

# 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.

Three men entered the Bromide, Okla., State bank, tied the cashier to the door of the safe and escaped with \$3000, all the money they could find.

A telegraphic transfer of \$2,500,000 gold coin was made by the sub-treasurer to San Francisco for account of the Yokohama Bank. The gold will be shipped from San Francisco to Japan.

The U. S. Supreme court has consented to review a decree of the lower Federal courts ordering deportation of 35 Hindus from San Francisco, who were ill and likely to become public charges.

A British submarine operating in the North Sea reports that she fired torpedoes at a German battleship of the dreadnaught type Wednesday, making a hit. The amount of damage inflicted is not known.

Mrs. Dion Boucicault, the British actress, who has appeared many times on the American stage, died in London Wednesday.

Sir Ernest Shackleton, Antarctic explorer, arrived in San Francisco Tuesday and will take passage for Australia on his way to the South Polar regions to rescue 10 men of his shipwrecked expedition there. With Shackleton is Captain Frank Worsley, of New Zealand, captain of the wrecked Polar ship Endurance.

Prosser, Wash.—August Swanson, a Horse Heaven farmer Wednesday shot himself in the head to cure a toothache. His condition is serious. He bought the revolver four years ago when he saw a neighbor ill, declaring that he would never suffer that way.

Ben Hogan, former prizefighter, who once fought Tom Allen for the heavyweight championship of America and lost, left an estate valued at \$58,000. Hogan, who died several days ago, for years conducted a souphouse and lodging place for "down and outs" on the West Side, Chicago.

Fire in the Midway district at St. Paul, Wednesday destroyed telephone poles valued at from \$600,000 to \$700,000 belonging to the Valentine-Clark company. Eight fire companies from Minneapolis and St. Paul fought the flames.

A French battalion arrived at Katerina, Greece, Sunday to occupy the town. It is believed that the Greek and Venizelists troops will depart immediately and thus solve the embarrassing situation which has arisen as a result of the conflict.

### NOTES ON THE ELECTION.

Alaska has gone "dry."

The "wets" win in California.

A recount in all close states seems probable.

It took 50 hours to complete California's vote counting.

Wilson is elected with 272 votes in the electoral college.

Chairman Wilcox refuses to concede Wilson's election.

Candidate Hughes refuses to make a statement on the results.

Hughes carries Wilson's home precinct by a good majority.

West Virginia turns down Woman's suffrage by a big majority.

Oregon is the only Pacific Coast state in the Hughes column.

Washington defeats all nine amendments by decisive majorities.

California turned the tide for Wilson by a majority exceeding 3000.

Hughes carries but four states west of the Mississippi; Wilson gets 18.

Hughes has small lead in Minnesota, with prospects of carrying the state.

Miles Pindexter, of Washington, carries the state for senator by 55,000.

California Republican managers hope for a split ticket in the electoral vote.

Montana elects Miss Jeanette Rankin, Republican, to congress by 3000 votes.

Two Progressives, one Independent and one Socialist have been elected to congress.

Late figures show the house of representatives to be Republican by a small majority.

The Democratic national committee claim Wilson's popular plurality of from 200,000 to 300,000.

Oregon's "bone-dry" amendment seems likely to carry, in which event it will be unlawful to import liquors for beverage purposes.

The county in New Mexico where Villa made a raid, killing several Americans, gave Wilson over 600 votes and Hughes less than 300.

In Indiana "dry" leader declares that if Hughes had "said anything against the liquor traffic," many prohibitionists would have voted for him.

In his message of congratulation to Wilson, Vice President Marshall quotes Shakespeare thus: "It may not be as deep as well; nor as wide as a church door, but I will serve."

# PRESIDENT WILSON WINS

## California Swings to Democrats Insuring 272 Electoral Votes--New Mexico is Democratic--Republicans Will Recount All Close States.

New York, Nov. 10.—President Wilson has carried California and has been re-elected.

Without New Mexico this gives him 269 votes in the electoral college, or three more than he needs.

New Mexico is believed to be assured to the Democratic column, making a total of 272.

