BANDITS ON WAY TO JOIN PANCHO VILLA

General Salazar, Huerta Leader, Plans Campaign on U. S.

PERSHING'S TROOPS EQUIPPED ANEW

Clothing Worth $100,000 Now On Way to Front, Also Mexican Gold to Pay Off Soldiers.

El Paso—General Ynez Salazar, one of the best known of the former Huetra generals, who has been living here, was reported Sunday night to have crossed the border with the announced intention of taking up arms against the United States.

The information was given to the police by a man who was colsely associated with Salazar and was accepted by them as true, after investigation.

Torreon, Mex.—Canuto Reyes, at the head of a considerable number of bandits, passed the Durango railroad Sunday near Pedricena, going north. It is supposed that his object is to join Villa, who, according to latest reports, is somewhere midway between Torreon and Parral.

A large number of bandits are reported by arrivals from the north to be operating in the Sierra Mojada. The Sierra Mojada is 120 miles north of Torreon and an equal distance west of Parral. It is one of the wildest and most desolate spots in Mexico. There is a good deal of speculation here as to the possibility that Villa and Canuto Reyes are planning to concentrate their forces in this sierra.

If they do, any troops coming from the direction of Parral would have to cross the terrible Mapini desert, a burning waste stretching 100 miles north and south and from 50 to 60 miles broad. It is a spot that is dreaded by Mexicans and shunned by foreigners.

Columbus, N. M.—American troops in the field will soon be equipped with new clothing to replace that torn into shreds in the strain of the campaign. A consignment of shoes, hats, uniforms, sweaters and other wearing apparel, valued at $100,000, was forwarded south along the American line of communication Sunday. With the clothing went a shipment of approximately a quarter of a million dollars in Mexican gold and silver coin to be used in paying the wages of the soldiers.

Newly-Discovered Serum Is Used Successfully in Drowning Cases

Baltimore, Md.—Physicians at the Johns Hopkins hospital invented some time ago a device to restore to life those apparently dead from drowning. It proved successful on animals that could be put under treatment immediately after the accident.

With the idea of restoring life some time after the accident, physicians began to search for a desired serum.

However, in most of the cases there have been after effects, such as high blood pressure or hardening of the arteries.

According to the physicians, if the serum can be injected into the person even several hours after the accident, it will restore life. In one case on an animal the serum was injected four hours after "drowning," and the animal was brought back to life, although it died later from high blood pressure.

Peace Advocate Mobbed.

London—An attempt to hold a non-conscription and peace meeting in Trafalgar Square Sunday was broken up by thousands of persons, who charged the procession and tore up the banners and flags. Various peace societies had organized the demonstration. Sylvia Pankhurst was prominent among them. After the procession had dispersed the leaders mounted the plinth of the Nelson column and endeavored to make speeches, but the crowd pelted them with flour. The speakers faced the ordeal for five minutes and retreated.

Three Killed in Auto Race.

Corona, Cal.—Eddie O'Donell won the third Corona boulevard race Saturday in a "Roman holiday."

Bob Burman, of Detroit, the race driver, his mechanician, Eric Schroeder, of Chicago, and a guard, W. H. Speer, of Corona, all were killed or died soon after the race and five others were injured when Burman's car lurched off the track.

The list of dead and injured was greater than the number of drivers who crossed the finish line.

92 Saved From Steamer.

Malta, via London — One engineer and eight Lascars of the crew of the steamer Chantala, were killed when the vessel was sunk by a submarine. Ninety-two survivors were rescued and landed here. They declare they had no warning of the impending attack.

London—Lloyds Monday announced the sinking of the British steamers Ovona, 6507 tons, and Adamton, 2204 tons.

GERMANS IN MASS ATTACK ON VERDUN FRONT MOWED

Paris—Abandoning the new open formation and the lately established practice of night attack, the Germans Tuesday engaged two army corps (80,000 men) in dense masses against the French positions northwest of Verdun, between Avocourt and Cumieres.

Forces numbering at least a division and a half (about 30,000 men) charged the line between Avocourt and Bethincourt. They approached within 100 yards of the French trenches, and seemed insensible to the fact that hundreds of their men were falling by the way; but notwithstanding their courage and the weight of their masses they were stopped. There was a deadline beyond which they could not pass.

