

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.

Chief of Police White of San Francisco has abolished the police detinue system, under which persons are arrested and held incommunicado without any charge being placed against them.

S. A. Appold, a student aviator, who fell in a biplane near Los Angeles, died later in a hospital. His young wife saw him fall and helped take him from the tangled wreckage of his airplane.

The German Order Pour Le Merite has been awarded Lieutenant Commander Armand De La Perriere, commander of the submarine U-35, for his achievements in sinking 126 vessels, totalling 370,000 tons.

The House of Commons has passed the second reading of the Rhodes estate bill, which would exclude Germans henceforth from enjoying scholarships at Oxford University under the Cecil Rhodes trust fund.

An Italian government decree increases the price of sugar from 20 cents a pound to 24 cents. The reason for this action, it is said, is the urgent necessity of limiting national consumption, in view of the increase in overseas freight rates.

Not a single death from infantile paralysis was reported in New York City Friday by health authorities, for the first time since the last week in June, when the epidemic began. Total deaths since then were 2375. Six new cases were reported.

Because John Sluomistook him for a burglar and fired a bullet at him inflicting a flesh wound in his hand, J. J. Hancock obtained judgment against Sluomist for \$100 by a jury in the superior court at Seattle. Hancock sued Sluomist for \$7500 damages.

Orders for more than 200 airplanes have been placed by the U. S. war department as the first step in expansion of the aviation service under the army reorganization act and contracts for about 100 additional airplanes of various types probably will be awarded in the near future.

Six inmates of Sing Sing prison, New York, drove past a guard in a prison automobile truck and made their escape about noon Friday. The finding of the abandoned truck a half hour after the escape says the warden intimates that the men, all of whom were serving sentences of from 15 years to life, had fled.

The first indictment in San Francisco for the alleged offense of shipping whisky into dry territory under false labels was returned by the federal grand jury against the Wells-Feltbaum company. Two barrels of whisky, according to the true bill, were shipped by the firm to Pendleton, Or., in boxes labeled "household goods."

Government officers were perturbed Friday when informed unofficially but confidentially, and from a trustworthy source, that the Russian Protective association, which has been formed to prohibit the importation into Russia of a long list of commodities, with a view to conserving cargo space for war munitions. The effect of this on trans-Pacific trade is regarded as harmful.

The Volks Zeitung of Cologne says: "German submarines will operate in the future in the western Atlantic. They will visit the well-known shipping routes around the eastern point of Nantucket Island and will sink British merchantmen after giving the crews an opportunity to save themselves." The newspaper says that the activity will influence the supplying of food, especially grain, bacon and lard, to England.

A small strike in the plant of Thomas A. Edison spread until 600 men, including 300 in the phonograph department, were idle. They demand the reinstatement of the secretary of the Edison Employees' Protective association, who was discharged automatically under an Edison rule limiting the period of an employee's absence without valid excuse. This is said to be the first serious strike which the inventor has ever confronted.

Loss of the German submarine merchantman Bremen virtually was conceded by ranking Teutonic diplomats in a position not unfamiliar with the movements of the vessel. The Bremen is now one month overdue. It was admitted that German officials not only in this country, but in Berlin, were without information as to the fate of the Bremen.

The keel of the superdreadnought California, building at the Mare Island navy yard, will be laid October 25, the navy department has announced.

The Labor Temple, the largest log building in Alaska, built last winter by the Alaska labor union, was destroyed Tuesday night by fire caused by a defective flue. The loss is \$12,000.

After several hours' struggle with the heaviest sea in months, the coast-guard crew from Manistee, Mich., succeeded in rescuing P. T. Dally, a contractor, and eight workmen, who were carried out into Lake Michigan on a derrick some which earlier in the day broke from its moorings here during a fierce storm. The nine men were nearly eight miles out in Lake Michigan when the coast-guard rescued them.

The heaviest snowstorm of any autumn in the past ten years prevailed in the Michigan copper country Tuesday. All shipping was forced to seek shelter, and Lake Superior was deserted by boats.

