

# 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.

The total registration for the city of Los Angeles indicates that its population now is 628,425.

The new Trolpastra canal in Sweden has been opened by King Gustav. The canal connects Wener Lake and the North Sea.

A greater Canada, industrially and politically, when peace is declared, is predicted by Baron Shagnessy, president of the Canadian Pacific railway.

Detectives in St. Louis have recovered \$13,000 of the \$32,000 stolen from a paymaster of the Burroughs Adding Machine company in Detroit August 4.

Ten persons, mostly school children, remained for an hour and a half in the municipal hydraulic elevator at Oregon City, Or., when the cage stuck midway in its 90-foot shaft.

An invitation from the Japanese to hold the next convention of the World's Sunday School association in Tokio has been accepted. The convention will be held after the war.

Nine aviators from the army training school in San Diego, five of whom were flying for their junior military aviators' licenses, made the round trip to Los Angeles without mishap.

The British mine-sweeping vessel Genista has been torpedoed and sunk, according to the British admiralty. All the officers and 73 members of the crew were lost, only 12 escaping.

Even the price of stale bread has been increased in San Francisco. "Yesterday's bread" used to sell two loaves for a nickel. Now the price is three loaves for a dime or four for 15 cents.

Everything in the port of Constanza that would have been useful to Field Marshal von Mackensen's forces was destroyed by Russian sailors before the fort was evacuated, says a Reuter dispatch from Petrograd.

The adoption of a resolution forbidding its members from engaging in the practice of the division of fees under any guise whatever, was a feature of the Clinical Congress of Surgeons of North America in Philadelphia.

Some utterances of the feeling that the activity of American warships in rescuing passengers from the vessels sunk by the German submarine U-53 off the American coast amounted to a breach of neutrality were made in the House of Lords by Baron Berezford and Baron Sydenham.

Ex-President Taft, in a speech at St. Louis, attacked Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, for misleading labor with reference to the Danbury hatters' case and for shifting to the shoulders of others the responsibility resulting from his bad counsel.

Cognizance of the allied blockade was taken by the Postoffice department in recommending to postmasters at offices where international money orders are sold, to post notice advising patrons to purchase such orders intended for Christmas presents by December 1, or as soon after that time as convenient.

Roumanians lose Constanza, an important port on the Black Sea, to the Germans and Austrians.

After killing Sheriff Stier, of Queens county, New York, with a shotgun, and keeping at bay a posse of police and deputy sheriffs who had surrounded his home, Frank Taft, 65 years of age, was shot and instantly killed by one of the besiegers. Taft shot Stier, who served him with a warrant after he had been adjudged in contempt of court for failing to appear as a witness.

The wholesale price of flour is now quoted in Portland at \$7.80 a barrel.

Twenty-four Indians of the Coeur d'Alene district have qualified to become U. S. citizens.

The U. S. Supreme Court refused to review the conviction of the three officials of the Western Fuel company, of San Francisco, who were convicted of defrauding the government by false weighing of dutiable coal. The men will now have to serve their respective prison terms.

Seattle proposes to take over the power plants of the Puget Sound Traction company, at an estimated cost of \$10,000,000.

Viscount Grey, secretary of England's foreign affairs, says allies won't talk peace, but declares objects of this war must be realized, as a guarantee of international peace of the future.

Spontaneous combustion caused the explosion of a 20,000-gallon tank of gasoline at the plant of the California Food Products company at San Pedro, which was partially destroyed by the fire which followed.

William G. Sharp, American ambassador to France, sailed on the American line steamship St. Paul, accompanied by his family, to return to his post.

Samuel Hill declares before a San Francisco audience, that Washington, Oregon and California should petition the government to build a highway along the oceanfront in these states, which could be used in time of war to carry materials necessary to the protection of the coast, or in peace times for the benefit of pleasure seekers, or for other legitimate purposes.

