

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 Condensed for Our Busy Readers.

Methodists retain ban on dancing, cards and theaters.

With tremendous losses the Germans make large gains at Verdun.

Women's clubs are planning an international congress for 1920.

Vigorous notes have been sent both France and England on the subject of interference with mails.

The Paris Temps in an editorial again goes on record as not favoring any idea of peace negotiations.

One hundred and sixteen Texas militiamen who failed to respond to the call for service on the border will be court-martialed.

Eggs shipped from Eugene, Ore., to England, retailed there at 96 cents a dozen. The shipper received a net return of \$3.32 per case.

The deepest May snow in the remembrance of pioneers of the Hood River Valley now lies in the forests around Lost Lake, Oregon.

Mayor Joseph McCaskey, of Wilkeson, a coal mining town near Tacoma, Wash., has resigned following his conviction of having violated the dry law by selling liquor in his drugstore.

The German and Austrian consuls at Canea, Island of Crete, left that city with their families and the consulate staffs on May 24 for Athens, according to a Havas dispatch from Athens.

A new company has been organized to establish large shipyards at Vancouver, Wash., contracts have been made for four large motor schooners, and options given for three others.

Victor Carlstrom, bearing a message from the Aero Club of America to President Wilson and carrying Alan R. Hawley, president of the club, as a passenger, flew from New York to Washington, 220 miles, in three hours and seven minutes.

Exports of merchandise from the port of New York during April amounted to \$134,751,945, compared with \$135,125,523 in April a year ago. Imports for that month increased also, amounting to \$115,290,462, compared with \$109,959,000 in April a year ago.

An unconfirmed report received at Fargo, N. D., said 10 persons had been killed at Rogers, N. D., in the storm which swept southeastern North Dakota. Rogers was cut off completely from the outside world, all telephone and telegraph wires being down.

The German authorities have offered to allow General Leman, the defender of Liege, to go to Switzerland, according to a news dispatch. Because the permission was granted on the ground of his ill health and age, the General rejected the offer, saying that he did not wish to admit that he was unfit to fight for his country.

The resignation of Charles Ware as general manager of the Union Pacific was announced Tuesday at the company's headquarters. No reason is given.

London underwriters charge 50 per cent to insure against a declaration of peace between Great Britain and Germany before January 1. The rate indicates that in the underwriters' opinion the prospects for an early peace are better than two months ago, when the rate for the same risk was only 30 per cent.

It is officially announced from Dublin that in addition to the sentence of death imposed on Jeremiah C. Lynch, American, a similar sentence was imposed upon Peter Gallagher, but that this sentence was commuted to five years' penal servitude. A number of other persons also were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment.

More than 1300 French, including 31 officers, 16 machine guns and eight cannon, were captured in a German assault on the Verdun front in the region of Deadman's Hill, the German war office announced Tuesday.

President Poincaré has conferred the war cross on Queen Elizabeth of Belgium as an expression of "the admiration of the people for the magnificent courage and untiring devotion to the wounded which she has never ceased to show under the enemy's fire."

The Swedish steamer Rosalinn, 877 tons, from Copenhagen for Stugusund, in ballast, has been sunk by a mine off the Stockholm Skerries. The crew was saved.

By a vote of 80 to 37, the house in committee of the whole has adopted an amendment to grant suffrage to the women of Porto Rico. It was proposed by Republican Leader Mann.

Notices of contests from the Sixth, Seventh and Fourteenth districts of Texas, involving four delegates to the Republican National convention are received by Secretary Reynolds.

A Greek collier was sunk Thursday by an Austrian submarine. Twenty-seven members of the crew were picked up by a French torpedo boat.

The battleship Nebraska left the navy yard at Boston Tuesday under orders to proceed to Mexico. She will take on a complement of apprentice seamen at Newport, R. I., en route.

Victor Carlstrom, in a 160-horsepower biplane, flew from Newport News, Va., to the Sheephead Bay Speedway, in New York City, Tuesday, a distance of 416 miles, in four hours and one minute.

President's Physician and Bride.



