

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.

Russian army in Turkey retires 80 miles in Bagdad region to await cooler weather.

Germany fail in counter attack against the French, who hold ground they won along the river Somme.

Vienna admits defeat of the Austrians, when they were driven back nearly five miles from their positions.

The new Swiss war loan of 100,000,000 francs at 1 per cent, issued at 97, has been oversubscribed by 51,000,000 francs.

Admiral Jellicoe, of the British navy, reporting on the North Sea naval battle, estimates the Germans lost 21 ships.

Since the beginning of the European war the Swiss national debt has risen from an average of 28 francs per capita to 150 francs.

Theodore Tobiason, owner of a millinery store in Spokane, was shot and killed in his store by Alphonse Pansiera. Pansiera, according to the police, said Tobiason owed him \$5000.

It is understood that the report that Sir Edward Grey, the English foreign secretary, is to be raised to the peerage, is correct, and that in fact he already has accepted such an offer. A baronetcy of the United Kingdom probably will be conferred upon him.

The War department has announced that it will call to the colors within a few days the regular army reserve, consisting of between 4000 and 5000 men who have served in the army, in order to hasten organization of new units provided by the army reorganization act.

A new project for saving life at the time of naval engagements is reported from Copenhagen. It is said several prominent Danes intend to organize a fleet of several hundred motor boats along the west coast of Jutland. These boats, flying the Red Cross flag, will be sent out to pick up the wounded after each sea battle.

Petitions carrying 75,000 names in support of initiative No. 24, which authorizes the operation of breweries and sale of beer direct to consumers, were filed with the secretary of state of Washington. It is estimated that 50,000 of the petitioners will be found qualified to sign, while the law needs only 32,000 signatures to place on the ballot.

Loss of at least 17 lives and property damage which may total several millions of dollars resulted from the tropical storm which swept the east Gulf Coast and turned inland Saturday. All the deaths reported occurred near Beloit, Ala., where 17 negroes lost their lives. Several resorts along the coast in the vicinity of Mobile had not been heard from. There was no loss of life in either Mobile or Pensacola, the largest cities in the storm's path, according to messengers from those places, which still were cut off from the direct wire communication.

A bill to establish a National park service, with a compensation system of supervision, and a bill to accept from the state of Oregon exclusive jurisdiction over the Crater Lake National park, were among measures passed by the house of representatives.

The customs bureau of the Treasury department begins an examination to learn the total amount of arms and ammunition that has been exported to Mexico within the last year. The work was undertaken at the request of the War department. Orders were sent to all customs inspectors to tabulate the information and send it to Washington as soon as possible.

Three deaths from heat were reported to the police in St. Louis Tuesday. The victims were elderly men. The highest temperature was 94 degrees.

No soldier along the border is to be without a Bible, if efforts now being made to provide each fighting man with a pocket-size khaki-bound volume at a cost of 5 cents are successful. The army chaplains who have been interested in the movement are lending their assistance to it. The Bibles are provided at cost.

Herbert Munter, a Seattle aviator, flying at South Bend, Wash., while 3000 feet in the air had to descend when the crank shaft of his engine broke. He landed safely on the tide flats.

General Trevino reported Wednesday night to the Mexican war department that several wounded American soldiers, who belonged to detachments engaged in the fight at Carrizal, have been found in different parts of the state of Chihuahua. He said they were being returned to the American side as soon as encountered.

The London war office announced that the necessary passenger traffic between Great Britain and the Continent would be regulated closely and reduced as far as possible. Only those having good reason will be permitted to travel.

Eliott H. Gary, chairman of the United States Steel corporation, in a statement just issued, asserts that the steel business of the United States for domestic use and for export is better than ever in its history. Production is larger, profits greater and workmen are receiving higher wages.

New Supreme Court Member and Wife.



ASSOCIATE JUSTICE BRANDIS AND HIS WIFE. This photograph shows Associate Justice Louis D. Brandeis for the first time in his robes of office.

GERMAN SUBMARINE IS ENTERED AS MERCHANTMAN

Baltimore.—The daring German seamen who brought the submarine merchantman Deutschland across the Atlantic slept quietly aboard their vessel which lay moored to a carefully screened pier guarded by a strong squad of Baltimore police. Captain Paul Koenig, the skipper, had delivered his papers to the North German Lloyd office, entered his vessel at the custom-house as a commerce carrier, and had presented to a German embassy official a packet of correspondence for von Bernstorff.

