

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.

A Berlin dispatch states that the Reichstag has passed the budget at all stages. The new war credit of 12,000,000,000 marks has been adopted.

A decree of divorce is granted to Mrs. Claude Grahame-White, in London, formerly Miss Dorothy Taylor, of New York, from her husband, the aviator.

Senator Borah of Idaho, writes the Mexican plank for the Republican party. He was asked by Senator Lodge to do this because of his well-known views of President Wilson's Mexican policy.

On account of the general strike the Norway government has passed a law prohibiting the sale or importation of strong liquors, wine and beer, and the shipment of liquors throughout the country. The police also have been ordered to prevent the serving of wine and beer in restaurants.

American marines and Haitian gendarmes killed the revolutionary chiefs, Welhous and Godio, and nine of their men in a fight near Fonds Verretes Sunday. No mention of American casualties is made in the State department dispatch reporting the incident.

George E. Sanders, vice president and general manager of the Oregon-Utah Sugar company, announced the sale of the Grants Pass sugar factory of the company, now under construction at Grants Pass, Or., to the Utah-Idaho Sugar company, of Salt Lake City.

Checks for the Austrians all along the line of their attack in the Southern Tyrol are reported by the Italian war office. The important Conzi Zugna position in the Adige valley is still firmly held, while near Campo Mulo, northeast of Asiago, an Italian counter attack was notably successful.

A bill pending in the house to give exclusive fishing rights to persons filing surveys on trap sites was attacked by Delegate Wickersham, of Alaska, as putting the Pacific salmon industry into the hands of a trust. A combination already has surveyed all salmon trap sites, Wickersham declared.

A defeat for the Russians attempting to advance on Bagdad is reported by the Turkish war office. Near Khanikin, about 85 miles northeast of Bagdad, on May 21, says the statement, "the Russians were outmaneuvered by the Turks and their enveloping columns dispersed and put to flight."

Fort Vaux, one of the Verdun defenses, has been captured by the German troops, according to the official statement issued from the Berlin headquarters. What remained of the French garrison finally surrendered, and an attempt to relieve the fort Tuesday resulted in the capture by the Germans of 700 un wounded prisoners.

The Hawley Pulp & Paper company, of Oregon City, announces a change in its mills from the two-shift to the three-shift plan. More than 60 more men will be employed under the new arrangement.

Russian forces have won great successes along the front from the Pripiet marshes to the Roumanian frontier, according to an official announcement from Petrograd. It is stated that the Russians took 13,000 prisoners.

The British destroyer *Acasta*, which the Germans reported they had sunk, has arrived at a northeast coast port under tow of another destroyer. The shell which put her out of action, after she had been in the thick of the fighting for 40 minutes, exploded in the engine-room, killing five men.

One hundred and eight precincts out of a total of 2297 in the state of Iowa give for suffrage 8069, against 11,062.

The U. S. Supreme court holds that interurban electric cars, crossing state lines, are amenable to the safety appliance act, although they move for a part of the route in a city service. Conviction of the Spokane & Inland Empire Railroad company, operating from Spokane to Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, for failure to comply with the act, was upheld and a \$1500 fine imposed.

Every state in the Union is represented among the 1700 men who have arrived at the first Plattsburg, N. Y., camp of military instruction.

