

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.

King Constantine of Greece is ready to declare war on Bulgaria.

Pendleton, Or., where market is practically at a standstill on account of the shortage of cars.

The Southern Pacific railroad has opened a special office in Portland to look after the freight car shortage.

Work progresses rapidly on the Oregon-Washington interstate bridge, and the opening in the near future seems certain.

The American Bankers' Association is alarmed over the report that livestock production is not keeping pace with the demand.

Floods have made breaches in the river levees in the Melbourne region of Australia, inundating 100 square miles of country. The town of Moropus has been virtually submerged.

The threatened sympathetic strike of New York unions to aid the street-car men did not materialize as scheduled, but leaders assert that many thousands have quietly quit their jobs.

German aviators again dropped a great number of bombs on Bucharest, according to German official statement. This adds that several points of the Roumanian capital are still burning as the result of our previous attacks.

Attacks by entente aircraft on foundries in Luxembourg are declared by the newspaper Obermosel to be unjustified. Luxembourg, it declares, stands ready to furnish ammunition to any customer. It cites Switzerland and the United States as in a similar position.

A census of Prussian livestock, the Overseas News Agency announces, shows an increase of 2,999,000 heads during the period from June 1 to September 1 of the current year. The number of cattle remains virtually unchanged, the only decrease being a drop of 1 per cent in the total number of cows.

H. C. Stanton, a resident of Roseburg, Or., since 1853, observed his 90th birthday by mowing his lawn, entertaining visitors and exchanging reminiscences of the long ago. He passes his time working about his home, attends meetings of the Grand Army of the Republic but regularly and is active in civic affairs.

Lieutenant Wintgens, who, next to Captain Bockley, was Germany's most famous fighting aviator, has been killed in an engagement with entente allied aviators. He was buried, according to his own wish, on the spot where he fell. Lieutenant Wintgens, according to a report received from Berlin September 16, had shot down his 14th aeroplane on the Somme front.

M. Higgs, minister of the treasury at Melbourne, Australia, announced Saturday that the government proposed to confiscate all war profits in excess of a small maximum to be established and reduce the limit of income tax exemption to \$500, except in the cases of married men and of single men with dependents. Old age pensions will be increased to 12 shillings 6 pence.

More than 100 Villa followers were killed, the bandit leader, Baudello Uribe, was taken prisoner and heavy casualties were suffered by Carranza forces in a terrific fight at Cuatitlan, an important mining center, about 50 miles southwest of Chihuahua City, according to a message received by General Trevino from General Matias Ramos, who was himself slightly wounded.

Aside from the capture by the Italians of an important mountain peak on the Trentino front, only bombardments have taken place in the Austro-Italian theater.

A Medford, Ore., lad of nine, was seriously injured by exploding dynamite caps. He lighted one cap with a match, the concussion from which exploded another in his hip pocket.

Mr. and Mrs. Edelfsen, of Portland, who were lost on Mt. Hood Sunday morning, were found by a searching party Tuesday, after having wandered in a severe storm 72 hours without food or shelter.

Notwithstanding the loss of two Zepelins in an air raid on Eastern England Saturday night, the Germans Monday night again returned to the attack with airships and dropped bombs in the northern and northeast counties.

The Earl of Essex was found dead in bed Tuesday. He had been ill for some time. He was 69 years old. He was a large land holder, owning about 15,000 acres. His second wife, whom he married in 1893, was Adela Grant, daughter of Bech Grant, of New York.

A carload of liquor, consisting of more than 13,000 pint bottles and two 50-gallon barrels of whiskey, was seized by the police in Seattle and destroyed. Although the liquor ostensibly was consigned to Petersburg, Alaska, the police allege that it really was intended for sale in Seattle.

All guns and movable machinery above water have been stripped from the wreck of the armored cruiser Memphis in Santo Domingo harbor and will be brought to the United States by the transport Prairie.

There were more than 7000 persons at the afternoon performance of the first circus which came to Coos county, Or., and exhibited at Marshfield Tuesday. There was one woman 75 years of age present who had never seen a circus before. Another woman, 91, who is a resident of the county, was at the performance.