## ALLIES DEVELOP OWN RESOURCES; BECOME INDEPENDENT OF U. S.

New York—The necessity for the United States to show a proper appreciation of the business received in the way of war orders from the entire allies is the subject of a statement issued here Tuesday by Henry P. Davison, of J. P. Morgan & Co., detailing his impressions of the financial and military situation that he found on his recent trip to Great Britain and France. He returned Monday from England, after having assisted in the arrangement of the new \$300,000,000 British loan.

"It is perfectly clear that if we regard Great Britain and France as desirable customers and wish to continue to sell them our products," the statement says in part, "we must treat them as a producer usually treats a desirable customer, in which event I am confident we will continue to supply them largely, not only during the war, but for the reconstruction period which will follow.

Great Britain and France have not only carried on the war on the Western front, but have at the same time developed their own manufacturing resources in a way which surpasses belief, so that today they find themselves well equipped and in a position to provide not only for themselves, but in a large degree to assist their allies.

"In stating this I do not mean to imply that there are not many things they will require from us, as they did before the war, and will after. I do mean that there are many supplies which they would rather purchase from us than produce at home, reserving the resources required for such production for other purposes to their better advantage. The point is that today their position is one of independence compared with that of two years ago."

## Loss of Life May Reach 200; Greek Naval Officers Bitter

Athens—The torpedoing of the Greek steamer Angheliki on Saturday near Piraeus, with many Greeks aboard, was carried out without warning, it is said here. This action is believed to indicate that since the capture of Constanza the German submarines have obtained a new supply of benzene, enabling them to resume operations in the Mediterranean.

Greek naval officials are particularly bitter that the attack seems to have been made within Greek territorial waters, only a few miles from Salami, where a formidable allied fleet has been stationed since September 1.

The loss of life is now said to reach 200, though the full number aboard the Angheliki is not known. The submarine, it is further said, warned ships endeavoring to rescue the Greeks to keep off.

Chrysanthemum Show On. Washington, D. C.—The government's 16th annual chrysanthemum show opened here Tuesday and will continue throughout the week in the big hothouses of the department of Agriculture. The exhibit includes 250 varieties, many of them indigenous to England, France, Australia and Japan.

Among the new specimens are Mrs. G. Mason, Dawn of Day, Lord Hopeton and J. T. Raynor. England is represented by His Majesty and Queen Mary and Earl Kitchener, and France by Marquis Visconti Ventosa.

Government to Find Jobs.

Seattle—United States Commissioner of Immigration Cameretti Tuesday announced extension of the Federal government's work for the unemployed of the nation to women and girls, teachers and others following professional vocations, honorably discharged army and navy men—in fact, everyone in search of a job—in a far-reaching plan to place the department of Labor at the service of all people. The movement, he said, had been accorded the enthusiastic approval of 21 of the leading women's organizations.

Everett Repels I. W. W.

Everett, Wash.—When word was received Tuesday that 45 men, said to be members of the Industrial Workers of the World, were coming by boat from Seattle, 200 citizens gathered under the leadership of deputy sheriffs and stood guard at the wharf. When the steamer docked and the men came ashore the waiting citizens loaded them into automobiles and drove them beyond the city limits, where they were warned to return to Seattle.

Railroad Needs \$10,000,000.

Seward, Alaska—The Alaska Engineering commission will ask congress for between \$10,000,000 and \$11,000,000 for construction expenditures on the government-railroad during the next fiscal year. The commission Monday bought 10 lots at the foot of Adams street as a site for a terminal passenger station.

Italian Destroyer Blown Up.

London—A dispatch to Exchange Telegraph from Athens says: "The Embros Corfu correspondent reports that the wreckage of an Italian torpedo boat destroyer blown up by a mine laid by an Austrian submarine off the Epirus coast, fell upon the submarine and completely destroyed it."

Invasion of England is Possibility.

London—Field Marshal Viscount French, commander in chief of the armies in the United Kingdom, addressed the volunteers at Derby Sunday. He said that an invasion of the British isles was not a mere supposition, but a possibility. This they must be prepared to meet.

Russian Cities Want Food.