When the attacking columns were thinned out by artillery and machine gun fire so that a reformation became necessary, the order to retire was given.

Twice they were obliged to fill up the gaps in their ranks, but none of their three onslaughts shook the French line, which had been considerably strengthened in the region of Bethincourt by the withdrawal of forces from the dangerously exposed salient to commanding positions behind the village.

Two fresh divisions attacked Dead Man's Hill while the assault was in progress on the Bethincourt line, other forces at the same time trying to slip through the ravine near Cumieres.

To aid the maneuver, an attack was simultaneously made on the east bank of the Meuse in the region of Champneuville-Vacherauville. The few hundred men who had succeeded in penetrating the ravine were left on the field after the action proved unsuccessful.

"Saviour of Paris" Must Quit

General Michael Maunoury.

General Michael Maunoury, who led the army out of Paris which turned the right wing of General von Kluck on what seemed to be a victorious German march to the city, has been compelled to give up the military governorship of Paris by ill heatlh. For this exploit he was hailed as the savior of Paris. While on a tour of inspection a year ago he was struck by a German shell which destroyed his left eye and broke his jaw.

U. S. Troops Ordered to Cross Border.

Washington, D. C.—Such a marked improvement in conditions along the Mexican border has been reported by General Funston that the War department is now considering drawing upon some of the troops stationed in Texas to strengthen the ever lengthening lines of communication of the expedition seeking Villa. Many alarming rumors have been disposed of, and the border situation generally is said to be quieter than heretofore, but the plan is not to disturb the garrisons or patrol in New Mexico or Arizona for the present. A part of the Twenty-fourth infantry, negroes, withdrawn from Del Rio, Tex., at the request of the local authorities after one of the soldiers had been killed by a ranger attempting to arrest him, already has been ordered into Mexico.

Shells Beset Norwegian.

New York—The Brabloch, a Norwegian sailing vessel, which arrived Tuesday from Kolding, Denmark, reported escaping from a choice of destruction between floating mines and guns of a British cruiser when she was beating through the passage between the Orkney Islands and Scotland.

When off the coast of Scotland the Brabloch encountered winds so heavy that she was driven into the Orkney passages, which, unknown to her captain, are mined and closed to all but naval vessels.

Lake Ports Ice-Bound.

Cleveland, Ohio — Backwardness in the opening of the navigation season, together with great increase in demand, has caused congestion of freight in Lake ports amounting to 100,000,000 tons of iron ore and grain, according to a statement issued by the Lake Carriers' association. The weather continues to hold the ice in Upper Lake ports and it probably will be May 1 before navigation really is under way, says the statement.

NEWS ITEMS
Of General Interest
About Oregon

Biennial School Report Shows Increase of Pupils and Teachers

In preparing the official records for his next biennial report, Superintendent of Public Instruction J. A. Churchill finds that there were 9272 more children enrolled in the schools of the state last year than during the previous year, the total number being 151,799. There was also an increase of 303 in the number of teachers, 6055 of whom were employed in public schools and 509 in private schools. The number of students enrolled in private schools was exactly 10,000. The per cent of attendance was a little over 93, indicating that the attendance was regular and that there were very few children absent from school.

The total cost of the public schools last year was $7,065,018.53. Of this amount, $3,786,697.98 was paid to teachers, $1,111,461.94 was used in building new school houses and in the purchase of building sites, $545,286.45 was expended for repairs and janitor work and $421,791.34 was spent for fuel and school supplies. School district clerks were paid $47,198.50 for their services. The indebtedness of the districts at the close of the last school year amounted to $5,560,894.17, of which $4,718,849.14 was bonded indebtedness which had been assumed in the erection of new school buildings.

Two Klamath Lumber Mills Resume Operations at Once

Klamath Falls—Next week will see additional lumber plants in operation in this section, with good increases to Klamath county's payrolls.

The Algoma Lumber company's mill at Algoma, 12 miles north of this city, will begin cutting early next week, according to Manager E. J. Grant. This mill will cut about 25,000,000 feet of lumber during the present season.