FIRST PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN TOUR BY WOMEN IS BEGUN

New York.—The first women who have ever attempted an organized campaign in the interest of national politics left New York Tuesday for a speaking tour of the country. It was a farewell demonstration worthy of the novelty and significance of the undertaking that the women's Hughes campaign train pulled out of the Grand Central terminal at 11 o'clock for its five weeks' transcontinental trip.

"Right of time, too," said a woman in the great crowd on the platform. Those who had come to see the train off went through the gates in a long and steady stream, waving their flags, tooting their horns and singing loudly whenever the band played anything with words to do.

"It tell you women know how to do things," went on the woman, whispering vehemently and near to tears.

The little company gathered in the observation car and almost completely hidden by the flag which Dr. Katherine Davis waved up and down and around and around seemed a slight

German Kills American Flyer



KIFFEN Y. ROCKWELL

shot to death the other day at the Verdun front by a German in a Taube, while the American circled around in his armored battle plane.

Rockwell is the second American flyer to be killed in action. Three months ago Corporal Victor Chapman of New York, also a member of the Franco-American Corps, was killed at Verdun in a battle with German aeroplanes. Soon after being appointed sergeant Rockwell saved Chapman during a fight with German airmen near Verdun.

crowd to fill the long train on ahead, but other women are to join the party on the way, to go as far as they can, or through those parts of the country with which they are best acquainted, those who left on the Hughes' women's special were:

Miss Helen Varwick Howell, suffrage leader and social worker, who was formerly in charge of welfare work among women in the Panama Canal Zone under the administration of President Taft.

Dr. Katherine Davis, Parole Commissioner of New York.

Miss Maude E. Miner, at the head of probation work for girls in New York.

Mrs. Gifford Pinchot, wife of the former chief forester in the department of agriculture and progressive party leader.

Mrs. Nelson O'Shaughnessy, wife of the former chief of affairs for the United States at Mexico City.

Four Killed in Nicaragua Elections.

Managua, Nicaragua.—In a fight which broke out here during the election of G. Chamorro as president of the republic, Salvador Zelaya, a nephew of ex-President Zelaya, attacked a group of conservatives, shooting and killing four of them. During the fighting Zelaya himself was seriously wounded, while several other persons also were hurt. The police intervened and quelled the disorder. The four men killed had a public military funeral, thousands of conservatives quietly following the bodies to the grave.

Villistas Loot Captured City.

El Paso.—Following the battle with the Carranza troops under General Matias Ramos at Cuatitlan on September 26, Francisco Villa, Jose Ynez Salazar and their joint command left the mining town after looting it of food supplies, killing several civilians and impressing all able-bodied men into their command, according to a report of the Chihuahua military district. The looting followed the retirement of General Ramos and his command after the Carranza commander had been wounded.

Youngest General Dead.

Philadelphia.—Galusha Pennypacker, said to have been the youngest general of the Civil War, died at a hospital here Tuesday night. He was 70 years old and had been ill two years. General Pennypacker had enlisted in the Ninth Pennsylvania Volunteers at the age of 16 and in a little over three years became a brigadier-general. He was retained in the regular army and in 1883 was retired with the brevet rank of major-general.

Unions Seat Japanese.

Eureka, Cal.—B. Suzuki, president of the Laborers' Friendly Society of Japan, was seated as a fraternal delegate on the floor of the California State Federation of Labor convention, after a lively contest. The final vote showed only a few negatives in the face of determined opposition from the San Francisco delegation at the outset, when a favorable report of the credentials committee was read.

NEWS ITEMS Of General Interest About Oregon

Area of 23,400 Acres to Be Put Under Water on Ochocho

Prineville.—The board of directors of the Ochocho irrigation district, at a meeting at Prineville this week, accepted the report of R. W. Rea, project engineer, which has been forwarded to the State engineer for his approval, and as soon as that office has had an opportunity to go over the report an election of the land owners in the district will be called to vote the necessary bonds for construction.