DR. AND MRS. GRAYSON

Dr. Cary T. Grayson, physician to President Wilson, was married to Miss Alice Gertrude Gordon, of Washington, at St. George's Episcopal church, New York, May 24. The President and Mrs. Wilson, as well as Secretary and Mrs. McAdoo attended.

SENATE PASSES RIVER AND HARBOR BILL BY 35-32 VOTE

Washington, D. C.—The senate passed Tuesday the rivers and harbors appropriation bill, carrying approximately \$43,000,000, by a vote of 35 to 32 after adding many amendments. On the final passage Senators Chamberlain and Lane, of Oregon, and Senator Poindexter, of Washington, voted for the bill, while Senator Jones, of Washington, and Senators Borah and Brady, of Idaho, voted against the bill. The bill as passed carries all Oregon, Washington and Columbia river items as agreed to in the house, and they are now assured at the original figures, including \$1,200,000 for the mouth of the Columbia. The only Northwest item is \$140,000 for Willapa harbor. Its ultimate adoption is doubtful, in view of Senator Jones' vote against the bill, the amendment having been offered by him. The bill will now go to a conference of the two houses. The fight against it, begun by Senator Kenyon, of Iowa, and Senator Sherman, of Illinois, gained strength until a final effort to displace it with a substitute appropriating a lump sum of \$30,000,000 was defeated by only one vote.

James J. Hill's Wealth Estimated in Hundred Millions

St. Paul—The wealth of the late James J. Hill, who died Monday, is estimated all the way from \$100,000,000 to \$500,000,000. He was worth \$250,000,000.

An estimate of Mr. Hill's wealth was furnished when, at the opening of the European war, he called his bankers together and displayed a mass of his securities. More than \$100,000,000 was said to have been in the boxes he laid before his bankers.

"There should be no trouble," said Mr. Hill, "but if there is, this amount is at your disposal."

The First National bank then borrowed from Mr. Hill \$10,000,000 worth of Great Northern railroad bonds. These were placed with the Treasury department in Washington, and \$6,000,000 worth of emergency currency, allowed under the Aldrich act, was shipped at once to the First National bank. It was found necessary to place only \$125,000 worth of this in circulation. In a few weeks the entire amount was returned to Washington.

Mr. Hill had the absolute control of the First National bank and the Northwestern Trust company, which gave a combined capital and surplus of \$6,500,000. He was a large owner of stock in the Chase National bank of New York, First National bank Chicago, and the Northwestern National bank in Minneapolis. He was a large owner of the German army headquarters.

The greatest portion of Mr. Hill's wealth, however, was in stocks and bonds of the Great Northern, Northern Pacific and Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroads.

Germans Pierce French Lines. Berlin—French infantry attacks on the German positions on the southwest slope of Dead Man's Hill and on the newly captured village of Cumieres, northwest of Verdun, were repulsed Sunday with heavy losses to the attackers, says the official statement at German army headquarters.

The statement adds that German reconnoitering detachments penetrated the lines of the entente allies at several points during the night, capturing about 100 prisoners in the Champagne district.

French Occupy German Mine Craters Paris—Occupation by the French of portions of three craters formed by the explosion of German mines in the Argonne is announced in the official statement issued by the French war department Sunday afternoon. Regarding the battle of Verdun, it reports a lively artillery duel to the West of the Meuse, in the vicinity of Dead Man's Hill, and intermittent cannonading on the right bank of the river.

In Upper Alsace the French checked two attempts of the Germans to advance near Altkirch.

Villa Pursuit Doubted. Columbus, N. M.—Little credence is placed by military authorities here in reports from Chihuahua that Carranza troops have discovered Villa in hiding near Jimenez. Several officers here expressed their conviction that Villa is still alive, but asserted that General Pershing, expeditionary commander, is in possession of information as to the probable whereabouts of the bandit chieftain, which does not coincide with that of General Trevino.

Assassin's Plot Fails. Berlin, (By wireless to Sayville, N. Y.)—An unsuccessful attempt to assassinate the Austro-Hungarian minister to Paris is reported in a Constantinople dispatch to the Overseas News agency Tuesday.

