

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.

Offers of \$1 per bushel for North-western wheat are refused.

One child in every five dies of infantile paralysis in New York.

The State department declines to stand behind American bankers who were negotiating a loan to China.

Sir Roger Casement, the instigator of the Irish revolution, was hanged in London Thursday for high treason.

The Deutschland submarine has successfully passed the allies' warships off Chesapeake Bay and is far out to sea.

A hotel clerk in Spokane is sentenced to 60 days in jail and \$750 fine for permitting illegal sale of liquors in the hotel.

Should the great railroad strike now pending be declared, all traffic would be stopped on 1285 roads, with the exception of mail and troop trains.

The Serbian government has decided to convoke the Serbian parliament. King Peter and the Greek government have been advised of this intention.

The garment strike which virtually has paralyzed the women's suit and cloak industry in New York for nearly four months, was declared settled at a general meeting of the strike committee.

Frank West, two-year-old son of F. A. West, of Prosser, Wash., was drowned in the Sunnyside canal. The body was recovered after having been carried through two miles of wood-stave pipe.

The supreme lodge of Knights of Pythias in session at Portland last week, elected John J. Brown, of Vandalia, Ill., supreme chancellor and Charles S. Davis, of Denver, vice chancellor.

National Guardsmen, relieved from duty on the border for disability, returned to Oakland, Cal., to find their armory had been looted of \$1500 in clothing by burglars, who had cleaned out every locker.

An attempt by Bulgarian soldiers to seize an island in the Rumanian waters of the Danube river close to the town of Giurgevo has caused a sensation there, according to reports received by Bucharest newspapers.

The shipbuilding plant, backed by Louis Swift, of Chicago, vice president of Swift & Co. and purchasing agent for the Union Meat company tentatively located at Flavel, Or., has been moved to Portland through efforts of Herbert Brown.

A Zurich dispatch says that several young men paraded the streets of that city Tuesday night bearing banners inscribed: "We demand complete demobilization." The police were obliged to charge the crowd with drawn swords before it would disperse. Several persons were wounded.

It was officially announced at the Mexican foreign office that Luis Cabrera, Ygnacio Bonillas and Alberto Pani have been selected as the commissioners to negotiate with the United States commissioners regarding the questions at issue between Mexico and the United States.

The supreme lodge of Knights of Pythias is in session at Portland.

The heat wave that has enveloped Chicago and the Middle West, was broken Monday by a stiff breeze from the North.

England positively refuses to permit medicines for American Red Cross societies to pass the allies' lines into Germany or Austria.

Winston Churchill, former first lord of the British admiralty, declares England was saved by her navy.

During a quarrel between two employees of the Union Meat company at Portland, one man was knocked into a vat of boiling water and cooked alive.

Striking employees of the three large packing houses in East St. Louis have voted to accept the concessions made by the employers and to return to work Tuesday. About 4500 men are involved.

The U. S. court at Norfolk, Va., has rendered a decision which gives back to English owners the prize ship Appam, captured by the Germans.

The failure of the Pope's appeals to the warring nations for peace was admitted by the Pontiff in addressing a delegation of the youth of Rome.

Henry Edward Duke, a barister and Unionist member of Parliament for Exeter, was appointed to be the new chief secretary of Ireland in succession to Augustine Birrell. The new chief secretary will have a seat in the British cabinet.

German aircraft make a raid on the English coast, dropping bombs at several points.

The committee on industrial preparedness of the naval consulting board has completed a survey of the resources in case of war.

Nineteen days with the thermometer averaging 93 degrees was the record of the hot spell in Chicago. The highest temperature was 102; the lowest 61. A total of 325 deaths occurred, including 176 babies; 2600 prostrations were reported, and 890 horses dropped dead in the streets.

Night Bathing in Lake Michigan Saves Many.



Night bathing in Lake Michigan saves thousands of persons during the hot spell in Chicago. Parts of the lake front swarms with women bathers till late hours of the night. It is the only way they have to cool off from the great heat of the day. The custom may now be so well established that night bathing will become a regular feature of the summer.

RAILROAD STRIKE SEEMS INEVITABLE

Congress is Urged to Take Immediate Action to Forestall Trouble.

National Chamber of Commerce Believes Arbitration is Futile— Wilson Much Concerned.

