

WORLD HAPPENINGS OF CURRENT WEEK

Brief Resume Most Important Daily News Items.

COMPILED FOR BUSY READERS

Events of Noted People, Governments and Pacific Northwest and Other Things Worth Knowing.

The Chicago Health department's "diet squad" on its 40 cents a day menu is gaining weight.

Villa's bandits are thrice repulsed in their attack on Chihuahua City by Carranza's heavy artillery.

A portion of the Carstens Packing company plant at Tacoma is destroyed by fire, entailing a loss estimated at \$200,000.

Another raid on Zeebrugge was made Friday by British aircraft, and it is reported a German destroyer was hit by a bomb. The official account of the attack says all machines returned.

Nation-wide prohibition is urged on congress by the National Grange in resolutions adopted which asked specifically that the District of Columbia be included in any National prohibition legislation.

Russia officially announces the loss of the dreadnaught Imperatritsa Maria. The statement reads: "The Russian dreadnaught Imperatritsa Maria has been sunk by an internal explosion. Two hundred of the crew are missing."

According to the Berlin correspondent of the Copenhagen Politiken, as quoted in a Copenhagen dispatch to the Exchange Telegraph company, Archduke Charles Francis, of Austria-Hungary will assume the title of Emperor and King Charles I.

Sir George White, of London, is dead. Sir George established the first manufactory of airplanes in England. He was a pioneer of electric street traction, being the first to introduce it in London. He was 62 years old and received the title of baronet in 1904.

President Wilson Friday sent a telegram to Charles E. Hughes acknowledging his message of congratulation. The President's telegram said: "I am sincerely obliged to you for your message of congratulation. Allow me to assure you of my good wishes for the years to come."

A dispatch from Mexico City to the Chihuahua City press, states that Theodore Roosevelt has started a revolution. The latter is a renewal of a message further states that Roosevelt charges the President with authorizing "various electoral frauds in order to triumph in the past election."

The British, French, Russian and Japanese bankers of the quintuple group have sent a letter to the Chinese minister of finance, saying that the loan arranged for with the Chicago banks violated article 17 of the reorganization loan agreement of April 26, 1913. The letter declares the loan is political and not industrial, and asked for an explanation.

Forty thousand, nine hundred dollars was estimated to have been stolen from a Southern Express company transfer wagon in the Western & Atlantic railroad yards in Chattanooga, Tenn., Thursday night by two men who held up the lone driver, Fred Corneison, who said the robbers forced him to unlock a box containing approximately \$100,000 in currency. The robbery took place in the heart of the business district, less than a block from the local express office.

The organized labor forces of the country Wednesday avowed extreme hostility to the writ of injunction as a means of stopping a strike. First a resolution was adopted, unanimously, at the morning session of the convention of the American Federation of Labor, urging organized labor everywhere to make the injunction question "the paramount issue in all of their future political activities."

It is predicted in Chicago that butter will rise to 50 cents per pound before January first.

Minnesota voters declined on election day to approve the proposed provision for the initiative and referendum, according to results just tabulated.

Charles A. Murphy, of Pendleton, has been chosen warden of the Oregon penitentiary to succeed J. W. Minto, who was compelled to resign because he "hosed" two convicts.

Warner Breyman, an Oregon pioneer of 1850, dies at his home in Salem.

Target practice in the navy will have to be limited for the winter to the first line ships because of the shortage of men. Steps already are being taken to increase the personnel under the law.

Speeders and reckless motorists of all classes, when arrested, will bear their police records on the operators' license, if a bill now being framed by the California State Automobile association becomes law at the next legislature.

The liners Victoria and Umattila, the last vessels to leave Nome, arrived in Seattle Wednesday with 500 passengers, \$1,000,000 in gold bullion and shipments of the ore and furs. Fifteen hundred persons are wintering at Nome, which is now closed in by the ice.

Twenty-two paintings by the late George Inness, landscape painter, have been sold for \$200,000 to a New York firm of art dealers. The collection was retained by Mr. Inness' family after his death in 1895 and the sale was made by his son, George Inness, Jr.

General Wood Congratulates Miss Ruth Law.



