

WORLD'S DOINGS OF CURRENT WEEK

Brief Resume of General News From All Around the Earth.

UNIVERSAL HAPPENINGS IN A NUTSHELL

Live News Items of All Nations and Pacific Northwest Corensed for Our Busy Readers.

Germany capture large section of French trenches in Artois.

Portland citizens have raised a fund of over \$13,000 for the relief of suffering Jews in Europe.

The Willamette river at Portland reaches a 19-foot stage and floods all waterfront basements.

The customs officials at San Francisco have seized a totem pole that bears nude pictures and is otherwise indecent.

A lone robber near Cheyenne, Wyo., enters a Union Pacific train and relieves 30 passengers of their valuables and escapes.

Secretary of War Garrison resigns from President Wilson's cabinet because of difference in opinions over the defense program.

A liquid which bursts into flame when poured on paper is believed to have been used by incendiaries who set fire to the Ottawa, Can., parliament building.

The Turkish expedition against Egypt appears to have been postponed, pending completion of the railroad which is being constructed to the Egyptian frontier.

Twenty members of the Elks Club at Fort Dodge, Ia., were trapped in the club rooms and were rescued with ladders by the fire department, when a gas explosion in a three-story building caused damage amounting to \$95,000.

The Navajo Indians are dancing their war dance and threatening to attack white settlers in Northeastern Arizona, in retaliation for the slaying of one of their number recently by policemen, according to two cowboys from Utah.

According to the decision of the National Association of Merchant Tailors, the ideal American's measurement should be, height, 5 feet 6 inches; chest, 38 inches; waist, 33 1/2 inches; hips, 39 1/2 inches; thigh, 21 1/2 inches; calf, 14 1/2 inches; head measure, one-eighth of the full length of the body; legs straight and feet arched.

Germany and Austria, through their ambassadors, have agreed to withdraw to treat armed merchantmen as warships after March 1. That date was fixed to give the entente allies time to signify their intentions toward the recent note of the United States proposing the disarmament of all merchantmen.

Two hundred of a distinguished list of 400 banqueters who attended a dinner given to Chicago's new Catholic archbishop, Most Reverend George William Mundelein, were taken ill of ptomaine poisoning after the soup course. The archbishop did not partake of the soup, nor did Governor Dunne, who was among those present, and both escaped.

New York murders during 1915 were 246, in 1914, 257.

Large rebel forces of China have been defeated at Ping Shan.

Washington's stand on the Lusitania case with Germany is unaltered.

Colonel Hepburn, ex-representative from Iowa, dies of heart trouble.

Evening dress this season is to be wine colored with lavender veils.

German raider captures British liner Orissa bound from Chile to Liverpool.

An air mail route from Fairbanks to Brooks, Alaska, is proposed to the Postoffice department.

Colonel House, President Wilson's personal advisor, who visited European belligerents, is returning home.

Liner Harvard in dense fog in San Francisco bay, rams steamer Excelsior, which sinks. No lives were lost.

A war correspondent declares Germany is instigating revolutions in the Far East, hoping to keep Japan from aiding her allies.

Prince Oscar of Prussia, fifth son of Emperor William, has been slightly wounded in the head and on the upper part of the thigh by shell splinters during the fighting in the eastern war theater.

Mrs. Annie Faust fatally shoots Rev. H. M. Cagle, a Baptist minister, at Sherman, Tex., claiming the preacher insulted her.

The National sub-committee of the Democratic party forecasts the nomination of President Wilson without opposition.

The Interstate Commerce commission authorizes the Union Pacific and Oregon Short Line to carry hay and grain at reduced rates for 30 days. This order is designed for the relief of stockmen in states that have recently been snowbound.

An American army of 1,000,000 men will need the services of 10,000 surgeons, according to an assertion by Surgeon General W. C. Gorgas, of the United States army.

The house committee on claims favorably reports Representative Sinnott's bill appropriating \$24,625 for the settlement of all approved claims of Sherman county, Oregon.

After establishing a monopoly of the sugar trade, Switzerland will again attempt to import large quantities from the United States. The annual sugar imports amount to 40,000,000 francs.