Plans for a campaign to make Chicago "dry" in 1918 were formally announced at a luncheon of the Dry Chicago Federation. Fifty thousand dollars was pledged to carry on the campaign. It is planned to submit the question to a referendum vote in the spring of 1918. Ex-Representative Hobson, of Alabama, spoke at the meeting at which the campaign was launched.

BIDS ARE CALLED FOR ON 2500 CARS BY UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

Portland—The Union Pacific system Tuesday called for bids on 1000 automobile cars and 1500 box cars, requiring nearly 15,000,000 feet of lumber. The specifications require that all the lumber be purchased from mills in Union Pacific territory—Oregon, Washington and Idaho.

It is probable that Twoby Brothers, of Portland, will bid on this contract as they are equipped to build cars in their East Side plant and have been eager to enter this field of activity for several months.

Judge R. S. Lovett, chairman of the Union Pacific, will be in Portland this week and is expected to give some attention to the prospects of successful car building here. When questioned about it at his office in New York a few weeks ago Judge Lovett declared that, other things being equal, he would prefer to have the cars built on the Coast.

The advantages of building cars convenient to the place where the lumber is produced are obvious. The Eastern buyers must pay freight on the raw lumber that goes into the cars even when it is carried by the railroad that buys them.

Trap Set by Villa; Vanguard of Pursuing Carranza Force Ambushed

El Paso, Tex.—Francisco Villa led the Carranza vanguard into General Carlos Ysabel and San Andres, on the western division of the Mexican Northwestern railway Friday, a report received by Mexican government agents here said.

According to this report, which was obtained by secret service agents for the Federal government, Villa retreated from a position outside of San Andres, 40 miles on the railroad west of Chihuahua City toward San Andres. This led the Carranza vanguard into the trap which Villa is said to have set for them, the government report said. The bandits, who were hidden in the rocky defiles along the railroad, poured a heavy fire into the Carranza troops from behind rocks. The same source of information claims to have confirmation of the report that the Carranza troops then retired to Santa Ysabel, thence to Palomas, and are in Fresno, the first station west of Chihuahua City.

Carranza officials here admit that there has been heavy fighting between Santa Ysabel and Chihuahua City, but General Gonzales, in Juarez, insists that he has received no details of the fighting. The report that General Ozuena had been killed is receiving credence here in official circles.

Baseball Training Wins War Honors.

Boston—"Bill" O'Hara, once a star left fielder of the Toronto International league team and a former scout of the New York National league club, has been recommended for the military cross in recognition of his bravery and skill in hurling bombs for the British army on the Somme battle front, according to advices received here from his home in Toronto.

When O'Hara played in the International league he was noted for his accurate throwing and strength. O'Hara, a lieutenant in a Canadian regiment at the front, is now hurling deadly bombs instead of baseballs.

Fruit Diet Test Ends.

Berkeley, Cal.—An exclusive diet of alligator pears for two weeks ended Tuesday night for Alwyn Baker, a University of California student, eating under the direction of the department of nutrition. Baker has lost no weight, but said he was very hungry.

The official findings on his experiment will be announced next week at San Diego at a meeting of the Avocado association, composed of growers in Oregon, the Sacramento valley and Southern California.

Flour Cheat is Charged.

Chicago—Charges that the milling interests have made an excess profit of \$60,000,000 by using rejected wheat and wheat below milling grades while charging consumers for flour, based on the best grades of wheat, were made Tuesday by Miss Florence King, of the Women's association of commerce, in a complaint filed with United States District Attorney Clyde.

Miss King will seek to have federal inspection of grain, provided in a recent act of congress, apply to this year's wheat crop.

Coffee Thefts Extensive.

San Salvador, Republic of Salvador—Two arrests have been made in connection with the theft of coffee shipped from San Salvador, disclosed through complaints made by American merchants that 10 pounds of coffee were missing from each of many bags consigned to them.