RUTH LAW GEN. LEONARD WOOD

When Miss Ruth Law, twenty-eight years of age, dropped down on Governor's Island, New York City, in her airplane from Chicago, she had broken two American endurance records, and General Leonard Wood, commander of the department of the East, was one among many to recognize the importance and daring of her flight. She flew Sunday, Nov. 19, from Chicago to Hornell, New York, 590 miles, without a stop, and the following day she flew from Binghamton to New York City, 217 miles. She had made the whole distance of 807 miles in 8 hours 55 minutes and 30 seconds. Her flight to Hornell broke American no-stop records, and her completed flight to New York City broke all distance records for the time.

BORAH CHAMPIONS DRY ACT TO FORCE VOTE ON BIG PROBLEM IN NEXT SESSION OF CONGRESS.

Washington, D. C.—National prohibition is to have a new champion in congress in Senator William E. Borah, of Idaho. Under his leadership a fight is to be made at the coming short session to the states for ratification of a prohibition amendment to the Federal Constitution.

Coupled with the fight which Senator Borah intends to lead will be a separate, and yet related, contest conducted under the leadership of Senator Wesley L. Jones, of Washington, of force prohibition upon the District of Columbia. The latter is a renewal of a fight made at the last session of congress and abandoned.

There has never been a well-organized fight in congress to submit a prohibition amendment to the states, though many prohibition resolutions have been proposed, only to be forgotten, or to be abandoned, for lack of general support.

Senator Borah, in announcing his purpose to make real fight for a prohibition amendment, makes it plain that he is going into the contest to win, and if he is out-generated or outvoted at the short session he promises to bob up again in the next congress, keeping prohibition to the forefront until a vote is had.

If a record vote can be secured, Senator Borah is confident of getting enough votes to pass the resolution.

The great obstacle to be overcome in getting a prohibition amendment through congress is in getting the proposition to a vote. Most of the opponents of prohibition are cowards, when it comes to going on record, and they necessarily make their fight in the dark. It was in the dark that the prohibition resolution, along with the equal suffrage resolution, was sidetracked at the last session, and the same tactics will be resorted to to kill off the resolution which Senator Borah intends to champion.

German U-Boat Reported Off Atlantic Coast of United States

New York—The British cruiser Lamproie, which sailed from Liverpool, said that the ship was illuminated Saturday night and the lifeboats were swung out ready for a possible emergency. Captain Cady said, however, he had seen nothing of submarines.

Election Bets Are Paid.

New York—Holders of some of the largest wagers made in Wall street on the Presidential election began paying the bets of Thursday on the assumption that there now was no doubt President Wilson had been elected. Estimates of the total sum wagered in the financial district range from \$3,000,000 to \$5,000,000. Probably half was paid within a week after election, but the balance was held by stakeholders pending a final agreement between bettors. A few others are awaiting the official count.

Hughes Sends Congratulations.

Lakewood, N. J.—Charles E. Hughes, Republican candidate for President in the recent election, Thursday sent to President Wilson a telegram congratulating him upon his re-election. In his telegram Mr. Hughes said: "Because of the closeness of the vote I have awaited the official count in California, and now that it has been virtually completed, permit me to extend to you my congratulations upon your re-election. I desire also to express my best wishes for a successful administration."

Deutschland Likely Safe.

Nantucket, Mass.—The merchant submarine Deutschland, returning to Germany with a valuable cargo, was believed Thursday to have left American waters in safety. Darkness, which set in soon after she started from New London, Conn., prevented observation of the submersible's progress along shore and there was no word from her since she passed Watch Hill, R. I., at sunset, a barely distinguishable object, 10 miles off shore.

UNDER FIRE

RICHARD PARKER
OF ROY COOPER, MEGRUE
AUTHOR OF "UNDER COVER" AND "THE GUY WHO ADVERTISED"
COMPILED BY THE MAGAZINE COMPANY

SYNOPSIS.

The chief characters are Ethel Willoughby, Henry Streetman and Capt. Redmond. The minor characters are Sir George Wainwright 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. Captain Redmond, her old lover, returned 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 save England. Captain Redmond, Ethel and Charlie Brown turn up at a Belgian inn as the German army comes. She is Madame de Lorde. She is a German spy. Charlie Brown barely escapes. The secret telephone is discovered and Christoph is shot as a spy. Brown is ordered back to Brussels.

CHAPTER XVII—Continued.

"Say good-by to old Christoph for me," he enjoined them. "Tell him I'm sorry I didn't get his chicken dinner, but better luck next time!" He held his hand out to the major. But hand-shaking fell outside German military etiquette. Major von Brenig saluted.

