

EMPLOYERS TO AID NEW DEFENSE PLAN

Trained Army of 800,000 Men At Uncle Sam's Call.

60-DAY VACATIONS FOR ALL WORKERS

Security of Positions and Earnings Is Essential Part of Proposition Now Interesting Officials.

Washington, D. C. — Employers throughout the United States—corporations, manufacturers, professional men, tradesmen and business men of all classes—are to be asked to contribute to their share in the national defense plan for the training of 800,000 men, without serious financial loss, in two months' military training during each of three years.

This is an essential part of the administration's plan for raising a citizen army of 800,000 men in six years, which, with the regular army of 140,000 men and 300,000 reserves, would give a trained force, exclusive of state militia, of about 1,200,000 in the event of war.

The success of the plan, officials admit, depends not on the appropriation of congress, for its cost will be comparatively small, but on the patriotic response of employers to whom an appeal will be made to furnish as many men each year, at different seasons, as they can spare and who wish to join the proposed continental army.

Administration officials are confident that, even though it is proposed to enlist only 133,000 men in the year in the continentals, or a total of nearly 800,000 in the first six-year period, more than that number would be attracted by the outdoor life of a military camp if they could be assured by their employers that their positions would not be lost and their earnings seriously decreased.

The proposed enlistment requires two months' service for each of three years and liability for service during the remaining three years only in event of war.

The army plans for more than 1,000,000 trained men in six years, and the navy program of ten dreadnoughts and six battle cruisers within five years, both of which will be presented to congress with the indorsement of President Wilson, were the absorbing topics of interest here.

New Radio Dispenses With Masts.

San Francisco.—A wireless telegraphy invention eliminating the construction of the present towering steel structures for sending and receiving by simply projecting a wire along the ground for a short distance is announced here by R. B. Woolverton, United States radio inspector. In collaboration with Palmer B. Hewitt, of Hollister, Calif., Mr. Woolverton has been experimenting for months with the new apparatus.

According to its discoverers, the new method has proved eminently successful in receiving messages from Honolulu, Saville and Arlington, Va. An absolute freedom from static conditions has been achieved in the reception of messages.

England Demands 3,000,000 Men.

London.—"Great Britain needs 3,000,000 more men by spring." This declaration was made Monday by Brigadier-General Sir Erick Swayne, director of recruiting in the northern command, in a speech at Hull.

General Swayne estimated that Germany still has between 9,000,000 and 10,000,000 men of the ages of 18 to 45, and that, therefore, it was useless to talk about wearing out Germany. In the spring, said he, Germany would lose more men than the allies, which would balance the numbers of the allies and the central powers, but if Great Britain should raise 3,000,000 additional men, Germany probably would recognize that it would be fruitless to continue.

Wilson's Yacht Refitted.

Norfolk, Va.—To be ready for service in case President Wilson decides to spend a part of his honeymoon on the ocean, the yacht Mayflower is being fitted up at the Norfolk navy-yard.

The vessel will have a new coat of paint added inside and out. Her machinery will be overhauled and her boilers cleaned. Her cabins and saloons will be renovated and she will take on some furniture, including a piano, before she sails for Washington. She will leave here the latter part of the week.

Park Visitors Doubled.

Washington, D. C.—Reports show that more than twice as many persons visited the national parks of the west during the season just closed than last year.

The Yellowstone park recorded 51,820 tourists, compared with 20,250 in 1914; Yosemite 31,542, against 15,145, and Mount Rainier 34,314 against 15,038. Secretary Lane said the policy of permitting automobiles to enter the parks had been a success and would be continued.

Fruit Is Shipped South.

New York.—A shipment of apples and pears from Northwestern states, consisting of 60,000 boxes, or about 2000 tons, left here on the steamship Vestris for Rio Janeiro and Buenos Aires. The shipment of fruit is said to be one of the largest made to South America via New York in many months.

OREGON STATE NEWS

Government Studies Sentiment In Railroad Land Grant Case

Eugene.—The United States government is making an investigation of sentiment in Oregon as to what should be done with the Oregon and California railroad grant lands. Attorney S. W. Williams, of the department of justice, arrived in Eugene to pass several days in Lane county. He will also visit all counties in which the land is located. Upon his return to Washington Mr. Williams will make his report to the attorney-general, who will in all probability report to congress. He was accompanied to Eugene by Leonard Underwood, special agent of the department of the interior.