Fifty hours after the polls closed in California, Republican Chairman Rowell conceded the state to the President. Thus the 13 needed to assure the Pres-

### OREGON "BONE-DRY" PROHIBITION AMENDMENT CARRIES

Portland, Nov. 10.—Indications are that the "bone-dry" prohibition amendment, which was aimed to stop all importation of liquor into Oregon for beverage purposes, had carried by about 3000.

Under the present Oregon prohibition law, 24 quarts of spirituous liquor can be imported from other states for private use by one person a month. The new law, it is claimed, will stop all importations.



WOODROW WILSON, RE-ELECTED PRESIDENT.

### IDAHO DEMOCRATS WIN GOVERNORSHIP

Boise, Idaho, Nov. 9.—Moses Alexander, the present governor, a Democrat, has been re-elected governor of Idaho by a plurality of 830 votes. Alexander polled 60,840. His opponent, D. W. Davis, carried 60,100.

President Wilson received the state by about 15,000 votes, and all state officers, except those of the executive department of prohibition and state mine inspector, fell to the Democrats who will also control both houses of the next legislature. The constitutional amendment favoring prohibition was carried by a large vote.

### FOUR STATES AND ALASKA ADDED TO DRY TERRITORY

Seattle, Nov. 9.—Prohibition has carried in Alaska by a large majority. Gastman, the first of the mining precincts of the Juneau district to report, gave 1566 votes for prohibition, 885 against.

San Francisco, Nov. 9.—The defeat of the two "dry" amendments was forecast here when the vote from 4936 precincts out of 5717 gave: For prohibition, 324,482; against, 449,465. For liquor restriction, 335,534; against, 397,448.

Little Rock, Ark., Nov. 9.—This state remained "dry" by an overwhelming majority of the vote cast in Tuesday's election. The proposed initiative act to substitute local option for the present state-wide prohibition, was defeated by probably 20,000 on the face of incomplete returns available.

Chicago, Nov. 9.—Four states and Alaska were added to dry territory by Tuesday's election. Michigan, South Dakota, Nebraska and Montana, from latest returns, appear to have voted for prohibition. In addition Florida elected a Prohibition-Independent governor and Arkansas defeated an anti-prohibition amendment. California remained in the wet column.

Arabia Torpedoed Without Warning. London.—The Peninsular & Oriental line steamship Arabia, en route from Australia, which was sunk by a submarine, was torpedoed without warning, the admiralty announced Wednesday. All the 437 passengers, including 169 women and children, were saved.

The steamship Arabia registered 7433 tons gross. She was last reported bound from Sydney, New South Wales, September 30, for London, sailing from Adelaide on October 5.

Steel Interests Bought. San Francisco.—William R. Piggott, of Seattle, is reported here to have purchased the holdings of the D. P. Doak interests in Pacific Coast Steel company, the price involved being estimated at \$1,840,000. The Pacific Coast Steel company has plants at South San Francisco, Portland and Seattle, and with the Piggott foundry and shops in Seattle would hold an important place in Pacific Coast industrial circles. Russian government munition contracts are reported to be held by Piggott.

# UNDER FIRE

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

### SYNOPSIS.

The chief characters are Ethel Widdowh, Henry Streetman and Capt. Larry Redmond. The minor characters are Sir George Wainwright of the British admiralty and Charles Brown, a New York newspaper correspondent. Ethel, a student of Sir George's household, secretly married to Streetman, a German spy, though she did not know him as such, until Redmond, her old lover, returns to England after long absence. From him she learns the truth about Streetman; furthermore, that he 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 Charles 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. The Germans appear at the inn.

### CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

"Here, please!" she said to the lieutenant. From the bosom of her gown she had drawn forth a small gold medal, which hung upon a ribbon about her neck.

He looked at it closely, for Lieutenant Baum was no man to take unnecessary risks. Thoroughness was his middle name.

"From the German secret service, the Wilhelmstrasse," he exclaimed, when he had satisfied himself. "Your pardon, madame! I did not understand." And he bowed deeply.

She acknowledged his apology with the slightest of nods. And with an assumed calm that she was far from feeling, she said to him in a confidential manner:

"I am here on a confidential mission, and one thing at once I must know. Tell me, lieutenant, by which road do we march to attack the fortress at the frontier?"

"By the left fork, madame," he answered without hesitation. That taken from the Wilhelmstrasse—obtained from Streetman—had quite satisfied his suspicions.