The THOUSANDTH WOMAN BY ERNEST W. HORNING Author of The AMATEUR CRACKSMAN, RAFFLES, Etc. ILLUSTRATIONS BY O. IRWIN MYERS

SYNOPSIS. Cazale, on the steamer Kaiser Fritz, homeward bound from Australia, cries out in his sleep that Henry Craven, who ten years before had ruined his father and himself, is dead, and finds that Hilton Toye, who shares the stateroom with him, knows Craven and also Blanche Macnair, a former neighbor and playmate. When the daily papers come aboard at Southampton Toye reads that Craven has been murdered and calls Cazale's dream second sight. He thinks of doing a little amateur detective work on the case himself. In the train to town they discuss the murder, which was committed at Cazale's old home. The house from Cazale that Craven, who had been Cazale's friend and the scoundrel for Craven's dishonesty, has been released from prison. Cazale goes down the river and meets Blanche. Toye also comes to see her and tells Cazale that Craven has been arrested, but as he doesn't believe the old clerk is guilty he is going to ferret out the murderer. Cazale and Blanche go to Cazale's old home.

CHAPTER VI—Continued. "Every inch of it!" he said bitterly. "But so I ought, if anybody does." "But these rhododendrons weren't here in your time. They're the one improvement. Don't you remember how the path ran around to the other end of the yard? This gate into it wasn't made." "No more it was," said Cazale, as they came up to the new gate on the right. It was open, and looking through they could see where the old gateway had been bricked. The rhododendrons topped the yard wall at that point, masking it from the lawn, and making on the whole an improvement of which anybody but a former son of the house might have taken more account. He said he could see no other change. But for the fact that these windows were wide open, the whole place seemed as deserted as Littleford; but just past the windows, and flush with them, was the tradesmen's door, and the two trespassers were barely abreast of it when this door opened and disgorged a man. The man was at first sight a most incongruous figure for the back premises of any house, especially in the country. He was tall, rather stout, very powerfully built and rather handsome in his way; yet not for one moment was this personage in the picture, in the sense in which Hilton Toye had stepped into the Littleford picture. "May I ask what you're doing here?" he demanded bluntly of the male intruder. "No harm, I hope," replied Cazale, smiling, much to his companion's relief. She had done him an injustice, when they were both obviously in the wrong, and she greatly admired the tone he took so readily. "I know we've no business here whatever; but

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reflection; for if he meant to stand by the hapless Scruton, guilty or not guilty, he could not perhaps begin better than by getting on good terms with the police. But his ready tact, and in that case cunning, were certainly a revelation to one who had known him marvelously as boy and youth. "I mustn't ask questions," he continued, "but I see you're still searching for things, Mr. Drinkwater." "Still finding our own job," said Mr. Drinkwater genially. They had sauntered on with him to the corner of the house, and seen a bowler hat bobbing in the shrubbery down the drive. Cazale laughed like a man. "Well, I needn't tell you I know every inch of the old place," he said; "that is, barring alterations," as Blanche caught his eye. "But I expect this search is narrowed, rather?" "Rather," said Mr. Drinkwater, standing still in the drive. He had also taken out a presentation dog half-hunter, suitably inscribed in memory of one of his more bloodless victories. But Cazale could always be obtuse, and now he refused to look an inch lower than the detective-inspector's bright brown eyes. "There's just one place that's occurred to me, Mr. Drinkwater, that perhaps may not have occurred to you." "Where's that, Mr. Cazale?" "In the room where—the room itself." Mr. Drinkwater's long stare ended in an indulgent smile. "You can show me if you like," said he indifferently. "But I suppose you know we've got the man?"