Mr. Williams met a number of Eugene bankers and business men at the commercial club. He stated briefly that his mission was to ascertain what the lands are best suited for and the views of the people in the section of the state most vitally interested as to what should be done with the lands.

Mr. Williams stated that if no action was taken by congress the railroad would be permitted to carry out the terms of the original grant. Those present at the meeting were not inclined to the view that congress should not take action.

Mr. Williams, for the purpose of suggestion, said that the removal of all restrictions upon the railroad, with a condition that the lands must be sold within a certain time, would result in the early sale of lands and make them available in the development of the state. The suggestion did not meet approval.

Fight Timber Tax Reductions.

Oregon City.—The county will not submit tamely to big reductions in the assessments of the Weyerhaeuser, Collins estate and other big timber holdings and every case will be fought through the courts, declared District Attorney Hedges.

The Weyerhaeuser case, which was appealed from the board of equalization and lost and lost in the circuit court Saturday, will be appealed to the supreme court, said Mr. Hedges, who believes that the county can prove its case before the higher tribunal. The court refused to reduce Assessor Jack's value of the timber, but cut the estimates 144,469,999 feet in five sections in question. The sections were not changed by the court. Between \$1100 and \$1200 is involved in the annual tax payments by the reductions ordered in the circuit court.

The case is considered important inasmuch as it opens the way for other big timber interests to fight for lower assessments. The county's figures are all based on the M. G. Nease cruise.

Governor Paroles Ten.

Salem.—Ten paroles were issued Tuesday by Governor Withycombe upon recommendation of the parole board.

Those receiving them are: B. G. Magoon, committed from Columbia county for forgery; Fred Barnhart, committed from Jackson county for larceny; J. B. Gorton, committed from Umatilla county for forgery; Billy Lawrence, committed from Jackson county for larceny; Fay R. Smith, committed from Coos county for larceny; William Smith, committed from Malheur county for larceny; Frank Johnson, committed from Umatilla county for larceny; Samuel Dishaw, committed from Malheur county for larceny; Peter Kelly, committed from Umatilla county for larceny; Herbert S. Sullivan, committed from Clatsop county for assault.

Hatchery Improvement Advised.

Roseburg.—As a result of a visit to the North Umpqua fish hatchery by Attorney-General George M. Brown, that official will probably recommend to the state fish commission the installation of a pumping plant there as an auxiliary to the present water supply. The running water for use in the hatchery is procured from a small creek, but in dry seasons is insufficient.

At present there are approximately 3,000,000 salmon eggs in the hatchery, according to Mr. Brown. On account of a scarcity of water, not more than 1,000,000 more eggs will be taken to this hatchery during the present year. The attorney-general says he will probably make his recommendation to the state fish commission as soon as he returns to Salem.

Cattle Shipped to Fair.

Salem.—On a special train early Wednesday morning, prize-winning herds of the Oregon state fair grounds left for the Panama-Pacific exposition at San Francisco, where they will be entered in the international livestock competition. The run to San Francisco will be made in 40 hours.

Among the herds going to the fair were George Chandler's Herefords from Baker; Dave Looney's Guernseys from Jefferson; A. B. Gile's Guernseys from Chinook, Wash. and William Bishop's Holsteins from Chimicum, Wash.

Pupils to Build Addition.

Klamath Falls.—R. H. Dunbar, principal of the city schools, announces that the school board has just granted permission for the erection of a manual training building on the central school property. The new building will be 20x40 feet and will be constructed entirely by the advance students of the seventh and eighth grades in manual training who will work under the direction of Professor Luther A. King.

State Fair Shows Profit.

Salem.—The Oregon state fair took in \$8000 above all expenses this year, according to W. A. Jones, secretary of the board. Of this sum \$1000 was paid out for expenses incurred last year, leaving a net balance of \$7000.

MRS. MARY LOGAN TUCKER



Mrs. Mary Logan Tucker of Washington, daughter of the late Gen. John A. Logan, and a member of the national committee of the Navy league, urges that military training camps for women be conducted, to train them in first aid, signaling, telegraphy and the use of small arms.

MEXICAN BANDITS WRECK TRAIN, BURN TRESTLE AND KILL TWO

Brownsville, Tex.—Mexican bandits early Wednesday held up and robbed a St. Louis & San Francisco passenger train, killing two persons and wounding three others, near Omitte, seven miles north of here.

The dead: H. H. Kendall, engineer. United States cavalryman, name unknown.

