

SOLDIERS IN THRONGS UPON THE BOULEVARDS OF FRANCE'S CAPITAL

War Time Crowds in Gay Paris Would Lead Casual Observer to Think the Entire French Army Was on Leave.

PARIS, Aug. 21.—The boulevards of Paris have come into their own. Thousands of soldiers now mingle with the usual wartime Sunday crowds—soldiers of all arms in uniform of all the regulation colors, bringing back some of the joy and animation that disappeared last summer. They are grouped with families and friends on the terraces of all the cafes, they walk along all the streets in taxi-cabs or in sumptuous limousines, they crowd the entrances to all the moving picture shows and promenade with the arms of women resting on their faded stained sleeves while little tots hang to their bronzed necks or cling to the calloused hands.

They are the popular "poltus" (the hirsute) home from the front. It seemed last Sunday that all the 50,000 that left the trenches Saturday on four days leave were there. It is believed these soldiers were returned from the front to check one phase of systematic propaganda of discouragement that started at the beginning of the war and is still going on. The latest manifestation of it was a flood of anonymous letters to soldiers at the front informing them that while they were shedding their blood their wives were leading loose lives at home. This is supposed to be the reason for the decision of the war department to give four days leave to the men at the front in contingents of 50,000 at a time, so that they may look into the situation at home on their own account.

The anonymous character of much of the news that circulated gave the fabricators of false news a clear field, the ignorance in which the public is kept, concerning the details of the military operations making it impossible for anyone to deny stories that are circulated. It also makes it difficult for the police to reach the culprits, though the secret service did succeed in tracing some of the work to an eccentric millionaire named Prouvost, living at Saint Raphael who had been convicted by a court martial and sentenced to prison.

After making a fortune out of insurance, Prouvost espoused the anarchist cause, published subversive pamphlets and journals and finally fell into the clutches of the Bonnot band whose sensational crimes excited Paris two years ago. False news began to circulate behind the lines early in the fall of last year; soldiers in hospitals and at the front received anonymous letters and circulars with brilliant headlines, such as "They are despoiling us," Germany had made

peace overtures that we repulsed." Our Generals have had entire regiments of our soldiers executed.

All these documents glorified "great Germany." Names and addresses of soldiers in hospitals, names of refugees advertising for lost relatives, names of women advertising for employment—all those whose state of mind seemed to make them accessible to depressing news and suggestions received anonymous letters and circulars. A suspicious circumstance was that those sent to soldiers were post-paid, while most of the correspondence sent to them is postfree. Thousands were distributed by unknown means through the big department stores, slipped by mysterious hands under street doors and into private letter boxes; they were even scattered over the floors of postoffices and the cars of the subway.

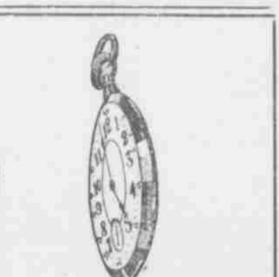
It was finally discovered that the subjects treated and the language used were the same as in some proclamations dropped by German aviators upon positions held by troops of the second line of Basseux in November. Finally a woman was detected dropping large packets of letters into letter boxes, and was shadowed. She received letters from St. Raphael in the department of the war in the name of Herman, her real name being Donnadieu, wife of a well known anarchist, living with another anarchist named Hureau. All three were arrested and their correspondence was traced to the millionaire Prouvost. Prouvost admitted paying the postage on the letters and circulars but declared that he had no intention of engaging in a glibly propaganda. Behind Prouvost, Hureau and Madame Donnadieu the police think there was a well directed system of German espionage.

The Ecclair declares that it has traced some of the false news circulated in Paris to neutralized Germans and gives the names of some of them.

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theories, and only from her can we obtain the real truth.

"But surely you know where she is? She writes to you," I said.

"The last letter, which I received at Gib, ten days ago, was from the Hotel Bristol, at Botsen, in the Tyrol, yet Hartlett says she has been seen down at Eastbourne."

"But you have an address where you always write to her, I suppose?" "Yes, a secret one. I have written and made an appointment, but she has not kept it. She has been prevented, of course. She may be with her parents, and unable to come to London."

"You did not know that they had fled, and were in hiding?" "Of course not. What I've heard tonight is news to me—amazing news."

