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.

Prominent railroad presidents declare congress has no power to fix wages, as contemplated in the eight-hour bill.

An all-day battle was fought between government forces and Villa men, led by Villa himself. No victory was obtained by either.

It is officially announced that the British casualties, killed, wounded and missing, on all fighting fronts in the month of August totaled 4711 officers and 123,234 men.

The value of the ruble has recently advanced in London, where Petrograd exchange had fallen from 155 to 135 in the course of a week. The rise is attributed to Roumania's entrance into the war.

Subscriptions for the new German war loan, the fifth war loan, already are coming in. The Agricultural Central Loan bank has subscribed 60,000,000 marks and the Elberfeld Savings bank 10,000,000 marks.

The Wireless Press quotes the Berne, Switzerland, Bund and the Geneva Journal to the effect that the famous German commander, Field Marshal von Mackensen, will take charge of the campaign in the Balkans.

John P. St. John, a candidate for the Presidency on the Prohibition ticket in 1884, twice governor of Kansas, and one of the most widely known temperance advocates in the United States, died at Olathe, Kan., aged 83.

At a secret session of the Chinese parliament, Premier Tuan Chi Jui, replying to inquiries about the recent clash between Chinese and Japanese troops in Eastern Mongolia, said the Japanese were the aggressors and fired the first shots.

Fighting has become general over the 500-mile Transylvanian front, says the Kund correspondent at Austro-German headquarters. The Austro-Hungarians, he says, are finding it impossible to hold the political boundary and are retreating to their second fortified line.

Threats of a general strike of Industrial Workers of the World throughout the United States as a means of enforcing a "fair trial" for three members indicted in connection with the murder of a deputy sheriff in Virginia are made by officers of the organization.

Consular dispatches report a German newspaper, the Rheinische Westfalische Zeitung, as saying: "We are not conducting a war with the United States and therefore citizens of that country taken prisoner in battle and found with arms in their hands should be executed as marauders."

The price of platinum jumped $20 an ounce in two days, the quotations now running from $80 to $86 an ounce. Scarcity of the metal because of the war embargo set two years ago on platinum from Russia, together with the beginning of the Christmas holiday demand from jewelers, was attributed as reasons.

A profit of more than $1,000,000 a week was made by the Ford Motor company during the year which ended July 31, according to a financial statement. The year's business totaled $206,867,347; the year's profit was $59,994,118. Henry Ford announced that most of the profit will be used in expanding the company's business.

Designs for a 9.5-inch howitzer have been virtually completed and U. S. army officers believe the gun a more powerful and better weapon in every way than the 11-inch and 12-inch guns of similar type now in use abroad. It will have a range of nearly ten miles.

A fire in the Snoqualmie forest reserve on the Whitechuck river, near the Cascades, is again beyond control, after being reported under control Sunday night.

Suit for $1,500,000 against an alleged cement combine seeking absolute control or the ruin of the Oregon Portland Cement company, of Oswego, is filed in the Federal court at Portland by Aman Moore, largest individual stockholder, vice president and treasurer, in the name of the company.

King Constantine undergoes operation, by which a part of his tenth rib was removed.

President Wilson is preparing a message to congress this week on the nation-wide railroad strike siutation and advising measures with which to adjust the difficulties.

The San Francisco chamber of commerce and the Union Iron Works have lost their fight in the United States District court to forestall inauguration of higher transcontinental freight rates to and from Pacific Coast ports September 1.

John D. Shoop, superintendent of the Chicago public shcools, had eight ribs broken in an auto wreck at Danville, Ill.

The epidemic of infantile paralysis in New York is on the wane according to statistics of the health department. One day showed 39 cases were dismissed from hospitals and 36 admitted.

Capt. John Astor, of England, and son of Baron William Waldorf Astor, formerly of New York, marries Lady Charles Mercer Nairne, widow of Lord Nairne, who was killed early in the war.