The report shows that the Ochocho project is one of the most worthy and feasible projects in the state of Oregon. The lands in the project form a compact area comprising 23,400 acres of irrigable land. Of this area about 35 per cent is partially irrigated, 30 per cent is dry farmed and 35 per cent is undeveloped land. These lands with water will raise from three to five tons of alfalfa to the acre.

Water for the project will be obtained from Ochocho and McKay creeks. The reservoir proposed for Ochocho Creek will have a capacity of 47,000 acre feet, and be created by a dam of the hydraulic earthfill type, with a maximum height of 125 feet. For the time being only the flood waters of McKay creek will be used, the storage dam and reservoir not being considered necessary for at least 10 years.

Water Master Wins Suit.

Prineville.—The decision of the Supreme court Tuesday in the suit of George H. Brewster against Crook county for \$332, unpaid salary, has finally disposed of a matter which has been a source of contention and dispute for years over who was liable for the pay and control of the water master.

The decision reached Judge Duffy this week, and his decision of the controversy has been completely sustained and the county court has lost its battle which has lasted for two years.

Water masters in counties where there is considerable irrigation have important duties, as the right to use water is most jealously guarded, and the importance of this decision is far-reaching and finally determines a question that has been a source of much dispute.

Corn Show is Scheduled.

Marshfield.—The city of Coquille has concluded to make its successful corn show of last year an annual affair, and will stage the festival this year on November 10 and 11.

The Coquille valley, at the time of the 1915 corn show, produced surprises in exhibitions of corn, and the affair was a big aid in developing a new line of agriculture for all sections of the county. Minnesota corn won the highest awards, and was declared by visiting experts and judges to be the best adapted for culture in this territory. The large acreage of last year was increased this season, and the exhibits are expected to be better and more numerous.

Coyotes Are Menace.

Bend.—That coyotes are becoming a menace to the settlers in the Millican valley was reported by P. B. Johnson, postmaster at Millican. Mr. Johnson reported several instances of attacks by coyotes recently, the latest being by Forest Ranger H. E. Smith, who was sleeping on the ground when on a trip, woke to find a coyote with its feet from his head. Mr. Evans and R. R. Keller have killed coyotes that were attacking their stock in the past ten days. A stag belonging to M. D. Willard showed signs of rabies after fighting with a coyote.

General Bell at Astoria.

Astoria.—A party of army officers, consisting of General J. Franklin Bell, commander of the Western division; General Sibert, in command of this Coast artillery district, and their staff officers, arrived in the city Wednesday. They were met here by Colonel Ludlow and his staff and escorted on the steamer Captain James Fournace to the forts at the mouth of the river. The visitors are on a general inspection trip, it is said, and also gathering data at the various posts relative to the accommodations for increased bodies of troops.

Fruit Expert on Visit.

Hood River.—W. Schleussner, of the bureau of markets of the United States department of Agriculture, who has been placed in charge of the Spokane office of publicity of the Fruit Growers' agency, was here visiting the officials of the Apple Growers' Exchange, local sales agencies. Mr. Schleussner says he will distribute daily information to growers and shippers as to the receipts of apples in 20 central points. Such information, it is said, will tend to prevent glutting markets.

Lightning Striking Fire.

Baker.—Lightning striking in a heavy stand of second-growth yellow pine timber three miles northwest of Sparta early Sunday morning started a fire which was burning fiercely when the lookout on Sparta Butte reported to the Minam forest headquarters in Baker at 8:30 o'clock. A force of men was at once rushed to the scene of the conflagration and by noon the flames were under control.

The value of the timber burned has not been estimated, but the latest report is five acres were burned over.

New Road Handles Stock.

Eugene.—The first solid trainload of livestock over the Willamette Pacific railroad is scheduled to arrive in Eugene from Marshfield Monday, on its way to Portland. The train will be loaded at Myrtle Point with cattle belonging to the Dement family and will consist of between 15 and 20 cars.

Under Fire

By Richard Parker

Based on the drama of Roi Cooper Megrue Author of "UNDER COVER" and Co-Author of "IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE"

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SYNOPSIS.

