in Russian Poland have been seriously disorganized, and that a great army is surrounded by the Russians.

A British aviator dropped a bomb squarely on a German ammunition train, which blew up. The explosion was heard and felt many miles along the allies' lines.

Turkey has made a formal and satisfactory explanation to the United States government for firing on an American launch that attempted to enter a Turkish closed harbor.

Fifteen regiments of Russian soldiers, with 70 large loads of ammunition, have arrived in the Serbian town of Radujevac, to aid that country.

A dispatch to Berlin from Berne says reports from a reliable source set forth that the French losses, up to November 1, were 130,000 men killed, 370,000 wounded and 167,000 missing.

Germans Menace Sweden.

London—The Daily Mail's Copenhagen correspondent says Germany has demanded that the Swedish government suppress unfriendly utterances against Germany in Swedish newspapers. It is said Germany has threatened reprisals in the event of non-compliance.

NEWS NOTES OF CURRENT WEEK

Resume of World's Important Events Told in Brief.

Germany has voted a war credit of \$1,250,000,000.

The department of Agriculture predicts cheaper fowls for the Christmas dinner tables.

Two prisoners in the jail at Eugene, Or., bound and gagged the turnkey and made their escape.

Dr. Henry Van Dyke, American minister to The Netherlands, says peace talk is premature.

Kaiser visits his troops in East Prussia, where fierce fighting with the Russians is in progress.

The Supreme court of Oregon holds that if a bartender sells a minor a drink, the proprietor is likewise liable to prosecution.

A dispatch from Berlin claims that the Germans broke through the Russian lines near Lodz, capturing 12,000 men and 25 guns.

A prominent department store owner in Portland sees a "rosy future" for Northwest business, but adds that optimism is the only need.

John D. Rockefeller, head of the Standard Oil Co., has expanded to the extent that the oil fields of Peru, have been taken over by that company.

Coalition chiefs, Villa and Zapata, are in the suburbs of Mexico City in readiness to enter when the conventional president Gutierrez, arrives.

An attorney of Marshfield, Or., is disheartened three months for helping to drive I. W. W. advocates from that city, according to a Supreme court decision.

For the first time in history the mikado consented to Japan's gift of \$25,000 for the establishment of a hospital under the auspices of the Episcopal mission at Tokio.

The World's Purity Federation in session at La Crosse, Wis., is making preparations for the safety of girls who attend the Panama exposition at San Francisco next year.

The government assures those who failed to secure revenue stamps the first day of the new war tax law, that there will be no prosecutions if their intentions were apparent.

Few saloons in Portland, Or., will suspend business before the prohibition amendment goes into effect January 1, 1916, as a great majority have applied for a license covering that period.

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The Governor's Lady

A Novelization of 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 miner to a millionaire. He is ambitious to become governor of the state. His simple, home-loving wife fails to see the new conditions. Slade meets Katherine, daughter of Senator Strickland, and sees in her all that Mary is not. He separates from his wife and takes rooms at his club. Editor Merritt, who has been supporting Slade, is won over to the latter's support because he cannot otherwise supply the money demanded for a European trip for Mrs. Merritt. Katherine agrees to marry Slade when he is free. Bob Hayes, in love with Katherine, has a stormy season with her over her affair with Slade. Mary, anxious to make it up with Slade, appears at Strickland's house during a political conference. Slade informs her that separation is final.

CHAPTER VIII—Continued.

Slade nervously assured himself that all the doors were tightly closed. He suppressed the twinge of shame for the stealthy action by assuring himself that it was not fear—simply business caution. To his cowardly wrenching of his wife's heart he gave no thought at all. It was a move in the game. He made it as dispassionately as one moves a chessman on the board. Mary was looking at him with a new light in her brown eyes when he turned to her again. She spoke again.

"It was all right until you made that lucky deal, Dan, with the money. I helped you to make and you pulled me out from behind my stove and tried to make me a parlor ornament. I'd hate to think where you'd be today, if yer had. Five years ago you took all the work I loved to do out of my hands and now you're punishing me because I did work."

"No, I'm not," Slade remonstrated, moved in spite of himself by her simple, eloquent argument.

"Yes, yuh are, Dan, you're just as good as whipping me for layin' up the foundation of every dollar you've got and here I am at my age, sitting in idleness in a great big barn of a house with my job gone," she finished pathetically.

"Well, that's life," declared Slade unfeelingly.

