

# 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.

Rainier, Oregon, sawmill sustains a \$50,000 loss by fire.

Zayas, presidential candidate in Cuba, is leading his opponent by 900 majority.

The will of Mrs. Marie Zinsner, of New York, bequeaths \$10,000 to each of her granddaughters, when they learn the art of cooking.

Little Katherine Doyle, 10 years old, of Portland, who ran away from home to avoid a scolding, was found asleep under a doorstep, after three days' search.

A new offensive was opened Friday against the Austrians by the Italian forces, the war office announces. Advances have been scored at some points, and so far 4731 prisoners have been taken.

Fire swept the business section of Donnelly, Minn., early Friday, causing damage estimated at \$300,000 before being subdued by firemen from other cities. Only five business establishments escaped the flames.

The British government, it is announced, will turn over to Chile five American-built submarines as compensation on account of the delay in the delivery of dreadnoughts which were contracted for in England by Chile.

The farewell gift of the women of Canada to the Duchess of Connaught, amounting to \$52,975, was cabled to London Friday. The gift will be applied to the Duchess of Connaught's prisoners of war fund in compliance with her request.

The car shortage on the Portland division of the Southern Pacific company this week was reported as 2777, exceeding all previous records since the situation in Oregon became acute. The orders on file were 3029, while the empty cars available were 252.

Steven Zagar, 23 years old, member of the private banking firm of John Zagar & Co., was shot and probably fatally by Frank Cvich, a clerk. Cvich, who was arrested, told the police that he shot Zagar because the latter accused him of stealing.

The political pot is boiling furiously in many parts of Australia as a result of the defeat of the conscription measure in the recent popular referendum. Premier Hughes declined to discuss the political situation, but intimated that parliament would meet shortly.

The postmaster general of Denmark, says an Overseas News Agency item Friday, announces that the steamer Frederik VIII, bound from New York for Copenhagen, was compelled by the British authorities to leave her entire letter mail and parcel post at Kirkwall.

Two robbers, one a white man and the other a negro, attempted to hold up the cashier of the Spokane, Wash., Union Park bank Friday. Frank Magart, a groceryman, who entered the bank, was shot by the robbers, who then fled. They were captured later near the bank. Magart is believed to be seriously wounded.

Just as soon as cars can be brought to Vancouver Barracks, from San Francisco, a special trainload of 28 cars of pontoons, wagons and bridge-making material will be shipped to the Mexican border. A large number of pontoons are used in making pontoon bridges for emergency. Some of the pontoons will go to Calexico, Cal., others to Brownsville, Tex., and some to Columbus, N. M.

The British steamer Bornu has foundered 25 miles west of Ushant in a heavy gale. All the passengers and crew were saved by the Norwegian steamer Rein.

The importation of goods for private use in Petrograd has been prohibited on account of traffic congestion. Special permission of the ministry is required for shipments for other than government purposes.

Frank Moore, injured 16 months ago when a motor car he was driving was run down by a Southern Pacific train near Thurston, Ore., leaves the Eugene hospital almost fully recovered from his injuries, which included a broken back.

Spokane grocers and butchers are discussing the question of advancing prices on their goods.

Andrew Carnegie has bought from S. P. Shoter, of Savannah, Ga., the Shadow Brook estate in Lenox, Mass., and will occupy it as a summer home. The deal is said to involve more than \$400,000.

Miss Jessie Ashley, sister of Clarence D. Ashley, former dean of the New York University Law School, is adjudged guilty of distributing birth control literature in court in New York and fined \$50.

A Klamath Falls, Oregon, sheriff pours 200 gallons of seized liquor into the Main street sewer.

Because of the car shortage, Portland fuel men are employing auto trucks to transport wood to the city from nearby forests.

## RAILROADS TRYING TO AVERT FREIGHT BLOCKADE IN CHICAGO

Chicago—Heads of the operating departments of railroads entering Chicago were Tuesday working tooth and nail to avert a freight blockade which is threatening because of an actual car shortage.

On the Erie railroad traffic became so heavy that freight solicitors were transferred from their departments and sent out as scouts through each yard to find every available empty car for use in moving shipments now on hand.