The injured: Dr. E. S. McCain, Cameron county physician, probably fatally shot. Harry Wallis, seriously wounded in abdomen.

Conductor P. E. Morgan, slightly wounded.

Trestle Is Burned. A long trestle half a mile south of the wreck was set afire half an hour after the train was held up and almost destroyed.

This hindered the progress of the first detachment of troops which was sent in pursuit so that the bandits had ample time to flee into the brush.

Passengers who reached here on a relief train said that the train was derailed, that Mexicans poured into the coaches shouting "Viva Pizana" and commenced to shoot at the passengers.

Pizana, the man the bandits were cheering, is supposed to be the leader of the so-called "Texas revolution" nurtured under the "plan of San Diego," which last year contemplated the seizure of border states and returning them to Mexican rule.

A negro reached his home four miles from Brownsville and gave the first report of the wreck and killings.

Four companies of United States infantry were rushed to the scene by special trains, followed by two troops of cavalry.

The bandits were passengers and set fire to the train. The Mexicans severed the telephone line between Brownsville and Villa Nueva, five miles from here, which resulted not only in delaying information reaching Brownsville, but also interfered with communication with troop B, of the Thirtieth Cavalry, on duty near the scene of the holdup.

Strange Tragedy Comes to Light.

Canyonville, Or.—How an old trapper, with his leg caught in a big bear trap, perished alone and miserably in the forest 17 years ago, was revealed by the finding of a skeleton with a bone held in the rusted trap, on the Fortune Branch Creek, and reported here Wednesday.

The skeleton is believed to be that of a once well-known character named Blynn, who had a cabin at the head of the creek, about a mile from where the skeleton was found. The place is about half way between here and Glendale.

Churchman Bars Hatred.

London.—"The wall of a church is not an appropriate place to perpetuate hatred," was the reason given by Sir Philip Wilbraham, chancellor of the diocese of Chester, when refusing to permit a memorial tablet to a victim of the Lusitania in a Holyoke church to bear the inscription, "who was murdered on the Lusitania by the Germans." The chancellor then suggested that the inscription should read, "Who lost his life when the Lusitania was torpedoed by the Germans." This was agreed to.

900 Tins of Opium Seized.

Seattle, Wash. — Eight hundred pounds of smoking opium, valued at \$75,000, was seized here by customs officers on board the blue funnel liner Calchas. The opium was contained in 900 hermetically sealed tins which were secreted in an aircraft. The Calchas, bound from Vancouver to Seattle, went aground 10 days ago at Point Wilson. After being pulled off she was towed to Seattle and placed in drydock for extensive repairs.

Thugs Wire Man to Track.

Rochester, N. Y.—Highwaymen said bagged Newton Hoffman, 22 years old, as he stepped from a southbound Erie train at South Haven Wednesday and wired him, head and foot, to the track. He was run over by a train which came along an hour later and his foot taken off. His head had been placed between the tracks and was unhurt. It is thought he will recover.

LOVE in a HURRY

By GELETT BURGESS
ILLUSTRATED by RAY WALTERS
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SYNOPSIS.

Hall Bonistelle, artist-photographer, prepares for the day's work in his studio. Flodie Fisher, his assistant, reminds him of a party he is to give in the studio that night, and that his business is in bad financial shape. Mr. Bonistelle, attorney and justice of the peace, calls and informs Hall that his Uncle John's will has left him \$4,000,000 on condition that he marry before his twenty-eighth birthday, which begins at midnight that night. Mrs. Rena Royall calls at the studio. Hall asks her to marry him. She agrees to give him an answer at the party that night. Miss Carolyn Dallys calls. Hall proposes to her. She agrees to give him an answer at the party. Flodie tries to show Hall a certain way out of the nickup, but he is obtuse. Jonas Hassingbury, heir to the millions in case Hall fails to marry on time, calls.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

Flodie stared at him fascinated, as a bird by a snake. Try as she could, it was impossible to deny his accusation.

"Hold on a minute, now!" He shook his finger impressively. "I'd give a good deal if I was satisfied he wouldn't be married before midnight."

Flodie could stand it no longer. It was useless to attempt to hide her feelings from this man. Her heart was bursting. "Oh, so would I, if I had the money!" she cried, woebe-gone.

Jonas leaned back, with a smile of victory on his face. "Well, I guess I got to the woman of it at last," he gloated. "All women is just alike, when you come right down to it. 'One man among a thousand have I found; but a woman among all those have I not found'—that is, different. But that's neither here nor there. I suspected you was sweet on Hall; your face give you dead away. Well, then, miss," he brought it out deliberately, "seems to me our interests ought to be identical."