"Then it's a pretty poor thing," and she shook her head sadly. No, it ain't life. It shouldn't be. There's something wrong in a man's getting so far up he can't live with the wife he married because she cooked and worked instead of playing. It ain't just!"

"Oh, what's the use, Mary?" Slade sighed wearily, as though he, and not she, were the injured one.

"Dan," Mary lowered her voice and looked at him earnestly. "If I brought up a girl today and we were poor, would you advise me to say, 'Take piano lessons, learn languages, keep up to the times, never mind doing your share or being economical'?"

"I'm not going to argue," Slade replied loftily.

"Yuh can't, Dan," declared Mary with conviction. "There ain't no argument. It's one-sided. Suppose I'd changed and you'd stayed the same, what would all your friends say? 'Poor Slade, his wife's crazy—or bad—probably bad.' No, yer can't get me to see it!"

"Well, whether you see it or not, that's just where we stand. You'd better let me call Robert to take you home."

"Wait, Dan," she pleaded. "Will you see me again at home, if I go now?"

There was a tense pause. Slade did not reply.

"I see, I see." She dropped wearily into a chair and suddenly the tears started in her eyes.

"Please, Mary, remember where you are." Slade was a trifle less cold.

"I'll let you know my plans. All you have to do is abide by them. You say you'll do anything for me, that's all I ask you to do, abide by my plans. I wish you much happiness, the best of everything, a life beyond anything you ever had, and he was rapidly being carried away by his own magnanimity. "I shall always think of you with the greatest affection," he concluded, taking on a patronizing air and trying to make himself believe his own empty sentiments. His self-esteem had been severely torn in the last few moments of his wife's talk. He had almost caught a glimpse of himself as he really was, but he was regaining what he was pleased to consider control of himself.

"Well, you've conquered," Mary dabbed her eyes and nose and tried to muster up sufficient courage to meet the situation. "I give in. I'll abide by your plans. Whatever you want me to do," her voice broke into a sob, "tell Robert—I'll do it." The tears continued to fall in spite of her. Her heart was breaking. Her shoulders drooped dejectedly, yet she felt a certain sad joy in yielding to his wishes. There was a kind of happiness in sacrificing herself to please him.

She began to pull her gloves, jerkily, clumsily, finding some relief in having something to do. She was struggling hard not to break down—not to cling wildly to him and beg him not to give her up.

She steeled herself finally.

"Well, Dan, there's one thing you've got to be careful of—now that I won't be round to hold you back—I won't be with you any more," her voice quavered. "I'm the only one who tells you all the truth. Everyone else is afraid of you."

"Don't let them flatter you," she said, with more maternal than wifely solicitude. "They can't. I found that out. Father! You're an awful fool with your money. You never had but one real friend. That's me. You'll find it out."

the calmer and more determined was Mary Slade.

"Dan," she began very gently, but firmly, "you're stubborn, but you ain't a bit more stubborn than I am when I'm right, and now I am."

"You can go ahead. Do all you like, but this time you won't conquer, because I'm going to fight you, father. I'm going to fight you, Dan."

Then with head proudly erect, she walked to the door, threw it open and cried, just a bit hysterically in spite of her effort to keep her voice steady: "Robert! You can take me home now, please!" She turned back just once to the man gazing moodily into the fire.

"I'm goin' to fight yer, Dan!"

CHAPTER IX.

Thirty years of one way of living becomes a habit—so much so that it is almost a human impossibility to adjust oneself to any other mode of life. Mary Slade, living year after year with Dan Slade, interested in his work, watching him rise and succeed, had come to think of the man as only another part of herself. With him out of her life she felt as if a part of her own body had vanished without which she was restless and ill at ease.

As she sat in the little old cottage where with Dan she started out on married life, she experienced a feeling of detachment as if either this were not the right place, but some sort of inferior substitute, or as though the real and vital part of herself were absent.

The room was just the same as it was the day she and Dan had walked out of it to take up their new life in the handsome mansion in town. Not a thing had been changed or disturbed.

The same crooked hatrack, with her old knitted shawl dangling on one hook, hung behind the door. The same well-worn tides were carefully pinned on the plush-upholstered chairs. The same cheap little ornaments that so delighted Mary's simple heart in the old days still cluttered the mantel. The same near-crystal crowded the sideboard. The tablecloth remained laid from meal to meal after the time-saving custom of middle-class families.