Washington, D. C.—Officials of the Federal government, including President Wilson, are closely watching developments in the controversy between 225 railway systems and their 400,000 employees, and are preparing to offer every possible aid in effecting an agreement and avoiding a strike.

Thursday the President forwarded to the Labor department an appeal he had received from the Chamber of Commerce of the United States declaring a strike inevitable "unless some strong measures of intervention are speedily introduced" and urging an inquiry.

Acting Secretary of Labor Post said he was in close touch with the situation, but had not decided whether action by the department would be necessary.

The Federal board of mediation and conciliation, which is authorized by law to attempt to avert strikes on railroads, also is keeping watch of developments, and its officials expect to be called on as soon as the strike vote, now being counted, has been completely canvassed. They said that nothing could be done at present.

Copies of the chamber's appeal to President Wilson were forwarded to chairmen of the congressional commerce committees and the representatives of the railroads and employees.

Harry Wheeler, chairman of the chamber's committee on railroads, said he had recently attended a meeting of representatives of the employers and employees in New York, and that as a result his conviction was deepened that an amicable settlement was remote. "I am assured," he added, "there will be no modification of the attitude of the roads. Neither is it expected that the representatives of the men, with the new powerful strike vote in their hands, will recede from the position which they have taken heretofore."

Shark Startles Newport.

Newport, Or.—Beach bathers were startled Thursday when they heard of the capture of a shark at the Devil's Punchbowl, 10 miles north of Newport. Their fears were dispelled later, however, when it was learned that it was a sand shark and not one of the man-eating species. The shark was washed ashore while Carl Shoemaker, state game warden, was visiting the bowl. He killed it and brought it to Newport, where it is now on display. Two years ago a man-eating shark, 25 feet long, was killed off Yaquina Bay.

Eating Places Picketed.

San Francisco—An "installment plan" strike against all San Francisco cafes, cafeterias and restaurants was begun by four culinary workers' unions Wednesday, when they placed pickets in front of five eating places. The union leaders said they would press their demands against the five establishments picketed, and when they capitulated would picket four more. The Restaurant Men's association has announced it would declare a lockout of union workers from every eating house in the city if any were picketed.

Fruit Basket Bill Passed.

Washington, D. C.—"The honest grape, fruit and berry basket bill," by Representative Reavis, of Nebraska, prescribing dimensions for standard baskets for interstate shipment of grapes, small fruits and berries, was passed Thursday by the house. Grape growers of New York and Southern and Western small fruit and berry raisers advocated its passage for protection against competitors using undersized containers.

ACTIVITY OF ALLEGED SPIES AT PANAMA CANAL IS INVESTIGATED

Washington, D. C.—Activities of persons suspected of being spies employed by foreign governments to acquire information regarding the nature and extent of the defenses of the Panama canal have made the administration decide to request congress to supplant the existing laws against improper acquisition of knowledge of military and naval plans and fortifications.

Representatives of the department of Justice and the War and Navy departments have been in conference on the subject, and it is expected that they will agree on some drastic legislation to be submitted to congress.

It is possible that the scope of the conference may be extended beyond the original ideas of a mere protection of the secrets of the American coast defenses to cover generally such attempts as have been common since the beginning of the present war to destroy powder and ammunition plants, on which the United States government must rely in time of trouble.

Several of the military powers of the world are believed to have undertaken to obtain information as to the character of the defenses of the Panama canal. The latest incident to excite suspicion is the operations of a little Japanese power vessel, ostensibly a fishing launch, which sought to obtain a permit for pearl fishing in the waters of Panama bay and vicinity.

The canal authorities have been warned that this craft appeared to have been making surveys and that these were not confined to the water but extended to the isthmus proper. While these operations may have been perfectly innocent in intent and only such soundings were made and bearings taken as might be incident to the pursuit of pearl fisheries, the canal zone authorities have regarded the matter as of sufficient importance to warrant investigation and report to Washington. Meanwhile, licenses have been withheld until some general line of policy can be formulated to govern all such cases.

Bottle Tells Zeppelin's Fate.

Berlin—Extracts from letters found last February in a bottle picked up in the Skagerrak, containing last messages from the commander and crew of the Zeppelin L-19, wrecked in the North Sea, have been given out. The writings included the final report of the Zeppelin's commander, written an hour before the airship went down. The greater part of the extracts consist of personal messages to members of the victims' families. One of them says "an English trawler came along this morning, but refused to save us."