"What d'you mean?" Something in Flodie's subconsciousness was awakened.

"You, bein' a woman, don't want him to marry anybody else. Well, neither do I." He watched her closely, heartlessly.

"I see," said Flodie frigidly, "because you'd lose a fortune."

"Oh, it ain't the money, miss, don't you misinterpret my motives. I don't want a cent of it for myself. It's what I can do with it. See here; if Hall gets that money, he's bound to throw it away on all sorts of foolishness. If he marries tonight, some sheep-headed, extravagant woman will have the spendin' of it." He watched the shaft strike Flodie, and went on. "Whereas, if I inherit it—why, I got my plans all laid out ready." He leaned forward earnestly. "Why, do you know, miss, they's heathen in the tropics what don't know what clothes he, let alone the Bible. They tell me they ain't a toothbrush nor a pair o' corsets in all Polynesia. And all of them miserable niggers got to be damned ever-lasting. Then they's hospitals I intend to endow, and tracts ought to be printed." But Flodie's eyes were cast down. He saw that he had lost his audience, and came back to his best argument. "Think o' Hall's wife throwin' that cash round on parties, and low-necked dresses—to say nothin' o' balls and concerts and theaters!"

"Well," Flodie said, with a pathetic look in her face, "I don't see what we can do about it. He's made up his mind to marry tonight, and he's already proposed to three women."

Jonas whistled long and low. "Looks like we got to get to work in a hurry, don't it? See here, miss," he spoke slowly and emphatically. "You can do it. Why, women is born for tricks like this. What's that Jeremiah says? 'A woman shall compass a man.' That's right, too. You'll find a way and depend on me to help all I can. What d'ye say?"

Flodie's mind had already jumped to the task. Why not try to save Hall?—that was the excuse she gave herself. To be disloyal to him was unthinkable, but to prevent a lifelong unhappiness due to his marrying any one of the three women he had proposed to—ah, that was another thing! What if she could accomplish it, and get the best of this scheming hypocrite into the bargain? There was a magnificent chance for a woman's strategy! Suddenly the thought came, beautiful, complete. She jumped up excitedly. "I know!" she cried.

"What? Got an idea ready?" Jonas grinned.

"Yes! I'll tell you. I'm going to get those three women together in this room—and then—I'll just let nature take its course! If something doesn't happen, then I don't know anything about women."

Jonas chuckled, delighted. "Well, that will be a picnic, won't it! By Jiminy, I'd like to see the fun!"

"No," said Flodie, "you'll have to leave. I've got lots to do, if I'm to manage this thing, and I've got to do it alone. Now, let's see! Wait a minute—Hall's giving a party tonight. Suppose I tell him that I invited you, and you come round at about eleven o'clock. Then I'll tell you how matters are going."

"Eleven o'clock! Lord, I generally git to bed by ten."

"You won't tonight, then. Better drink some coffee if you're sleepy. And I guess it'll be worth sitting up for. Good afternoon, Mr. Hassingbury!" Flodie did not offer to shake hands.

Jonas gazed at her in ever-growing admiration. "Say, miss," he ventured, "it ain't often I get loony over a woman. I don't trust 'em enough. But I've took considerable fancy to you, somehow. You got a good head on your shoulders, you have!"

Flodie evaded his hand. "Well, it's likely to stay there, I'm afraid. At any rate, it'll never be on yours, Mr. Hassingbury."

With which Flodie went, without honoring him with another glance, into the stockroom, leaving him to take his departure alone.

CHAPTER VII.

After Jonas Hassingbury had left, Flodie went to the telephone and called up a number.

"Mrs. Royall— . . . Yes, this is Miss Fisher—at Mr. Bonistelle's, you know . . . about your pictures. . . Could you drop in this afternoon and see some proofs? . . . Oh, yes, lovely, I think . . . About three o'clock, if you will . . . Good-by!"

Next she called up Miss Dallys, and said nearly the same thing; both ladies agreed to call. But how about

Flodie?

Flodie turned to her work. From the telephone to her printing she vibrated, and from that to her accounts, occasional inspection of Alfred's progress, and arrangements for the evening's refreshments. Meanwhile her busy mind was going over the problem of managing her trio of rivals. If she could only find Rosamund! Rosamund she had, from the first, disliked; she had always resented her appearance. Now she fairly longed for her to open the door. She thought and thought of some possible way to reach her.