CHAPTER VIII. only quiet times for writing," said the son, elaborating his tale with filial piety. "So once when I'd been trying to die of scarlet fever, and my mother brought me back from Hastings after she'd had me there some time, the old governor told us he'd got a place where he could disappear from the district at a moment's notice and yet be back in another moment if we rang the gong. I fancy he'd got to tell her where it was, pretty quick; but I only found out for myself by accident. Years afterward he told me he'd got the idea from Jean Ingelow's place in Italy somewhere." "It's in Florence," said Blanche, laughing. "I've been there and seen it, and it's the exact same thing. But you mean Michael Angelo, Sweep?" "Oh, do!" he said serenely. "Well, I shall never forget how I found out its existence." "No more shall I. You told me all about it at the time, as a terrific secret, and I may tell you that I've kept it from that day to this!" "You would," he said simply. "But think of having the nerve to pull up the governor's floor! It only shows what a boy you do. I wonder if the hole's there still!" Now at the time the planetary detective had been watching his satellite engaged in an attempt to render the damage done to the mahogany doors a little less conspicuous. Net her appeared to be taking any further interest in the cigar cupboard, or paying the slightest attention to Cazale's reminiscences. But Mr. Drinkwater happened to have heard every word, and in the last sentence there was one that caused him to prick up his expert ears instinctively. "What's that about a hole?" said he, turning round. "I was reminding Miss Macnair how the place first came to be—" "Yes, yes. But what about some hole in the floor?" "I made one myself with one of those knives that contain all sorts of things, including a saw. It was one Saturday afternoon in the summer holidays. I came in here from the garden as my father went out by that door into the hall, leaving one of these mahogany doors open by mistake. It was the chance of my life; I slipped to have a look. He came back for something, saw the very door you've broken standing ajar, and shut it without looking in. So there I was in a nice old trap! I simply daren't call out and give myself away. There was a bit of loose oilcloth on the floor—" "There is still," said the satellite, pausing in his task. "I moved the oilcloth, in the end; hawking up one end of the board (luckily they weren't grooved and tongue), sawed through the next one to it, had it up, too, and got through into the foundations, leaving everything much as I had found it. The place is so small that the oilcloth was obliged to fall in place if it fell anywhere. But I had plenty of time, because my people had gone in to dinner." "You ought to have been a burglar, sir," said Mr. Drinkwater ironically. "So you covered up a sin with a crime, like half the gentlemen who go through my hands for the first and last time! But how did you get out of the foundations?" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

FUTURE OF FISHERS ISLAND Possibility of Great Doings at Place Which is Key to Long Island Sound. Almost off the entrance to the Thames estuary, whose mouth makes New London's wonderful harbor, perhaps a sort of delta cast up in some former day by the sediment which the estuary brought down, Fishers Island is a remarkable bit of land. It is withal a key to the entrance of Long Island sound and bears an important fort whose unseen guns would, if effectively served, pour terrible hail on any above surface craft which should seek to enter for improper purposes the approach to New York and the Connecticut coast. Aside from this Fishers Island has at its western end a hotel or two and a few summer cottages and for the rest it is a great poultry range, where are raised in astonishing quantities chickens and ducks and turkeys and geese, says the New Haven Register.

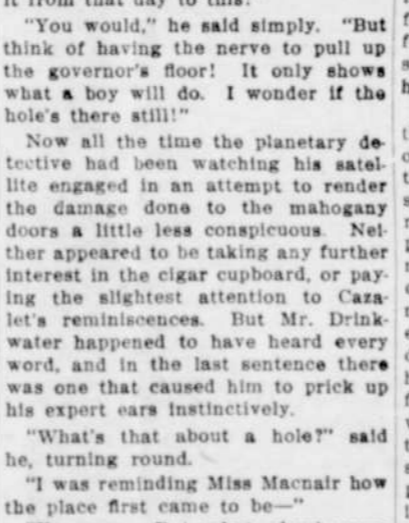
He'd better be careful, because I don't take to him, drunk or sober. I'm not surprised at his master not trusting him. It's just possible that the place was open—he might have been getting out his cigars before dinner—but I can't say I think there's much in it, Mr. Cazale." It was open again—broken open—before many minutes; and certainly there was not much in it, to be seen, except cigars. Boxes of these were stacked on what might have been meant for a shallow desk (the whole place was shallow as the wardrobe that the doors suggested, but lighted high up at one end by a little barred window of its own) and according to Cazale a desk it had really been. His poor father ought never to have been a business man; he ought to have been a poet. Cazale said this now as simply as he had said it to Hilton Toye on board the Kaiser Fritz. Only he went rather further for the benefit of the gentlemen from Scotland Yard, who took not the faintest interest in the late Mr. Cazale, beyond poking their noses into his dimly lit sanctum and duly turning them up at what they saw. "He used to complain that he was never left in peace on Saturdays and Sundays, which of course were his