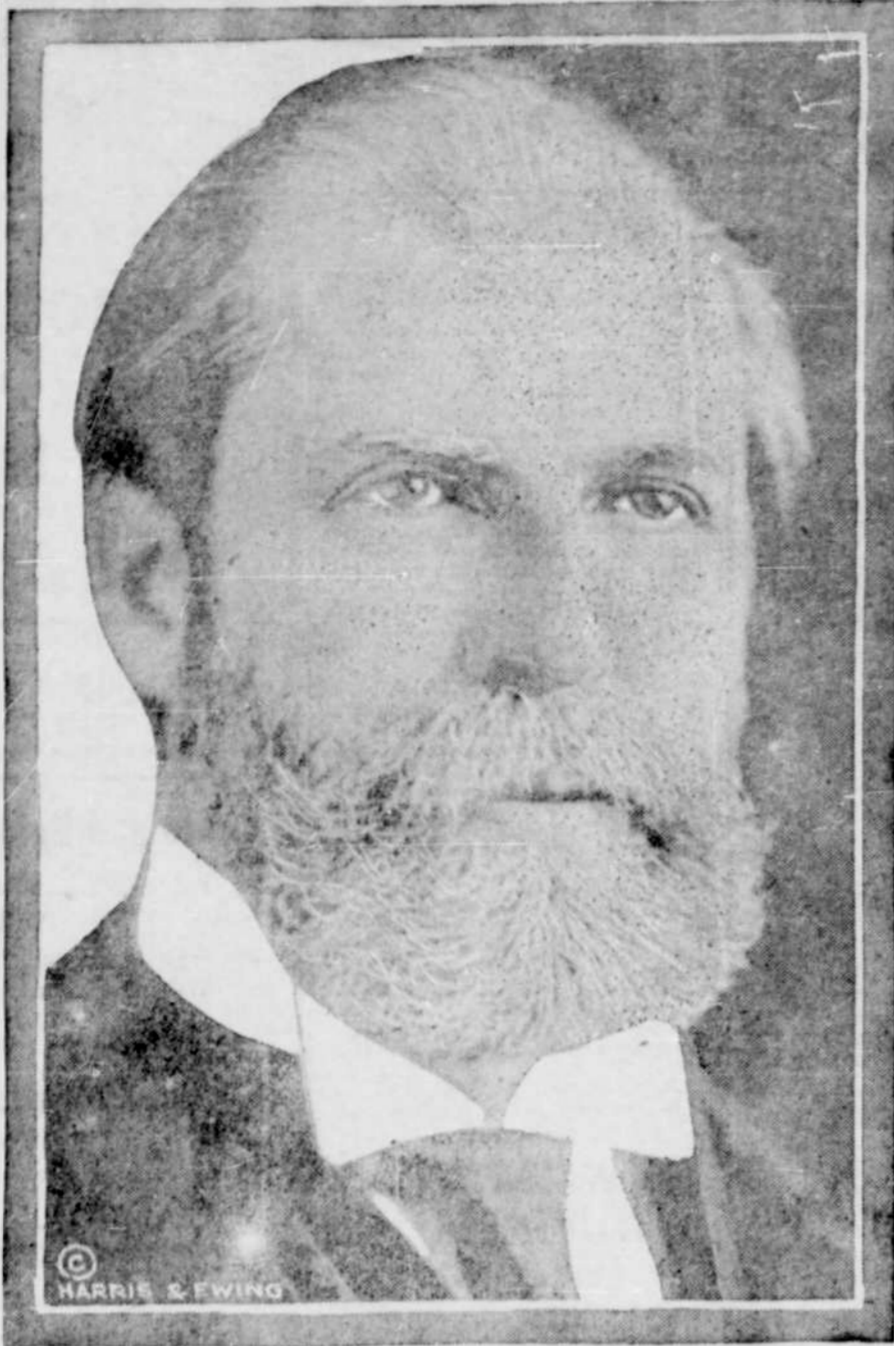
Only the signature of President Wilson is now lacking to complete the final enactment of the Oregon and California land-grant law, the house having ratified the conference report.

The suit brought by George J. Gould and other trustees of the estate of Jay Gould to recover \$1,741,000 from the St. Louis, Iron Mountain & Southern railway was dismissed by Federal Judge Hand.

The U. S. Supreme court interpreted the Harrison Federal Drug Act of 1914, making it unlawful for any person not registered under the law to have opium in his possession, as applying only to those who deal in the drug and not to those who use it.

Possible danger that the present strike of the Butte Workmen's Union might spread to the mines was dissipated when the electricians in the employ of the mining companies met and determined not to go out in sympathy with the smaller unions of the city under any circumstances.

REPUBLICANS SELECT HUGHES



Supreme Court Justice is Nominated on Third Ballot, Vote Being Practically Unanimous.

Coliseum, Chicago, June 10.—Charles Evans Hughes was named today the Republican candidate in the coming election. It was 12:27 o'clock when Delaware was reached on the third roll call of the convention. The vote to that point had been practically unanimous, all opposition had collapsed, the name of Roosevelt had been withdrawn, and the fight was over.

Seldom has there been a convention of any party in which the final moments were as tense as those in the Coliseum today. From the first minute of the convention gathering it was almost a certain thing that Hughes would win, but dread of Roosevelt power and dickerings with the Bull Moose convention made every man in the Coliseum uneasy, until Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas and California votes

had shown that the Hughes landslide had set in. Colorado, on the first call, cast nine votes for Hughes and three for Roosevelt, but no sooner had Delaware voted for Hughes than Colorado switched, withdrew Roosevelt's name and cast its solid vote for Hughes. Hughes' total vote was 949. He was actually nominated when New Jersey was reached.

PROGRESSIVES NAME ROOSEVELT WHO DECLINES.



Chicago, June 10.—Theodore Roosevelt's nomination was made unanimously by the Progressive party convention here today.