"And does it not convey to you the truth?" "It does—a ghastly truth concerning Elma Heath," he answered in a low voice, as though speaking to himself.

"Tell me. What? I'm dying, Jack, to know everything concerning her. Who is that fellow Oberg?" "Her enemy. She by mere accident, learned his secret and Woodroffe's, and they now both live in deadly fear of her."

"But Oberg?" "I know very little concerning him. He may have conspired with them, or he may be innocent. It seems as though he were antagonistic to their schemes, if Lethcourts and his family really fled from him."

"And yet he was on board the Lola. Indeed, he may have helped to commit the burglary at the consulate," I said.

"Quite likely," he answered. "But our first object must be to rediscover Muriel. Would it not be best to send an urgent wire to the address where I always write? She would then reply here, no doubt. I've told you practically everything, my dear old fellow. The facts of the affair can be made known only by Muriel. I tell you, we must find her."

"Yes, we must—at all hazards," I said. "Let's go across to the telegraph office opposite Charing Cross. It's open always." And we rose and walked out along the Strand, now nearly deserted, and dispatched an urgent message to Muriel at an address in Hurlingham road, Fulham.

Afterwards we stood outside on the curb, still talking, I loath to part from him when there passed by in the shadow the men in dark overcoats, who crossed the road behind us to the front of Charing Cross station, and then continued on towards Trafalgar square.

As the light of the street lamp fell upon them I thought I recognized the face of one as that of a person I had seen before, yet I was not at all certain, and my failure to remember whom the passer-by resembled prevented me from saying anything further to Jack than:

"A fellow I know has just gone by, I think."

"We seem to be meeting hosts of friends tonight," he laughed. "After all, old chap, it does me good to come back to our dear, dirty old town again. We abuse it when we are here, and talk of the life in Paris and Vienna and Brussels, but when we are away there is no place on earth so dear to us, for it is 'home.' But there!" he laughed. "I'm actually growing romantic. Ah! if we could only find Muriel! But we must tomorrow. Tada! I shall go around to the club and sleep, for I haven't fixed on any diggings yet. Come in at ten tomorrow, and we will decide upon some plan. One thing is plainly certain—Elma must at once be got out of Russia. She's certainly in deadly peril of her life there."

"Yes," I said. "And you will help me?" "With all my heart, old fellow," answered my friend, warmly grasping my hand, and then we parted, he strolling along towards the National Gallery on his way back to the "Junior," while I returned to the Cecil alone.

CHAPTER XV.

Just Off the Strand. A week had gone by. The Nord express had brought me posthaste across Europe from Petersburg to Calais, and I was again in London.

It was a cold but dry November night and I sat dining with Jack Durnford at a small table in the big-well-lit room of the Junior United Service club. Easy-going and merry as of old, my friend was bubbling over with good spirits, delighted to be back again in town after three years' sailing up and down the Mediterranean, from Gib to Smyrna, manœuvring all ways, yet with never a chance of a fight.

"Glad to be back!" he exclaimed, as he helped himself to a "peg." "I should rather think so, old chap. You know how awfully wearying the life becomes out there. Lots going on down at Palermo, Malta, Monte Carlo, or over at Algiers, and yet we can never get a chance of it."

Dinner finished, we went across to the Empire, where we spent the evening in the grand circle, meeting many men we knew and having a rather pleasant time among old acquaintances.

After the theater I indeed him to come round to the Cecil, and in the wicker chairs in the big portico before the entrance we sat to smoke our final cigars. And there, in a carelessly careless way, I told him the story of the Lethcourts.

"You seem a bit down in the mouth, Jack," I said presently, after we had been watching the cabs coming up,

depositing the home-coming revelers from the Savoy or the Carlton.

"Yes," he sighed. "And surely I have enough to cause me—after what I've heard from you."

"What! Did the facts convey any bad news to you?" I inquired with pretended ignorance.

"Yes," he said hoarsely, after a brief pause. Then he added: "And Martin Woodroffe is engaged to Muriel Lethcourts. Are you certain of this?" "Yes, quite certain."

"For some time Jack Durnford smoked in silence, and I could just distinguish his white, hard face in the faint light, for it was now late, and the big electric lamps had been turned out and we were in semidarkness.