George Wagstaff, daughter of Sir George, and Henry Streetman, Ethel, who is a German spy, and her husband, Larry Redmond, who is a German spy, are in a love affair. The party is discussing the possibility of war. When Ethel appears he tries to force her to get on Sir George's knowledge of the sailing orders to the British fleet. Though she refuses to do so, she tells him that she is a German spy. She begs him to announce their marriage, as George is suspicious and he puts her off. At tea George and Sir George, Guy Falconer, tease Sir George, who Streetman makes an awkward attempt to talk politics. Streetman, the German spy, Sir George Wagstaff, Ethel, and her husband, Larry Redmond, are having a party. Streetman, the German spy, is discussing a play. Charlie Brown, newspaper man of New York, entertains the party. He tells them that he is a German spy. He tells them that he is a German spy. He tells them that he is a German spy.

A queer race of people, the Irish. Romantic, poetic, impulsive, charming, there has been a tragic history for centuries. You'll find Irish soldiers of fortune in all the world's wild enterprises and every soldier a potential lover. Says Captain Redmond to Ethel: "That's the tragedy of the Irish! We're always too something—too late or too early—too sentimental or too cynical—too shy or too bold." You will enjoy their interview in this installment.

CHAPTER VII—Continued.

"Beware of the military, Ethel—especially when he's Irish!" she warned Ethel.

In another moment Miss Willoughby and Captain Redmond were alone, herself seated upon the wide settee, but the captain, apparently, dared not rust himself nearer her than the stool which he perched just where he could not touch her. There had been a time when he and Ethel were undisputedly fond of each other. But now she was scarcely sure of her sentiments toward him.

"So, Larry, you're actually come back at last," she said.

"I wonder if it can seem as long to you as it does to me," he mused.

"Do you mind when I saw you last? I was at a dance on the river—"

"At Marlowe?" she had been far from forgetting that pleasant memory.

"Then you do remember?" he cried with delight. "It was my first one."

"You ruined my slippers," she reminded him, to tease him.

"Did I? Then it was punishment when I came up the second time and taxicabs wouldn't drag another dance from you?"

"No, you were too late," Ethel explained. She had no wish to be too hard on him.

"Too late? That's the tragedy of the Irish! We're always too something—too late or too early—too sentimental or too cynical—too shy or too bold. We're too much in love or not at all. We're way up or way down."

"In fact, you're Irish," she interposed softly.

"You sound as if you liked us—Irish," he rejoined.

"I love you—Irish," she replied.

"It's a lucky race we are!" he told her, with great enthusiasm.

"The woman I loved," was his quiet reply.

"She could not mistake his meaning. 'I never thought you were in love with anybody,' she rejoined.

"But I was and she was a darling—the loveliest thing in the whole world, watched over by some guardian angel that brought her the best in life."

"And yet she refused you?" Ethel said with a smile. She wished that Larry Redmond had not stayed to talk with her. But the man fascinated her. He always had. And though she knew she had no right to listen to such things as he was telling her, some irresistible force seemed to hold her helpless until he should have told her that he loved her.

"Ah! She hadn't the chance to refuse me," he was saying. "For I was told her—because how could I? I was just a captain in the army; how could I hope to take care of her the way a man should take care of the woman he loves?"

Ethel's heart was heavy with the thought of what might have been. "How selfish you men are! Perhaps she cared, too?" she suggested.

Captain Redmond shook his head dejectedly.

"No, I think not," he replied. "I don't think she even guessed how I felt. I don't think she guesses now. You see, she was rich, she was beautiful. There were always a dozen men dancing attendance on her—bully chaps, some of them! And one day when they told me she was engaged to the wealthiest of them all, I went away."

"Without saying good-by?" Even he caught the suspicion of reproach in her voice.

"I couldn't do that," he explained. "I wanted her to be happy; but I couldn't quite bear to see her happiness with my own eyes. And so I've tossed away the last twelve months—no good to anyone!"

"Yet now you've come back," she said sadly, to herself more than to him. She could not help remembering what he had just said about the Irish being too late.

He turned to her eagerly.

