

SWEDEN AND THE WAR

Note—This is the third of a series of five articles on Sweden by William Philip Simms, Paris manager of the United Press, who visited Sweden to find out what effect the war was having. Tomorrow's story tells how Stockholm has become the new "Paris."—Editor.

By WM. PHILIP SIMMS

(United Press Staff Correspondent)
STOCKHOLM, Nov. 8.—(My Mail.) This is the spy-center of the world. Here for meets foe—but with his fingers crossed. It is neutral ground and the spy plays his ungrateful game in perfect safety.

"See that chap over there?" a friend asked, pointing across the lobby of one of the prettiest hotels in the world. "That is an Austrian military attaché. The man he is talking to is a Russian from Petrograd. I know them both."

There they were playing their games. Each trying to trick the other to some end, only heaven knew what.

"Never mind about locking your chest of drawers, or your bags or trunks," an acquaintance told me the day I landed in Stockholm. "Locks are no good here. If anybody wants to see what you have hidden away they will manage to do so. And they usually want to see."

There is perhaps no more fascinating spot anywhere than a certain great hotel here. In the world's most beautiful dining-room under a sort of colonnade ranging alongside a formal garden where a superb lawn grows under a lofty glass dome, where huge palms and flowers grow in profusion and the tinkle of a fountain in the Venetian court is not much softer than the music of a hidden stringed orchestra, Germans and English, Austrians and French, Russians and Bulgars, Italians and Turks, Belgians and Hungarians, and all the rest mingle at table. Not that they sit at the same table, but their elbows sometimes literally touch at adjoining boards.

Stockholm is easily accessible to all the warring countries. At the Central Railway station every night, on adjoining tracks are three trains. One goes north to Norne, the Russian frontier town; one to Bergen, whence one takes the boat for England and France; the third goes to Gothenburg, five hours by boat from Denmark, whence an express whisks one to Berlin. The Russian train leaves first—about 9 p. m.; the German train second, at 9:25. So on the platforms one sees mingling and jostling German and British, French and Prussian, and all the rest.

In the hotels one has the impression that each column conceals a spy and each palm two or three. And one is nearly right in this impression for they are as thick as flies everywhere: Spies spying on unsuspecting persons; spies spying on spies and spies spying on spies set to catch spies. It is a great game. There is

on record at least one case of one spy doing nearly all of these things at one and the same time, being simultaneously in the employ of France, England and Germany.

There are of course big games being played by men not ordinarily called spies: Diplomatic agents in the more dignified term. These are educated, cultivated men. And they do the finer, larger work. Smaller fry keep track of shipments to Russia, of the movement via Sweden of government agents, etc., or in the case of the allies, of the shipments of materials to Germany by boat, etc.

Of course there are free-lances who scurry around picking up scraps of information and selling the same for whatever the interested parties feel like paying. These are the rapscallions of the profession.

Of course there are women spies or women agents. These are not always used as Oppenheim and other romancers lead one to imagine but there is just enough of truth in such stories to make these women interesting. Their great utility comes through being able to mingle in high circles where they can listen to the gossip.

"Listen, my dear," says one lady to another; "here is some great scandal: I promised not to tell, but I must tell it to you, knowing you'll not breathe it to a soul."

Hotels are packed. Only by reserving a room days in advance can one find accommodations save by rare good luck. At tea time, at dinner and again at supper, the splendid restaurants here are jammed and tables are at a premium. Champagne corks are popping like machine guns. Everybody seems to have plenty of money and nobody appears to be stingy with it.

One sees many German people here. Here and there in dining rooms are German-diplomats, army officers in mufti or evening clothes, and frequently they have their women folk with them. These are wearing skirts quite as short as any seen in Paris and the cut of their gowns is proof that though Frenchmen and Germans are killing each other, Rue de la Paix styles have found their way to Unter den Linden.

This is the great cross roads, the meeting place of the folks of the warring nations. Tonight, in the lovely supper room, at adjoining tables, two men, their wives and daughters, all faultlessly dressed in evening clothes, hear each other talk, though in different languages. Tomorrow these two men may be leading charges at each other, over rain-soaked, shell-pitted ground. One may slaughter the other and leave the bloody, muddy corpse to be trodden on by a regiment of iron-shod men, leaving a woman without a husband, a family without a father.