The freight movement east of Chicago was more critical than the Western, but traffic managers of the Western roads also announced they were being pushed for cars, due to a steadily increasing volume of business.

On the New York Central lines an official announced that a large force of men was taken on to act as car agents. They were to find all empty cars, as well as all loaded ones, standing on the tracks.

"We are sending our men out even to visit the shippers personally and to ask them to make every effort to unload their cars immediately upon receiving them," he said.

"The shippers are working with us as much as possible, but in some cases they haven't facilities to unload the cars as quickly as we would wish.

"The railroads charge a demurrage on standing cars, but this does not amount to nearly as much as they could get by keeping the cars rolling."

## Austria-Hungary and Germany Re-establish Kingdom of Poland

Berlin—"Polish provinces occupied by troops of the central powers," says the Overseas News agency, "were the scene Tuesday of a great and momentous historic event. Germany and Austria-Hungary, by joint action, proclaimed Warsaw and Lublin the kingdom of Poland, and re-established the right of the Polish nation to control its own destinies, to live an independent national life and to govern itself by chosen representatives of the nation.

"A few days ago a Polish delegation from the Polish nation, which now have been granted to them.

"Thus the ancient kingdom of Poland, from which in the past came famous rulers like the Jagellones (a dynasty founded by Jagello, which reigned in Poland from 1386 to 1572), and glorious soldiers like the great Sobieski (John III, king of Poland in 1674-1696) is now resurrected. The Poles are free from Russian oppression; no more to be trodden under the heel of the Polish nation, which now have been granted to them.

"The rule of the knout has been abolished. Poland has been given back to Western civilization."

## British Warn Mexico Against Germany Getting Aid for Submarines

Mexico City—The Mexican government has been notified by the British ambassador at Washington of the presence of German submarines in the Gulf of Mexico and has been warned that the allies will take "drastic measures" if the undersea craft receive aid from Mexican ports or sources. This information was made public Tuesday night by Foreign Minister Aguilar, who issued the text of a note received from the British ambassador through United States Secretary of State Lansing and Charge d'Affaires Charles B. Parker.

The British note demands a strict censorship of the Mexican wireless and says that any failure to maintain the Mexican neutrality will be attended by disastrous results.

Washington, D. C.—The American government has informed the de facto government of Mexico that precautions should be taken to prevent any violation of Mexico's neutrality by operation of belligerent submarines within its territorial waters or the establishment of a submarine base on the Mexican coast. The information was conveyed, a State department official said, in a wholly friendly spirit and not at the suggestion of any of the entente powers.

Prison Reformer to Tour. New York—Thomas Mott Osborne, former warden of Sing Sing prison, will make a tour of the United States in a country-wide campaign for "prison reform and the furtherance of a self-government principle in prison management," it was announced Tuesday.

The campaign will be under the auspices of the national committee of prisoners. Mr. Osborne, it is said, has given assurance that he will go into every state of the Union to explain the systems that have been introduced in Sing Sing and Auburn prisons.

Winter Hats Army-Like. New York—To please American women, who demand hats in harmony with the patriotic spirit of the times, leading milliners of this city are following the military mode in creating a design suitable for winter wear. The chic steel helmet effect, turbans and pomps, reminiscent of the trenches and worn by many fashionable women, are to be superseded by the more utilitarian Texan sombrero in a smaller design, closely resembling the campaign hat of the United States marines.

Three in Runaway Car Hurt. San Francisco—A municipal street-car, chased by its motorman and the superintendent of the lines, dashed down a hill for five blocks here Tuesday, injuring three persons slightly and spreading panic among the other passengers. The conductor finally stopped it by struggling through the car and operating the hand brakes. The injured, leaped from the careening car while men passengers tussled with women to prevent them jumping.

## NEWS ITEMS Of General Interest About Oregon

### Crime Decreasing in Oregon Declares Warden of State Pen

Salem—"Statistics of this institution during the current calendar year warrant the belief that crime in Oregon is steadily decreasing, and that the number of commitments to the penitentiary may be materially reduced during the next few years," says Warden John W. Minto in his biennial report to the state board of control.