"Good! Good!" Ethel exclaimed. "I have studied the country heretofore. That is the best way. . . . Good night!"

"Madame shall not be disturbed further," the lieutenant promised. "I will explain to the major when he returns."

"Thank you so much! You have been so very nice to me!"

"Madame is welcome," he said, with another bow.

Smiling happily, Ethel left him. She congratulated herself, both because she had escaped detection and because she had obtained the information that was so vital to the French.

As he watched her departure, the young German officer smiled likewise. It was good to have a few minutes' talk with a lady of his own class, after the ennui with which he had been obliged to mingle since the great defeat began. And, puffing out his chest to its largest dimensions, he stepped into the street. In his complacency over the work that he considered well done he had entirely forgotten that there still remained another suspect to question—the innkeeper's American gentleman.

### CHAPTER XV.

#### Mr. Brown Finds His War.

Lieutenant Baum had been gone but a short time when Sergeant Schmidt appeared, bringing Brown with him. The German "noncom" looked about in vain for his lieutenant, who had ordered him to fetch the American. But only two of his mates, Otto and Hans, remained in the room, standing guard at the street door.

Sergeant Schmidt was nonplussed. It was not like Lieutenant Baum to fall one like that. And he gurgled a few throaty German words in his surprise. There seemed nothing to do then but assume the task himself—the duty of examining his prisoner, for so he regarded the interested Mr. Brown, who was already making mental notes of the proceedings, which he intended to use for the embellishment of the stories he would send his paper later.

Charlie had paused just inside the door through which he had entered the room. And now the sergeant beckoned to him violently.

"Komm hier!" he commanded. At that peremptory command Mr. Brown regarded him with mild surprise and a total lack of comprehension. But the sign language was plain enough. So Charlie drew near to that formidable-looking automaton.

"Was hast du hier?" Sergeant Schmidt demanded fiercely.

Mr. Brown appeared to consider him a huge joke. At least he glanced past his frowning interrogator at Hans and Otto and laughed outright.

"I don't get you. Why don't you speak English?" he replied.

But the sergeant stolidly repeated his question.

"Oh, shut up!" Mr. Brown said impatiently.

"Du bist ein Engländer," Schmidt announced with a malevolent glare at his captive.

"No, I'm an American," he explained. "Amerikaner!" the sergeant repeated dubiously.

"Yes, American!" Charlie mimicked him, congratulating himself that the German language offered fewer difficulties than the French. He even began to pride himself on being a natural linguist. And in order to convince this fellow beyond a possibility of doubt, he reached a hand toward his hip pocket, where he carried his identification papers.

Sergeant Schmidt's eagle eye no sooner detected the move of hand toward hip than he thrust his revolver into Mr. Brown's stomach.

"Halt!"

That was something that Charlie understood without difficulty, too. He raised both hands above his head as high as he could get them, while a look of ineffable disgust suffused his face.

"You d—n fool," he exclaimed. "I'm not reaching for a gun. These are my passports. Look! Papers!"

With a shake and a twist he managed to throw his coat back from his right hip. And Sergeant Schmidt then proceeded to relieve him of the bulky packet that projected from the pocket. He looked at them with a scowl.

"Ah, you are Franzoesisch!" he declared, still in his native tongue, for he knew no other.

"I'm what?" Charlie inquired.

"Franzoesisch! You are no Amerikaner."

Charlie grasped only the last word.

"Yes, that's right—American, right from the corner of Forty-second street and Broadway; and, believe me, I wish I was right back there right now."

"What do you say?" the sergeant asked him.

"None of your d—n business. . . . You bonehead."

Mr. Brown was quite enjoying himself, abusing that walking arsenal with impunity.

"Have a cigarette?" he asked, holding out his case.

Sergeant Schmidt was not above accepting one, even from the enemy. And he thanked Charlie in a voice as gentle as a bass drum.

"Gee, I'd like to give you one good wallop on the nose just for luck," the American remarked longingly.

Then Schmidt suddenly snatched off Mr. Brown's hat.

"Nix on the Herrmann stuff—what are you doing?" Charlie demanded. He began to feel as if his ways were taking part in a slapstick vaudeville skit.

The sergeant had his face buried in side the hat. He was looking for clues.