"I was only the other day in Panama I picked up a copy of an old Times—and I read there a paragraph about her. She was still Miss—Miss—and so I'm here," he said pointedly, though he had mentioned no name to identify the girl of whom he spoke.

"Here?" she asked, as if perplexed. He went to her then.

"Ethel! Ethel! I want you to marry me!" he besought her. He knelt upon the settee beside her. "Please God, say you will!"

"Oh! Larry! Larry!" She was both happy and sad—happy to know that he really loved her, but desolate when she realized that what he asked could never be.

"Oh, Ethel! I love you—I love you!"

"And I never even dreamed it!" The irony of it all swept over her like some engulfing flood.

"You care for me, too, don't you? Oh, say you do!" he begged.

She rose, as if she would shake off the cruel chains that kept her away from him.

"I've always cared," she told him brokenly.

His heart leaped at that. And stepping behind her quickly, he laid his hands gently upon her two arms.

"My love, my love—what a great world it is when you're happy!" he exclaimed. "Just think! I'll get the II—"

It can't be! You're playing some game! It can't be true!

"I'm secretly married," she confessed.

He looked at her in amazement. "Secretly? But why—why?"

"I can't explain, even to you, Larry—except that it's for my happiness to keep it secret, now."

Bitter realization came to him then. But he would not press her further. "And you're happy?" His eyes sought hers sadly.

She could not keep back the whole truth from him, no matter how much she wished to. Larry Redmond's honesty was too patent to make dissembling an easy matter in his presence.

"Oh, yes, Larry! I was happy—until you came back just now," she said.

"Then why did you marry him?" he demanded. There was no anger in his voice—only regret and wonder.

"Because when you left I was—desperate," she admitted.

"You?" he exclaimed, more than ever at a loss to understand her.

"Yes!" Ethel said. "I waited—waited for you until a month ago. I'd never heard from you—never heard of you. I thought you were dead. If you'd been alive, I felt that my love, my wanting you so very much would bring you back to me."

"Dear God!" There was no mock reverence in that soul-wrung wail, straight from his Celtic heart.

"And all my money had gone. Oh! It doesn't matter now! And I came here as governess to Sir George's daughter. He's been very helpful."

"And this man—my husband—came along. He seemed very fond of me—"

"—quite desperately in love. I was wretched, miserable, lonely, and oh! so tired! I wanted someone to take care of me. And so, I married."

"And it's all my fault!" That was like Larry Redmond—to condemn himself instead of her.

She could not bear to hear him upbraid himself.

"Please, aren't you suffering enough now?" she protested.

He made up his mind, then, that for her sake he must put things in a different light. And gazing himself to his duty, he sat down and looked at her wearily.

"But you've got to realize," he began, "you've got to realize that it's best you shouldn't have married a coward—and I was that. Two months ago I nearly finished it all."

"Larry!" Ethel exclaimed in sudden fear. The mere mention of such a thing shocked her inexplicably.

"Ah, yes! I meant to!" he continued ruthlessly. "And it was another man—almost a stranger—who stopped me."

"When was it?" Anxious as she was, she could not forbear asking him that. It seemed inconceivable that the girl Larry she used to know should ever have been near self-destruction.

"Two months ago—" he said, and he stopped abruptly then, as if his thoughts had momentarily taken him far away. "Two months ago, in Berlin," he resumed, pulling himself together by a visible effort. "It was one of those gorgeous, moonlight nights. I was thinking of you, my dear, and thinking how futile it all was. What was the use? . . . It was in one of those little side streets off Unter den Linden. I stood there behind a tree when suddenly this fellow came up from behind and grabbed my revolver."

All at once his recital brought back to Ethel's mind another similar story. In her agitation she could not at first recall exactly where or under what circumstances she had heard it. And then, in a flash, she remembered. Her husband had told her a tale like that only an hour before.

"In Berlin this was—not Paris?" she asked him quickly.

"No—Berlin."

"That's curious," she said. "I heard just such another story a little while ago."

"Not such as this," he continued unthinkingly. "First I fought with him; and then, to him, almost a stranger, there I stood in the moonlight, quite mad I guess, and poured out my heart. I told him about you. I'd been so lonely it was good to talk to this man—to talk to anybody that night. But at last I promised the chap 'I'll quit.'"