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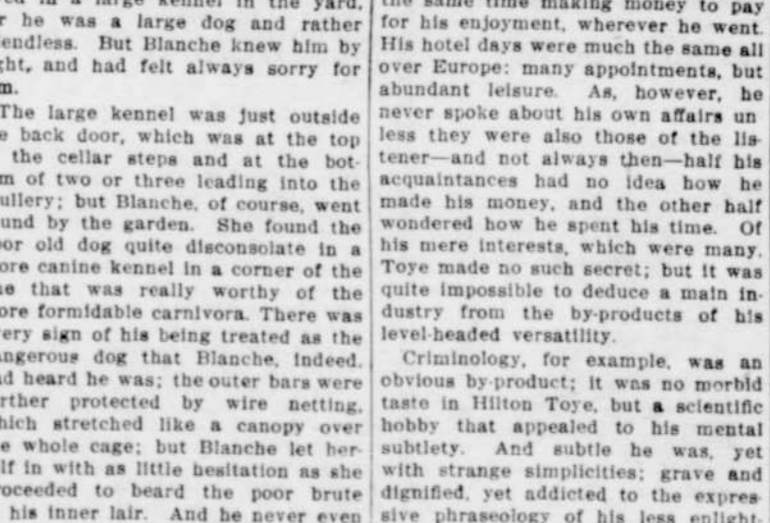
DROVE HIM INTO THE ARMY Inside History of Circumstance That Made Higbee Beehigs a Defender of His Country. The evening that Higbee Beehigs, rattling his 44 cents in his right-hand trousers pocket, took Mabel Shear-trousers around to get a plate of ice cream he had absolutely no thought of enlisting in the army commissary. "What kind will you have?" he asked her.

The THOUSANDTH WOMAN BY ERNEST W. HORNING Author of The AMATEUR CRACKSMAN, RAFFLES, Etc. ILLUSTRATIONS BY O. IRWIN MYERS

CHAPTER VI—Continued. "Oh, that was as easy as pie; I'd often explored them. Do you remember the row I got into, Blanche, for taking you with me once and simply ruining your frock?" "I remember the frock!" said Blanche. It was her last contribution to the conversation; immediate developments not only put an end to the further exchange of ancient memories, but rendered it presently impossible by removing Cazale from the scene with the two detectives. Almost without warning all three disappeared down the makeshift trap-door cut by one of them as a schoolboy in his father's floor. She hardly even knew how it happened. The little place was so small that she never saw the hole until it had engulfed two of the trio; the third explorer, Mr. Drinkwater himself, had very courteously turned her out of the library before following the others. And he had said so very little beforehand for her to hear, and so quickly prevented Cazale from saying anything at all, that she simply could not think what any of them were doing under the floor.

CHAPTER VII. After Michael Angelo. "I was thinking of his cap," said Cazale, but only as they returned to the tradesmen's door, and just as Blanche put in her word, "What about me?" Mr. Drinkwater eyed the trim white figure standing in the sun. "The more the merrier!" his grim humor had it. "I dare say you'll be able to teach us a thing or two as well, miss." She could not help nudging Cazale in recognition of this shaft. But Cazale did not look round; he had now set foot in his old home. It was all strangely still and inactive, as though domestic animation had been suspended indefinitely. Yet the open kitchen door revealed a female form in mufti; a sullen face looked through the old green door, and it was a red one they found another bowler hat bent over a pink paper at the foot of the stairs. There was a glitter of eyes under the bowler's brim as Mr. Drinkwater conducted his friends into the library. The library was a square room of respectable size, but very close and dim with the one French window closed and curtained. Mr. Drinkwater shut the door as well, and switched on all the electric lamps. The electric light had been put in by the Cravens; all the other fixtures in the room were as Cazale remembered them. But the former son of the house gave himself no time to waste in sentimental comparisons. He tapped a pair of mahogany doors, like those of a wardrobe let into the wall. "Have you looked in here?" demanded Cazale. "What's the use of looking in a cigar cupboard?" Drinkwater made mild inquiry. "Cigar cupboard!" echoed Cazale in disgust. "Did he really only use it for his cigars?" "A cigar cupboard," repeated Drinkwater, "and looked up at the time it happened. What was it, if I may ask, in Mr. Cazale's time?" "I remember," came suddenly from Blanche; but Cazale only said, "Oh, well, if you know it was locked there at an end of it." Drinkwater went to the door and summoned his subordinate. "Just fetch that chap from the pantry, Tom," said he; but the sullen sufferer from police rule took his time, in spite of them, and was sharply rated when he appeared. "I thought you told me this was a cigar cupboard," continued Drinkwater, in the browbeating tone of his first words to Cazale outside. "So it is," said the man. "Then where's the key?" "How should I know? I never kept it on my own bunch; find his watch, and all the other things that were missing from his pockets when your men went through 'em, and you may find his key, too!" Drinkwater gave his man a double signal; the door slammed on a petty triumph for the servants' hall; but now both invaders remained within. "Try your hand on it, Tom," said the superior officer. "I'm a free-lance here," he explained somewhat superfluously to the others, as Tom applied himself to the lock in one mahogany door. "Man's been drinking, I should