The value of the coffee stolen approximates 300,000 pesos. The investigation, which began a month ago, has not yet concluded.

Zeppelin Stirs Dutch Ire.

Amsterdam—Dutch newspapers are indignant over the report by the Handelsblad that on Sunday a Zeppelin dropped a bomb near Gorkum (Gorinchem), 22 miles southeast of Rotterdam. The Nieuws Van den Dag says: "If German airship commanders had not displayed supreme contempt for the protests of the Dutch government this deplorable incident, which only by accident lacked serious results, would not have occurred."

225 New U-Boats Built.

Geneva, Switzerland—Prince von Buelow, former German imperial chancellor, recently informed a neutral newspaper that since the beginning of the war Germany had constructed 225 submarines, says a dispatch from Constantine.

The German naval authorities, the Prince is reported to have added, are paying more attention to submarines than to battleships, and Austria-Hungary is doing likewise.

NEWS ITEMS Of General Interest About Oregon

Great Educational Revival Strikes Oregon Institutions

University of Oregon, Eugene.—An intellectual stimulus that state university observers so far have not accounted for appears to have come to Oregon this fall. Here are a few of the manifestations of it:

Nearly 1,000 persons have appeared for university extension classes in Portland. Residence enrollment in liberal arts at Eugene will be nearly 1,100 for the year. Registration in the correspondence study department is 528. Attendance at the summer school was 114. Other departments show similar growth. For example, 4,475 teachers of Oregon have this year done their reading circle work with the university.

The Portland increase is about 75 per cent; liberal arts residence increase is about 13 per cent; the correspondence study increase is 19 per cent; the summer school increase was 70 per cent. This growth has come in a period when increases were not to be expected.

When a member of the extension faculty made a trip on institute work to Harney county this month, a majority of the teachers were found to be interested in correspondence study.

The attendance totals for all Oregon institutions of higher education give this state a high place in percentage of population that goes beyond the high school.

State Engineers Tackle Water Survey of Hood River Valley

Hood River.—Rhea Luper, engineer for the state water board, assisted by Fred Coshaw and Malcolm Button, has begun the four months' task of making a survey of the entire area of the Hood River valley under the ditches of irrigation systems or that may be irrigated. During the next week H. K. Donnelly, another engineer of the water board, accompanied by R. C. Ingraham, will arrive here to assist in the task. George T. Cochran, of La Grande, eastern Oregon water superintendent, was here Saturday to inspect the initial work of the engineer.

The work of the water board has been undertaken here for the purpose of adjudicating the water rights of the entire Hood River watershed. The task was initiated recently, when the supreme court, remanding a decision of Circuit Judge Bradshaw in the case of the Oregon Lumber company vs. the East Fork Irrigation District, referred the case to the water board.

Shooting Stars Promised.

University of Oregon, Eugene.—Two separate annual displays of shooting stars will be visible throughout Oregon November 15 and 24, according to E. H. McAllister, professor of astronomy and mechanics in the state university. The display due on November 15 may be seen in the early morning hours; that of November 24 is due in the early evening. The earth at these times will be cutting through the orbit of the swarm of meteors from which the stars come.

Display of the aurora borealis will be visible in Oregon next winter, for the first time in 11 years, Mr. McAllister says. "Not the lights are dim in this latitude of the west, except when the sun spots have reached their maximum number, which occurs only once in 11 years. A connection between the sun spots and the aurora borealis is believed by many scientists to exist."

Bridge Does Big Business.

Salem.—Traffic figures compiled under the direction of the state highway department show that in 30 days ending at 6:30 A. M. October 30, 21,908 automobiles, 13,358 motorcycles, bicycles and pedestrians, 10,307 horse-drawn vehicles, and 923 head of stock crossed the bridge over the Willamette river at Salem. The daily average of traffic over the bridge was: 700 automobiles, 462 motorcycles, bicycles and pedestrians, 343 horse-drawn vehicles, and 31 head of stock. The maximum of traffic occurred on Portland day during the recent state fair, when 1679 automobiles crossed the bridge.

