

# WELL MAY NATION HONOR THE LIVING AND DEAD HEROES

**M**OTIVES of patriotism. Motives of real Americanism. Motives of divine justice and truth actuated the soldier boys of this great Civil war.

Greater motives for the conduct of life no man hath ever known. Because of these things it is well that we celebrate Memorial day. Well that we strew flowers on graves of our heroic, departed dead. Well that we cast blossoms of springtime upon river's wave and ocean's turbulent tide. Well that while honoring the departed we also cherish the living, letting them know that we appreciate the work they did and the united country they have given us as our heritage.

Silently and slowly, slowly and silently, the years are passing. Soon all of the "boys in blue" will be resting on "Fame's eternal camping ground." Twenty years from now, so rapidly are the old soldiers going, that there will be only a few, a very few, of them left. While they still linger with us, let us not be ashamed to tell them that we appreciate their devotion to country and to its ideals. Let us counsel with them, knowing that from them we may learn valuable lessons—lessons that if learned will do us all good and make us of worth to oncoming generations.

To us has the Eternal given a marvelously fertile and wonderful country. A country that can supply the nations of the world with all manner of products, a country that is wonderful in domain, progress and personality. It is our country. Ours in which to live. Ours to make clean and spotless. Ours to die for if need be. From the fathers we received it. To our children we shall give it. As it came to us from the fathers better because of their heroisms, God grant that because of our determination it shall be even better as we pass it on to our children. It will be a better country if, learning anew the meaning of the flag and this Memorial day, we live nobly and more truly each and every day seeking to emulate the spirit of those who gave of their all that there might be a land of Freedom perpetual and Liberty forevermore.

We honor the men who made Memorial day possible when we walk in their footsteps and through a wonderful life evermore join in telling the story of Old Glory.

### Feared the Confederates.

One of the curious incidents of the first day's battle at Gettysburg was that neither of the commanding officers desired to have the battle take place at Gettysburg. General Meade was anxious to fight at Pipe creek and General Lee desired to meet the Union forces at Cashtown, but the battle focused near Gettysburg. The colored population were in a state of panic, for they had been taught to believe that they would be totally annihilated when "the rebels" arrived, and many of them managed to get farther north, dragging all their earthly belongings with them.

An old resident of the town tells how he saw the negroes moving, and how when the little children did not walk rapidly enough their mothers would say, "Fo' de Lord sake, you chillun come right long quick! If dem rebs dun kotch you dey tear you all up!" The warning usually had the desired effect with the thoroughly frightened pickaninnies. However, when the Confederates came it was found that they wanted food, money and horses and that little attention was paid to the colored people who remained in the town.

### A COMING DEFENDER



**Did Not Die in Vain.**  
The hundreds of thousands who fell on both sides during the war did not die in vain. The power, the divine power, which made for us a garden of swords, sowing the land broadcast with sorrow, will reap thence for us, and for the ages; a nation truly divine; a nation of free men and of freedom; where tolerance shall walk hand in hand with religion, while civilization points out to patriotism the many open highways to human right and glory.

# THE MOURNED EAR OUTNUMBER THE MOURNERS

**W**E ARE coming, Father Abraham." Yes they are coming, the veterans of the Union army, responding to the call from the Great Beyond; coming faster now than ever before.

When Memorial day was new in the United States there were dozens and scores, yes, even hundreds of the veterans for each soldier grave to be decorated. Today, half a century after the peace, the graves are legion, and those who would decorate them but a handful.

How fast the "boys in blue" are passing! In this year 1916 they are going at a rate never before reached since the war closed. The death roll of February averaged 116 a day; 115 a day was the average for March, and in April it grew to 118.

Official records show that 2,272,408 men fought under the Stars and Stripes in the Civil war, and that 349,944 lost their lives before Lee surrendered. How many of these remain alive today?

The records of the census office, while perhaps not absolutely accurate, may be taken as approximately authentic. It is believed that since the act of May 11, 1912, granting a service pension to every man who served at least 90 days in the armed forces of the United States during the Civil war, no old soldier remains off the pension roll.