In a half hour, miraculously, as if summoned by Flodie's mental demand, who but Rosamund did open the door!—Rosamund Gale, more patronizing, more assured and nonchalant than ever.

"Hello," she said coolly; "Hall here?" She sauntered up to the mirror and poked at her golden ringlets.

"Why, no. Mr. Bonistelle has just left," said Flodie, suspiciously cordial, stopping her writing. "But I'm expecting him any minute. Won't you wait?"

Rosamund craned her neck, trying to catch a glimpse of her barrette. "Those pictures of mine developed?"

"No, Miss Gale. Mr. Bonistelle had to work on some of his customers' I'm sorry."

"Well, I should think he might get mine done first. I was in an awful hurry to see 'em."

"Well, he has to attend to business part of the time, you know, Miss Gale," said Flodie.

"Oh, indeed?" Rosamund gave her a long, cruel stare. "I don't see why he bothers about his old business so much. He can afford to take it easy, well enough."

"Well, of course I wouldn't say anything about it to a customer, you know, but so long as you and Hall are such great friends, why—well, the fact is, I'm rather worried."

Flodie noted with glee that Rosamund was losing color.

"Do you mean to say that Hall Bonistelle isn't doing as well as—well, as well as he says?" Rosamund demanded.

Flodie smiled with secret satisfaction. "Oh, I wouldn't exactly say that, you know, but then—well, it costs a lot to run this place. Here, look at those bills! I don't think he'd mind, so long as it's you!" She handed Rosamund a neatly folded parcel. "I don't know how in the world we're ever going to pay them!"

Rosamund turned them over curiously, frowning. "H'm!" she said to herself, through tightened lips. "Quite a bunch of 'em, isn't there? Why, I don't see how he can expect to—" she gazed anxiously at Flodie.

Flodie, seeing her advantage, artfully receded. "Oh, Mr. Bonistelle is optimistic, you know. He always thinks he's going to come out all right. Just a wee bit reckless, perhaps, but then—well, I guess it'll be all right."

Leaving this to sink into Rosamund's alarmed mind, Flodie walked into the stockroom and proceeded with her printing and washing.

"Say, Miss Fisher!" Rosamund called out, "how much salary do you get, anyway?"

apathetically. "Of course I'm nothin' but a janitor—now—but Miss Fisher, if I only had you I'd show 'em. And—say, don't go yet, please, Miss Fisher—wait till I get rid of it for once and for all—it'll do me good—you wouldn't ever have the likes of me, I know—that ain't all of it—it's only I want to do something for you, just to prove how I feel! If I could only help you some way!—don't you understand how it is, Miss Fisher? Won't you give me a try sometime? That's all I want now!"

Flodie, leaning against the table, watched him with tears in her eyes. Ah, Flodie understood! How well she knew! She could no longer laugh at him. Kindly she stretched forth her hand; and the janitor who, in all his life had never known gallantry, reached for it, and kissed it as naturally as might a courtier. He touched Flodie's little hand as if it were a holy relic; and on it there fell a soft rain of tears.

Flodie bit her lip; she slowly shook her head. "I'm awfully sorry, Alfred, really; but I don't see what I can do."

Alfred's lips quivered, and his hands writhed as he replied: "Why, all I want you to do is to promise, Miss Fisher—ask me to do something for you. Something hard to do. The very hardest thing you know. Why, I'd do anything, Miss Fisher, anything!"

Alfred meant literally what he said. She put her soft hand in his. "I know what you mean, Alfred," she said soberly. "You're so good! I'll call on you if ever I need you. I'll promise."

She turned a little sadly back to her desk.

"All right." Alfred's look feasted on her. He paused by the door. "It's really more than I ever hoped for, Miss Fisher, what you just said! Thank you!" He left, almost with dignity.

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Case of Forgetfulness.

Mrs. Sherburne Hopkins, who recently left society for the stage, smiled the other evening when the conversation at a social affair turned to forgetfulness. She said she was reminded of an incident along that line. Some days ago Brown was rambling along the boulevard when he met Green. Cordial handshake, a donation of cigars, and then some talk. "By the way, old man," wondering queried Brown, glancing at the other's hand, "what have you got a string tied around that finger for?" "My wife put it there," replied Green. "It was to remind me to mail a letter for her."

"I see," laughingly returned Brown. "Did you mail it?" "No," was the smiling response of Green, "she forgot to give it to me."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)