Prunes \$6.40 a Hundred.

Roseburg.—The highest price paid for prunes in Douglas county this season was recorded here Wednesday, when Rush Clark, a Millwood rancher, sold his entire crop at \$6.40 per hundred pounds, orchard run. Mr. Clark had about 30,000 pounds of prunes.

Practically all of the prunes grown in Douglas county have been sold and the local packing plants are working to their full capacity. This year's crop is said to be the heaviest in the history of the county.

Arrival of Fish is Late.

Marshfield.—The salmon hatchery on south Coos river has not impounded a fish to date. It is usual by this time of the season to have a large school of fine chinook in the ponds protected by the racks, but the arrival of the fish at the hatchery depends upon tides, and there has been none this fall. The entire rainfall since the first of September only amounts to 72 of an inch. The Coos river establishment expects to take several million eggs before the middle of December.

Radio Station Under Way.

Marshfield.—The United States radio station being constructed at Englewood, a suburb of Marshfield, is about one-third finished. The piling for the residences has been driven and the grading at the site is one-half completed. A hill is being cut away to make the fill required for the grounds surrounding the station. A large percentage of the lumber has been delivered and the buildings now are under way.

1900 Cars are Lacking.

Salem.—All records for car shortage on the Portland division of the Southern Pacific company's lines were broken when reports to the Oregon Public Service commission showed the company 1900 cars short of its orders. The company reported that it had received orders for 2225 cars, and that 325 cars were available. A total of 73 empty freight cars were reported to have arrived at Ashland in 24 hours.

UNDER FIRE

A European War story based on the drama of ROI COOPER MEGRUE

SYNOPSIS.

The chief characters are Ethel Willoughby, Henry Redmond and Capt. Larry Redmond. The minor characters are Sir George Wagstaff of the British admiralty and Charles Brown, a New York newspaper correspondent. Ethel, resident of Sir George's household, secretly married to Redmond, a German spy, though she did not know him as such. Captain Redmond, her old lover, returns to England after long absence, from him she learns the truth about Redmond. The European war breaks out. Ethel prepares to accompany Redmond to Brussels as a German spy in order to get revenge and serve England.

In this installment is given a remarkable picture of Belgian village life—its peacefulness and hopefulness—just before the German host swept the little nation in 1914. You will enjoy Charles Brown's meeting with the innkeeper, and sympathize with old Henri in his pathetic effort to reassure his frightened daughter of her safety. You will thrill at the meeting of spies.

Capt. Larry Redmond, a British spy, discusses plans with a French spy in a Belgian village inn.

CHAPTER XI—Continued.

Larry swiftly continued him to be careful. "Nothing, ma petite" he said. "Nothing! Do not be alarmed."

"But all say the Germans are coming through Belgium," she told him plaintively.

Her remark seemed to exasperate him. What with poor business, and the worry of the last few days—for Henri Christophe did not entirely share the complacency of his more placid patrons regarding rumors that were in the air—what with those things that trouble him his patience had become fustian. The good God knew that he did not desire war to sweep over his fatherland. He hoped passionately that it might escape that calamity. And dreading it as he did, he took occasion, whenever the possibility was mentioned, to denounce the contingency as being beyond reason. Somehow, he derived comfort simply from asserting his disbelief in such a thing.

"All say it," he repeated after her with an irritation which was strange in him. "So always it is with you women—you exaggerate every rumor," he cried. "I tell you—your father—we are a neutral country. All the big nations they have promised us that our land is safe from invasion. It is nearly a hundred years since they gave us their word and always they have kept it."

"But still I am frightened," his daughter reaffirmed. She was, in truth, a timid little thing—just the sort to be thrown into a twitter of excitement over a mouse—or a war. It mattered not what one might tell her to calm her. She would still be alarmed. And now Jeanne looked up at her father with such fear in her great dark eyes that he forgot his anger in his attempt to soothe her.