Oyster Bay, June 10.—"To the Progressive convention—I am very grateful for the honor you confer upon me by nominating me as President. I cannot accept it at this time."

Goethals Ready to Retire. Washington, D. C.—Major General George W. Goethals, governor of the Canal Zone, conferred with Secretary Baker, and is understood to have reiterated his desire to retire to private life. Secretary Baker declined to discuss that feature of the conference. He probably will present the General's request to President Wilson within a few days. General Goethals expressed satisfaction with the condition of the canal, telling the secretary that adequate precautions had been taken to guard against recurrence of slides.

Iowa Rejects Suffrage. Des Moines.—Defeat of the state constitutional amendment providing for woman suffrage was indicated when virtually complete returns from all but five counties in the state giving the anti-a majority of nearly 6000 over the advocates of votes for women. The exact figures were 144,966 against suffrage, 139,253 in favor of the amendment, a majority for the anti-a of 5713 votes. It was thought that the figures from the missing counties would cut down the anti-suffrage majority.

Indians Rule Own Morals. Washington, D. C.—Jurisdiction of the Federal government to try offenses of Indians involving immorality committed on Indian reservations was denied Tuesday by the Supreme court.

Denies Open Shop Plans. Butte, Mont.—The sixth day of the strike of the workmen's and teamsters' unions passed quietly in Butte, and without the addition of new features. The city was interested in a formal statement by the Silver Bow Employers' association in which recent statements put out by the unions to the effect that the association was organized to make Butte an "open shop" city were denied. They also claimed the present strike would probably have been averted had the unions recognized the employers' association.

Oyster Bay, N. Y., June 11.—Theodore Roosevelt reiterated tonight that he is "our politics."

"I want to tell you newspaper men," he said, "that it's no use for you to come up here to see me. I will have nothing to say. I will answer no questions, so please don't ask me. I am out of politics."

\$50,000 Fire in Seattle. Seattle.—One man lost his life in a fire which destroyed the wharf at Standard Oil company's storage plant at Richmond Beach, 15 miles north of Seattle, Tuesday, causing a loss estimated at \$50,000. The fire was caused by the explosion of an oil drum on the wharf, and quickly enveloped the structure, on which was stored 1000 drums of oil. Three men who were working on the wharf were forced to jump into the water when the flames swept over the pier. James Farmer, one of the workmen, was drowned.

Kaiser Rewards Sea Fighters. Amsterdam, via London.—The emperor, according to a Berlin dispatch, has promoted Vice Admiral Scheer, commander of the German battle fleet, to admiral. Vice Admiral Hipper has been awarded the order of pour le merite. War decorations of various kinds also have been awarded officers and men who distinguished themselves in the North Sea battle. The emperor laid a wreath on the grave of a number of dead at Wilhelmshaven. The emperor and empress also visited the wounded in the hospital there.

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The Red Mirage

A Story of the French Legion in Algiers

By L. A. R. WYLIE

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SYNOPSIS.

Sylvia Ormeau, her lover, Richard Farquhar, finds, has fallen in love with Captain Arnaud of the Foreign Legion. In Captain Sower's room Farquhar forces Sower to have Preston's 100,000 returned to him. Farquhar is helped to his rooms by Gabrielle Smith, Sower demands an apology. Refused, he forces Farquhar to resign his commission in return for possession of Farquhar's father's written confession that he had murdered Sower's father. Gabrielle saves Farquhar from suicide. To shield Arnaud, Sylvia's fiancé, Farquhar 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 Miss Arnaud, meet Colonel Destin. Farquhar meets Sylvia and Gabrielle, and learns from Colonel Destin of the old one's cruelty. Arnaud becomes a drunkard and an opium smoker. Sylvia becomes friendly with Colonel Destin. Arnaud becomes jealous of Farquhar. Farquhar, on guard at a villa where a dance is in progress, is shot down by Arnaud. Arnaud justifies his insanely jealous action to Colonel Destin. Arnaud goes to a dancing girl who loves him for comfort. Gabrielle meets Lowe, for whom she had sacrificed position and reputation, and tells him she is free from him. Sylvia meets Destin behind the mosque.

Col. Destin understands what a mean little soul Sylvia has and she knows he does. As a result of his power over her, do you believe she will surrender herself to him—a man without honor or mercy?

CHAPTER XI—Continued.