The company's logging camps have been in operation several weeks. The Algoma mill cuts 125,000 feet of lumber every 10 hours. The company also operates a box factory the year round, empoying about 50 men.

The Klamath Manufacturing company's sawmill, on Upper Klamath Lake at Shippington, a suburb of this city, will begin Monday cutting 70,000 feet of lumber per day. This company also operated a box factory steadily all winter.

Beginning the first of May the Ewauna box factory, in this city, will put on a night crew to take care of the rush orders.

First Train Enters Marshfield.

Eugene—Passenger service between Eugene and Marshfield was inaugurated over the Willamette-Pacific railroad Wednesday with one train each way daily.

Postmaster E. L. Campbell, announced that mail service over the new railroad also began on that day. This mail service has been brought about as the result of an exception by the Postoffice department which, it is said, rarely enters into a contract with a railroad to carry mail before its actual completion.

The letter mail has been going by stage from Roseburg to Marshfield, from Drain to Gardiner and from Eugene to Florence; the second-class mail has been going by boat from Portland to Marshfield.

There was no celebration in connection with the completion of the railroad at either end of the line. Such an event on an elaborate scale is being planned for a date in July, when the Umpqua bridge will be completed.

Coos Sale Is Reported.

North Bend — After the departure Wednesday of Dr. J. H. Dennison and John B. Rogers, San Francisco capitalists, Frederick Hollister, of the First National bank of North Bend, announced that the visitors had negotiated for the purchase of the estate formerly held by Major L. D. Kinney on Coos, and would close the deal within the next few weeks.

Frank S. Waite, who holds a mortgage of several hundred thousand dollars on the property, will reach Coos Bay this week to attend to details which interest him in the transfer.

Ancient Art is Revived.

Eugene—W. Everingham, of 574 Thirteenth avenue, has restored a lost art in Oregon. In the days before the coming of the white man, the Indian obtained yew wood in the mountains of Lane county, from which they made their bows and arrows. Mr. Everingham is making occasional pilgrimages to these same forests, where he selects choice cuts and shapes them into archery sets. He began the work as a pastime. Now, working only at odd times, his sales aggregate several hundred dollars a year, some going to Europe.

Park Tract Given Salem.

Salem—The city council has accepted the offer of A. N. Bush, of Salem, to convey to the city a 50-acre tract of land in the southeast part of the city, known as Bush's pasture. Under the terms of the proposal the city will obtain title after the death of Miss Sally Bush, a sister of A. N. Bush. The tract will be used for municipal park purposes, and will be known as Bush's Pasture Park. It will be a memorial for the late Asahel Bush, pioneer Salem banker.

The Red Mirage

A Story of the French Legion in Algiers

By I. A. R. WYLIE

SYNOPSIS.

—2—

When Sylvia Omney, a beautiful English girl, returns from a search in Algiers for her missing brother, her lover, Richard Farquhar, finds she has fallen in love with Captain Arnaud of the Foreign Legion.

Do you belong to that class of persons who believe that gambling debts should be paid before all others? Does your creed of honor prescribe the payment of a bar debt even if the grocer and the dry goods merchant must go unpaid and your family go without some necessities? There are such creeds of personal honor.

CHAPTER II.

The Fourth Floor Back.

Capt. Robert Sower had never been called a drawing-room soldier, and this in spite of the fact that he had many detractors. When he was in town he kept open house, and it became gradually a custom to such of his comrades as were in the vicinity to congregate in the luxuriously appointed smoking room, smoke his cigars and drink his wine.

On the evening when Capt. Desire Arnaud entered the softly lighted apartment four men were seated round the card-table smoking and chatting, apparently taking their game none too seriously. Sower himself stood by the log fire warming his hands and exchanging desultory remarks with a man whom the indefinable something stamped as a civilian. As Arnaud's name was announced Sower turned round and advanced with hospitably extended hand.

"My good fellow, delighted to see you. I was half afraid the fog had swallowed you up. Let me get the introductions over. Preston, Hardy, St. Clair, Benson—all of my regiment—Captain Arnaud of the French army." By what appeared to be a slip he passed over the elderly man by the fireside, and the latter made no move to repair the omission. Arnaud glanced at him curiously, and then came over to the fire.