River Diver Suffocated.

Astoria, Or.—Axel B. Anderson, a diver, was suffocated below water Sunday while working near Altoona, Wash. He was in diver's armor, placing chains around piling. When Anderson had been down five minutes O. B. Wahl, who was handling the air pump, noticed that the pipe was leaking. He signalled to Anderson to come up, and the latter replied by calling for more air. He was pulled to the surface and when the helmet was removed blood was pouring from his nose and ears. Life was extinct.

British Save Suez Canal.

London—The Turkish army of 13,000 soldiers which attacked British positions on August 4 at Romani, 22 miles east of the Suez canal, has been thoroughly defeated, according to the latest official statement. The Turks are now in full retreat and were hotly pursued for 18 miles by British troops. The number of unwounded Turks captured was 3145. Among the prisoners were 70 Germans, including 36 officers. A complete battery of German guns was also taken.

Hughes' Auto Searched.

Niagara Falls—Charles E. Hughes, en route to Detroit, spent Sunday here. At his request there was no public reception. During the automobile ride in Canada, at a lonely spot a Canadian soldier, with fixed bayonet, ordered the driver to halt and searched the car for explosives. The soldier, when told of Mr. Hughes' identity, replied with a grin that he was sorry, but Canadian military rules made no exception.

NEWS ITEMS

Of General Interest
About Oregon

Oregon Will File for Share in Government Good Roads Fund

Salem—Oregon's full share of the Federal good roads appropriation, amounting to \$78,000, for 1916, under the Shackleford bill passed recently by congress, will be claimed at once, members of the State Highway commission and advisory board decided Monday.

Governor Withycombe, in behalf of the State Highway commission, within the next few days will make a formal request of the secretary of Agriculture for the money, which it is desired to use this year, if possible. He will request Attorney General Brown for an opinion regarding certain features of the Federal law authorizing the appropriation, and then will tender the formal request to the government for the money.

Decision to ask for Oregon's 1916 share of the Federal allotment provided under the Shackleford measure was made as a result of a conference of the Highway commission with members of the advisory board and a delegation from Portland. The Portland representatives were urgent that action to get the money be immediate, fearing that to delay until the legislature meets might result in the state's losing its allotment from the government for this year.

Under the provisions of the government measure Oregon must match the Federal appropriation with an equal amount of money, which is to be expended as may be decided upon by state highway officials and the Secretary of Agriculture. The government assurances were given by the Multnomath county delegation that the county was already prepared to expend \$35,000 on road work on the Columbia River highway.

S. Benson said that he would give \$15,000 for road improvement, and the highway commission decided to allot \$15,000 remaining in the highway fund for the Ruthton Hill on the Columbia highway, in Hood River county. That leaves only \$10,000 to complete the \$78,000 needed to match the government allotment.

Mine Makes Big Clean-up.

Grants Pass—The largest individual cleanup ever reported in Josephine county is that of the Sammons-Cameron-Logan mine at Waldo, in this county, and brought to this city for shipment Wednesday.

Four hundred and eighty-four ounces of pure gold, molded into three handsome pale-yellow bricks, were brought to the banks of this city, the same being valued at \$9000. It is reported that the balance of the cleanup, disbursed in other channels, will bring the grand total up to upward of \$14,000. Thirty-four days of actual labor are represented in the making of this handsome return. This reliable old hydraulic deep-gravel mine has been a steady producer for over 50 years and never fails of a handsome return to its owners.

Grant Crops in Danger.

Baker—Grasshoppers and gophers are causing serious damage to hay, grain and gardens in Grant county. In the Long creek district the grasshoppers have invaded hay fields. W. H. Hiatt reports that his timothy is becoming seriously damaged, and he fears that they will attack his grain fields. They are known to have caused considerable loss to other fields. The ranchers are preparing to fight the pest which, it is feared, may become general. Gophers have been invading gardens in that district and the loss is very heavy, although it is not thought it will be as general throughout the county as that caused by the grasshoppers.

Bend to Join in Exhibit.