The attempt, according to the dispatch, was made by Djemel Bey, who several years ago was involved in the assassination of Mahmoud Shekfat Pasha, Turkish grand vizier and minister of war.

Wrecked Steamer Up Again. Marshfield, Ore.—The wreck of the steamship Santa Clara last November was recalled Tuesday by the report that a deputy U. S. marshal is finishing an investigation of the rifling of mails at the time of the wreck, and that a large number have been summoned to appear before Arthur Peck, U. S. commissioner. The secret service had an operator here the week following the wreck who took photographs of the scenes at the salvaging and secured other interesting photographs taken before his arrival.

Waite Case Appeal Sure. Grand Rapids, Mich.—Definite announcement was made here Tuesday by Clyde Waite, brother of Dr. Arthur Warren Waite, that an appeal would be taken from the verdict returned against the young dentist last Saturday by a jury in New York, which found him guilty of murder in the first degree for poisoning his millionaire father-in-law, John E. Peck of Grand Rapids. Clyde Waite, who, with his father, returned from New York, said an appeal would be taken, irrespective of Dr. Waite's wishes.

JAMES J. HILL DIES AFTER OPERATION

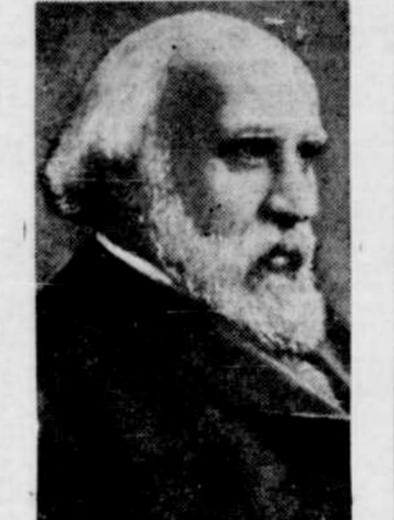
Railroad Magnate Passes at St. Paul After Short Illness.

GREAT AGE AGAINST RECOVERY

Northwest to Pay Tribute to Memory of Great Empire Builder. Life Was Momentous.

St. Paul, Minn.—James J. Hill, one of the last of the American empire builders, died at his home here at 9:43 a. m. Monday, May 29, following an operation for the removal of a carbuncle. On account of his age, 78 years, he was unable to resist successfully the shock of the operation. "The end came quickly," said the official bulletin. "Mr. Hill became unconscious a few hours before. There were no death agonies."

Mr. Hill's death followed two operations upon his thigh to relieve inflammation caused by a carbuncle. The fact that an operation had been performed Friday was kept secret until



James J. Hill, "Empire Builder."

Monday. There was a second operation Saturday. Dr. Herman Biggs, New York state health commissioner, had been in attendance since Friday.

Mr. Hill's final collapse came with startling suddenness. It was late last week before a word of his serious condition was allowed to leak out. Then it was stated he was suffering from a cold.

The Mayo brothers, surgical specialists, were brought from Rochester, Minn., for a consultation, and it was reported that Mr. Hill was afflicted with an intestinal carbuncle. Special trains began bringing friends and relatives to the bedside. The best surgeons were summoned. Louis W. Hill, president of the Great Northern, opened his residence next door for the accommodation of doctors and nurses.

Early Sunday afternoon Mr. Hill experienced a sinking spell. Rev. Father Thomas J. Gibbons, pastor of the St. Paul cathedral and vicar general of St. Paul archdiocese, hastened to the bedside. Four hours later Mr. Hill was said to have rallied. At 5 p. m. his pulse was reported improved. But at 9:30, 12 hours before his death was to come, Doctors Biggs and Gillilan announced that "the outlook was extremely serious."

St. Paul is preparing to honor Mr. Hill's memory. Every division point of the northwest is ready to pay tribute in memorial ceremonies.