Everything was the same but the atmosphere of contentment that once filled the room; everything the same but Mary's happiness in her husband's love. Outside the window the rose bush Dan had helped her to plant still nodded and blossomed in the sunshine that poured in a flood of golden joy through the windows of the shabby room and emphasized all the worn places in the comfortable old chair when evening after evening Dan Slade had sat reading his newspaper and dreaming of the great future he was confident the fates held in store for him.

In spite of herself Mary's thoughts were of her husband—the first bitter thoughts she had ever harbored against the man. She turned sick at heart at the thought of it. Dan and herself estranged, hopelessly at odds, fighting each other in the divorce court, fighting even over the possession of the little cottage that had shared in the first happy flush of their youthful love and happiness. This, the only place where she could find peace in her loneliness, Dan was trying to wrest from her. It was too near to town, too near to the scene of his new activities, he had sent word to her. She must vacate. She must go so far away that his charge of "desertion" would stand fire in a court of law.

Face to face with the fact that Dan was trying to drive her even from this shelter, trying to drive her out into a strange and alien world, of which she knew nothing and which knew nothing of her, Mary could scarcely believe that Dan was so changed—that even now he would be willing to snatch away from her the place which held the memory of happier days.

She had not seen her husband since the night in Senator Strickland's library, when the awful knowledge had been forced home to her that he not only wanted a permanent separation, but insisted on having an absolute divorce. Over and over again a thought came into the woman's mind. It was intuitive, instinctive. Try as she might to silence it, she could not put it out of her thoughts. It was that ever-recurring feeling that another woman had entered Dan's mind and heart. Again and again she pushed it from her, but always and ever the obsession clung to her like a black shadow that haunted her during the day and persisted even in her dreams at night.

From the kitchen came the voice of her maid-of-all-work singing an old-fashioned tune.

It was one that in her young days Dan had loved to hear her sing—one whose sweet melody and melancholy sentiment he had loved in the days before his heart had become hard and his mind intense on the cold, hard problems of finances and political advancement. It was the song in which all lovers from the beginning to the end of time find a responsive note: "Nita, Juanita, be my own fair bride."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



"I Will Have It," Stormed Slade.

can't have a divorce, Dan!" All her tears were dry now and a new fiber in her voice.

"I will have it," stormed Slade, enraged because her mood had changed at the word "divorce," just when he had been congratulating himself that the difficulty was all nicely adjusted. "That's all there is to it. I will have it."

"Anything else, Dan. Anything else—not a divorce. You mustn't ask me to take the name I've carried all these years and throw it away. I'm giving in, but leave my name. I'm giving up everything else."

"You might as well stop!" he warned her threateningly. "You're going now, tonight, the first train East tomorrow. Go where you like, see what you like, do what you like, spend what you like. To what you will I'll add a million more, but I'm going to have this done in my own way."

"Oh, Dan!" she shrank from his wrath. "I'm going home."

"No, you're not, until this thing is settled. My mind's made up. I don't want to quarrel with you, and I should if you fought me."

"I won't let you. You can't do it. I can't do it, eh?" The word can't was like a red rag to a bull. He stood over her with darkening face and shaking fist. "Don't you know better than to stand there and tell me that? Have I got to hear it from you? Haven't you seen what happened to man, woman and child, all of 'em, who ever told me that to my face? I'll do it! I'll do it now, by God!" and he strode angrily up and down the room. The angrier her husband became,



EFFECT OF LONG ASSOCIATION

Marked Facial and Other Resemblances Noticed Among Those Who Have Been Together Years.

That persons who live together for a very long period not only acquire the same mannerisms, but grow a strong facial resemblance is an established fact. But it is little known that the same condition often exists among mistress and servant being associated together for a long period of years. There is usually a strong desire on the part of most servants to ape their mistresses, and this, added to the fact of constant nearness, often extends to facial resemblances.

There are in a small town in New York state two unusual instances of this kind. Two widows live there, each of whom has been attended by a wom-

an servant for more than 40 years. In both cases the servants have become so like their mistresses that they are often mistaken for them, and their cases have attracted attention far and near. Their voices over the telephone are so alike that friends of the women have given up this method of communication.

The Recessional.

It may be recalled that Rudyard Kipling's poem, "The Recessional" ("Lest We Forget") was never copyrighted, but was a gift to Britain, the empire, and the world. It was published in the London Times at the diamond jubilee and a check for \$500 was sent in payment. This check he returned, saying he would accept nothing for his poem, which he dedicated to the nation, so that it is open for all the world to print and to use.