"That fellow shall never marry Muriel," he declared in a fierce, hoarse voice. "What you have just told me reveals the truth. Did you meet Oberg?" "He appeared suddenly at Hannech, and the Lethcourts fled precipitately and have not since been heard of."

"Ah, no wonder!" he remarked with a dry laugh. "No wonder! But look here, Gordon, I'm not going to stand by and let that scoundrel Woodroffe marry Muriel."

"You love her, perhaps?" I hazarded.

"Yes, I do love her," he admitted. "And by heaven!" he cried, "I will tell the truth and crush the whole of their insidious plot. Have you met Elma Heath?" "Yes," I said in quick anxiety.

"Then listen," he said in a low, earnest voice. "Listen, and I'll tell you something."

"There is a greater mystery surrounding that yacht, the Lola, than you have ever imagined, my dear old chap," declared Jack Durnford, looking me straight in the face. "When you told me about it on the quarter-deck that day outside Leghorn I was half a mind to tell you what I knew. Only one fact prevented me—my disinclination to reveal my own secrets. I loved Muriel Lethcourts, yet, as long as I was, I could never see her—I could not obtain from her own lips the explanation I desired. Yet I would not prejudice her—no, and I won't now!" he added with fierce resolution.

"I love her," he went on, "and she reciprocates my love. Ours is a secret engagement, made in Malta two years ago, and yet you tell me that she has pledged herself to that fellow Woodroffe—the man known here in London as Dick Archer. I can't believe it—I really can't, old fellow. She could never write to me as she has done, urging patience and secrecy until my return."

"Woodroffe is at the present moment in Petersburg," I said. "I've just come back from there."

"In St. Petersburg!" he gasped, surprised. "Then he is with that villainous official, Baron Oberg, the governor general of Finland."

"No; Oberg is living shut up in his palace at Helsingfors, fearing to go out lest he shall be assassinated," was my answer.

"And Elma? What has become of her?" "She is in hiding in Petersburg, awaiting such time as I can get her safely out of Russia," and then, continuing, I explained how she had been maintained and rendered deaf and dumb.

"What!" he cried fiercely. "Have they actually done that to the poor girl? Then they feared that she would reveal the nature of their plot, for she had seen and heard."

"I intend to rescue and to marry her," I said quite frankly. "But from whom do you expect I can obtain the facts concerning her, and the reason of the baron's desire to keep her silent?"

"Russian rule is a disgrace to our modern civilization," I declared hotly. "I have every sympathy with those who are fighting for freedom."

"Ah, you are not alone in that," he sighed, speaking in a low whisper, and glancing around. "His majesty would order reforms and ameliorate the condition of his people, if only it were possible. But he, like his officials, is powerless. Here we speak of the great uprising with bated breath, but we, alas! know that it must come one day—very soon—and Finland will be first to endeavor to break her bonds—and the Baron Oberg first to fall."

For nearly an hour I sat with him, surprised to find how, although his exterior was so harsh and uncouth, yet his heart really bled for the poor, starving people he was so constantly forced to oppress.

"I have ruined this town of Abo," he declared, quite frankly. "To my own knowledge five hundred innocent persons have gone to prison, and another two hundred have been exiled to Siberia. Yet what I have done is only at direct orders from Helsingfors—orders that are stern, pitiless and unjust. Men have been torn from their families and sent to the mines, women have been arrested for no offense and shipped off to Saghallen, and mere children have been cast into prison on charges of political conspiracy with their elders—in order to ransack the province! Only," he added anxiously, "I trust you will never repeat what I tell you. You have asked me why I assisted the English mademoiselle to escape from Kajana, and I have explained the reason."

We ate a hearty meal in company at the Sappalluna, a restaurant built like a Swiss chalet, and at noon I entered the train on the first stage of my slow, tedious journey through the great, silent forests and along the shores of the lakes of southern Finland, by way of Tavestehus and Viborg, to Petersburg.

JAPAN AND KOREA ARE BUSY IN MAKING RUSSIAN SUPPLIES

Russian Armies Receive Most Help From Japan; Korea Manufactures Quantities of Boots and Ammunition.

TOKIO, Aug. 17.—Now that the danger of war with China is over all Japan and Korea is engaged in making supplies for Russia and her allies. The war brought big financial losses to Japan but the bags are being filled in part by the furnishing of guns, ammunition, and general necessities to the armies at the front—particularly the armies of Russia.