PRESIDENT WILSON ACCEPTS LINCOLN MEMORIAL AS GIFT TO NATION

Hodgenville, Ky.—President Wilson came to Kentucky Monday to pay homage to the memory of Lincoln. The President accepted for the Federal government the log cabin in which Lincoln was born in a speech devoted to an eulogy of the Civil war President. Standing on a hill topped by a magnificent granite memorial building housing the Lincoln cabin, he praised Lincoln as the embodiment of democracy.

"We are not worthy to stand here unless we ourselves be indeed and in truth real Democrats and servants of mankind, ready to give our very lives for the freedom and justice and spiritual exaltation of the great nation which shelters and nurtures us," he said.

The non-political character of the program was emphasized by the mention of the name of Charles E. Hughes, the Republican nominee, by one of the speakers in giving the list of directors of the Lincoln Farm association.

What was said to be one of the largest crowds ever gathered in this part of Kentucky came to Lincoln farm in special trains and automobiles and on foot. The President and his party were taken from the station to the farm in automobiles, accompanied by a troop of Louisville police. On the way the President stopped and laid a wreath on a statue of Lincoln.

At the farm he walked up a long flight of broad granite stairs lined with thousands of cheering persons to the Lincoln memorial building at the top. Inside he examined silently the one-room cabin made of rough logs and mud and then wrote his name in the register.

Ex-Governor Joseph W. Folk, of Missouri, president of the Lincoln Farm association, presided at the formal ceremonies. Robert J. Collier, vice president of the association, gave the gift of the deed to the farm to Secretary Baker, representing the War department.

American Rights Is Issue Before American-Mexican Commission

New York—The personal rights and their economic interests of Americans in Mexico must be considered in reaching a permanent settlement of the difficulties between the United States and Mexico, Secretary Lansing said here Monday in an address at a luncheon attended by members of the American-Mexican joint commission. Conferences looking toward a solution of the international problems which confront the two countries are to begin shortly at New London, Conn.

Secretary Lansing declared that if "suspicion, doubt and aloofness" marked the coming deliberations, the commission might expect to accomplish little and would leave the two nations "in the same tangle of misunderstandings and false judgments which, I feel, have been the chief reason for our controversies in the past."

Luis Cabrera, chairman of the Mexican commission, in reply, said the result his commission seeks is the same sought by the American delegates and that the mutual spirit of harmony might be inferred from the notes exchanged.

Secretary Lansing pointed out that the assembling of the commission "manifests to the world the spirit of good will and mutual regard which animates the republics of America in the settlement of their controversies."

"I need not assure you," Secretary Lansing continued, "that my government has been inspired throughout the past three years with a sincere desire to arrange in an amicable way the numerous questions which have arisen as a result of the civil strife which has shaken the Mexican republic to its very foundations and has caused so much loss of life and property, so much suffering and privation."

Word "Obey" Eliminated.

Chicago—The commission of seven bishops, seven pastors and seven laymen of the Protestant Episcopal church, appointed to revise the ritual of the church, has determined to eliminate the word "obey" from the marriage ceremony, it was learned here. The commission will report to the general convention of the church at St. Louis, October 11. Radical changes were proposed in the ten commandments, the burial and baptismal services and in arrangements of various prayers.

Crazed Serbian Runs Amuck.

Seattle, Wash. — George Yakich, a Serbian, is declared by the police to have run amuck with a gas pipe in the heart of the business district, inflicting dangerous injuries on one man, and serious injuries on two others before he was captured by the police. Four hours previously Yakich had been released from jail after serving a six months' sentence for stabbing six men, as a result of a war argument at the same place.

H. L. Peters, a printer, was hit on the head, and is dangerously hurt.

Campaign Tours Planned.

Chicago—When Charles E. Hughes is speaking in the West, Charles W. Fairbanks will be speaking in the East, according to plans of the Republican campaign committee worked out to avoid conflict in dates. Mr. Hughes will, it is said, not go further West than Oklahoma the next two trips he makes. Theodore Roosevelt may speak in Indianapolis early in October. The plans also provide for a tour of the Central and Western states by ex-United States Senator A. J. Beveridge and William H. Taft in October.

Food Gamblers Hard Hit.