If, however, there are any not pensioned, they certainly are few in number. The pension office rolls show



that May 1, 1915, there were 401,796 veterans of the Civil war pensioned. It is safe to say that no more than this number are now alive.

Rapidly, too, is the veteran of the Union army passing out of public life. In 1914 three veterans of the blue were sole representatives of the Union army in the house—Sherwood of Ohio, Kirkpatrick of Iowa and Goulden of New York. The last named died May 3, 1915, and Kirkpatrick has retired, leaving General Sherwood, so far as known, the sole Union veteran in congress.

On September 27 those survivors of the Union army who were physically able to be present marched in grand review on Pennsylvania avenue, in Washington, reproducing the grand parade of half a century ago. It showed the thinning ranks, as did the grand encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, then in progress in the capital city. This was the last large encampment the order will hold.

Truly, "We are coming, Father Abraham."

### With the Naval Veterans.

Nowhere in the entire country is Memorial day solemnized with greater profundity of feeling than at Philadelphia where the gray-haired veterans of Uncle Sam's sea fighters, many of whom have seen service in the seven seas, are passing their declining years in well-earned comfort. Their Memorial day memories are Faragut and Porter, Foote and Winslow, Cushing and Truxton, Dewey and Schley, of the battles of the Mississippi river, the historic running of the batteries in Mobile bay, the epoch-making fight of the Kearsage and Alabama, and in more recent days, of the famous battle of Manila bay that made us an Asiatic power, and the battle of Santiago which ended Spanish rule in the western hemisphere. For the naval home houses veterans of all these battles so decisive in the shaping of American destiny—battles which make glorious chapters in the history of the United States navy. And the home has likewise sheltered naval veterans of the war of 1812.

### All Are Heroes.

"Heroes are they who respond to the nation's need."  
Our nation has never asked for men in vain. With Spartan bravery mothers give their sons, wives their husbands and maidens their sweethearts when the country calls. Many of them will never return. Others will come back to lay their diseased and broken frames beside the hearths of their youth. Some as by divine protection seem to have enchanted lives and return as strong as when they left. They all are heroes if they have felt the thrill of sacrifice and never hesitated in the face of duty.

# The Red Mirage

A Story of the French Legion in Algiers

By I. A. R. WYLIE

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### SYNOPSIS.

Sylvia Omney, her lover, Richard Farquhar, finds his love with Captain Arnaud of the Foreign Legion. In Captain Sower's room Farquhar forces Sower to have Preston's I. O. U's returned to him. Farquhar is helped to his rooms by Gabrielle Smith. Sower demands an apology. Refused, he forces Farquhar to resign his commission in return for possession of Farquhar's father's written confession that he had murdered Sower's father. Gabrielle saves Farquhar from suicide. To shield Arnaud, Sylvia's fiancé, Farquhar professes to have stolen war plans and tells the real culprit why he did so. As Richard Nameless he joins the Foreign Legion and sees Sylvia, now Mrs. Arnaud, meet Colonel Destinn. Farquhar meets Sylvia and Gabrielle, and learns from Corporal Goetz of the colonel's cruelty. Arnaud becomes a drunkard and opium smoker. Sylvia becomes friendly with Colonel Destinn. Arnaud becomes jealous of Farquhar.

Do you think it is possible for a young woman who has made her big "mistake" in a love affair to return once more to the fold of decorous society? If she proves sincere in her return, will that society protect her good reputation if it learns her secret?

### CHAPTER VIII—Continued.

Outside in the quiet street her husband awaited them with the carriage. He saluted gravely, assisted them into their places, and in silence they drove rapidly through the awaking town. A second carriage, traveling at a more deliberate pace, blocked the narrow avenue, and they pulled up sharply beneath an overhanging lantern. There was a subdued rattle of arms. Arnaud leaned forward.

"Ah, it's you, Goetz! One man is sufficient here. Have you anyone you can trust?"

"Stand forward—No. 4005!"

There was a brief silence. Arnaud rested his chin in his hand and stared down at the man drawn up stiffly before him. The other hand lay clenched on his knee, and the knuckles stood out white.