Bend—The Bend Commercial club will join the other commercial organizations of Crook county in making an exhibit at the State Fair at Salem this fall. At a recent luncheon and meeting of the club support of the movement to the extent of \$100 was pledged and it was voted to send a representative to the next meeting of the County court to ask for an appropriation in aid to the plan. The club also voted to campaign for the proposal to extend the city limits, which will be voted on at a special city election August 15.

New Mill to Employ 60.

Kamath Falls—It has been announced by Manager F. J. Bode, of the proposed new mill, to be established here, that about 60 men will be employed. The mill will run night and day shifts, employing about 30 on each. The local men who are behind the movement had a meeting at the Klamath Commercial club and \$14,500 of the capital of \$25,000 was subscribed by J. J. Steiger, Thomas Hampton, A. J. Vovo, Louis Jacobs and F. J. Bode, all of this city excepting Mr. Bode, who is from Missoula, Mont.

Firenze Mill to Start.

Eugene—According to word reaching Eugene from Firenze, the Porter Brothers' sawmill will soon begin cutting 16,000,000 feet of lumber. It is said that there are 10,000,000 feet of logs in the mill pond, to which 6,000,000 feet more will be added for the run. It is estimated that the operations will consume six months and that 100 men will be employed. The Porter Brothers' mill has not been in operation for more than two years.

Big Sheep Shipment Made.

Baker—Robert Stanfield, of Stanfield, began Wednesday the shipment of 9000 wethers and ewes from Baker to a meat company in San Francisco. The first shipment of 4500 started in a special train. The remainder will be sent at once. The sheep are from the grazing lands in the Sumpter valley and are part of an order for 100,000, practically all of which has been shipped.

The Red Mirage

A Story of the French Legion in Algiers

By I. A. R. WYLIE

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CHAPTER XX—Continued.

The clear eyes darkened. Gabrielle Smith did not take the extended hands. Her own were clasped before her. "I have come to plead with you, Madame Arnaud—not to judge."

"And if I promise you—if I tell you that I will do all that lies in my power—"

"Then my errand is accomplished." Sylvia's hands dropped. It struck her that this woman had a mean soul, coarsened with rough contact with the world. She could not rise to the high altitudes of forgiveness and reconciliation. She could only grasp the material things of life. Sylvia caught a glance of her own reflection in the glass opposite, and she saw how ethereal her own beauty had become. After all, beauty is the outward and visible sign. Suddenly her name was called—roughly yet pitiously—and her eyes sank.

"That's my husband," she said gravely. "Even in his delirium he is always calling for me. The dying are sacred, are they not? We must forgive them as we forgive the dead."

"Yes," Gabrielle assented. "I must go to him. But I will do what I have promised. I—I will atone for him. Perhaps it may soothe him—comfort him to think that the wrong he has done has been righted—don't you think?"

"Perhaps." But Gabrielle Smith did not seem to see the extended hand. There was a hard line about the fine mouth, and without greeting—almost as though grieved by an impatient contempt—she went out of the open French windows into the brazen glare of the afternoon. Sylvia Arnaud watched the slight upright figure vanish into the archway beyond the courtyard. She was vaguely disconcerted—like an actress left suddenly without her cue—and beneath the tranquil consciousness of virtue there stirred the old hatred, the old mistrust.

In the sickroom all was still again. The blinds were drawn, and in the green-tinted shadows Desire's face showed like a white light. She went softly over to his bedside and sat down, looking at him. His eyes were closed and he appeared to sleep. A cold wonder crept over her. He had changed so completely in those few months of their married life that the change ceased to be terrible. This was not the man whose fleeting, unknown fascination had caught her restless fancy—not even the man she had grown weary of. He was nothing—a mere husk of something that had once been. Still, as she sat there and looked back on those months, many things became triumphantly clear to her. She understood why she had grown weary, and why weariness had changed to nausea. He was a bad man. He had sinned; he had let another suffer for him, and had pursued his victim with a relentless hatred. Her woman's instinct had recognized the evil and had passed judgment. Beside him Richard Farquhar's figure gleamed in the twilight of her imagination—a chevalier of the old school, quixotic and romantic. But she did not love him. Perhaps there was even somewhere in her a vague contempt—at least, a slightly patronizing pity strengthened by the knowledge that now his salvation was in her hands. Her thoughts passed on from him to the implacable, ruthless man who had come back to her out of the jaws of death, and to whom she was going with the surrender of her whole self. And as she thought of him invisible hands tore down the veil, and she saw the picture that had haunted her—saw it and shrank from it even though she knew that it was the insignia of his power.