Now the submarine is ready to discharge her million-dollar cargo of dyestuffs and take on board for the return trip to Germany metal and rubber needed by the emperor's armies and navy. The return merchandise is waiting on the dock, and the time for leaving port will depend largely on plans for eluding vigilant enemy cruisers expected to be waiting outside the entrance of Chesapeake Bay for the reappearance of the vessel.

OMNIBUS REVENUE BILL PASSES HOUSE, INCREASING INCOME TAX

Washington, D. C.—The administration omnibus revenue bill, creating a tariff commission, imposing a protective tariff on dyestuffs, repealing present stamp taxes and providing for new taxes on incomes, inheritances and war munitions profits, passed the house late Monday by a vote of 240 to 140.

During the closing hours of debate several amendments, providing for elimination of the bankers' tax and modifying the tariff commission section, were adopted over the opposition of Democratic leaders.

The amendments cut the salaries of members of the tariff commission from \$10,000 to \$7500 annually; struck out the provision under which no member or former member of congress could serve on the commission, and provided a single appropriation of \$300,000 to pay expenses of the commission the first year, instead of the bill's stipulation of a continuing annual appropriation of that amount. The entire section levying a tax of \$1 for each \$1000 of capital, surplus and undivided profits held by bankers was stricken out.

Many amendments proposed by the ways and means committee also were adopted, including one under which cigarette manufacturers must pay a special tax of 3 cents for every 10,000 cigarettes.

Growers Steal Berry Pickers. Tacoma, Wash.—Wholesale brigandage exists in the Puyallup valley. Berry pickers worth their weight in gold are the booty; respectable citizens and fellow-members of co-operative associations are the brigands. The human spoil, with all its goods and chattels, children and dogs, sport shirts and scalloped skirts, is carried away in highpowered automobiles to berry patches, where the pickers are watched like prisoners of war.

H. Shepherd, of Alderton, was one of the heaviest sufferers Tuesday, for

British Trawlers Sunk. Berlin.—According to a statement given out Tuesday by the Overseas News agency, German warships between July 4 and 6 sank eight trawlers near the English coast. "German forces from July 4 to 6," the agency says, "sank, near the English coast, the trawlers Queen Bee, Anil Anderson, Peep o' Day, Watchful, Nancy Human, Petuna, Carrelbessy and Newar Castle. Of these, the Queen Bee, Watchful and Petuna were shelled with artillery because they attempted to escape after being warned."

Banks' Opinions Differ. New York.—A wide divergence of opinion among the banks of the country as to whether the Federal reserve act has been successful after a year's operation is shown in a report issued Tuesday by a New York trust company, which has completed a nationwide survey of the attitude of banks toward the act. More than 5000 replies were received to the queries sent out, 1760 of them being favorable, 1773 unfavorable, and 1811 noncommittal.

King of Annam Deposed. Paris.—Duy-Tan, the 16-year-old king of the French protectorate of Annam, on the China sea, has been deposed as a result of a revolt of Annamites at Quang-Ngai, which he has been accused of having fomented. The governor general of French Indo-China reports that the outbreak was suppressed quickly and the king arrested near Hue. He is succeeded by Prince Bun-Dao, who has just been crowned king in his stead.

One of Captain Koenig's first acts after he moved his ship out the harbor from quarantine early Monday was to announce that the Deutschland was only one of a fleet of mammoth submarines built or building for a regular trans-Atlantic freight and mail service. He said the next to come would be the Bremen, and that she might be looked for at some port along the coast within eight weeks.

The German captain submitted his craft to a thorough inspection by the surveyor of the port and an agent of the department of justice. These officers agreed that there was no sign of armament of any description on board, and that there was no doubt in their minds about the boat's being entitled to the status of an ordinary merchantman.

The captain asserted that his voyage had established the fact that a submarine of the type of the Deutschland could travel anywhere that the ordinary vessel could go, 13,000 miles, if necessary. He had no fears, he said, of his ability to elude enemies that might be waiting for him off the Virginia Capes when he starts his return trip.