CHAPTER VIII. only quiet times for writing," said the son, elaborating his tale with filial piety. "So once when I'd been trying to die of scarlet fever, and my mother brought me back from Hastings after she'd had me there some time, the old governor told us he'd got a place where he could disappear from the district at a moment's notice and yet be back in another moment if we rang the gong. I fancy he'd got to tell her where it was, pretty quick; but I only found out for myself by accident. Years afterward he told me he'd got the idea from Jean Ingelow's place in Italy somewhere." "It's in Florence," said Blanche, laughing. "I've been there and seen it, and it's the exact same thing. But you mean Michael Angelo, Sweep?" "Oh, do!" he said serenely. "Well, I shall never forget how I found out its existence." "No more shall I. You told me all about it at the time, as a terrific secret, and I may tell you that I've kept it from that day to this!" "You would," he said simply. "But think of having the nerve to pull up the governor's floor! It only shows what a boy you do. I wonder if the hole's there still!" Now at the time the planetary detective had been watching his satellite engaged in an attempt to render the damage done to the mahogany doors a little less conspicuous. Net her appeared to be taking any further interest in the cigar cupboard, or paying the slightest attention to Cazale's reminiscences. But Mr. Drinkwater happened to have heard every word, and in the last sentence there was one that caused him to prick up his expert ears instinctively. "What's that about a hole?" said he, turning round. "I was reminding Miss Macnair how the place first came to be—" "Yes, yes. But what about some hole in the floor?" "I made one myself with one of those knives that contain all sorts of things, including a saw. It was one Saturday afternoon in the summer holidays. I came in here from the garden as my father went out by that door into the hall, leaving one of these mahogany doors open by mistake. It was the chance of my life; I slipped to have a look. He came back for something, saw the very door you've broken standing ajar, and shut it without looking in. So there I was in a nice old trap! I simply daren't call out and give myself away. There was a bit of loose oilcloth on the floor—" "There is still," said the satellite, pausing in his task. "I moved the oilcloth, in the end; hawking up one end of the board (luckily they weren't grooved and tongue), sawed through the next one to it, had it up, too, and got through into the foundations, leaving everything much as I had found it. The place is so small that the oilcloth was obliged to fall in place if it fell anywhere. But I had plenty of time, because my people had gone in to dinner." "You ought to have been a burglar, sir," said Mr. Drinkwater ironically. "So you covered up a sin with a crime, like half the gentlemen who go through my hands for the first and last time! But how did you get out of the foundations?" (TO BE CONTINUED.)



CHAPTER VIII. Finger-Prints. Hilton Toye was the kind of American who knew London as well as most Londoners, and some other capitals a good deal better than their respective citizens of corresponding intelligence. His travels were mysteriously but invariably interwoven with business; and he had an air of enjoying himself, and at the same time making money to pay for his enjoyment, wherever he went. His hotel days were many appointments, but abundant leisure. As, however, he never spoke about his own affairs, or less they were also those of the listener—and not always then—half his acquaintances had no idea how he made his money, and the other half wondered how he spent his time. Of his mere interests, which were many, Toye made no such secret; but it was quite impossible to deduce a main industry from the by-products of his level-headed versatility. Criminology, for example, was an obvious by-product. It was no morbid taste in Hilton Toye, but a scientific hobby that appealed to his mental subtlety. And subtle he was, yet with strange simplicities; grave and dignified, yet addicted to the expressive phraseology of his less enlightened countrymen; naturally sincere, and yet always capable of some ingenious duplicity. The appeal of a Blanche Macnair to such a soul needs no analysis. She had struck through all complexities to the core, such as it was or as she might make it. As yet she could only admire the character the man had shown, though it had upset her none the less. At Engelberg's he had posed for her "inside of two weeks," as he had admitted without compunction at the time. It had taken him, he said, about two minutes to make up his mind; but the following summer he had laid more deliberate siege, in accordance with some old idea that she had let fall to soften her first refusal. The result had been the same, only more explicit on both sides. She had denied him the least particle of hope, and he had warned her that she had not heard the last of him by any means, and never would till she married another man. This had incensed her at the time, but a great deal less on subsequent reflection; and such was the position between that pair when Toye and Cazale landed in England from the same steamer. On this second day ashore, as Cazale sat over a late breakfast in Jermy street, Toye sent in his card and was permitted to follow it, rather to his surprise. He found his man frankly divided between kidneys and bacon and the morning paper, but in a hearty mood, indicative of amends for his great heat in yesterday's argument. "You should say what kinds, not what kind," she corrected him gently. "I think I'll try every kind they've got. He-be. Won't that be a lark?" "You mustn't!" he cried. "Oh, but I shall!" she laughed merrily. And she started by ordering chocolate, persimmon and rhubarb. "Let it go at that, please," he implored her. "It's not being done by the best people." But she just laughed lightly and began on the rhubarb. When she was half-way through the second order, of