"What made you promise?"

He gazed into space, as the scene became vivid in his mind.

"Ah! I suppose 'twas the sentiment—the Irish in me. He appealed to my love of country—to my patriotism. I was an officer in his majesty's service and some day England might need me and I'd not be there. It hit me. And curious 'twas, it should be a German to stop me."

She had listened to him with increasing wonder. His very words were almost a duplication of Henry Streetman's. There could be no doubt that it was the same episode. The long arm of coincidence could scarcely stretch that far. And now, at his final sentence, Ethel started.

"A German?" she cried in quick surprise.

"Yes! Heinrich Strassman!"

Ethel gasped.

Heinrich Strassman! Are you sure?" She could not believe that she had heard him right.

"Oh, I'd not be likely to forget him!" Captain Redmond assured her bitterly.

"Wouldn't that be Henry Streetman in English?" she asked slowly.

"Yes, I suppose so," he rejoined. "Why?"

Ethel Willoughby rose and moved away from him, to hide her agitation.

"Oh, nothing," she said.

"It's a queer game," Larry said, ignorant of her agony—"This thing that I call life. I, an officer in his majesty's army, to owe mine to a man in the German secret service?"

"A German spy!" Now Ethel knew what her husband was. Now she knew why he was eternally pressing her to gouge official secrets out of Sir George Wagstaff. Her gorge rose within her.

"We mustn't hold that against him. Larry adored her gently. He little knew the agony that was concealing from her he'd been mighty kind to me—he and his wife."

That last word struck her cold.

"What did you say?" she asked him very slowly.

"Why, that he and his wife had been mighty kind to me."

"You're quite sure he was married?" she inquired in a manner that was strangely deliberate. Asbest as she was at the thought of Henry Street-



"Larry—I Am Married."

man's duplicity, at his villainy in subjecting her to a marriage that seemed no marriage at all, a certain calm satisfaction came over her. In spite of her shame she was glad beyond words that she was not tied to him for life—if what she now tried to believe were only true!

"Married?" Larry repeated. "Oh, I'm quite sure. His wife was a typical moon-faced German hausfrau, with two children—bony little kiddies. I used to romp 'em."

"Oh, my God! My God!" Ethel cried suddenly.

"My dear—what is it? What is it?" Larry exclaimed. He saw that she was in agony. And he went to her as he might have hurried to any fluttering bird with a broken wing.

There is a hint that Ethel will retaliate—not only against Streetman but also against his nation. In what will she find opportunity?

(TO BE CONTINUED)

OVEREATING CAUSE OF ILLS

Intemperance in Consumption of Food Declared Responsible for Much Suffering for Humanity.

Someone has rather aptly said that "one-third of what we eat enables us to live and the other two-thirds provides a living for the doctors," remarks a writer in Farm and Home. And undoubtedly overeating, quite as much as improper foods, is responsible for many of our bodily ills; for all that is eaten over that required to nourish our bodies and furnish the necessary energy, overtaxes the organs of digestion and elimination and prematurely wears out the human engine, just as too much fuel more quickly burns out a furnace or the kitchen range.

Intemperance in food is a prolific source of colds, obesity, gout, rheumatism, Bright's disease, constipation and other ills. High living, overeating and too much protein food is also said to be conducive to the development of cancer—for this disease, as a rule, does not attack the moderate liver or the underfed. True, different individuals require varying amounts of food, according to occupation and size of body, though this difference is not so great as many think.

Most people troubled with obesity are partial to the flesh-making foods—sweets and starches—and are all-around "good feeders." A certain very stout young woman is so afflicted, and also addicted to the practice of nibbling at sweets between meals, and at bedtime. She also has occasional dreadful attacks of acute indigestion. Her physician's advice when last called was: "Just watch your diet, little girl; there is no preventive except to eat moderately and regularly."

He Had Qualified.

A stranger in an Indiana village thought he might improve the time by attending service in the local church. At the conclusion of a lengthy talk the minister announced that he should like to meet