"I will be able to submerge within the three-mile limit, and they cannot catch me after that," he said.

Newest Photo of Republican Chairman



WILLIAM R. WILLCOX. This is the latest photograph of William R. Willcox, new chairman of the Republican National committee, who will manage the campaign for the election of Charles E. Hughes.

while he ate his dinner neighboring growers inveigled his employes away by offering the bait of higher pay.

The larger growers have suffered irreparable loss, and their fruit is spoiling on the plants because of the labor shortage. That is the reason they are resorting to outlawry to harvest their crops.

Fishermen Lost in Gulf. Mobile, Ala.—The wreck of the fishing smack Philip Keyes probably has added eight to the death list of the Gulf hurricane. Two survivors of the crew were picked up at Dauphin Island.

War is Only Last Resort. Toledo, Ohio.—"The United States will go to war only in case of unmistakable necessity," said President Wilson in a five-minute talk at the Union station here on his way back to Washington from Detroit. The President was met and welcomed by Representative Sherwood, who lauded the executive in a short talk, declaring the President stands only for peace, progress and prosperity. Continuing, Mr. Wilson said: "Our rights, our border citizens and our sovereignty must be respected."

Road to Snow Begun. Hood River.—With work already begun on the new mountain road, County Commissioner Hanum, of the Upper valley, who has been here soliciting funds for the project, declared that five miles of the proposed seven-mile highway leading to the snow line of Mt. Hood will have been completed by the middle of fall. The new road will have a maximum grade of 7 per cent. It is estimated that the total cost will not exceed \$3500. One of the largest single contributors was the Mount Hood Railway company.

Record Mortgage Filed. Astoria.—One of the largest mortgages filed in Clatsop county for many years was recorded this week. It was given by the Crown Willamette Paper company to the Continental & Commercial Trust & Savings bank and Frank H. Jones, of Chicago. It covers all the paper company's extensive timberland holdings in Oregon and California and was given as security for \$5,000,000 in 6 per cent bonds, issued by the company.

NEWS ITEMS

Of General Interest About Oregon

Crop Shortage Will Be Offset by Higher Prices This Year

Washington, D. C.—The monthly bulletin of the Federal Reserve board, issued this week, discussing business conditions of the Pacific Coast, says:

"While the crops of this section will be less than the average, due to damage by late frosts and drought, the farmers and fruit growers will be protected from loss through the greater prices which they will receive for their products. Peach growers who last year permitted their crops to rot on the trees because of the unprofitable prices prevailing are this year contracting to sell their product, which will be 40 to 60 per cent of the average, at more than double the prices prevailing at the same time last year. "The damage from the frost to apples and pears in the Northwest has been quite serious and general but the prediction is made that notwithstanding this the year's crop will exceed that of 1915.

This year's grain crop of the twelfth district will be from 20 to 30 per cent less than that of last year. This shortage is due to the unusual drought which has prevailed during the spring in certain parts of California. A material decrease in acreage is reported from the Northwest. It is asserted that the carry over from last year's wheat crop in Oregon and Washington equals 20 to 40 per cent of last year's crop.

"Mining during the past year has been the most profitable industry within this district. The next most profitable one has been livestock. "Recent rains in Idaho have greatly benefited the grazing lands. Sheep, wool and cattle are all bringing high prices in all of the states of this district. Dairying is also prosperous."

Representative Sinnott Now Wears Oregon Jackrabbit Fedora

Washington, D. C.—High-grade felt hats can be manufactured from the fur of Oregon jackrabbits. This is no longer a theory, but a demonstrated fact, and Representative N. J. Sinnott, of Oregon, is today proudly wearing the first and only felt fedora ever manufactured in the country from jackrabbit fur.

Last winter Mr. Sinnott discovered that felt hat manufacturers were embarrassed because their supply of German rabbit fur was cut off with the war. It occurred to him that jackrabbit fur might be substituted and he sent to Oregon for a consignment of jackrabbit skins. These he turned over to the largest and best-known hat manufacturers in the East, with the request that they experiment with the rabbit fur and determine its suitability for hat manufacture.