Sower laughed and shrugged his shoulders; and then, as though dismissing the subject, "You're late. Where have you come from?"

"From the Omneys. Miss Omney is very charming—" he said.

"And wealthy. Am I to congratulate?"

Arnaud put his hand to his little fair mustache, but he did not answer directly, though his smile might have counted as an answer.

"I have just met a comrade of yours," he remarked instead, "a somewhat unusual character for an Englishman—hot-headed, with admirable nerve—Richard Farquhar, if you know him."

"I Say, This Is a Damned Gambling Hell."

The man by the fireside shifted his position and glanced up. By mere chance Sower was looking in his direction, and their eyes met for an instant.

"Lieutenant in my regiment," Sower answered quietly. "Quite promising; served out in South Africa."

"Ah!" Arnaud's restless eyes had wandered from the fire to the distant card-table, where the four younger men were now playing with a listless interest. "Well, I do not suppose we shall often meet. He and Miss Omney are great friends, is it not so?"

Sower pushed the cigar box along the mantelpiece.

"Help yourself. No, I should not call them great friends. Miss Omney's brother was a kind of David to Farquhar's Jonathan—"

"And it was David who mistook the broad path for the narrow?"

"Exactly. There was a scandal, of course, a dishonored check and a bolt. Gambling, I believe. Old Charles Omney has the reputation of a hard man. Like most hard articles he has broken up under the first blow."

Arnaud was silent a moment, his delicate, nervous face overclouded with some unpleasant reflection. He was still watching the players, and his cigar had been allowed to go out.

The man in the armchair lifted his head.

"Gambling always seems to me the last resort of daring minds from the deadly security of modern life," he observed sententiously.

He spoke for the first time, and Arnaud glanced at him quickly and almost with appreciation.

"You may be right. One has the feeling sometimes of stifling." He laughed cynically, and the older man rose. It was noticeable for the first time that he limped.

"All Frenchmen gamble," he said, "either with their lives, other people's lives, their honor, or somebody else's honor. Will you not take a hand?"

Arnaud hesitated with something of his first frigidity of manner, but there were nervous, feverish patches of color in his pale face.

"I beg your pardon—I did not catch your name?" he said coldly.

"Lowe—Stephen Lowe, at your service."

Arnaud returned the formal little bow.

"I shall be delighted."

They turned toward the table. Sower laughed significantly.

"Be careful, Arnaud; remember the adage 'Lucky in love—'"

It was at that moment that the door opened and Farquhar entered. For no obvious reason his appearance caused a moment's awkward silence. He had, in fact, the look of a man who has been drinking hard, but has somehow managed to retain a dangerous self-possession. There was no trace of hesitancy in his manner as he answered Sower's belated welcome, but instead a not easily defined shade of insolence. Sower appeared to notice nothing.

"Help yourself," he said hospitably, "and sit down. You look queer. Anything wrong?"

Farquhar made no answer. He sank down into the proffered chair, and, having poured out half a tumbler of brandy from the decanter at his elbow, stared moodily into the firelight. Sower watched him cautiously.

"You look ill, Farquhar," he repeated after a moment. "Can I do anything for you?"

Farquhar looked up.

"Ever been drunk?" he asked abruptly.

"No. I've never been tempted that way. Have you?"

"Not yet. I'm thinking of trying it." He threw back his head with a laugh.

Sower tossed his cigar end into the fender.

"I shouldn't if I were you," he said coolly. "We have inspection tomorrow afternoon."

Farquhar returned to his fixed contemplation of the firelight. During the hour that passed he did not move, except to replenish the glass beside him. Then Preston suddenly left the card-table, went over to the fireside and stood there with his back turned, his head bent. He did not notice Farquhar, who looked up as though raised from his deliberate lethargy by some painful sound. The boy's round, unformed face was wet.

"Hullo—Preston!"

He started violently.

"Oh, you, Farquhar—I didn't know you were there. For God's sake don't look at me—I'm a fool—but I'm cleaned out. Two hundred pounds at a sitting—all my allowance—" He broke off.