Petrograd—Minister of the Interior Protopopoff has applied to the military authorities, according to the Rech, for permission to draw upon the military stores for food supplies for the populations of Petrograd and Moscow.

Virginia Goes "Dry."

Richmond, Va.—Virginia entered the ranks of prohibition states at midnight Tuesday, swelling the total of 18. No liquor can be shipped and carriers have served notice that none will be received for shipment.

## NEWS ITEMS Of General Interest About Oregon

### Car Shortage Reaches 2186 in State of Oregon

Salem—The car shortage on the Portland division of the Southern Pacific Wednesday reached 2186, a new record, and indications that it will continue to mount are given in reports which have been received by the Oregon Public Service commission. The company reported that it had orders on file for 2657 freight cars and only 371 empty cars available for loading.

Residents in Tillamook county who own stock are threatened with serious consequences because of their inability to obtain hay. Large amounts of hay are shipped annually to Tillamook. This year only a few cars are available and a shortage in hay has resulted. The Public Service commission received a vigorous complaint from Rosenberg Brothers, of Tillamook, asking for relief. They assert that they annually ship in from 100 to 150 cars of hay from the Willamette valley and store it in their warehouses. This season they declare they have been getting only one car every 10 days, where they need from one to three a day. With no hay stored, the Tillamook people foresee a serious situation next winter, when it will be impossible to ship in because of the uncertain railway connections at that time of the year.

### Hood River School Board to Use Fuel Oil This Winter

Hood River—Hood River's high school building and the \$30,000 annex to the structure, now nearing completion, will be heated with oil. With a few necessary changes made the old wood furnace will be used. From a 12,000-gallon tank the fuel will be pumped to the furnace by the electrically driven pump.

By using oil instead of wood the school board estimates a saving of more than \$275 will result this year. The oil delivered at the big new tank, costs \$1.20 per barrel. Body fir cord-wood is selling for \$5.50 per cord. By the time the wood is sawed and put in basements the cost is increased about \$1 per cord. A barrel of oil, it is said, is more than equal to half a cord of wood.

### Coos Tract May Be Cut.

Marshfield—A company of Marshfield men, of whom W. J. Conrad is an interested member, is negotiating for the timber from a tract of Southern Pacific land lying west of Boulevard Park, an addition located between Marshfield and North Bend. The tract contains about 700 acres and had some of the only remaining old growth timber adjacent to the city of Marshfield. In the event the deal is consummated, the timber will be logged into pony inlets and sold to the various mills on Coos Bay. The timber in question lies in the pony inlet watershed, but its cutting would not affect the Coos Bay Water company's supply, since the reservoir is above the place where it is proposed to cut.

### Mail Service Improved.

Marshfield—Smith River residents, who live on a tributary of the Umpqua river, and have a stream navigable for 26 miles, are to have an improved mail service. Instead of receiving semi-weekly mails, they will hereafter be supplied three times a week. Captain William Dewar has obtained the contract, will leave Sulphur Springs, at the head of tidewater, on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. The mail route is between Sulphur Springs and Reedsport, but arrangements have been made for a private extension to Gardiner, three miles from Reedsport. Smith river is one of the most fertile and productive sections of Oregon.

### 70 Cars of Apples to Go.

Roseburg—That approximately 70 carloads of apples will be shipped from Douglas county to the Eastern markets during the present season is the estimate of local buyers. The Umpqua Valley Fruit Union will handle about 30 carloads of apples, while the Producers' Fruit company will ship about the same amount. In addition to the consignments handled by these firms not less than 10 carloads of apples will be assembled and shipped from distant parts of the county.

Thus far this season 11 carloads of apples have been shipped from Douglas county.