New York — Food dealers who gambled on the expected isolation of New York from outside supplies as a result of the threatened railroad strike and held back shipments to unload at famine prices, found themselves overwhelmed by their own plot. Prices suddenly collapsed with the averting of the strike and the food gamblers were caught with vast quantities of supplies on their hands. One speculator is reported to have lost heavily.

NEWS ITEMS

Of General Interest

About Oregon

Oregon & California Grant Land Taxes May Be Limited

Eugene—George M. Brown, attorney general of Oregon, intimated at a meeting of representatives of the Oregon and California land grant counties held in Eugene Wednesday night that there is a probability that the Federal government in the payment of back taxes on Oregon and California lands may take the position that the taxing power of the state was limited to $2.50 an acre and that assessments based on the relative value of other lands in the counties were not valid.

He said the collection of the back taxes was a subject of great concern and he recommended that the counties take steps to procure the payment as speedily as possible.

While in Washington last spring Attorney General Brown said he consulted the secretary of the interior department and the secretary indicated the view that as congress had provided for the sale of the lands by the railroad company at $2.50 an acre the lands possibly could not be assessed for a greater amount. At the time, as the representatives of the state of Oregon, the speaker said, he had held out for the payment of the taxes on the full value.

Attorney General Brown cited the provision of the act of congress revesting title to the Oregon and California land in the government, providing the taxes shall be paid as determined by the secretary of the interior department.

He commended the plan to form a federation of the land grant counties for the purpose of "having these lands sold, the timber sold and getting the lands back on the tax roll."

Referring to the action of congress he reviewed the history of the forfeiture suits. He said that when the litigation was first suggested he advised against it, fearing the creation of greater reserves within the state and the removal of the land from taxation. He called attention to the act of the legislature providing for the forfeiture proceeding and asserted "the people of the state of Oregon, through the legislature, invited congress to do the thing that it has done."

$250,000 for Grain.

Baker — Contracts for wheat, oats and barley, aggregating 300,000 bushels and involving an outlay of more than $250,000, have been made up to date for delivery to Coast and Eastern points, J. F. O'Bryant, local agent for M. H. Houser, of Portland, announces. The latest contract closed here was for 43,000 bushels of wheat and barley, wheat being taken at $1.16, while barley went at $1.75 a hundred. Oats are being sent to Portland, while other grains are all to be sent East to fill European orders.

Road Campaign Planned.

Eugene — A campaign throughout Lane county to create sentiment in favor of the construction of the Klamath Falls-Florence highway, as one of the projects to receive financial assistance from the Federal government under the terms of the Shackleford bill, will be inaugurated at a meeting to be held in Eugene on the night of September 1. Members of all the grange organizations in Lane county are to be invited to attend. Speakers familiar with the route from Florence to Eugene and thence to Klamath Falls will speak.

Noted Oregon Cases Set.

Salem—Attorney General Brown announces that two important cases pending before the Supreme court of the United States have been set for argument in October. They are Stettler vs. O'Hara and Bunting v. Oregon.

The first involves the constitutionality of the Oregon minimum wage law for women. Mr. Stettler is a Portland box manufacturer. The other case will test the 10-hour law now applying in sawmill and kindred industries of this state.

Californians See Big Mill.

Eugene — Seventy-nine representatives of San Francisco firms, members of the trade extension conducted under the auspices of the Chamber of commerce of that city, arrived in Eugene Monday morning, homeward bound from the Coos Bay country. They were met at the Southern Pacific depot by representatives of the Eugene Chamber of commerce, who accompanied the party to Springfield, where the visitors were shown through the Booth-Kelly Lumber company's mill, the largest inland sawmill in Oregon.

Strawberry Crop is Big.

Hood River—The Fruit Growers' exchange has announced final returns on the 1916 strawberry deal. The exchange handled 10,000 crates of fruit at an average of $2.12 a crate. The average was cut short because of heavy rains beginning June 27. For more than a week, because of soft fruit, the price dropped from $2.25 a crate to as low as $1.30. The highest price received on any shipment was $6 a crate at the opening of the season.

Coral Agate Brings $100.