"But why?" he asked her more gently. "They did not come through our country in 1870 in the Franco-Prussian war. Why should they now? The Germans make much money from us and we from them. They are our friends. . . . No, ma petite, thanks to God we need fear nothing."

"I hope, father, you may be right," she said, albeit somewhat doubtful still.

"You shall see! You shall see!" he reassured her. He made his way to the cigar counter and busied himself setting things to rights there. "What worries me far more than the Germans, my little one," he went on, "what worries me is that we have so few American automobiles this summer. Always in August there are many; and they pay well."

"Perhaps it is the Germans who keep them away," she ventured unhappily.

"Will you cease?" he cried angrily. "Always you talk of the Germans. Soon you will have me nervous like you," he complained, as if he were not already so. "I am sorry, mon pere," she said in filial repentance.

"There, there," he exclaimed, as if ashamed that he had chided her. "I did not mean to be cross. Come! Forget your fears and pray to your saluts that business will be better. To think that in August we have only that one lady lodger!"

"And what do you suppose she is doing here in Courvoisier?" Little Jeanne asked her father. It was not quite the usual thing for a foreign—or any other—lady to stay in an inn without an escort.

"That I do not know—nor do I care, ma petite," Henri Christophe said. "She is not French as she says. One may tell from her accent." The girl remarked. It was patent that her woman's curiosity had been aroused by their feminine guest.

"But she says, my little one—and she minds her own business," her father responded. "Let us do likewise. . . . Wipe off the table yonder!" he directed Jeanne, as if he would give her something to think of that would take her mind off such idle thoughts.

Little Jeanne took the cloth from a nearby book and proceeded to polish the table top at which the two peasants had lately sat. And while she was thus engaged her too frequent French guest folded up his paper, rose, and left them.

CHAPTER XII.

—Lost—A War!

A stranger—mistakenly American—pedaled a decrepit bicycle up to the

quickly, in French, "Vous avez raison!"

His change to his own language, no less than the inflection of warning in his voice, brought Captain Redmond were no longer alone. It was the innkeeper, Henri Christophe, who had come back to serve his leisurely patron.

"Ah, gentlemen! Something to drink?" Christophe asked them, rubbing his hands in anticipation of the feel of good coin in them.

"No, thank you! My friend is leaving now," the Frenchman said.

"But I will be back soon," Larry promised. And with that Henri Christophe had to be content.

Again the indefatigable newspaper reader returned to his favorite pastime, while Henri Christophe regarded him with a mild pensiveness. The fellow had looked much in his lun during the past two days; but he had been altogether too abstemious to suit the proprietor's notions of what was due him from a guest. And then all at once old Henri's face turned happy once more, at the sight of a quaint little creature who tripped into the room and called to him:

"Ah, father! You are home again! What news of the war?"

"Nothing, ma petite" he said. "Nothing! Do not be alarmed."

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—Lost—A War!

A stranger—mistakenly American—pedaled a decrepit bicycle up to the

very threshold of the Lion d'Or before he threw a leg wearily over the rear wheel and stood there, leaning heavily upon the handle bars and saddle. It was Charles Brown, though his best friend might not have recognized him without some difficulty. He was both dirty and disheveled, and hot and tired as well. Dusted lay thick upon his shoes. And now he gazed mournfully into the inn, somewhat as a thirst-parched wanderer in a desert might have looked upon an oasis, with its promise of shade and cooling water.

Henri Christophe did not see him at first, for his broad back was toward the street. But he sprang up quickly as Mr. Brown called to him in very bad French—

"Mussere is proprietor?"

It was like music in the innkeeper's ears.

"A customer, and an American!" he exclaimed under his breath. "Oul, monsieur!" he responded delightedly.

"I am very tired," Charlie explained—though he scarcely needed to dilate upon that obvious fact. "I desire a chamber with—a bed, immediately."

"Oul, monsieur—I have a very good room, on the mezzanine floor—excellent for monsieur! . . . Ten francs a day!"