### Economy Proves Costly.

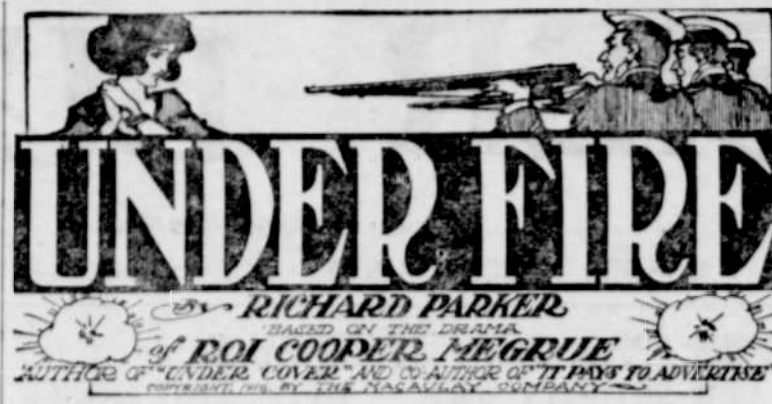
Portland—Saving of waste paper and other combustible material by business houses of the city will necessitate the city incinerator once more to use fuel in the furnaces at the city incinerator. The heavy supply of paper and other inflammable stuff has made the purchase of fuel at the plant unnecessary for several years. It is reported that an insufficient amount of combustible material is being received now to keep the fire going. A request is made for a \$2000 appropriation for purchase of fuel for the plant next year.

### Lumber Tax is Appealed.

Oregon City—The Weyerhaeuser Lumber company, E. S. Collins, W. R. Bart, Frank E. Dooly, and the estate of T. D. Collins, represented by C. L. Starr, Portland attorney, Tuesday began an appeal from the board of equalization to the circuit court in an attempt to obtain lower assessment on their timber holdings, assessed at more than \$1,000,000. A similar case now is pending in the state supreme court. The county is fighting to uphold the Nease timber cruise, on which all timber assessments are based.

### China Pheasants Liberated.

Gaston—J. H. Westcott, of this place, has just received a crate of young China pheasants from the State Game commission, to be liberated in this locality. The birds were turned out on the Benjamin Ward farm near a patch of kale and will be carefully protected.



# UNDER FIRE

RICHARD PARKER  
BASED ON THE STORY  
OF EMI COOPER, MEGRIE  
AUTHOR OF "UNDER COVER" AND "A MATTER OF TRIP TO ADVENTURE"  
SYNOPSIS.

The chief characters are Ethel Willoughby, Henry Streetman and Capt. Ledy Redmond. The minor characters are Sir George Wagstaff of the British admiralty and Charlie Brown, a New York newspaper correspondent. Ethel, a resident of Sir George's household, secretly married to Streetman, a German spy, though she did not know him as such, returned after long absence. From him she learns the truth about Streetman's future, that she has betrayed her simply to learn naval secrets. The European war breaks out. Ethel prepares to accompany Streetman to Brussels as a German spy in order to get revenge and serve England. Captain Redmond, Ethel and Charlie Brown turn up at a Belgian inn as the German army comes.

Here is a big opportunity for Charlie Brown, the New York newspaper correspondent, to show either a world of good sense or a state of mind bordering on insanity. The problem is up to him—whether he will stick by his friends, no matter what occurs, or consider the safety of his own person. There is a big thrill in this installment. It describes the meeting and planning of spies.

### CHAPTER XII—Continued.

Ethel consented to the arrangement. She was immensely relieved that the quick-witted journalist so readily accepted her alias.

"Good, good!" their delighted host exclaimed. "Sweet consommé, eh? Baked chicken, an artichoke, a bit of salad, and some coffee—real American coffee, without chicory, eh, m'sieu?" He was already edging toward the door that led kitchenward, to begin his preparations for a meal that should forever perpetuate his life in the memories of his two guests.

"Great! Sounds immense!" Mr. Brown rejoined with enthusiasm.

"Yes, my dear! Immense! That is your good American word. . . I shall serve such a dinner as the Lion d'Or never has seen before!" And Henri disappeared in high spirits. After the depressing dullness of the past weeks it was indeed exhilarating to minister to two appreciative patrons.

By the time Christophe had vanished Ethel Willoughby had quite recovered her self-possession. And when Charlie Brown turned to her with a look of inquiry upon his face she was ready to meet his scrutiny with a stout heart.