"I may warn you," Major von Brenig called to the American, "I may warn you that if you are forced off the road to Brussels the consequences will be serious."

"In fact, you will be shot, my friend," Streetman said, to make the matter entirely clear. And he appeared not at all uneasy over the contingency. In fact, he impressed Charlie Brown as being irritatingly cheerful.

"I know you hope for the best," Brown told him. He could not deny himself that pasting retort. "But don't worry," he told the major. "I won't miss Brussels road. And, Streetman, if you ever come to America, look me up! I'll give you one good time!"

"I fear he will never get to Brussels," von Brenig said somewhat pensively, after Charlie had gone. Certainly he wished the American no ill luck. But he knew that not all officers whom he might meet would prove to be Columbia men.

"It is his own risk," Streetman said. "He did not have to come here. Now, major, there may be other spies. Would it not be best to replace the telephone and put a secret guard around this room? Then if anyone else comes to the telephone, we shall know."

The scheme appealed to Major von Brenig. Accordingly, they had ordered the major order to remove the instrument to its hiding place. And stationing others where they might keep watch of the fireplace, and yet not be seen by anyone who entered the room, they instructed Lieutenant Baum to arrest the first person who approached the telephone.

"Report to me at once, in such an event," the major said.

"If necessary, shoot before any message can be sent," Streetman told him. The man from the Wilhelmstrasse then hurried away to see General Freund, promising to return to join the major and Captain Kari at dinner.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Death Hovers Near Ethel.

Ever since she succeeded in inveigling Lieutenant Baum into revealing to her the secret of the fork in the road, Ethel had waited her opportunity to telephone the news to the French front. It seemed to her that the German intruders would never leave the public room, even for five minutes. Meanwhile she had hovered near. And at last she was convinced that the coast was clear.

Cautiously she opened the door and peered inside. She saw no one. So she stepped into the room. For just a few moments she hesitated, to assure herself that there was a lull in the movements of the enemy. Apparently they had withdrawn to spruce themselves up after their long march.

She neared herself to her task. She stoled to the fireplace, glanced over her shoulder for one last hurried survey of the room, and reached her hand out for the instrument. She had barely taken it up when she heard the command—

"Halt!"

Ethel turned. To her startled eyes the room seemed suddenly full of soldiers. And giving a little cry, she dropped the telephone upon the floor.

Lieutenant Baum confronted her sternly.

"You are a spy for the French!" he said.

"No, no! Let me explain!" He ignored her protest.

"Lead!" He snatched out the order to his men. And as they obeyed Ethel cried:

"No, no, no! For God's sake don't shoot me like that!" Trembling, she stood there, while they covered her with their rifles.

Then another cry of "Halt!" rang out. This time the command came from the doorway. It was Larry Redmond who interrupted the grim business.

Lieutenant Baum turned to him in surprise, while the German soldiers lowered their guns and saluted.

"What are you doing?" Larry demanded.

"A spy for the French!" Baum explained somewhat peevishly.

"A spy for the French, eh?" Larry said as he drew nearer. "Franklin—" he began. And then he stopped short. He had not recognized Ethel at first, for her back was toward the door. But now they gazed at each other in amazement. "A spy, eh?" Larry repeated. "What makes you think so?"

"She went to use that telephone. It leads to the French," the lieutenant said.



"For God's Sake, Don't Shoot Me Like That."

It seemed. And for a brief instant he looked down at the contrivance at his feet.

"What is it?" Ethel inquired.

"My dear, the wine cellar—quick! It's a great chance!"

"What do you mean?" she asked wonderingly. He had already pulled up the trapdoor. The padlock had not been closed. "You want to hide me there?"

Somehow, she shrank from the thought of descending into that dark hole. It seemed to her that once she sought that shelter they would surely find her in the end.

"No, no! 'Twill be the first place they'd search," he replied. He pulled a flashlight from his pocket and crept down the steps as he talked. "Wait!" he said. And in another moment he had so placed the light at the foot of the stairs that its beams shot upward through the opening. "That's it, that's it!" he exclaimed delightedly. He was still standing upon the cellar floor.

"The light's shining in your face! Look! Can you see me?" he asked.

"No, no! The light blinds me. I can't see you at all!" she told him.

He came up quickly then.

"Good—good! Now listen! . . . If somebody peeked down there, wouldn't they think a desperate woman was standing at the foot of these stairs waiting to shoot the first man who tried to come down?"