The jackrabbit hat seems to be the equal of any \$5 felt hat on the market. It is of fine, soft texture, smooth to the touch and clear in color and grain. Members who examined it pronounced it a first-class headpiece and one that ought to command a good price in the market.

Mr. Sinnott was told by manufacturers, who entered upon the experiment with some doubts, that the Oregon jackrabbit fur made a much better hat than they had anticipated. He also learned from them that jackrabbits to be killed in the winter months, when the fur is heaviest, and must come from the colder portions of the West.

New Route Proposed.

Klamath Falls.—A new road to shorten the distance from Eugene to Klamath county points and to make a new route for tourists from that section bound for California, is being considered in this city. Arrangements have been completed for taking the question up with the County court next week at its regular July term. The present route from Eugene to Crescent is via McKenzie Pass and Bend, a distance of 170 miles. The proposed route, in connection with the old military road, would make the distance from Eugene to Crescent 109 miles and would have the effect of routing the southern-bound tourist through Crescent via Crater Lake and Klamath Falls and into California via Tule Lake road, through the Modoc lava beds.

New Coast Line Hinted. Cottage Grove.—The fact that several routes from here towards the coast have been tentatively surveyed and that it is known that owners of large bodies of timber in the vicinity of Cottage Grove wish to find a cheap way of getting it to market, leads to the belief that a railroad from here in a westerly direction is a possibility of the next few years. The extension of the Oregon Pacific & Eastern in this direction was announced about three years ago, but was abandoned on account of the stringency of the money market.

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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 Ormsby, her lover, Richard Farquhar, has fallen in love with Captain Arnaud of the Foreign Legion. In Captain Sower's room Farquhar forces Sower to have Preston's I O U 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 absolve Arnaud, Sylvia dances. 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 Mrs. Arnaud, meet Colonel Destin. Farquhar meets Sylvia and Gabrielle, and learns from Corporal Goss of the colonel's cruelty. Arnaud becomes a drunkard and 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 inhumanly jealous action to Colonel Destin. Arnaud goes to a dancing hall and meets Gabrielle. 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. Arnaud becomes ill but Sylvia will not help him, nor interfere for Farquhar. Gabrielle, aiding Farquhar, who is under punishment, is mistaken by him in his delirium for Sylvia. Farquhar delivers a message to Destin at night and finds Sylvia with him. He learns that it was Gabrielle who aided him.

There are women who appear able to fool all men with their wiles, but they can't fool smart women. Sylvia made men miserable wherever she went—made them throw their lives away recklessly. But the dawn of a day of reckoning is beginning for her, and a woman of her own sort is the instrument.

CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

"Faithful friend!" He caught her hand roughly from the bride. "There is something in all this I don't understand. Have I been mad—or dreaming?"

"Dreaming, Richard."

"Oh, I remember—the men who follow mirages die." That was the night when she came to give me "God speed," and it was for that man who came to me that night on the plateau—who saved me? Was it you?"

"And everything—all you said—was a lie, a charitable fancy?"

"It was the truth."

He did not speak for a moment. He bent lower in the saddle, as though to penetrate the twilight that hid her from him. And suddenly it was her hand that touched his and held it.

"I am sorry!" she said. "I did not mean to hurt you."

"I have to thank you," he answered unevenly.

Then gently he freed himself and, pulling his horse round in the middle of the road, galloped back in the direction of the barracks.

CHAPTER XV.

Mrs. Farquhar.

"And so we part company."

"I think it better, Mame. Arnaud."

Sylvia looked up from her book. It was "East Lynne," and the condition of the cover suggested a serious reading.

"I dare say you are right," she said lazily. "All the same, I don't quite understand you, Miss Smith. You saved me in rather an awkward dilemma the other night. And now you want to leave me?"

Gabrielle smiled.

"If I was of any assistance to you, it was for reasons that had nothing to do with you personally."

"Sylvia fidgeted irritably. "What do you mean?" she asked.

"Madame Arnaud, you are pretending. You want to pretend that the lives that you have linked to yours have really nothing to do with you—that you are not responsible, that you are just a beautiful, innocent woman sitting among your dreams on a moonlit top far above the turmoil of ordinary mankind. And you want me to pretend with you. But I really can't. As you said—I know too much. I'm a discomfort."