"You seem surprised—and quite naturally," she said, "at hearing that man call me Madame de Lorde."

"Well, that afternoon I knew you as Miss Willoughby," he replied.

"But I was then Madame de Lorde," Ethel explained glibly. "You see, Mr. Brown, I'd been married secretly."

"There were reasons—good reasons," she rejoined. "I could not explain what they were then; nor can I now."

"Surely—surely!" he acquiesced, for he had not the slightest desire to pry into her private affairs. "But what on earth are you doing in this dead-end-alive spot?" And then, in the next breath, he exclaimed, as a sudden inspiration came to him, "Oh, by George! How dull of me! You're honeymooning, of course!"

"Not exactly!" Ethel replied, just a bit lamely, perhaps. "My husband isn't here—just now. He had some business in Brussels, but I came on ahead."

She had, indeed, left Streetman in the Belgian capital. "Shall you be staying long?" she asked Mr. Brown.

"No! I'm off in the morning," he informed her.

The information relieved her vastly. She had not relished the thought of having to confess to the American that Monsieur de Lorde was no other than his erstwhile acquaintance of the tea party—Henry Streetman. But as a spy in his majesty's service, Ethel took as easily to subterfuge as a duck to water. She surprised herself often by the readiness with which plausible tales sprang to her lips.

"Oh! Then you won't be able to meet Monsieur de Lorde," she said with a note of regret. "I don't expect him till tomorrow."

Charlie Brown murmured his regret at that circumstance.

"But what are you doing here?" Ethel asked him then. "Perhaps you've a secret in your past too?" she added gaily.

But Mr. Brown could lay claim to no such romantic excuse.

"Oh, I came over looking for a war," he explained.

"And you haven't found it?"

"Nothing like it at all!" he replied. "The day after I saw you I got a straight tip to beat it for Belgium. I brought you one-and-a-half cylinder 1886 bicyclics and I've pedaled away for three days, till I feel all legs and back. My right name, this minute, is George W. Achewell!" And Charlie Brown sat down by the table upon which Madame de Lorde was resting her trim elbow.

"Mr. Brown," Ethel said, "you're not English. I am; but you are an Anglo-Saxon, and you must sympathize with the allies."

"Sure I do!" was his prompt response. "Then, whatever happens while you're here," she continued with an air of great earnestness, "whatever happens, I want you to remember that I am English, and that it is England I serve always. . . You will believe it?"

"Oh, of course I will!" he assured her. And immediately a thought came into Charlie Brown's head that made him start. "And by the way," he said, "while I think of it, I want to warn you about that chap I met at tea at your place. Streetman, he called himself. You remember him?"

To hide her confusion Ethel rose and moved a few steps away from the table.

"Yes, I remember him very well," she answered.

"I happened that night to get some dope on him," Charlie went on, in entire innocence of the effect his words had upon her. "He's what you might call a professional spy—working for the German secret service now. That's why he stuck up for them that afternoon; but really he's a Russian."

"A Russian!" Ethel exclaimed, startled, in spite of herself, by that surprising news.

"Yes," he continued. "He got kicked out of Russia ten years ago for some dirty business. Then he worked for the English against the Boers. They couldn't stand him either—he's an awful rotter. I don't know—much about him after that. Now he's with the Germans. . . You'll forgive my speaking of this," he said, "but I thought perhaps as you're in the admiralty's family, he might be trying to pump you about some of the navy's secrets."

"Really, sir," she said, with assumed hauteur, "I beg you to explain this mystery—this—"

"Mystery—" he took the word out of her mouth—"shall we say rather the mystery of General Jacques," he corrected her politely.

"Oh, you are—"

"A friend of France! . . . And your passport? He wanted for her to supply the mystic word.

"Courvoisier!" she said in a low voice.

"Good!" he exclaimed with satisfaction. "The other day to General Jacques at the fort you offered your services for France," he ventured.

"Yes!"

"He wishes now to take advantage of your offer."

"I am ready," she answered quietly.