Newport — The highest price for which an agate ever sold in Newport was paid last week, when G. A. Kinsey, a wealthy Pittsburger, bought a coral agate from A. L. Thomas for $100. Coral agates are probably the rarest of any agates found on the Oregon beaches, and the one purchased by Mr. Kinsey is of exceptional beauty. He has had the stone made into a brooch for his wife.

Bend to Entertain Child Musicians.

Bend — Arrangements are being made for the entertainment of the Burns community orchestra, made up laregly of children, when they pass through here in September on their way to Salem to the State fair. Colonel William Hanley is back of the excursion to be taken by the orchestra.

Under Fire

Copyright, 1916, By The Macaulay Company

By **Richard Parker**

Based on the drama of **Roi Cooper Megrue**

Author of "UNDER COVER"

and Co-Author of "IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE"

This is a story of the European war. It is a tale of spies—of love and intrigue among them; of patriotism and sacrifice; of war's horrors and demands. It is not a plea for preparedness or for anything else. The great conflict across the water will produce some great literature—such as the American Civil war and the Franco-Prussian war and the Napoleonic wars produced—and much trash. Metropolitan critics unite in saying that "Under Fire" makes a bid for lasting popularity. Read it and judge for yourself.

CHAPTER I.

—1—

Just a Hint of Scandal.

Georgy Wagstaff sauntered into Miss Ethel Willoughby's sitting room, attired in the dalntiest and fluffiest of summer costumes. Georgy was the daughter of Sir George Wagstaff of the British admiralty. She found the room deserted, except for her father's admirable butler, who was at the moment in the act of placing a tea-tray upon Miss Willoughby's table.

"Oh, Brewster—is Miss Willoughby in?" she inquired.

The correct Brewster immediately straightened himself up in his best manner.

"No, miss! I think not," he replied.

Georgy strolled to the window.

"I dare say Ethel'll be here directly," she said—to herself as much as to the butler. "I'll wait."

"Yes, miss." Brewster acquiesced. And with a bow of the utmost correctness he went out, closing the doors softly behind him.

Georgy Wagstaff stood idly looking out of the window upon the view of the Thames. It was an August afternoon and the river shimmered alluringly in the slanting sunlight. But Ethel had asked her to meet a few friends; and Georgy was fond enough of Miss Willoughby not to be repentant for having foregone the delights of a perfect summer evening out of doors. As she stood there in the window her governess entered.

"Oh! Hello, Georgy! Am I late or are you early?" Miss Willoughby called as she saw that one of her guests was already waiting.

"Both!" said Georgy with a smile. "I did want two minutes with you before the others came. May I bother you now?"

"Of course!" the older girl replied. "But it's no bother," she assured her. She sat down on one end of a long settee and began to remove her gloves; whereupon her younger charge perched herself at the other end of the seat

"All That Narrow-Mindedness Is Old-Fashioned."

and regarded her admiringly. Miss Willoughby's fair hair had just the hint of red in it that was at the same time Georgy's despair and delight. And Ethel was far enough past the schoolgirl age to have lost that angularity which Georgy still possessed—and loathed. As for coloring, they both showed the healthy glow which is the distinguishing mark of young Englishwomen of the upper class.

"You see," said Georgy, "I'm afraid I'm going to be awfully presumptuous—"

"Nonsense!" Ethel interrupted. "You couldn't be that when you and your father have been so very good to me. . . . Come on! Out with it!"

It was true that Ethel Willoughby felt that she was deeply in the debt of the Wagstaffs—both father and daughter. Before entering their household as Georgy's governess she had known them upon a footing of social equality. But fortune had frowned upon her. And when circumstances had become most pressing Sir George had come to her relief with the proposal that she undertake the guidance of his somewhat difficult daughter. It was not that Georgy was greatly different from other girls of the impressionable age. But Sir George's public duties left him little time to devote to the upbringing of his motherless child. And it had struck him that Ethel Willoughby was a person who at the same time would be able to sympathize with Georgy's impulses and direct them into the proper channels.

"What's on your mind, Georgy?" Miss Willoughby asked again, as the girl still hesitated.

"It's about your past," Georgy began in deadly seriousness.