But tonight they line elbow to elbow.

Scenes in the Life of Jack

London, Who Died Too Young



Jack London on His California Ranch



Jack London and Wife in the Solomon Islands

sanitary rooms for a modest sum. At Woolwich, under the wise and human jurisdiction of Miss Lillian Barker, the government lady supervisor, the women workers are like one huge family or a school for girls. All sorts of things are provided for their amusement and instruction in their recreation hours. There are dancing classes, amateur theatricals and educational courses.

So, although the work is strenuous and the hours long, the effect on the women of this steady work, good pay, nourishing food, clean lodging, fresh air, and, above all, blessed spirit of independence they have attained, is working miracles with English womankind.

Thanks to their munition work, they will be fit physically, mentally and financially to take up the burdens of their poor, maimed and broken menfolk after the close of the war.

Strange, and yet fittingly simple, isn't it, that these same deadly bits of metal shining beautifully golden in the sun should be bringing death and destruction and disfigurement to the one, health, prosperity and life to the other?

Twenty-four hours, day after day, night after night, the huge arsenals are busy turning out the munitions that spell trouble for the enemy. Since the days of Eve and Adam woman has been dubbed a trouble-maker. Now she is glorified and being glorified in the role. As making munitions, which is synonymous with making trouble, and is certainly making good.

ESTRAY NOTICE

There came to my pasture, joining Pelican Bay Lumber Company's plant on the north, about Nov. 1st, one black yearling steer; no brand visible; swallowfork in right ear. Owner will please claim same and pay feed and for this adv.

F. C. DeCHAMPE,
Shipington Hotel.

Phone 98 J. 30-31*

Henline
PHOTO

**HEADACHE STOPS,
NEURALGIA GONE**

Dr. James' Headache Powders
give instant relief—Cost
time a package.

Nerve-racking, splitting or dull, throbbing headaches yield in just a few moments to Dr. James' Headache Powders which cost only 10 cents a package at any drug store. It's the quickest, surest headache relief in the whole world. Don't suffer! Relieve the agony and distress now! You can. Millions of men and women have found that headaches and neuralgia misery is needless. Get what you ask for.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Klamath County. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed administratrix of the estate of Howard F. French, deceased, by the above entitled court, and all persons having claims against said estate are required to present same to said administratrix at the law office of R. C. Groesbeck, Klamath Falls, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice.

Dated November 24, 1910.

BERTHA E. FRENCH,
Administratrix of the Estate of Howard F. French, Deceased. 24-1-2-15-22

Notice of Appointment of Administrator

In the County Court of the State of Oregon, in and for Klamath County.

In the Matter of the Estate of Samuel T. Owings, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed by the judge of said court administrator of the estate of Samuel T. Owings, deceased, and has duly qualified according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present them, with the proper vouchers duly verified according to law, to George C. Ulrich, the authorized representative of the undersigned, at the office of the sheriff at Klamath Falls, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof.

Dated October 30, 1910.

GEORGE C. ULRICH,
Administrator of the Estate of Samuel T. Owings, Deceased.
3-10-17-24-1.

DR. F. M. WHITE

Eyes, Ear, Nose and Throat
Exams—Glaucoma Fitted
207 Odd Fellows Building

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

MARGARET MARON

(Written for the United Press)

The hand that rocked the cradle
Now makes shells that rock the world.

For female fingers fashion

Almost every bomb that's hurled;

And maidens wives and mothers

All stand working, sun to sun,

With bits of glittering metal

That will kill men when they're done.

Who knows, Oh Tommy Atkins,

As you throw that hand grenade,

Perchance it's one of many

That your wife or sweetheart made.

LONDON, Nov. 1.—(By Mail.)

The early Victorian females must raise their lily hands from their tatting and crewel work in horror as they look back across the River Styx and see how the hands of their twentieth century female descendants are occupied. I am sure they don't consider it maidenly or ladylike and yet these staunch and willing women munition workers of today are doing cruel work too.

Down at the big arsenal at Woolwich, just thirty minutes from London by train, seventeen thousand women from sixteen to fifty years old at big machines are turning out with feet and capable female fingers bits of glittering copper and aluminum and brass which, assembled into shells, bombs, hand-grenades, cartridges and all those dundily and frightful weapons of a modern warfare are dished munition.