Speaking of the reformation of prisoners, the report says that 75 per cent of them can be reformed and the remaining 25 per cent "are criminals by nature, training and inclination," and that "their entire lives will be spent either in some penal institution or dodging one." The 75 per cent susceptible to reformation are "unfortunate victims of passion, financial difficulties, careless raising, unfavorable environment and weakness in the face of temptation," says the report. The segregation of prisoners is recommended.

### Car License Cards Issued.

Salem—To the 40,000 motor vehicle owners and chauffeurs of Oregon, Secretary of State Olcott has mailed application blanks for registration for the year 1917. A transmittal card with the horsepower of each machine, figured according to the Oregon law, was inclosed with each application, and also a notice requesting owners not to ask for the assignment of any certain number.

"The attempt to accommodate those who have wished for the same number each year, as well as those asking for specified numbers, has proven unsatisfactory and impracticable," said Secretary Olcott, "and therefore requests of this nature will receive no attention this year."

### Apples Wait for Cars.

Hood River—With immediate orders for 400 carloads of apples and without a single refrigerator car available Wednesday, officials of the Apple growers' association declare that the apple market situation is being seriously affected by the car shortage.

The local storage terminals are fast filling up with apples, and unless cars are available soon growers will probably be filling the basements of local business houses with boxed apples.

"It has been reported that refrigerator cars have been used to transport wheat. We are investigating to find whether or not this is true," said Willmer Sieg, salesman of the apple-growers.

### Entire Fruit Pack is Sold.

Brownsville—The canery of the Linn and Benton Fruit Growers' association, located here, has sold the entire pack of this season and all the old stock except a few black cherries.

The goods are commanding the best price since the establishment of the plant in 1906. They are loading cars to the limit of their capacity, sometimes putting in 100,000 pounds, because of the scarcity of cars.

The canery has packed about 12,000 cases this season, and contemplates putting up 3000 or 4000 more.

### Clean Bill Given Camp.

North Bend—Dr. Ira B. Bartle, who was requested by the state health authorities to examine the Buehner Lumber Company's logging camp at Alleghany and determine whether it was in an insanitary condition as reported to the health authorities by a logger, he said in part: "The men employed at the camp had no complaint to make on the charges contained in the letter of criticism; the bunkhouses are large and well ventilated, bug proof, of steel, and the kitchen was clean, while the food was wholesome."

### Fall Fishing Not Good.

Marshfield—The fall fishing season has been admittedly short in all the Coast section about here, and several canneries have released their Chinese crews, owing to a lack of business. The silver-sided run is not what it commonly is, since there were no rains to flush the streams and invite the fish from the ocean. The Tenmile Lake and Creek run has not occurred as yet, and silver-sided are expected to fill Tenmile Creek when the rains commence. The catch there is sometimes as high as 3000 daily.

### Polk Road Body Forms.

Dallas—The Polk County Road Builders' association was organized in Dallas recently. The association is composed of three delegates from each of the road districts of the county. Every road district was represented, there being 57 accredited delegates in attendance. A permanent organization was perfected with the object of recommending to the county court each year necessary road improvement and repairs in order that the court may be aided in making up its budget.

### Phone Line is Proposed.

Bend—A proposal that an effort be made to connect the towns of Bend and Burns by telephone was made at the meeting of the Commercial club here recently by J. E. Weston, manager of the Inter-Mountain Telephone & Telegraph company, of Burns. Mr. Weston estimated that the cost of the work would be \$12,000.

### Potato Yield is Heavy.

Aurora—Potatoes and hops have come in so plentiful for storage that practically every storeroom in town is full, while the difficulty in obtaining cars renders it almost impossible for buyers to make further purchases except for future delivery. The yield and quality of the potatoes in this section is better than for years and if the car shortage does not interfere with the sale of them, there is every prospect of a rich harvest.

# 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.

The chief characters are Ethel Wilton, a newspaper correspondent, and Capt. Redmond, 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. She is Madame De Lorde. She begins to work with a French spy.

In this installment you get an unusually vivid picture of how the German troops took possession of Belgium—of her homes and farms and industries. It is a picture to make you hate war and its perpetrators—one to win your finest sympathy. And the picture is moving—the plot action goes forward with speed.

### CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

A peasant, half-mad, has stopped at the inn to warn its people that the enemy is approaching.

"Hurt?" he cried. "Hurt? You don't know 'em. . . . They came into my house and, nasty as you may be, wanted food. My old woman started to argue with 'em. She wasn't scared then, and one of 'em took hold of her by the arm. Maybe he didn't mean anything; but she didn't understand, and she threw a dipper of cold water in his face like any decent woman would—and they shot her. They shot her for that! Civilian assaulting an officer, they called it. . . . I was out in the fields. The neighbors came and told me. And I hurried home to find her dead—her that hadn't done nothing—dead! . . . And I leaned out of the window—and I shot two of 'em—and then I ran. How I ran! And they didn't get me—and they won't get me!" The half-crazed peasant rushed off then, shouting to right and left, wherever he saw a head stuck out of a window, or a figure in a doorway. "The Germans are coming! The Germans are coming!" And after him poured the scurrying mob, all crying the same dread warning.

Charlie Brown was getting all the color the most ambitious reporter could have coveted. He turned a sober face to old Christophe.

"This is going to be bad, old man!" he said.

"It's like some hideous nightmare," Ethel exclaimed.

"Yes, Madame—and this is but the beginning," Christophe informed her gravely.

Charlie Brown remembered then that Madame de Lorde, as she wished to be known, still lingered there. And he did not like the thought of her facing that oncoming German horde.

"If you'll go to your room, I'll come to you if you want me—if there's any need," he said.

"Yes—yes! And oh! these poor, poor people!" she cried.

"Hurry! You better close the doors!" Charlie asked the innkeeper.

"Why, m'sieu, I shall only have to open them," Christophe replied. "I am not afraid, m'sieu."

"I wish I had your nerve," Charlie told him. "All this has certainly got my goat. It's the limit."

Christophe, by a quick, sidling sound, enjoined caution.

"M'sieu, they are here!" he warned him.

He had scarcely spoken when the first of the gray-clad invaders was momentarily framed in the open window.



"You Are Quite Safe, My Child."

He rode a bicycle—that forerunner of destruction. And a fine, clean-looking youngster he was, one of the pick of the Kaiser's first-line troops. Cool, alert, businesslike, he pedaled deliberately on as if unconscious of the black locks that met his coming. And as he passed the inn he turned his sunburned face so that he might glance at its interior. Combed with full fighting hair, as he was, he showed none of the fatigue that had all but overcome Charlie

Brown before he arrived at the Lion d'Or. On the contrary, he looked fit as a prizefighter, trained to the minute. And behind him rode another as like him as a second pen out of the same pod.

Charlie Brown gazed at them breathlessly. He was conscious of a mighty admiration for those two infatigable oafs in the great German military machine. And he said to Christophe in an awed whisper:

"Gosh! They're not afraid, are they? Anyone might get them from a window." The thing might happen any moment.

"Perhaps they are not afraid because they know if they are killed they will be well avenged," Christophe answered. And then he said, "Really, m'sieu, do not speak English. I ask you to go. It may be easier for me. . . . Please, m'sieu, quickly!"

The American reluctantly left the window. He did not want to miss a single detail of that amazing spectacle. But he had no wish to involve the worthy innkeeper in any needless trouble. So he started for the stairway.

"Well, you know where to find me," he said. A hand was playing outside. Every moment the strains were growing more distinct. And Mr. Brown had hardly disappeared to regions above when a German corporal led a squad of eight men bodily into the Lion d'Or.

### CHAPTER XIV.

#### Ethel Makes an Impression.

Those German infantrymen were a formidable-looking company to descend upon a peace-loving innkeeper such as Henri Christophe. It was, indeed, no wonder that he viewed them with apprehension, as they stood there at parade rest and stared stolidly into his startled face. It seemed to him that wherever he looked he met the determined, impersonal, almost inhuman blue eyes of one of those businesslike Germans. And there was something sinister in the very way they crowded his hostelry. Henri Christophe could not help feeling that even so they would crowd every house in Belgium. To him they seemed like locusts sent by a displeased God to swarm over the land until it should be filled to overflowing. . . . And always, he told himself, there would be countless throngs to fill the slightest gap in their grim ranks.