Ethel laughed at her tragic manner.

"Have I—a past?" she inquired lightly.

But the romantic Georgy was not to be diverted from her mood.

"That's just the question," she commented. "You know I shouldn't mind it in the least if you had. I believe in people living their own lives, in their own way." Georgy prided herself that she was "advanced." She considered the ordinary insular attitude toward what is termed morality to be stodgy and Victorian. Indeed, she quite fancied the more free-and-easy continental view of life.

"What on earth are you talking about?" Ethel demanded. If the truth were known, she felt the least bit uncomfortable beneath the frank stare of her young friend.

"You remember a month ago, when you said you went to Brighton?" Georgy continued relentlessly.

"When I said I went to Brighton? When I went to Brighton," Miss Willoughby corrected her coldly.

But the chill of her remark was lost upon her patient cross-examiner. Georgy was too intent upon uncovering the romance that she thought she had stumbled upon to be so easily discouraged.

"Well, today at lunch Hugh Middleton said you couldn't have been in Brighton that week—" She paused to watch the effect of her bombshell.

"Did he? Really?" Miss Willoughby replied with well-feigned indifference. But beneath her cold calm her heart was beating furiously. She felt for all the world like some wild thing, trapped, at bay. And she turned away to hide the alarm that she feared must reveal itself in her face.

"Yes! He was in Paris, and—"

"Paris!" Ethel echoed with a faint start.

Youth is ever cruel; and Georgy had no thought of sparing her companion. Her sole idea was that if Ethel were hiding some secret liaison she wanted to share the romance with her.

"Yes!" she went on relentlessly. "And he saw you there twice that week, and both times with Henry Streetman."

"But that's impossible!" Ethel protested.

"But Mr. Middleton seemed very positive," the younger girl said somewhat doubtfully.

"It's too absurd!" Ethel cried, forcing a laugh. "I was at Brighton, as I can very easily prove."

"Well—that's settled!" Georgy exclaimed, with an air of relief in spite of her hopes. Her feelings had, as a matter of fact, been somewhat complex. "Of course I'd only admire you for being brave enough to defy the conventions. But father wouldn't—"

"But I haven't defied conventions," Ethel insisted, placing both her hands over Georgy's as if to emphasize the truth of her statement.

"Oh, I don't care if you have," Sir George's daughter told her callously.

"But you ought to care," Ethel protested. "And as your governess I cannot condone such an attitude on your part. Really, Georgy, stupid as conventions may appear sometimes, nevertheless there is a bitter penalty exacted from people who break them."

Miss Wagstaff rose abruptly, as if impatient with the views of her governess; and, crossing the room, she seated herself nonchalantly upon the arm of a chair that was drawn up at one side of the tea table.

"Oh, pooh!" she exclaimed. "All that narrow-mindedness is old-fashioned."

The older girl regarded her reprovingly.

"What silly book have you been reading?" she inquired. After her advent into the Wagstaff home it had not taken her long to discover that Georgy's literary tastes had developed along lines that would scarcely have met with Sir George's approval.

Miss Georgy did not even deign to reply to Ethel's question. They had had numerous discussions—more or less heated—upon the subject of her reading, which Georgy regarded as both footless and absurd. She had openly rebelled at reading the books that Ethel recommended to her. Jane Austen and Mrs. Gaskell were, in her opinion, hopelessly behind the times.

"I'm glad you haven't had an affair with Henry Streetman," the younger girl remarked. "I don't like him."

"Don't you?" said Ethel, relieved that Georgy was at last convinced that her suspicions were groundless.

"No! Every time he comes into the room my back sort of goes up, just like Rowdy when he sees a cat." Rowdy was Georgy's Scotch terrier, whose antipathy to cats was proverbial.

"Mr. Streetman has been very kind to me," her governess observed.

"Oh, don't defend him!" Georgy cried impatiently. "I know inside that you agree with me."

Miss Willoughby did not care to continue the discussion. And with an air of dismissing both Mr. Streetman and her relations with him from her own mind as well as Georgy's, she rose from the wide seat, and as she glanced at her watch exclaimed with surprise:

"Heavens! It's after five. I must fuss up a bit for the party."