Desire's eyes opened. They rested full on her face, and in their recognition, their pathetic, helpless worship she regained herself and the heights of her virtue. She bent over him. "Are you better, Desire?"

"Sylvia." His hand groped feebly for hers. She touched it kindly. She would not reproach him. She was forgiving him. He was going to die. And then she would be free. She did not think of her freedom. It was like a hidden pulse—beating persistently, feverishly.

"I heard you call," she said. "Is there anything wrong? The nurse will be back in a moment."

He caressed her hand with an infinite tenderness. "They are going to shoot him at daybreak," he said very gently. "And then all will be well, will it not? You will forget him. You will learn to understand—everything. We shall begin a new life together in a new world, my wife. There will be no shadow between us where we are going—"

She shrank from him, half in horror, half in vague fear. He was dying, and he seemed so sure. He did not ask for forgiveness; there was no remorse in his sunken eyes—rather a grave, serene pity. His hand still held hers. There was a power in its weakness which terrified her; she felt as though she would never be able to free herself.

"Sylvia—you will not leave me! I feel as though I could rest with you beside me. You will stay?"

"Yes—yes." "I have loved you so greatly, my wife. I have been down to hell for love of you, and now I am fighting my way back to you—to the light. Love is stronger than sin—than death—than God himself." His voice trailed off again, his eyelids dropped, hiding the pale light of ecstatic delirium.

The nurse entered on tiptoe. "There is a man—a soldier—in the drawing room, madame," she whispered. "He brings a message for madame—it must be delivered at once. I will keep watch while madame is gone."

She nodded. He had sent for her. She was going to him. Nothing mattered now. She had waited long enough. The little fragile chain of self-control had snapped. She was going to him—now, cost what it would. Yet outwardly she was quite calm as she pushed aside the curtains. Only the uneven color of her cheeks might have betrayed her.

"Yes?" she said interrogatively. The legionary standing against the light turned and clapped his heels together. "A letter, madame, to be delivered in your hands."

"I thank you." Her voice sounded gentle, graciously courteous. She tore open the letter with steady fingers. "Will you take back a message from me?" she asked.

"Such are my orders, madame."

"Will you tell Colonel Destin 'Yes?'"

"Is that all, madame?"

"That is all."

Yet he remained motionless, watching her.

"Madame, I have another message. It is for another lady—a Mademoiselle Gabrielle, who is Madame's companion."

"From whom?"

"From a comrade who dies at daybreak."

She caught her breath inaudibly. The pulse stopped for a moment. In the full course of her reckless purpose something gripped and held her—a poignant suspicion, an emotion that was like jealousy.

"Mademoiselle Gabrielle is not here," she said slowly. "If you give me the message I will deliver it."

"It is verbal."

"I will deliver it exactly."

He looked at her. She did not like his face. There was an imperturbable arrogance in his eyes which offended her.

"The message is a simple one. My comrade said to me: 'Tell her that her faith in me made many things possible. Tell her that the reality was more beautiful than the mirage.'"

"A strange message." She tried to laugh, but the laugh shook and broke off. "I shall endeavor to remember."

"My comrade will thank you, madame."

He saluted and turned to go. But on the threshold of the wide-open windows he halted. He seemed to be looking at something, and suddenly, to her angry amazement, he stopped and picked up a silver frame from the bric-a-brac on the low table.

"What are you doing?" she demanded imperatively.

He faced her with an ease and decision that startled her.

"Who is this, madame?"

"Are you mad? Shall I have to report you to your colonel?"

She glanced at the photograph which he held toward her. Against her will, forced by an indescribable fascination, her eyes rose again to his face. And suddenly the pulse stood still, drowned in a rushing flood of incoherent terrors.

"That was my brother."

She used the past tense for the first time with that deadly sense of conviction. The legionary unfastened his tunic and drew out something, which he laid quietly on the table beside her.

"Then this belongs to you," he said simply.

Mechanically she took up the little locket and opened it. Inside was the thing she knew that she would find, her own miniature—a valueless, amateurish effort done in her schoolgirl years for her adored comrade.