Facts in Life of James Jerome Hill. 1838—Born near Guelph, Ont. 1856—Left father's farm for business life in Minnesota. 1856-1865—In steamboat office in St. Paul. 1867—Married Mary Theresa Mehegan, of St. Paul. 1869-75—Head of Hill, Griggs, & Co., fuel and transportation. 1870—Established Red River Transportation company, first to open communication between St. Paul and Winnipeg. 1878—Organized syndicate that secured control of the St. Paul & Pacific railway from Dutch owners of securities. 1879—Reorganized road as St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba and became its general manager. 1882-1890—President of this road, which became part of the Great Northern system. 1890-97—President of the entire Great Northern, which he extended to Puget Sound from Lake Superior, with northern and southern branches and a steamship line to the Orient. 1907-12—President of Great Northern's board of directors.

Elba Capital Bombaraded. Berlin, by wireless to Sayville—Bombardment of Porto Ferrajo, capital of the island of Elba, in the Mediterranean, by an Austrian submarine, is reported in a statement issued by the Austro-Hungarian admiralty May 26. The announcement says: "An Austro-Hungarian submarine on the morning of May 23 very successfully shelled important blast furnaces at Porto Ferrajo, on the island of Elba. The fire of the land battery was without effect. The submarine later sank the Italian steamer Washington."

Big Catch Brings Death. Spokane, Wash.—Arthur Enquist, a Spokane policeman, was drowned, and Sergeant Alex McDonald narrowly escaped a similar fate Sunday while fishing in Deer Lake, 40 miles northwest of Spokane.

Excitement caused by bringing a large trout to gaff is believed to have brought on an attack of heart failure on Enquist, who suddenly gasped, half rose to his feet and plunged into the lake. McDonald was thrown into the lake through the boat's capsizing, but was rescued.

The Red Mirage

A Story of the French Legion in Algiers

By I. A. R. WYLLIE

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SYNOPSIS.

Sylvia Ormsby, her lover, Richard Farquhar, in love with Captain Arnaud of the Foreign Legion. In Captain Arnaud's room Farquhar forces Sylvie to resign his commission in return for possession of Farquhar's father's written confession that he had murdered Sylvie's father. Gabrielle saves Farquhar from suicide. To succeed in his scheme, Sylvie's father, Gabrielle professes to have stolen war plans and tells the real culprit why he did so. As Richard Nameless he joins the Foreign Legion and sees Sylvia, now Mme. Arnaud, meet Colonel Destin. Farquhar meets Sylvia and Gabrielle, and learns from Corporal Goetz of the colonel's cruelty. Arnaud becomes a drunkard and opium smoker. Sylvia becomes friendly with Colonel Destin. Arnaud becomes jealous of Farquhar.

A beautiful woman, tired of her husband, flirts dangerously with his superior and with his inferior in rank. With the inferior she is somewhat in love, yet she sees her husband go to shoot the lover without giving any sort of warning. Is she cruelly indifferent, or does she look upon this as a good way to get rid of temptation?

CHAPTER VIII—Continued.

Sylvia Arnaud came out into the clearing. She was still singing—a little louder than before, as if in defiance of a reawakening dread—and in the sudden hush her voice sounded luridly sweet.

"Viens pres de moi, viens plus pres encore. Mon amour t'appelle!"

The passing shadow stopped midway between darkness and darkness. The light was on them both. There was a smothered exclamation. A revolver-shot rang out and all was quiet again. The last echo of song hung in the vibrating air. Then slowly, the man standing against the light, sank together into a limp pile of earth. Colonel Destin raced across the intervening space. His indifference was gone. He cursed sulkily.

"The insolent devil!—One of my ruffians—one of my ruffians—name of God!"

He lifted the unconscious head against his shoulder, his experienced hands wrenching open the breast of the heavy military coat. Sylvia Arnaud crept up to him. Her face was pale and expressionless, like that of a sleep-walker. He waved her impatiently aside.

"Don't stay here. There may be some more of them. As you value your life, run back to the villa and give the alarm. Ah!" He sprang to his feet instinctively, placing his body between her and the three men who had started out of the darkness. His hand had flown to his pocket. "Who goes there?"