Farquhar shifted his position so that he faced the card-table. His eyes were dangerous.

"I say, this is a damned gambling hell," he said clearly.

"Did you speak, Farquhar?" Sower asked quietly.

Farquhar did not move.

"Yes, I said this was a damned gambling hell. I may add that you are a damned scoundrel. Ask your friend there to return his I. O. U.'s on the spot, or I promise you we two shall be explaining matters at headquarters tomorrow morning. You know what that means, I fancy."

There was no nswer for a minute. All five men looked instinctively at Sower, waiting for his next move. The cloud of the gaming passion had lifted, leaving a rank, bitter-tasting reality. Sower recovered his calm good-nature with unaffected ease.

"Farquhar, you are undoubtedly the worse for my brandy," he observed. "Lowe, I should be glad if you would return Mr. Preston's note of hand. I shall settle with you myself for your loss. I trust that Farquhar will see fit to apologize—if not now, at least when he is sufficiently recovered."

Richard Farquhar rose leisurely to his feet. There was no trace of unsteadiness in his steps as he crossed the room, but it was obvious that Sower had not overstated his condition.

"I do not suppose that even when I have recovered I shall see things differently," he said, turning his white, ironically smiling face for a moment to the motionless group. "Come along, Preston."

Farquhar had not far to go, a by-street bringing him to a quiet, unpretentious house which his instinct recognized. Inside all was inky obscurity. He stumbled against the first step of the stairs, touched something that was warm and living, and in the recoil struck his head against a treacherous overhanging shelf.

"I beg somebody's pardon," a quiet voice said through the subsequent silence. "I'm afraid I've killed somebody."

Then the light was switched on.

Farquhar saw before him a small person, dowdily dressed, with a small, thin face under a small hat. He took his hand from his head and considered it.

"No very serious damages, I fear. Give me an arm up to my room, will you?"

She obeyed instantly and with some adroitness.

"It's that ridiculous hatrack," she said. "It blocks up the whole hall. I have often spoken to Mrs. Ferrier about it."

"You—" He stopped short, withdrawing his arm and leaning against the banisters. "I thought—really I must be far gone—I thought you were Mrs. Ferrier."

"I Am a Cur," He Said Under His Breath.

"Oh, no; I rather wish I was. I'm the fourth floor back."

"Well, I don't know who the fourth floor back is exactly, but I know I have taken an unwarrantable liberty—"

"Don't. You are not in a condition to offer resistance. This your room, isn't it?" She pushed open a door on the first floor and turned on the light. He looked at her in weary, half-amused perplexity.

"I can't allow this sort of thing. It's not right that a young lady—"

"I'm not a lady—at least, not by circumstance. Anyhow, I don't care. You are ill. Sit down."

He obeyed, tossing his coat and hat onto the nearest chair, and sat listlessly with his head in his hands. From a long way off he heard her soft, rapid movements. They were curiously soothing, and presently he looked up again, urged by an idle wonder. But apparently she had forgotten his existence. Hatless, with sleeves rolled up to her elbows, she knelt before the fire, engaged in a quiet but determined struggle with a rusty and refractory kettle. Presently she got up from her knees.

"In two minutes you will have your tea," she announced in the ruthless tones of a professional nurse. "How is your head now?"

"Better—" For the first time she turned and looked him full in the face, and he broke off blankly. Either she was young, or she had conserved in those two clear, steady eyes all that is youthful and all that is splendid in youth. She was smiling, and inexplicably her frank pleasure seemed to goad him out of his heavy indifference.

"I am a cur," he said under his breath.

"Oh, no, you're not a cur. You are drunk. It's not a nice word, but I'm afraid I'm too busy to think out pretty ways of expressing myself. There's your tea."

She placed the cup fearlessly at his elbow. "Please drink it at once."

He obeyed.

Don't you just love a game little girl that isn't afraid of appearances and rules of conduct when she knows she's helping a fellow creature in trouble? Wouldn't it be a fine piece of business if Farquhar had the gumption to cast aside family pride and marry a really sensible girl?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)