"I knew him as Philip Grey, madame. He gave it me nearly two years ago—when he was dying."

"Then—he is dead?"

He made a grave pitying movement of assent.

"He was my friend, madame. He belonged to my company. He was not strong, and one day out in the desert he gave way. He went mad, I think—mad with exhaustion and thirst. He disobeyed orders, and they gave him a double burden. He broke down, and they left him out there—in the desert."

"How long ago?"

"As I have said—nearly two years."



"Who is this, Madame?"

It was Colonel Destin's great forced march south—five hundred and fifty kilometers in three days. Many of us died on the road."

She laughed suddenly. She had the odd feeling that there was a third person in the room—a black faceless shadow that had laughed with her. She had to make a great effort to regain her composure.

"Yes—and then?"

"Afterward they allowed me to go back and fetch his body. I did not know his real name, but he had given me the locket, and it occurred to me that if ever his people knew they would be glad that he had not been left out there—alone. He lies in the Legion's cemetery—Philip Grey, No. 3112."

"Yes—I remember—thank you."

She did not see him go. She dressed quickly and went out into the courtyard. A voice called her by name with monotonous persistence, but she didn't hear it. There was a woman with flowers to sell standing hesitantly in the passage, but she did not see her. She had grown deaf and blind to the present. She was looking back along the road she had come, and she saw the fate she had invoked stalking invisible beside her.

"Sylvia! Sylvia!"

The flower girl still stood in the shadowy passage. Imperturbably, with inscrutable eyes, she watched Sylvia Arnaud's figure stand out for a moment against the sunlit avenue and disappear.

"Sylvia!"

"Philip Grey, No. 3112, Legion Etrangere."

Sylvia knelt, with clasped hands, and gazed at the roughly set letters. Around her and above her a sea of crosses lifted up their gaunt black arms—hundreds upon hundreds, in the voiceless identical supplication of forgotten things. She prayed softly. She did not cry. She felt herself surrounded with a peace that was above tears. Little by little the flood was flowing back on its old course. She was thinking what she should say to Destin when he came to claim her. She would rise up and point to this piteous untended mound—"This lies between us," she would say to him. She would not crumple him. In explanation she would claim Richard Farquhar's life. She would take up the broken threads and weave them to the perfect pattern. She would carry with her the memory of that brief glimpse of her own soul, of her own love. The dead are not in vain—it was a beautiful thought—

Steps sounded on the gravel pathway. She looked up, but it was not Destin who came toward her. It was the flower-seller, her basket crowded with fresh blossoms.

"Roses, madame? Roses to offer to the dear dead?"

"Ah, yes, I thank you. Give me all that you have."

She covered the low mound with gorgeous red and gold. The beauty of it—of this chance—lifted her grief on soft wings to a gentle, almost happy resignation. She said, smilingly, "I shall come every day, and every day you must bring me all your flowers."

She wondered what it was—what had come over her. Something had happened. There had been a sharp, insignificant little pain between her shoulders—a mere nothing. She caught her breath; it hurt her, and she turned slowly, her eyes wide open with a childish amazement.

"What has happened?"

The woman opposite her said nothing. Her face, through the rising mist, was blank, unreadable. Sylvia put her fingers to her lips—she did not know why she had done so; she saw now that there was blood on her fingers. She remembered that she had kissed one of the roses. Perhaps it had bled. She tried to turn back again. Her limbs were curiously heavy—almost leaden. Then she dropped, face downward, amid the scattered roses.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

GET RID OF THE SQUEAKS

Annoying Noises That Are Frequent Even in the Best-Built Houses Can Be Stopped.

There are very few houses which do not have floors that are always squeaking and making over them. Such squeaking is very annoying, and many different suggestions have been made to remedy the nuisance, but, curiously enough, only a few of the suggestions have proven of any real value.

Many persons think the squeaking is caused by the flooring boards not being properly nailed, but in most cases this is not the case at all.

The tongues and grooves of the narrow boards do not always fit together exactly tight, and a little pressure on either side of the crack and between joints, where the boards are nailed, will cause the boards to spring slightly, causing the disagreeable squeaking sounds.

The best remedy for a squeaky floor is to apply a little liquid glue to the cracks. This can be done by dipping a thin strip of metal in the glue and inserting carefully in the crack at the point from which the sound comes.