Ethel stood there in the glare of the flashlight had listened to his plans.

"Yes—yes—I believe they would," she admitted, beginning to understand his scheme.

"And that's what we've got to make them believe. Now, hasten, darling! Listen! . . . 'Tis best here!" He led her behind the cigar counter, for he had suddenly abandoned his previous notion of concealing her in the adjoining room. "Go and hide!" he directed. And she crouched low in the shadow of the counter. "Ah! God is

good to the Irish!" he exulted. "Have you a revolver?"

"Yes, Larry!" She produced a small, nicked weapon.

He took it from her.

"'Tis rather a toy," he said. "But I suppose it will shoot. Then don't let the sound of a shot frighten you into screaming. I've got to give myself a bit of a flesh wound just in the hand."

"No, no!" she exclaimed in increased alarm.

"With this it can be only a scratch," he said. "As soon as I shoot, duck and hide. Now, here goes!"

He shot himself in the right hand, then handed the revolver back to Ethel, who immediately huddled behind the counter. Then Larry banged the trapdoor shut. And backing away from it, he waited for the men who as he knew would soon come running in.

In another moment they burst upon him.

"Herr captain—you are wounded!" Lieutenant Baum cried.

"'Tis nothing," Larry replied. And he proceeded to bandage his bloody hand with a handkerchief.

Others joined the startled knot of Germans—among the newcomers, Major von Brenig.

"The spy—the woman spy—where is she?" he asked.

Larry told him that the woman had escaped.

The major swore roundly at that. And then Larry explained that she had suddenly produced a revolver and shot him. "Before I could draw my own revolver she'd got away," he said. "She raised the trapdoor and went down there," he continued, pointing to the floor.

The major remembered that there was no outlet to the wine cellar. And without hesitation he raised the trapdoor, to face a blinding burst of light. He backed away quickly.

"What the devil!" he shouted.

And at the same time Larry warned him to be careful.

"She must have one of our pocket flashlights," he said. "What a target it made of you, major! And in the dark you could not see her, could you?"

"No!" von Brenig admitted. "And she can pick off our men one by one as they go down unless we rush her."

Larry closed the door quickly.

"If I may make so bold as to suggest—" he began; and seeing that the major gave him permission to continue, he said, "If there is no way out of the cellar save that, why waste our men when all we need is to leave her there to starve—till there's no fight in her?"

"Why not leave her there forever?" von Brenig asked. He was, above everything, a practical man.

"'Tis better still—'tis a just fate for a spy," Larry agreed.

"Baum—run a bayonet through the trapdoor," the major ordered. The padlock had fallen into the cellar unopened when Larry first opened the trap. "Later you will make the fastening permanent," von Brenig said.

CHAPTER XIX.

A Surprise for Streetman.

Well satisfied at the happy termination of the episode, the major and his men retired once more. And Larry now found himself alone in the room, except for a telephone sergeant who stationed himself at the field instrument which he had placed upon a table when the Germans first reached the Lion d'Or. At least, there were no others present so far as the sergeant knew. In their consuming interest in that trapdoor, not one of the invaders had noticed Ethel as she crouched behind the cigar counter.

Ordered by Larry to leave, the sergeant explained that Major von Brenig was expecting a message.

"Come back in fifteen minutes," Larry ordered. "I will take any messages."

The fellow had no sooner gone than Larry started for the cigar counter.

"Well, my darlin', so far so good!" he said in a low voice. And then to his dismay he heard someone at the street door. "Sh! Don't get up yet! Someone is coming!" Larry warned the girl.

To his immense alarm and consternation, as the door swung open he saw that this latest arrival was no other than Henry Streetman.

They saluted. And as a wave of recognition swept across Streetman's face he whipped out his revolver and cried, "Halt!"

"What the devil do you mean?" Larry cried.

Streetman regarded him coolly.

"Well, Captain Redmond!" he said. "Well, Herr Strassman!"

"We meet under somewhat different circumstances from that night in the moonlight on Unter den Linden," Streetman observed.

"Yes, quite different!" was the almost jaunty response.

"Then you were in the English army. Now, Captain Redmond, you wear a German uniform."

"And 'tis a good fit, too, for German clothes," Larry replied.

But the other was in no good mood for banter.

"That night I gave you your life," he proceeded. "Now I must take it back again. Before I call my men have you anything to say?"