The liberty curtains dividing the open door from the courtyard were pushed aside and Sylvia's English maid made her discreet appearance.

"Oh, I don't know. Won't you sit down? I certainly didn't expect any English person in this dreadful place. If one can live in England—"

She broke off suddenly. "What made you leave?"

"You see, I have been rather lonely. Since Richard left—"

"Ah, yes, of course," Sylvia sat down with her back to the sunlight, her hands clasped tightly in her lap. "You must miss him very much."

"Oh, terribly. But that's our fate—to have to get on without people we have suffered for. You, for instance, I'm sure sometimes you feel sad—a little homesick—"

"Often," Sylvia looked up eagerly. "We are alike, rather. We understand each other." Mrs. Farquhar was silent a moment, considering the white-faced woman opposite her with bright, affectionate eyes. "And so you are sometimes lonely? If it were not for Captain Arnaud I should pity you, Sylvia."

"Yes, of course, if it were not for Desire—"

She stopped, as though seeking for words, and slowly, beneath the persistent gaze of the blue eyes, the last trace of color died from her cheeks. The hand that passed Mrs. Farquhar's cup across the table shook.

"I am sorry—but the life out here makes one so nervous and jerky."

"Yes, I can imagine that," Mrs. Farquhar agreed seriously. "I had hoped to find Captain Arnaud here. I was so charmed with him, you know, and wished Richard and he had been more friendly. Poor Richard!"

Sylvia's hand tightened on the carved arm of her chair. She made a movement as though on the edge of an impulsive speech, then drew back, white-lipped and silent. Mrs. Farquhar bent forward and patted her on the knee. "I didn't mean to hurt you. I know how delicate and sensitive you are, child. But you must never worry about Richard. He writes me such wonderful letters, and in each one of them he talks about you, how good you are, how much nobler and better you are than other women. Really—it is quite touching—"

She stopped short. Sylvia Arnaud had risen to her feet. She stood perfectly upright for a moment, staring in front of her with blank eyes, and then suddenly she lifted her hands to her head.

"It's the heat—the awful sunshine—"

She collapsed, senseless, at Mrs. Farquhar's feet.

Mrs. Farquhar got up. She looked down at the motionless figure but did not touch it. She rang the little oriental bell lying in the midst of the English silver.

"Your mistress has fainted," she said coolly to the pale-stricken servant who answered the summons. "I think a little sal volatile is all that is needed. I leave her, I am sure, in good hands." She smiled graciously and went out into the sunny courtyard. Gabrielle Smith, who stood by the fountain, trimming the luxuriant ferns, turned as she heard the light, quick tap of Mrs. Farquhar's French heels. Mrs. Farquhar held out her hand.

"I have to thank you for your letter," she said.

"There isn't any need for thanks. I hesitated for twenty-four awful hours. But I felt I had to do something. Once I had seen your name and address on that envelope I dared not keep silence."

"I shall never be able to repay my debt. I hurried here as fast as express trains and wretched French packet boats could carry me. I wanted to reach Sidi-bel-Abbes before you left. You have given up your situation?"

"Yes."

"Will you come to me?"

Gabrielle Smith did not answer for a moment. Her eyes rested steadfastly, significantly, on the faded, powdered face.

"I think—better not, Mrs. Farquhar. You know nothing about me—not even whether I am respectable—"

"You are the woman who has given me the hope that I may see my son again before I die. That is all I care about! I am an old woman, Miss Smith, and what less before me is almost beyond my powers. I need you—my son needs you. Will you think of that?"

"Yes," Gabrielle answered stily.

"Then I rely upon you. Here is my card. Come to see me as soon as you can. We must act at once. Will you accompany me to my carriage?"

As Gabrielle helped her silently into the waiting victoria Mrs. Farquhar turned for a moment to glance behind her. Her face, which had suddenly grown old and lined with grief, lit up

with a flash of malicious enjoyment. "When we women go to the devil we go all the way," she said. "We outdo Lucifer himself—we make hell a comparatively respectable abode. And men can't pay us out—can't get at us. Only our own sex know how to do that. I know how to do it. I have actually made Sylvia Arnaud faint." She sank back among the cushions with a sigh of relief. "And that will be my consolation on my deathbed," she finished, almost cheerfully.