While Christophe viewed them with mingled alarm and amazement, a telephone sergeant joined those gray ghosts from beyond the Rhine. He carried a gun slung over his back and a field telephone in his hands. Placing the instrument on one of Christophe's tables, he proceeded to run a wire through the doorway to the street.

"The major is coming!" he announced to his friend the corporal, who at once commanded his men to present arms. So they stood, posed like statues, when Major von Brenig entered, saluted the flag, and then cast a quick glance of satisfaction about the room.

Just before him another figure had slipped inside the door, and returned the salute of the corporal; and now he stood impassively looking on, much as if the proceeding were merely an everyday occurrence with him. But however unconcerned he appeared, he was far from disinterested. However much he appeared at ease in his uniform of a German captain, he felt anything but at home in it. There was, in truth, no uniform that suited Larry Redmond so well as that of his own Irish Guards.

"This is good!" Major von Brenig told his corporal. And it was evident that Lieutenant Baum and Sergeant Schmidt, who had arrived simultaneously with him, shared his sentiments heartily. "Can we not spend the night here?" he asked.

Then he proceeded to avail himself of the aids that the foresight of the general staff had long ago devised for just such an emergency.

"Baum," he said, turning to the lieutenant, "have you the papers and the map from the Wilhelmstrasse?"

Lieutenant Baum saluted, and at once he handed some documents to his superior officer, who scanned them quickly.

"Lion d'Or?" he read aloud. . . . "Proprietor, Henri Christophe?"

Bring Henri Christophe," he ordered. At that the innkeeper himself stepped forward.

"I am Henri Christophe," he announced in a quavering voice, even as Sergeant Schmidt was starting to search for him.

"Oh, you speak English!" the major said.

"Yes, m'sieu!" Christophe did not know why he had committed that breach of policy. But he was too frightened even to reproach himself for the inadvertence.

"You are the proprietor of this inn?" the officer demanded.

"Yes, m'sieu!"

Major von Brenig barked out an order to his men. And straightway they closed both the shutters and the great door that gave upon the street. Meanwhile the major examined his papers further.

"You have a daughter," he announced at length, "Jeanne Marie Christophe, and a servant, Louise?" Henri Christophe told him that the facts were so.

But he had not long to ponder upon that; for Major von Brenig straightway resumed his catechism. "You have six rooms," he continued. "Two of these will be occupied by myself and officers for the night. You will have them prepared at once, two beds each. The other four rooms will be shared by the infantry who will be stationed here. For their you will need make no preparations."

Henri Christophe bowed obediently. "You have ground here—enough to graze two hundred horses," the matter-of-fact major proceeded. "You have three cows, two horses, a haystack, plenty of chickens and pigs. Is that not right?"

"Yes, m'sieu, quite right!" the innkeeper replied. He was staggered, stupefied, by that amazing and accurate inventory.

"All these we shall take; but we shall of course pay for them," the officer told him.

And then Sergeant Schmidt returned, with little Jeanne cowering beside his bulky figure. At the sight of her father she rushed across the room and clung to him, a piteous spectacle.

"Ah, mon pere, I am afraid—I am afraid," she stammered.

He patted her gently.

"There, Jeanne—they will not hurt you," Henri Christophe said.

Major von Brenig looked with some slight perturbation upon the sight of the frightened girl shrinking against her natural protector, as if he still had power to shield her from all evil.

"No, my pretty little one, we are not devils," he said. "We will not harm you. I am a father myself."

"There—what did I tell you?" exclaimed the relieved Henri.

"You are quite safe, my child," the major added, "so long as you obey."

Already the summer air vibrated with the far-off boom of heavy guns. And now a bugle in the street outside blared an order to the troops that were filing past the Lion d'Or.

"Oh, papa," the little creature cried. But Henri Christophe knew that the situation must be faced.

"Now, Jeanne, will you prepare the rooms in four and six—two beds in each? In the others these gentlemen will sleep. He bent over her in order to emphasize his words.

"But we have guests already," she reminded him.