"The patrol, my colonel."

"Goetz—you? A sharp sight of relief broke from between his set teeth. Then he drew himself up. The red-hot rage froze to a deadly precision. "How did you come here?"

"We were warned by a lady, my colonel."

"You heard that shot. Did you see no one?"

"Yes, my colonel."

"And did you not lay hands on him?"

"My colonel, it was beyond my duty. It was Captain Arnaud."

CHAPTER IX.

Justification.

Colonel Destin bent over the map spread out before him in an attitude of concentrated attention. It was an unusual-looking map, roughly outlined and almost destitute of the ordinary network of mountains and rivers. At the top a single town had been marked, and from there downward there ran a dark red line, almost undeviating, which cut the upper part of the white line in two distinct halves. On either side of this line there were towis marked and the beginnings of waterways, but in no instance did these extend beyond an inch on either hand. It was as though the red line had absorbed everything, and that what lay beyond its immediate radius was of no account, a blank white waste of depopulated country. The lower part of the map had been painted yellow, and there the red line faltered and broke off. Colonel Destin's pencil hovered over the jagged end, and his brows were knitted into an expression of thwarted impatience. On the other side of the table an elderly man wearing the uniform of a French army doctor sat and stroked his neatly-trimmed beard with a reflective hand. From time to time he glanced doubtfully at his companion, and at last, receiving no attention, gave vent to an apologetic cough.

"I am afraid I have come at an inopportune moment," he said. "You are busy. The matter is of really no importance."

Destin started and looked up. "Pardon me. I was absorbed in a difficult calculation. You are mistaken. The matter is of importance. Life is no doubt cheap out here, but economy has to be practiced even in cheap things. Besides, order has been established in Sid-el-Abbes, and any act of wanton aggression must be punished with a hard hand. You say the bullet has been extracted?"

"Yes."

"Did it suggest anything to you?" The doctor shrugged his shoulders. His small brown eyes had shifted from the colonel's face to the floor.

"It forced me to the conclusion that the assailant was in possession of an army revolver—stolen, without doubt."

"Without doubt," Colonel Destin agreed. "The man is doing well?"

"As well as can be expected. There was considerable loss of blood following on the extraction. Also fever."

"Next week I am taking a fresh batch with me down south to the present terminus. Will our English friend be in a fit state to bear us company?"

"Undoubtedly—if he is not sent back to his regiment for the present. Otherwise—" His expression was significant.

At that moment Captain Arnaud entered and he got up stiffly. Destin glanced over his shoulder.

"Ah, good morning! Well, I shall not detain you any longer, doctor. In the course of the day I may have a look at the sufferer, and I shall then give further orders. The culprit you can leave to me. Sit down, won't you, Arnaud?"

The young officer remained standing. He returned the doctor's greeting mechanically and his features were blank. As the door closed Colonel Destin threw down his pencil and their eyes met.

"Sit down."

This time Arnaud obeyed. The elder man bent forward with his chin resting on his hand.

"In the ordinary course of events I should have had you arrested last night," he said. "If I did not do so it was because there was something unusual in the case that interested me. Even in the Legion madness has its method. A man in your position does not go out of his way to shoot down a poor harmless devil without reason. You had a reason and I wish to know it."

"For God's sake, don't jest with me! Do what you mean to do and have done."

Colonel Destin did not move. In the yellow sun-scorched atmosphere his own face looked livid, and there were fresh lines about the mouth which gave it a deeper, more ruthless power and concentration. The pencil which he had been playing lay snapped in half in the middle of the table.

"Your ten minutes are over, and you have justified yourself," he said. "You are free."

"You are liberating a madman. What I have done I shall do again."

"What is that to me?" said Colonel Destin, smiling.

They watched each other in silence. In Arnaud's eyes there were fear and incredulous question. He made a vague uncertain movement as though groping through darkness. Then came the sudden inevitable collapse of an exhausted personality and the man was once more the automaton, the instrument of a pre-dominating will. Without a word he saluted and turned and staggered from the room.

CHAPTER X.