She tried to wrench her hands free, while her eyes remained in helpless attendance on his. "Colonel Destin—you are insulting—you have no right—" "I am not insulting. And if I were you would have to listen to me. The power I have over you is yours over me. We belong together, Madame Arnaud, by virtue of our vice. We are both corrupt, worthless—you in your way, I in mine. Hear me out, please! I am a brutal man, and I am tearing down the veil with brutal hands. But no matter—you will have it needed by tomorrow. For an hour I choose that you should see clearly. You have hounded two men to their ruin—in all innocence. You set yourself on a false pedestal which they could not reach—you set them a task which they could not accomplish without using your own methods. They had not your powers of assuming virtue nor my powers of valuing your peculiar worth. The one man virtually committed suicide at the altar of your perfection, the other murder."

He stopped abruptly. It was as though his own thoughts had engulfed his knowledge of her existence. She drew her hands away, and he made no effort to retain them.

"Colonel Destin," she said gently, "I think you must be mad. Even if the dreadful things you have said were true, why should you say them to me? I gave you my friendship because you seemed to need it—a little, as you say, because I myself was lonely and unhappy."



"Colonel Destin," she said gently, "I think you must be mad."

happy. But does that merit so much brutality in return?" "Forgive me, madame. I am a ruffian. I have forgotten the language. See, I am pleading with you for my life, my sanity. A soul in hell—a soul that you could save cries out to you as to the last hope of its salvation. Are you a woman and have not the courage to hold out a hand from sewer to grief to a deeper grief, a deeper despair? Will you turn away from me, Sylvia?"

"Colonel Destin, we shall neither of us find peace in evil," she said. "You have done wrong—you have thrown a shadow on a friendship that I treasure. Whatever we have to bear we must bear bravely and with honor."

"What do I ask of you?" He took her hands between his own and held them crestfallen. "Only what you say you have given me—friendship, but friendship freed from false convention and hypocrisy, friendship that dare be itself and its own law. I need you. A man's fate lies in your hands."

plateau to where a dark stream flowed out from between the banks of olive and came on swiftly, its surface, caught by the evening sun, glittering in long lines of silver. "Look," she said under her breath. He glanced over his shoulder. A harsh bugle note rang through the peaceful evening stillness, and as though the sound had held enchantment the stream recoiled, rolled back on itself in waves of light, and then amid muffled thunder came to rest. Colonel Destin nodded.

"It is their last camp-out before we go south," he said. "We are going south. Did you know that?"

"No," she said in that same low tone. "There is the road to be completed—my road. Until you came it was my life—the thing I deeded my brain with—a kind of narcotic. It is the finest military road in Algiers, and in three months it will be finished." He looked her deep into the eyes. "There are limits to human patience. I had not meant to outlive my ambition. It was the term I had set myself. Shall I come back, Sylvia?"

She made no answer. She seemed only in part to understand him. But instinctively she recognized that the pleasant intermezzo of romance which she had played to her own boredom had ended abruptly, leaving her at the mercy of an incalculable force. This man, as he had said, held the reins. Colonel Destin laid his hands on her shoulders. "Poor child!" he said almost pityingly. "You cannot choose the straight path even to the devil. Who am I to blame? Come, I will make an end for you. You need not choose; leave it to destiny—to me. There is only one thing I ask. Before I go south I must say good-by to you. You will come? It is the only answer I shall need."

A Jewish woman laden with flowers came round the corner of the mosque, singing a monotonous Arab song. Colonel Destin bowed.

"Au revoir, Madame Arnaud."

She turned from him with a little strained smile about her white lips. "Au revoir, Colonel Destin."

The flower-seller came up to her, offering her a sprig of jasmine, and she accepted and paid for it with a mechanical self-possession. Convention had lent her the strength to appear indifferent. Yet her hand trembled. The woman looked up into her face with a bold smile.

"Let us make keep the flower ever with her," she said. "It carries a blessing to a pure heart."

Sylvia Arnaud nodded and passed on.

CHAPTER XII.

The Choice.

Sylvia Arnaud sat at her small writing table beneath the lamp, and before putting her signature to the completed letter before her reread Mrs. Farquhar's concluding sentences. "You will be pleased to hear that Richard has settled down at last," Mrs. Farquhar had written in her sprawling, reckless hand. "He has taken a ranch in Australia and is doing very well. I have even hopes that some day soon I shall have news from him of the sort dear to every woman's heart—though heaven knows why. He asked me in his last letter to be remembered to you."

Sylvia Arnaud sighed and picked up her pen. "I am glad to hear such good things of Richard," she wrote, and then added "Sylvia Arnaud" in prim neat letters. When the envelope had been addressed and closed she sat back with a little exclamation of relief.

"How I hate letters!" she said irritably. "They are the worst form of social hypocrisy without even a cup of tea or nice frocks to make them bearable. You never write letters, do you, Miss Smith?"