He proceeded swiftly to the business in hand.

"The Germans will be here tonight, and here the road forks, one turn to the right, the other to the left—you know?"

"It is important, the general says, that he should know which road the Germans take—whence comes the attack. . . You are to inform him by telephone."

"But they will cut the wires," Ethel objected.

"All that they can find," he agreed. "But last night, while the others slept, we have strung a wire from the fort to—that chimney?" By the merest nod he indicated the huge fireplace that projected into the room.

"Here?" she exclaimed.

He bowed.

"I have beneath my coat a telephone," he continued hurriedly. "If Madame will be good enough to change places with me and keep watch, while I connect the instrument, the affair will be simple."

"Of course!" Ethel responded.

The Frenchman stole to the fireplace and crept inside the wide opening.

And while his head and shoulders vanished momentarily up the chimney he busied himself with his work of attaching the instrument to the dangling wire within.

"All is well?" he called in a low voice, as his left fingers twisted the ends of the wire.

"It is done," the little man declared. He quickly brushed a few clinging particles of soot from his sleeves. "The telephone is in the far corner," he explained, "beneath some tree branches. It cannot be seen."

"And what am I to do?" she asked.

"At the earliest possible moment after the Germans arrive and you have found out which road they take, call on that instrument. An officer will be waiting every moment from now on. I have signaled that the connection is made."

"I understand—and you may depend on me," she promised.

And he had already reached the door to take his departure when he came to a sudden halt. "Now may I ask you are Madame de Lorde?" he inquired in his quaint English.

"Yes!"

"Now it is perhaps best that you be told," . . . he continued. "Before you came a gentleman in the service of your country, a gentleman who met you in Brussels—he ask for you."

Ethel started at his announcement. And she drew nearer to him.

"Captain Redmond!" she exclaimed in a low voice.

"Ssh—ssh—madame!" he warned her. "It was he," he whispered.

"Is he here?" she asked eagerly.

"He could not wait. He must return to his work," he enlightened her. "But what was he doing here?" she demanded in alarm.

The little Frenchman waved her to a nearby chair.

"Not so close, madame!" he begged. She sat down obediently.

"What was he doing here?" she asked.

"He came to arrange about the telephone," the fellow told her. "It is his plan."

"His plan! Then he will come back?"

"He could not be certain, madame."

"But he's alive, and well—?" She could hardly wait for his answer.

"Yes, madame, quite so."

"Oh, thank God!" Ethel murmured, in a tone of vast thankfulness.

Her fellow-spy smiled at that—a happy smile.

"I am glad I have told you," he said. "I had thought perhaps it was an affair of the heart. He had the look. . . And now, madame, for what you will do permit me to thank you. It is for France."

"And for Larry?" Ethel murmured softly.

It was Ethel's turn to warn him then. For a door opened. Henry Christophe had returned.

"Good day, m'sieu!" the little man said cheerfully. And he departed.

"Ah, madame! Dinner is ready!" Christophe announced to Ethel. "And where is the American gentleman?"

"I fancy he will be here directly," she told him.

"Ah, good, good! But we must not spoil the chicken," he said. He had taken especial pains with that chicken, and he wished it to be served at just the proper moment.

"I say!" Mr. Brown exclaimed. "I just happened to glance out of my window. What's going on over there?"

"Why, nothing, m'sieu!" his host replied happily. "And your dinner is ready. It is delicious. I promise you."

Curiously enough, Mr. Brown's interest in dinner had suddenly abated. "But something is happening! Look for yourself!" he urged.

Henry Christophe went to the door and gazed down the village street. And while he stood there, looking through the shimmering heat-waves that flickered above the cobblestones, Charlie Brown took another survey of the commotion he had witnessed from his room.

"Yes, yes, m'sieu—you are right!" Christophe exclaimed presently. "There is a cloud of dust and people are running down that road; some are coming this way. . . He turned away from the door. And upon his broad face there was an expression akin to bewilderment. "What can it mean, m'sieu?" he asked.