A Grave Is Opened.

It was midday. All Sid-el-Abbes seemed to be asleep. The streets were almost empty, and a lazy hush hung over the deserted cafes where a few indefatigable tourists dozed beneath the gayly striped awnings, watched over by waiters themselves half comatose with sleep and indifference.

In the Cafe du Tonkin the repose was absolute and unshaken. There was only one watcher. Presently footsteps sounded on the stone flags outside. She got up and crossed the uneven floor to the door. Her movements were little and noiseless like an animal's, and not one of the heavy sleepers stirred. In the narrow passage which led from the street to the entrance of the cafe a man in European dress waited for her. There was something furtive and restless in his movements that suggested a fear more subtle than that of danger. The girl touched him on his arm, and without a word he followed her across the room of sleepers through a curtained doorway into a second apartment. A charcoal brazier burned in the center, and its dull sullen glow lighted up the shadows and revealed phantom outlines of low divans and oriental tables, and hid their dirt and disorder in soft mysterious twilight.

The girl put her hands upon her companion's shoulders and looked up at him. He had removed his hat, and the somber light spread a pale repellent reflection over his white features. It was as though an artificial life had been conjured into the face of a dead man.

"You are changed, Destin. What has happened in these days? Has there been no comfort for you?"

His eyes opened. He threw back his head so that they looked each other in the face.

"Can a bad woman have an honest love? Can she be truer in her affection for a man than that man's wife? Is Arnaud, played with by his doll wife Sylvia, at all excusable in going to the Jewess?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

mercy enough not to turn this business into a burlesque. If it is a confession you want—"

Destin rose, and his heavy fist rested clenched on the table.

"I have asked for your justification," he said. "For ten minutes I am prepared to judge you by my own laws. It is an offer worth accepting, Arnaud."

"He is my enemy."

"There are only two reasons possible. When we hate, it is either because the object has injured, or benefited us unacceptably. I have both these reasons to justify me."

"You have still five minutes to explain, Captain Arnaud."

"Explain!" He laughed, and in his laughter there already sounded a note of suffering becoming intolerable. "I explain in five minutes what it has taken months for me to realize—my God—and yet it is simple enough. A woman—the eternal cause, the eternal explanation!"

"Your wife?"

"Who else?"

"I have heard rumors, Arnaud."

"I have lost my wife; I lost her months ago—I never possessed her. It was a dream. She fell in love with me on a moonlight night when the regimental band played in the Cercle and there was glamour and color everywhere—over Sid-el-Abbes, over me, over my life, over my love for her. We know that glamour, my colonel. It makes madmen out of us. It blinded her. I followed her to England while the glory of it all was still strong in her imagination. I made her throw over the man to whom she was virtually bound—"

"The man whom you tried to murder last night?"

"You're right—you guessed right."

PLEASED WITH THE BAGPIPES

Policeman Listened Delightedly to Its Skirl in Deserted Building.

As the "special" approached, the police sergeant stood in a listening attitude near a little city church which is built in and dwarfed by tall offices and warehouses. Usually the place is one of the busiest, but this Saturday afternoon all was quiet, save for the unmistakable skirl of bagpipes. The sound was hard to locate.

"He's away up yonder in that top room," said the sergeant in response to the "special's" inquiry; "he practices on Saturday afternoon, and I like to hear him at it."

His highland accent gave the reason.

"The tune? 'Tis the 'Barren Rocks' of Aiden," but he's not quite correct in it; there's four beats to that bar, not three, and he beats time as the stirring martial air floated over the silent Manchester street, says the Guardian of that city.

The unseen piper changed into the unmistakable "Cock o' the North."

"There was an old fellow here," continued the sergeant, "a watchman on the street repairs, and he learned to play these two tunes on the tin whistle from hearing the piper away up above. Proud the old man was, too. He was a queer old chap. He made a fiddle out of a cigar box and a bit of wood the telephone man gave him. The sound was quite good. He was seventy if he was a day."

Chicken Most Desired. No amount of sentiment will make the first robin as welcome as the first spring chicken.