Her father turned a rueful face upon the major.

"Ah, m'sieu, I had forgotten. We have two lodgers," he explained.

"Who are they?"

"One is the American gentleman, m'sieu; and the other a Frenchwoman."

"Well, put them out of their rooms. We must occupy them."

"You hear, Jeanne?" Christophe said. "Oul, mon pere."

"Then hurry, my child!" he urged her.

Major von Brenig gave her one last order.

"And tell those two—those guests—they shall report here to me at once."

"Oul, m'sieu," Jeanne Christophe hurried away then.

"And now, m'sieu, I go to prepare your dinner," her father told the officer.

"Just a moment! You have here no firearms of any description?"

"None, m'sieu."

"You have no telephone?"

"None, m'sieu."

Major von Brenig wheeled about then, and waved his hand at some large placards which his men had already fastened to the walls of the room.

"Now, my friend, you see those proclamations?" he inquired.

"Yes, m'sieu."

"It is well that you heed them," the officer said sternly. "If there is any attempt at communication with the enemy, if there is any attack on our men by civilians from this house or any other house, the inmates of that house, together with the mayor of your town, whom we hold as hostage, will all be shot. It is a warning to others. We do not wish to do these things, but this is war, and we must protect ourselves. . . . You understand?"

Brenig addressed himself to Larry Redmond, who all this time had been a silent onlooker to the proceedings.

"Ah! You must be Captain Karl," he said.

"Yes, Herr Major!" Larry answered. "I was told that you had only just reported—your papers said on some special mission. Can I be of assistance?"

"I thank you, major; but at the moment there is nothing," Larry told him.

"Perhaps you will dine with me?" Major von Brenig said. He was a hospitable man. And he understood that Captain Karl was held in high esteem by his superiors.

"I thank you, Herr Major. Auf wiedersehen!" Larry replied. And he walked to the door. He was not keen to dine with the German officer, and face his frankly scrutinizing eyes, and perhaps have embarrassing questions fired at him. But he saw no decent way of declining. And there was always the chance that such mingling with enemy officers might yield valuable information. If he should be caught—well! that was all in the game.

Lieutenant Baum, returning from the wine cellar, announced that he had discovered no opening other than the one furnished by the trapdoor in the floor.

"Good!" the older officer said. "Now I shall go to my room and change my boots. I have not had them off for over a week."

"You have not questioned the French lady of the American," the lieutenant reminded him.

"I shall leave that to you and Sergeant Schmidt," the major replied.

It was only a few minutes before Lieutenant Baum had summoned Ethel before him. He asked her name.

"I am Madame de Lorde," she told him.

"A Frenchwoman?" he inquired.

"Yes, m'sieu."

"You are perhaps a woman spy—they say the French have many spies. I must search you," he announced, to her consternation.

"Oh, monsieur, may I speak privately with you?" she begged him.

"Well, what is it?"

"Only I wish to show you something."

"What trick is this?" he asked with asperity.

But Ethel only smiled at his gruffness. Lieutenant Baum was a good-looking chap.

"Surely you are not afraid of me—one little woman?" she said archly.

"And a very pretty woman!" His hand sought her mustache again. "Well, what is it, Madame?"

Ethel drew him slightly to one side. All but three of the countrymen billeted upon Henri Christophe had withdrawn. But the remaining guard was all eyes and ears for this cross-examination of a possible spy.

Some time later Mrs. Gibbons wanted a small box made, and the doctor sent the mahogany to a cabinetmaker. In his turn the cabinetmaker objected to the hardness of the wood, but the doctor persisted so much in his request that the order was finally executed.

The finished box polished so nicely that the doctor ordered a bureau made of the same wood. The cabinetmaker displayed that in his shop window before delivering it. The duchess of Buckingham saw it and begged enough wood from the doctor to have it duplicated, and mahogany furniture soon after came into favor.—Building Age.

Electricity Vs. Courtship. A prominent resident at East Main street in Muncie was much vexed by the repeated thefts of electric light bulbs from his porch. One night he kept watch and caught a well-known young man unscrewing the bulb from its socket.

The young man begged for lenity, and said the light interfered with his courtship of a young woman across the street