"It's the Germans!" Charlie cried in great excitement.

"Oh!" Despite the tight rein she tried to keep on herself, that one low word would come leaping to Ethel's lips.

Streetman expected to join her there later. But in the meantime Ethel expected to meet someone else first. Who that person might be she did not know, except that the unknown was a spy in the service of the French.

No sooner did he find himself alone with Ethel than the little Frenchman dropped his paper.

"Bonjour, madame!" he said.

"Do not look around—stay where you are!" the stranger told her sharply.

All at once it occurred to her that this somewhat inferior-looking individual might be he whom she sought. But she could not be sure. And she resolved to bide her time.

Half fearful, half incredulous, Henri Christophe stood stock still and gazed stupidly at the American.

"That I cannot believe!" he said at last. But in a moment more he had to believe it. Even little Jeanne knew it. She came flying into the room and flung herself into her father's arms.

"Mon pere, mon pere! The Germans are coming!" she cried in terror. Her father looked down at her tenderly.

"There, there! Do not cry!" Christophe said, trying as best he could to calm her fears. "They will not hurt you or me."

As for Charlie Brown—he promptly forgot all personal considerations. He became at once the newspaper man, the news-gathering machine.

"The Germans are coming! And I'm in the thick of it! God, what a story!" he exclaimed. It was what he had dreamed of.

Henry Christophe put his daughter away from him, as an uneasy thought crept over him.

"Go to your room, Jeanne, and stay there till I call you," he said gently.

A confused murmur, as of many voices shouting in the distance, penetrated that still room where they waited. And with every moment that passed it grew louder.

From his post in the window Charlie Brown beheld a column of people still sweeping up the road. They were still



"The Germans Are Coming!"

some distance off. But even through the dust he could see that it was a horde of frightened people, men, women, children.

"Where are they from, my friend?" Charlie asked his startled host.

"They come from many miles away. I think, m'sieu," he answered, "I know everyone in this neighborhood; and these are strangers to me."

"Here they come!" the American said excitedly, as the vanguard of the rabble poured up the street almost to the place where he waited and watched. "You'd better go to your room, Madame de Lorde," he told Ethel.

"Yes, perhaps I had," she admitted. But she still lingered, fascinated by the contagious fear that impelled those peasants onward. A man, disheveled, wild-eyed, thrust his head in at the door of the Lion d'Or.

"The Germans are coming!" he warned them. "You'd better get out—they're coming this way!" he repeated breathlessly. It was plain that he had run far. And immediately he started on again. But Charlie Brown called to him.

"Wait a minute!"

"You are sure?" Christophe interposed.

"Sure! Sure! They're not a mile ahead!" he gasped between great sobs-like breaths. And already Christophe's neighbors crowded through the doorway and peered curiously at the fellow. "They came through our town—I saw 'em—I—I, Andre Lemaire. . . I saw 'em—all graylike—millions of 'em—and they're still coming! There's no end to them!"

"But we have done nothing. They will not hurt us," the innkeeper told him innocently.

The man turned his piteous eyes upon Christophe—upon Christophe, who had not yet learned what was in store for him.

Does it occur to you that Madame de Lorde may be discovered as a spy by the Germans the first time she tries to make a move? There is a fine piece of graphic descriptive work in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Fulfillment.

The bees know not whether they will eat the honey they harvest. . . As they go from flower to flower, collecting more honey than themselves and their offspring can need, let us go from reality to reality, seeking food for the incomprehensible flame, and thus, certain of having fulfilled our organic duty, prepare ourselves for whatever may befall. . . The very suspicion of the possible aimlessness of its exhausting effort will only render the duty the clearer, will only add more purity, power, disinterestedness and freedom to the order whether it still seeks.—Maurice Maeterlinck

Origin of Opera.

Opera originated with the ancient Greeks in the librettos of Sophocles and Aeschylus. From the custom of musically declaiming the choruses, and parts of the dialogues, came the modern opera.

A Philadelphian is the inventor of a paper bag the top of which is reinforced and so cut that it forms a handle.