But Georgy would not be put off so easily.

"Well, forewarned is forearmed," she said sententiously. It was clear that she did not intend to be squelched like a child. If Henry Streetman were still in her mind, she saw no reason why she should dissemble in order to please Ethel or anybody else.

"There's nothing to be forewarned about," Miss Willoughby observed, as she paused at the door that opened into her boudoir. "You surely have no right to put such a construction upon my acquaintance with Mr. Streetman. I can't let you say things of this sort to me. It's not fair to me. It's not even fair to yourself."

While she was speaking the door opened and Brewster, the butler, stepped into the room.

"Mr. Streetman is calling," he announced in well-modulated tones.

"Oh, show him up!" Miss Willoughby ordered. And as soon as Brewster had vanished she shot a swift smile at her companion. "Speak of the devil—" she said good-naturedly.

"Oh, he isn't the devil," Georgy replied. "More of a snake, I think." There was certainly no reason to doubt her extreme dislike of the gentleman who was at that moment waiting below.

Ethel's hand was on the doorknob; but she hesitated long enough to say to Georgy:

"I won't be five minutes. Stay and amuse him—there's a good girl!"

"Not I!" Miss Georgy declared. "If he wants to be amused he can read Punch." And as she spoke she slipped off her perch on the chair-arm and started for the door through which Brewster had disappeared.

"Don't be rude to him, please, Georgy!" Miss Willoughby entreated. She knew that Georgy and Mr. Streetman must meet; and she could not refrain from trying to smooth the way for her guest.

"Oh, I'll be polite enough—in my own way," Georgy replied grimly. She was well aware that she was an enfant terrible; and she often took a mischievous delight in shocking people by some unconventionality.

Ethel Willoughby had already closed her boudoir door behind her; but Georgy had not yet reached the hall before Brewster returned to usher in the caller, who was close upon his heels.

Henry Streetman, handsome, well-groomed, slightly foreign in appearance, bowed with extreme affability as he came face to face with Georgy Wagstaff.

But Georgy was decidedly cold to him. She could be frigidly haughty when she chose.

"How do you do!" she said, hardly pausing in her hasty exit from his distasteful presence. "Ethel's dressing," she told him hurriedly. "She'll be in in a minute. Goodby!" And holding up her head in undisguised scorn, she promptly left Streetman to his own devices.

CHAPTER II.

—1—

For the Fatherland.

Henry Streetman turned and stared after Georgy with raised eyebrows. A blind man could not have mistaken the animosity that the girl felt toward him. But that did not trouble Henry Streetman. He was not a person whose feelings were easily hurt.

He had hardly strolled to the center of the room when the butler reappeared and paused just inside the double doors that led into the passage.

"Close those doors!" Streetman commanded, quite as if he, and not Sir George Wagstaff, were Brewster's master. And while Brewster promptly executed his order, Streetman himself stole quickly to the door that led, as he knew, to Miss Willoughby's dressing room. He stood there, silent for a few moments, listening. And then he returned to the waiting butler.

"What news, Herr Roeder?" he inquired.

"Nothing, mein Herr!" Under Streetman's brisk questioning the man had suddenly become metamorphosed. His manner of a most correct English butler had fallen off him like a cloak. And now he saluted his interrogator in a fashion unmistakably military—and German, at that. It was as if the fellow had two personalities.

Streetman came nearer to the fellow and bent his cold eyes upon him.

"You have searched Sir George's desk?" he demanded.

"I have searched everywhere," Brewster—or Roeder—declared, still standing at attention. An onlooker could not have mistaken the fact that Streetman was the butler's superior in rank. "But I can find no trace of any papers about the navy such as you described."

"Have you tried his office?" his confederate ventured.

Henry Streetman nodded.

"Without result!" he replied, somewhat gloomily. "But somewhere he must have a copy of the admiralty instructions to the fleet. These would be in his department; and we must know at once what orders have been given to the ships at Spithead—where they are going when this review is over."

The spy, Roeder, saluted again.