Officially, Japan has given increased practical expressions to her friendship towards Russia by going to the limit of dismantling some of her fortifications on the north eastern coast of the Empire. Big coast guns stripped from these fortifications have been shipped to Vladivostok and thence forwarded to Galicia to strengthen the big gun artillery of the armies of the Czar.

Americans who visit Japan are especially astounded at the almost limitless number of tiny shops in the big cities of this nation—miles upon miles of streets filled with them—all occupied in making something when they are not selling something. These shops are really the factories of the Empire. It is here that cloth goods and innumerable articles, needed to keep huge armies in supplies are turned out, handed over to commission merchants assembled in great quantities and distributed to Russia, France and even England. The correspondent of the Associated Press is informed by a reliable authority that practically every household in Korea is hard at work making cloth for Russia. It is sent to Moscow and other points and manufactured into uniforms, blankets, coverings and wrappings.

Korea, also, is making big quantities of boots and ammunition cases. Major Papowski and other Russian officers have just arrived at Seoul to take over the fourth consignment of orders manufactured by a tannery company near Seoul and consisting of 40,000 pairs of boots and 50,000 ammunition cases.

The Japan Celluloid company at Abochi, near Kobe has abandoned temporarily the celluloid business for a more profitable business of making explosives. This company recently received an order from the Russian government for 400 tons of gun-cotton to be delivered before the end of the year, test of the explosives having

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proved satisfactory, the first installment, consisting of 15 tons, was dispatched to Petrograd. The Abochi factory is said to be turning out two to three tons of explosives daily. Leather materials, bolts, pouches and sacks are manufactured at Tokio. A series of temporary sheds have been erected on vacant land near the houses of the Diet and are busy night and day.

The production of rifles in Japan is limited in capacity compared to other countries, and Japan is anxious to fill out her own reserve stock. The available number of rifles for the reserve strength of the Japanese armies is estimated at 500,000 and it is understood that the general staff of the army is desirous of increasing the number to one million. It has learned a lesson from the unpreparedness of the allies with respect to guns and ammunition and from the vast expenditure of munitions demonstrated to be necessary to the successful conduct of modern wars. Japan, therefore, means to get ready herself along the lines revealed by the international war.

This has naturally reduced the quantity of manufactured material available for Russia—still Japan is doing a good deal, especially in the manufacture of powder and small ammunition. The powder is sent over to Russia and there used for the manufacture of straight and explosive shells.

The private output of guns and ammunition is, generally speaking, controlled by the Mitsui and Okura companies who attend to the distribution of the orders. Guns are being manufactured at Tokio and Osaka, and at the steel works in Hokkaido, which is partly controlled by English capital. It is understood also that the Mitsubishi company at Nagasaki and the Kawasaki company at Kobe are sharing in the manufacture.

PORTUGUESE WINE GROWERS IN RIOTS Continued From Page One) the sole rights of the designation of "Port wine." The population of the north, already in misery, will they

may, face starvation if the cheap south ern wines are allowed sale in England under that name. It is thought in some quarters that the present government may fall over this question. Despatches from dozens of wine-growing towns announce that the working population have arisen in thousands and, armed with axes, scythes, blades and carbines, are committing acts of violence. At Regon, Aijo and Foscoa the state officers, municipal chambers and registry officers were burnt, railway stations and wire depots invaded, and wine pipes smashed. Telegraphic communication with Oporto, from which place troops have been sent, has been cut.

A large deputation of the most important agriculturalist of the north has arrived here to discuss the matter with the government, and the result of all this is, once more, the postponement of the ratification of the treaty with England which has for many years been at a deadlock on this same question of the wine exportation.

Dr. Alfonso Costa, the democratic leader, whose death has been repeatedly announced since he threw himself from a burning electric car, is still in the hospital in a critical condition and surrounded with much mystery. Ten doctors gave the verdict of a mortal fracture of the base of the skull, no operation being possible. For days the hospital was surrounded by hundreds of his followers, who say that if he should die the results for the Portuguese Republic will be most disastrous. Costa is the only man—in spite of his defects—who can do anything with the extremist elements, who support his party, and to whom his word, alone, is law. Should he disappear it is declared anarchy and disorder will reign in Portugal, without restraint.

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