Miss Smith, intent on mending a beautiful bertha collar of brussels lace, did not look up.

"I have no one to whom it is worth while pretending," she said in her direct way. "And even if they were worth while, I doubt if I should think so."

"You have really no friends—no relations?"

"No one."

"The light from the tall rose-colored lamp behind her fell softly on her bent head and drew warm golden colors from the thick coils of hair as usually neatly plaited into obedience. Her hands, busy with the delicate task, were also in the light, and they extraordinary whiteness and beauty caught Sylvia's wandering attention.

"What wonderful hands you have!" she said, with a delightful spontaneous enthusiasm. "One would think you spent half your days looking after them—which, of course, you can't do."

"They are heaven's customary compensation to my women." Miss Smith answered, smiling.

Sylvia turned away impatiently, and the old pucker of nervous restlessness crept back between her brows. For a few minutes neither woman spoke. Then suddenly Sylvia broke the silence—with a rush, as though a deep reluctance had been swept aside by a deeper need of speech. "Do you believe the dead see us, Miss Smith?" she asked. Miss Smith looked up then, her eyes full of shadowy thought. "I don't know," she answered, half to herself. "But there is one thing of which we can be sure—our instinct, our conscience. If we feel that the dead see us, then we know that we are standing at the crossroads—between good and evil—and that we must choose." She got up quickly, for Sylvia Arnaud had dropped forward

with her face buried in her hands and the white, beautiful shoulders were quivering. "Madame Arnaud, what is it? Have I hurt you?"

"No, not you. But I am unhappy—terribly unhappy. I never felt it before, but I feel tonight that my brother is dead. Until now I always had hope—and now I have none." She lifted her tear-stained, twisted young face to the woman beside her. "I think I loved my brother," she said. "You won't believe me—you think I am vain and shallow and heartless, and you may be right. I—I am not sure of anything except my brother. I have been trying to go right down into myself, but I can only find darkness and confusion. I want to stop thinking—"



"Wait a Moment, I Have Something to Say to You."

to be like I was—but I can't. Even my love for my brother doesn't seem so certain. What is it—that has happened to me?"

Gabrielle Smith did not answer for a moment. She touched the lightly clasped hands with a gentle compassion, but her eyes were fixed absent in front of her.

"I don't know," she said. "I expect we all feel that sometimes—when we stop taking ourselves for granted. Or perhaps—unknown to you—the crisis is here."

"The crisis?" Outside in the courtyard Sylvia Arnaud's ear had caught the sound of heavy footsteps. She rose with a painful change of expression, then, as she saw her companion's face, became calm, gently indifferently, without trace of the sudden outburst save for the heightened color, the feverish brightness of her eyes.

Desire Arnaud glanced at her as he entered. She had resumed her composure and did not turn, but the quiet disparagement of her attitude seemed too usual to affect him. He crossed the room and, tossing his key on the table, sank wearily in the chair which Gabrielle had just vacated. His uniform was soiled and dust-stained, and the fine yellow sand of the desert seemed to have crept into the deep furrows of his face, marking them out as with a merciless pencil.

Gabrielle Smith turned from him, and went quietly to the tea table and began to pour out. But he did not seem to see her. The whole man had sunk into a heavy stupor, beyond the reach of sound apparently, without knowledge of his surroundings. Yet as his wife rose from her place he stirred, his eyes followed under the heavy white-lashed lids.

"Wait a moment. I have something to say to you."

She stopped. Her fair head was thrown back slightly; her features would have been expressionless but for the faint suggestion of contempt about the mouth.

Has Arnaud learned of Sylvia's meeting with Col. Destin, and in his madness, is he about to shoot her and then commit suicide?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Minerals in New Mexico.

In the days when New Mexico was a hinterland an Indian showed some specimens of rock he had found on Baldy Peak to white men, who recognized them as copper ore, and who, guided by the Indian, found the ledge and located a prospect. The men developed work on this copper prospect in 1866 found placer gold and traced it to its parent ledge. The placers yielded \$2,550,000 and the gold mine about \$1,150,000, but the rich ore was exhausted in a few years, and for over forty years desultory prospecting for other ore bodies was carried on without notable results. In recent years prospecting based on the geologic relations of the old ore body resulted in the discovery of a new body of rich ore, which has yielded nearly \$250,000 in ten months and is still producing.

New Use for Hoplines.

One of the latest results of the efforts of Germany's scientists to aid the fatherland is the discovery that hoplines make an excellent material for paper, jute and charcoal.

India's Large Coal Production. India is now said to be producing more coal than all the other British dependencies.