"English!" he sputtered the next moment.

"Of course it's English!" Charlie retorted. "It cost me two-and-six," he added, regarding the rough handling of his straw with indignation.

Sergeant Schmidt leaned over, and, seizing Charlie's coat by the collar, he pulled it back from his neck while he examined the label.

"English also. Spion! Thou art an English spy!"

His trusty henchmen, Hans and Otto, together with their corporal, brought their guns up to their sides; and, hissing "Spion!" in the most sinister manner imaginable, they all three approached Charlie threateningly.

Mr. Brown suddenly changed his mind about the vaudeville. It seemed to him that possibly he had been unwittingly cast for a tragedy.

"Spion—spion!" he repeated. "Good grief, you don't mean spy?"

"Spy, spy—in woiht!" said Schmidt. "Komm hier!"

He took hold of Charlie's arm and faced him about so that he confronted the trio of formidable soldiers. And then the sergeant ordered them to load.

Charlie observed the operation with increasing alarm.

"Good God, you're not going to shoot me!" he cried. "I'm not English. I'm not a spy." And remembering all at once that the girl whom he had first met at the house of Sir George Wainwright in London could speak German, he yelled at the top of his voice, "Madame de Lorde! Madame de Lorde!"

The two privates were aiming at him now. And he faced them indignantly. His anger was already beginning to get the better of his fear.

"Say—if you shoot me there are a hundred million people back there who're going to be sore as hell!" he snarled. "They'll come over here and blow you off the face of the earth!"

At an order from the sergeant the corporal and one of the privates then grasped their victim and hustled him across the room.

"Say—what are you going to do with me?" Charlie asked. "Let me alone!"



"From the German Secret Service, the Wilhelmstrasse!" He Exclaimed.

And again he called loudly for Ethel Widdowh.

To his immense relief, at that moment she appeared.

"What are you doing?" she asked the sergeant.

"It is not your affair," he retorted gruffly.

She showed her medal to him—the medal from the Wilhelmstrasse.

"Do you know that?" she inquired.

He did. And immediately he cried "Halt!" to Charlie's captors. They released him at once.

"Gosh, I'm glad you're not dead," Mr. Brown told Ethel with immense relief, as he crossed the room to where she stood.

"He is an English spy," the sergeant protested to the girl.

"No, no, no—you are mistaken," she said. "He is an American."

"They're going to shoot me!" Charlie

told her. He did not yet feel safely out of the woods. "For heaven's sake, tell them I'm not a spy," she assured him.

"I know. Make sure! Tell 'em again!" he urged her. "Ask if there isn't someone who speaks English."

Questioned as to whether there were not some officer who understood English, the sergeant informed Ethel that Major von Breunig knew the hateful language.

"For the love of Mike, get him here!" Charlie besought her, when she explained to him.

While Sergeant Schmidt betook himself away in order to summon the major, Charlie Brown turned to Ethel with an air of great relief.

"Well, I was looking for a war, and I certainly picked out the right spot, didn't I?" he asked.

"I suppose mistakes like this are bound to happen. But haven't your papers to prove your identity?" she inquired.

"Oh, yes—yes! French passports, and an English hat and English clothes! All I needed to really finish me was a Russian blouse," he said with a grin. "Seriously though," he went on, "I do want to thank you."

He offered her his hand.

"It was nothing," she said, as she shook hands with him.

Before the major arrived Ethel left him after promising that she would not go so far away that he might not call her in case he needed her assistance again.

The sight of the fatherly appearing major, whose bearded face soon showed in the doorway, went far to restore Charlie's equanimity.

"The spy—where is the spy?" Major von Breunig asked the sergeant, who followed close at his heels.

Charlie Brown did not wait for the "noncom" to answer. He stepped forward expectantly.

"Are you Major von Breunig—and do you speak English?" he inquired.

"I am, and I do," the officer said.

Mr. Brown smiled at him winningly. "Fitzsimmons there has my passports," he announced, pointing to the lanky sergeant.

Major von Breunig took the papers from the sergeant and looked them over.

"They seem to be in good order," he said—"used by the American consul in Paris."

"And here's a letter from the paper I work for," Charlie added, handing the major an envelope.