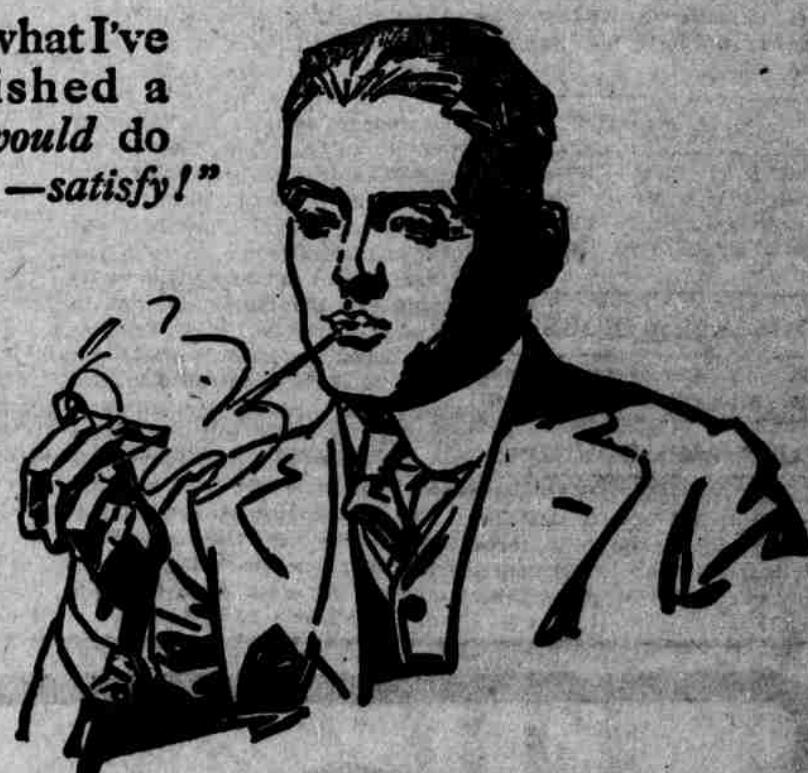
Not only are the wives, mothers, sweethearts and sisters of Tommy Atkins, the typical working women, employed at this new sort of fancy work, but delicately reared and cultured gentlewomen as well are engaged and efficiently doing their bit. There is work for every grade and

degree of age and mental and physical development. The pay for all is better too than the workers can get in any other sort of a position. It averages from three to five pounds or \$15 to \$25 per week. One time comfortable English households are plunged into chaos and gloom through the loss of their chamber-maids, nursemaids and cooks who hear the siren call of the shrapnel and the shell. Missions in Mayfair and Park Lane, novels in White-chapel and the East End disgorge alike their bits of femininity into the insatiable maw of the government arsenals.

Never have so many furcoats, never has so much jewelry been sold in London as at the present moment and the women munition workers are the busy little buyers. The first thing a poor little erstwhile factory slavey does when she draws her first princely (in proportion) pay check at the arsenal is to treat herself to all the cheap jewelry her little starved feminine heart has craved her whole life long. She may top off with a warm coat of fur and after this reckless spending orgy she is content to settle down and save her salary with the exception of what she spends daily on real food. And my, how she does eat!

There are canteens established at the different arsenals where the girls may get the most nourishing food for the cheapest rates. Four meals are served a day—breakfast, lunch, a very high tea at a very low price, and dinner. There also are lodgings established near the arsenal for all those women who wish to live close to their work. These are called hostels and furnish comfortable and

"That's just what I've
always wished a
cigarette would do
—satisfy!"



The feature of Chesterfields is that they
begin where other cigarettes leave off.

In other words, besides pleasing the
taste, Chesterfields go further—they satisfy!
Just like a long drink of cold water satisfies
when you're thirsty.

And yet, Chesterfields are MILD!

It's Chesterfields or nothing if you want
this new cigarette delight, because no
cigarette maker can copy the Chesterfield
blend—an entirely new combination of
tobaccos and the biggest discovery in
cigarette blending in 20 years.

Lippitt & Associates Co.

"Give me a package of these cigarettes that SATISFY!"

Chesterfield

CIGARETTES

They
SATISFY!

—and yet they're
MILD



20 for
10¢