"I have done my best," he said apologetically.

"I am sure you have," Streetman replied. "We know the Wilhelmstrasse does not lightly overlook stupidity in one of its servants," he observed grimly. And then he motioned toward the double doors that led into the hall. "See if anyone's coming," he said.

Roeder—or Brewster—opened the doors and peered down the length of the passage.

"No one is in sight; and I hear nothing," he reported.

"Now lock that door!" Streetman commanded, pointing toward the one behind which he knew that Miss Willoughby must be dressing.

The butler regarded him in alarm.

"Pardon, mein Herr—but is it safe?" he ventured. "She is a woman—"

"Do not be alarmed," Streetman reassured him. "Miss Willoughby is easily handled. She believes that I work for the French secret service."

"Then she is a fool," his subordinate declared.

"No, no!" Streetman protested. "We must not criticize the tools that serve us." And as he spoke he went to the telephone in a corner of the room. Picking up the instrument, he paused and turned to the butler with a look of amusement. "Sir George Wagstaff—Sir George of his majesty's navy—would be rather surprised if he knew that from his house we were communicating with our friends, the Germans," he observed.

"Rather!" his henchman responded, with a gleam of humor in his eyes.

"Now lock that door!" Streetman ordered once more. "And now to report to headquarters again!" he exclaimed, when the butler had turned the key noiselessly in Miss Willoughby's door. "Hello! City, 4225!" he said in a low but distinct voice.

Meanwhile the butler hovered near by.

"You think, mein Herr, there will be war?" he asked respectfully.

"I do not know. But we are ready. And if war does come, it will be Germany's hour—the day at last!" He turned to the telephone once more, and began speaking into the transmitter. "Hello! City, 4225? Hello! Are you there? Who is speaking . . . Twenty-six fourteen? . . . Hello! I am thirteen seventeen," he said, giving the number by which he was known in the German secret service. "Yes! We have no news of the English fleet; we have tried everything. . . . Very well! Goodby!"

He put down the instrument, and a look of annoyance as well as perplexity was upon his face as he wheeled about.

"What is it, mein Herr?" his companion asked in an anxious voice. "Is it bad news?" He had long worked in conjunction with Streetman, and he was quick to detect signs of trouble upon him.

"They say they must know tonight, without fail, the destination of the English fleet," Streetman replied. . . . He cast a quick glance toward Ethel Willoughby's boudoir. "So, Miss Willoughby, you have some work to do!" he muttered, to himself more than to his confederate. "Now, unlock that door!" he ordered. "Ah! that is done, and we were not interrupted," he said in a relieved voice, when the deft Brewster had once more succeeded in turning the key silently in the lock. To expedite his prowlings about the house at all hours of the day or night, Sir George's butler had seen to it that such things as hinges and locks—whether upon doors or desks—were well oiled. It was his genius for details of that sort that had led to his assignment to his present duty.

Henry Streetman dropped upon Miss Willoughby's settee in an attitude of relaxation that revealed some-

"They Say They Must Know Tonight."

what the marvelous strain which attends the performance of exploits inseparable from his profession.

"Dangerous work, eh, Herr Roeder? And poor pay!" he vouchsafed in a sudden burst of good-fellowship. For the moment he seemed almost human.

Herr Roeder pulled himself together stiffly.

"It is not for the money that I am here," he answered proudly. "It is for the Fatherland!" Despite the guarded tones in which he spoke, there was an earnestness born of sincere patriotism that made his words ring convincingly. One look at the man's face, aflame with an almost fanatic zeal, showed him to be the sort to whom a country may well trust her secrets.

There is a hint that young Georgy Wagstaff, hating the sight of Streetman, suspects him instinctively and has watched him and the butler. What do you say?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

She Couldn't Have It.

A small boy who was sitting next to a very haughty woman in a crowded car kept sniffing in a most annoying manner. At last the lady could bear it no longer and turned to the lad. "Boy, have you got a handkerchief?" she demanded.

The small boy looked at her for a few seconds, and then, in a dignified tone, came the answer: "Yes, I 'ave, but I don't lend it to strangers."—London Chronicle.