CHAPTER XVI.

In the Teeth of the Storm. During the first night of that great march southward they had sung lustily. Now they were silent. No man spoke even to his neighbor. From time to time they exchanged glances—lightning, stealthy glances, which passed unnoticed. But that was all. It was the only sign that they were still men.

The last village lay behind them. Two hundred miles away there was Sidi-bel-Abbes. In those two hundred miles there had been many things—and eight days! Eight days! They had ceased to count. The milestones had disappeared. Their memories were blank. Mechanically as each distance of ten kilometers was forced behind them they dropped stupidly into the burning sand and five minutes later mechanically rose and went on again. At night their white camp stretched like a string of pearls into the darkness, and the bivouac fires shone brightly, but they did not sleep. They sat, huddled together for shelter against the blasting cold of the desert night, and stared in front of them, or at one another. Before the dawn broke they marched on again. Their eyes were red-rimmed and bloodshot with the sand and the glare of the sun. But they neither cursed nor complained. Only from time to time they glanced at one another, and always with that smoldering, searching interrogation. "Is it yet?"

The day was cloudless. Since dawn no shadow had crossed the brazen monotony of withered alyssum. Yet there was darkness in the air as though light had burned up light itself, and the great ball of the sun had sunk behind a yellow, transparent veil of smoldering, scorching ruin. Suddenly to the southeast the darkness gathered; the faintest gleam beaming above the slow-moving line swept together in one stupendous shadow which rushed down upon them. Colonel Destin galloped furiously along the wavering, stricken line of men.

"Campez! campez! Each man for himself!"

Then it was upon them. The sun was blotted out. The sand was everywhere. It came like a blast out of hell's furnace and crept into their eyes, their mouths, their lungs, their very hearing. It eddied round their feet, mounting steadily to their knees, and around them there shrieked the hurricane itself, an awful army of articulate, destroying myriads.

In that first moment Farquhar reeled forward, instinctively fighting the galling storm with the fierce physical madness of a body goaded by intolerable torture, then he dropped quietly to his knees and waited for the end. He heard the scream of a horse in terror, and a third as of something falling close beside him, but he remained indifferent. Stubbly, doggedly, he awaited the final consummation of his release.

Then something touched him. He awoke with a curse of resentful agony. A hand had groped through the darkness. It gripped him, and he dragged himself to his feet, lifting the heavy, invisible body with him. The sand beat down upon them. He turned his back to the storm. He stamped the shifting, whirling mass under his feet, and with a woman's generous tenderness sheltered the motionless unknown man against his shoulders. No word was spoken. Eternities of suffering, in which each moment was the last, bore down upon him. There was no time in that hideous, revolving obscurity—all the landmarks of life had been swept away, and he was pitted against the full force of death itself. He dropped back. With an effort he gathered the unconscious man closer, keeping his face uppermost. Then he lay still, wondering if this were death. . . .

"Has the time come for a recognition of kinship between Richard and one of his enemies—Colonel Destin, or Captain Arnaud?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

READ CHARACTER FROM FEET

Shoe Dealer Says They Are a Sure Index to Their Owner's State of Mind.

Delegates attending the annual convention of the Ohio Retail Shoe Dealers' association maintain the feet are closely related to character.

"Feet are not only parts of the anatomy—no pun intended," said O. K. Dorn, a Cleveland shoe dealer.

"It's possible to read character from feet, just as a phrenologist reads character from the head.

"Women's feet are especially good indexes of state of mind.

"No matter how serene a woman may be outwardly, you can guess her state of mind from the position of her feet.

smile on her face, but her feet will betray her. She'll sit with the soles turned toward each other, or keep the toes pressed tightly to the floor. Again she may raise the soles from the floor and press down with the heels.

"Turned-in toes indicate restlessness. Anger is shown by digging the heel into the floor, nervousness by tapping of the foot.

"Police-men and detectives often make use of this knowledge to obtain confessions from suspects."—Cleveland Press.

Begun in Error. Child (thrusting for knowledge)—Papa, please tell me, what is collaboration between two authors? Literary Parent (who knows)—A mistake that begins with a luncheon and ends with a lawsuit.—Puck.