pineapple, glycerin, olive ice and tapioca, Higbee Beehigs leaped to his feet in desperation. "Excuse me a moment," he said hastily and ran out of the place without stopping for his hat and enlisted, leaving Mabel with the ice cream bill. —Detroit Free Press. Ambiguous. "Such a pretty girl as Mabel is, and she has no beauty!" "You see her father has the reputation of being such a kicker."

A plainer indication was the downright yet sunny manner in which Cazale let at once returned to the contentious topic. "Well, my dear Toye, what do you think of it now?" "I was going to ask you what you thought, but I guess I can see from your face."

"I think the police are rotters for not setting him free last night!" "Scruton?" "Yes. Of course, the case'll break down when it comes on next week, but they oughtn't to wait for that. They're no right to detain a man in custody when the bottom's out of their case already."

"But—but the papers claim they've found the very things they were searching for." Toye looked nonplussed, as well he might, by an apparently perverse jubilation over such intelligence. "They haven't found the missing cap!" cried Cazale. "What they have found is Craven's watch and keys, and the silver-mounted truncheon that killed him. But they found them in a place where they couldn't possibly have been put by the man identified as Scruton!"



"Say, where was that?" asked Toye with great interest. "My paper only says the things were found, not where." "No more does mine, but I can tell you, because I helped to find 'em." "You don't say!" "You'll never grasp where," continued Cazale. "In the foundations under the house!" Details followed in all fullness; the listener might have had a part in the Uplands act of yesterday's drama, might have played in the library scene with his adored Miss Blanche, so vividly was every minute of that crowded hour brought home to him. He was not so sure that he had any very definite conception of the foundations of an English house.

"Ours were like ever so many little tiny rooms," said Cazale, "where I couldn't stand nearly upright even as a small boy without giving my head a crack against the ground floors. They led into one another by a lot of little manholes—tight fits even for a boy, but nearly fatal to the boss police man yesterday!" Hilton Toye, edging in his word, said he guessed he visualized—but just where had those missing things been found? "Three or four compartments from the first one under the library," said Cazale. "Did you kick them?" "Well, I kicked against the truncheon, but Drinkwater dug it up. The watch and keys were with it." "Say, were they buried?" "Only in the loose rubble and brick-dust stuff that you get in foundations."

"Say, that's bad! That murderer must have known something, or else it's a bully fluke in his favor." "I don't follow you, Toye." "I'm thinking of finger-prints. If he'd just've laid those things right down, he'd have left the print of his hand as large as life for Scotland Yard." "The devil he would!" exclaimed Cazale. "I wish you'd explain," he added; "remember I'm a wild man from the woods, and only know of these things by the vaguest kind of hearsay and stray paragraphs in the papers. I never knew you could leave your mark so easily as that." Toye took the breakfast menu and placed it face downward on the tablecloth. "Lay your hand on that, palm down," he said, "and don't move it for a minute." Cazale looked at him a moment before complying; then his fine, shapely, sunburnt hand lay still as plaster under their eyes until Toye told him he might take it up. Of course there was no mark whatever, and Cazale laughed. "You should have caught me when I came up from those foundations, not fresh from my tub!" said he. "You wait," replied Hilton Toye, taking the menu gingerly by the edge, and putting it out of harm's way in the empty wastebasket. "You can't see anything now, but if you come round to the Savoy I'll show you something."