"Not a word!" Larry defied him. "You have no message to send—the girl you told me of?"

"I believe she can hear me when I say that I love her and pray the good God to keep her safe and free from harm," the Irishman told him in all truth. He was serious now, was Captain Redmond. Indeed, he saw that he was in a devilish tight hole. And rack his brains as he would, he could think of no way out.

Larry was right. The girl he loved did hear him. Before Streetman had said another word, Ethel leaped from behind the cigar counter with her revolver leveled at Streetman.

"Hands up! Hands up—or I'll kill you!" she cried.

Streetman wheeled about in amazement. And before he could collect his scattered wits Captain Redmond had wrested the German spy's revolver from him.

"Ethel, my dear, you shouldn't have mixed up in this," Larry reproved her.

Streetman heard him with increasing wonder.

"My dear!" he repeated after Larry. "Then you know Captain Redmond?" he exclaimed, searching Ethel's face for the information he only now began to suspect.

"I do," she told him unflinchingly. He saw everything clearly at last. "Then, by God! You're the Englishman she loved!" he exclaimed as he turned to Larry.

Ethel did not wait for Captain Redmond to answer.

"Yes, yes, I love him!" she confessed shamelessly. "I've always loved him."

"Then you lied to me when you said you hated him?" Streetman accused her. "You lied when you said you wanted to work against the English—you lied!" He was like a madman, as he realized how she had tricked him.

"I lied—yes!" she confessed. "I lied, too, when I said the English fleet had dispersed. It hadn't. It went to the Kiel canal. I've lied to you every minute—every minute since we left for Brussels."

"You said the man you married was a German spy—" Larry reminded Ethel. "But you can't be her husband," he told Streetman. "I met your wife in Berlin."

Streetman sneered.

"Her husband? . . . So that's what she told you! That's good!" He even laughed at the thought, in spite of the menacing revolver that Captain Redmond pointed at him.

"Henry! Henry!" Ethel's boldness had forsaken her now.

She could not bear to hear such things said—and before Larry, of all men.

"I don't understand," Captain Redmond said slowly.

"Then let me explain—since you and she are in love. It may be of some interest for you to know, Captain Redmond," Streetman could scarcely have prayed for more complete revenge than this.

"Oh, don't! Don't!" Ethel entreated. But Streetman continued ruthlessly. "This lady," he said, "this lady has the honor to be—"

"Don't say it, you dog!" Larry warned him. And his finger curled curiously about the trigger of the revolver.

"No, no! It isn't true! Don't believe him!" Ethel urged. "I thought I was married honestly—truly married. . . . I loathe him. I despise him. . . . You do believe me? Oh, say that you do—please!"

"Of course, my dear, I love you!" Larry said quietly, as if that were reason enough—and more—for his complete trust in her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

VICTORIA CROSS FOR SEPoy

Indian Soldier Honored by King for Bravery in Saving His Commanding Officer Under Fire.

The London correspondent of the Medical Record mentions two recent instances of awards of the Victoria Cross, the first to a surgeon, and the second to a Sepoy who rendered first aid and protected his commanding officer until he could summon assistance under cover of night. He writes:

"The king has been pleased to award the Victoria Cross to Capt. John Alexander Sinton, M. R. I. M. G., for 'most conspicuous bravery and devotion to duty.' Although shot through both arms and through the side, he refused to go to the hospital and remained as long as daylight lasted, attending to his duties under heavy fire. In three previous actions Captain Sinton displayed the utmost bravery.

"His majesty also conferred the cross on Sepoy Chaita Singh, Ninth Bhawal Infantry, in the Indian army, for his most conspicuous bravery and devotion to duty in leaving cover to

assist his commanding officer, who was lying wounded and helpless in the open, where Singh bound up the officer's wound and then dug a cover for him with his intrenching tool, being exposed all the time to very heavy rifle fire. He remained until nightfall—five hours—beside the wounded officer, shielding him with his own body on the exposed side; then, under cover of darkness, he went back for assistance and brought the officer into safety."

Locate Fog Signals.

Prof. A. G. Webster, of Clark university, claims to have made an instrument by which one can locate the direction of a fog signal. Up to this time, mariners have not been able to tell, within 45 degrees, the direction from which fog signals come.

Soldiers' Drinking Water.

Distilled water is supplied to the men in the United States army. An ingenious sterilizing and distilling apparatus is mounted on an army wagon and carried wherever the troops may go.



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