The German officer merely looked at the imprint in one corner. He did not even take the letter from the American.

"It's a good newspaper. I've often read it," he remarked. And he returned the passport to its owner.

"Now what is the trouble?" he asked.

"These guys were just going to shoot me as an English spy," Charlie informed him, with an indignant glance at the soldiers.

The major laughed in his face.

"You English?" he cried. "No one but an American ever said 'guy'!" He appeared greatly amused. "I am glad my men did not make the mistake of killing you," he said pleasantly.

"You've nothing on me," Charlie told him.

### CHAPTER XVI.

Interviewing the Major.

The sergeant saluted, clicked his spurs together, moved majestically to a position in front of the cigar case, and clicked his heels again. Judging by his movements, one might almost have supposed him to be some great mechanical doll. But Charlie Brown was quite certain that he, for one, had no desire to play with him.

"I feel much better now," he told the major.

"I can imagine," the other said.

"You speak very good English," the American remarked generously.

"Why not?" the officer asked. "I spent three years at Columbia."

Mr. Brown's newspaper instincts crowded to the front again.

"By Jove! You're a German! You're in the army—you speak English! . . . It's too good a chance to miss! Say, can I interview you?"

Major von Breunig regarded him enviously for a moment. He seemed to consider that the American would be a satisfactory person to talk to, for he said presently:

"Yes—for I should like America to understand, to realize what Germany is fighting for."

"Fine!" Charlie exclaimed. "Can Germany win?" he demanded, looking up at Major von Breunig in his most professional manner.

"It is inevitable—there is no chance to fail," the officer replied.

"And what is Germany going to gain from the war—if she wins?"

"When she wins, you mean," the major corrected him stiffly.

"Well, when she wins," Charlie conceded.

"She will be the greatest power in the world!"

"Except the United States!" Charlie interposed.

"Do not let us discuss your country, sir! You are my guest."

Charlie rose and bowed to the German.

"I get you!" he said. "Oh, just a minute!" he added, since the major appeared to consider the interview at an end. "And what about England?" he asked, dropping into the chair once more.

That question was one that the German officer was only too ready to take up.

"What army has England?" And straightway he gave the answer.

"None! In only one thing is England our superior—in lies and intrigues! There she has always been our master; but she will not fight. That is for France and Russia to do. But if the

war lasts they will grow weary of being the catspaw. . . . England is a fine example of your happy American phrase, 'Let George do it!'"

"And the French?" Charlie persisted.

"The French! For forty years they have been thinking of what some day they would do to Germany; and while they thought, we have planned, we have worked—and now today we are ready—and they are not!"

"You seem very confident," Charlie told him.

"Why not? . . . For forty years our men of brains have been planning a system—the most marvelous system in the world!"

"What a pity it isn't devoted to peace instead of war," the American said somewhat pensively. All the while, as they talked, the boom of field guns in the distance punctuated their sentences.

"In the end it will be for peace," the major von Breunig said gravely. "The peace of the world. For this is a just war—and justice must triumph."

"But what of these poor people—these noncombatants—who streamed through here a little while ago?"

"It is the habit of an invaded country to proclaim the invaders as barbarians," the Teuton replied warmly.



"They're Going to Shoot Me!"

"But we Germans are not barbarians. We are a simple people fighting only for our fatherland."

"And the ruined towns—destroyed homes—and civilians shot?"

But Major von Breunig had always an answer ready. He was an honest man; and he was convinced of the justice of the German cause.

"If we are fighting soldiers we treat them as soldiers," he pointed out. "But if men or women lurk behind closed shutters or on house-tops to shoot our men shall burn the house they live in and if there is resistance we shall kill all those who resist. It is regrettable, but we must stop guerrilla warfare. We must fight under the laws of civilization."

Another roar as of distant thunder interrupted Charlie Brown's next question.

"And you call that civilization?" he demanded, while the windows of the Lion d'Or rattled under the shock of the distant cannonading.

"I do!"

"I am your guest," Charlie said. So far as he was concerned, he had heard enough. In fact, he had heard almost too much for his own peace of mind.

"I think we'd better not continue this discussion or we might get into an argument—and that wouldn't be diplomatic."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### WORSE THAN FACING GUNFIRE

Gallant Seaman Found