"Ten?" said Charlie. "Cheap enough! Go to it!"

And while little Jeanne went to prepare the room for him, he threw himself into a chair and cast a paper parcel—his sole baggage—upon the table in front of him. Beyond a few fresh collars its contents were negligible.

"I want to go to my room now," Charlie informed his host. "I'm dead to the world." Unconsciously he had lapsed into his own vernacular. And then he realized that a Belgian innkeeper in a country town could by no manner or means comprehend him. "Oh, how the devil do you say 'I want to go to my room' in French?" he groaned.

"But I speak English, sir," the innkeeper interposed. He had a decided accent. It was true. But to Charlie Brown's ears the words were as grateful as the sound of a rippling brook upon a hot summer's day.

"You do? Why didn't you say so?" he demanded.

"Pardon me, sir!" the polite innkeeper begged him. "But so many Americans like to exhibit their knowledge of French that I have found it wisest never to speak English to an American until I am asked."

"Say—how did you know I was an American?" Charlie asked him with sudden suspicion. He would have liked to know just what it was about his appearance that seemed to stamp him as a Yankee, no matter where he went.

"Oh! I could tell at once. . . . The voice, the manner. . . . Oh! I cannot explain. . . . It is something," Christophe groaned, "an air—one can never mistake it."

Mr. Brown grinned at that.

"Right there with that French 'gaf,' aren't you?" he said.

Henri Christophe smiled.

"Ah, m'sieu, I understand," he exclaimed, nodding his head sagely. "But you do me an injustice. I do not flatter. I speak the truth."

All at once the American remembered that he was a newspaper man.

"Well, then, have you seen anything of a war around here?" he asked.

"No, sir!"

"Neither have I!" Charlie volunteered. "And I've been looking for it for a week!"

"Oh, there will be no war here," Christophe assured him. "It is always like this—just our peaceful little village! We harvest our crops; we brew some beer; we make a little wine—good wine. Monsieur shall sample it and see," he added parenthetically.

"We go to church on Sunday, we live and die in the quiet sunshine. . . . There will be no war here."

Charlie Brown did not like to break rudely in upon the good man's placid dream. But at the same time he saw no reason for dissimulating. If trouble were coming—as he believed—he considered it as well that the innkeeper should be prepared for it as well as might be.

"But they say the Germans are coming through Belgium," he ventured.

Henri Christophe picked up the checkerboard to amuse themselves, and placed it upon the counter.

"Ah, no, m'sieu! And even should they, our people are good people. They will not touch us," he said as optimistically as he could.

"I hope so, m'sieu," the innkeeper answered. And he breathed a silent prayer that the Germans would not come that way.

At that moment a lady in white entered from the street and started across the room toward a door that led to the chambers above.

"Bonjour, madame!" Christophe said politely. It was his mysterious lodger. And since she paid well, there was every reason why he should be affable to her.

"Bonjour!" the young woman answered. She did not recognize her fellow guest until he approached with outstretched hand.

"Great Scott! You!" he cried, scarce believing his own eyes.

Ethel Willoughby—for it was she—could not do otherwise than pause. She stared at Charlie Brown.

"How do you do, Mr. Brown?" she said. Her manner was nervous, constrained. But Charlie Brown did not notice that in his surprise. He took her hand with undisturbed delight.

"Imagine meeting you here!" he said with great good humor. "I suppose I ought to say, 'This is a small world after all.'"

Henri Christophe had witnessed their unexpected meeting with all the interest of a curious-minded resident of



"Great Scott! You!" He cried.

a small village. It pleased him, moreover, that his newly found friend from New York already knew his feminine lodger.

"Ah, m'sieu knows Madame de Lorde! That is good, good," he murmured, as he beamed upon them both.

Charlie Brown looked first at Henri Christophe—then back at Ethel again. And an expression of bewilderment spread over his face.

"Madame de Lorde?" he said to her questioningly.