"You heard—No. 4005? You will keep guard alone here?"

"Yes."

"It is well. Drive on."

Again the soft clash of steel. Arnaud dropped back in his corner. The light fell on his face for a moment, and Gabrielle Smith saw that he was smiling watchfully at the woman beside her. Sylvia had not moved. She had not even glanced in his direction or at the man to whom he had spoken. Her lips were still parted in the childish expression of wondering anticipation, and her eyes glistened. Arnaud laughed and turned away from her.

A moment later they passed out of the somber shadows into the light, from the unfathomable eastern hush into the babble and movement of the West. Instinctively Gabrielle glanced back for a moment. It was as though she had been lifted suddenly out of a black, mysterious sea on to a fairy island, and that against the haze of light she could hear the waves beating in sullen threatening disappointment. When she turned again she found that Sylvia had already vanished into the crowd, and that she was alone with Arnaud. He glanced down at her. Over his pale features there passed a shadow of pity and annoyance.

"I am afraid my wife is not always very considerate," he said apologetically. "You scarcely know any of these people."

"I know one or two," she answered. "In any case I like to look on. You are not to bother about me. I can take care of myself."

"Yes, you can take care of yourself." He nodded moodily. "There are not many of us who can do that much, Miss Smith. We pretend that we hold the reins, but it is the devil who drives."

"Yes," she admitted, "our particular devil."

"Do you know that? How do you know?"

"Perhaps I have been into the ditch myself, Captain Arnaud. Perhaps"—and then she looked him full into the face—"perhaps tonight has taught me," and then, before he could answer she turned from him and passed out resolutely on to the veranda.

He did not follow her beyond the first step. A man in civilian dress had come out of a flowered alcove, and as he saw his face Arnaud drew back with white lips. The stranger appeared not to notice him. He limped out on the veranda, his uneven step curiously noiseless.

Gabrielle Smith stood with her hands resting on the balustrade, her face lifted to the sky, already silvered with the first blush of the rising moon. All was quiet. The band had ceased playing; the voices behind them had sunk to a vague murmur.

"Gabrielle," the man said, scarcely above his breath, and then louder, with a note of impulsive interrogation, "Gabrielle!"

She turned and looked at him, and neither spoke. Whatever surprise or consternation there had been in her

face had vanished. Her eyes met his haggard, bewildered appeal steadily and sadly. Then she made a slight gesture—a gesture which seemed to indicate an immeasurable distance—and passed down the steps into the darkness.

No. 4005 shouldered his rifle and resumed the monotonous tramp backward and forward across the narrow entrance to the grove. He moved rapidly and from time to time glanced about him with the straining vigilance of a man who suspects his loneliness.

Southward lay open country, a silver stretch broken by a dark ridge of sand-hills and a clump of high palms rising in majestic solitude from the hidden green of their oasis. To the north Sidi-bel-Abbes, beneath the magic moonlight a white-walled city of enchantments, dreamed while her minarets kept ceaseless watch over the distant desert.

Richard Farquhar listened; he heard subdued laughter and then the soft fall of a woman's feet. For all the haunting realization of danger he did not turn. He had not been conscious of hope, but hope, wild and unreasonable, sprang out of nothing and drummed the mad blood into his ears.

"Mr. Farquhar!"

He turned, and the butt end of his rifle jarred against the stones. He stood a few paces from him in a narrow clearing where the moonlight fell upon her, and he saw every feature of the small face, every phase of her expression changing from a curious mock-



He stood in a bright patch which the Moon threw on to the sandy Avenue.

ery to grave concern. He bit his teeth together.

"Why did you come?" he asked. "Was it really for the pleasure of my society?"

"I knew that you were in some danger tonight, Mr. Farquhar."

Her face was turned away now. When she spoke, after a moment's silence, her voice had deepened with an unknown emotion.

"Mr. Farquhar," she said, "it was a woman's loving fear for you which brought me here."

"Thank you," he said simply. He turned away from her. The momentary weakness was over. The gaunt features under the military cap were composed and resolute. Close at hand was movement, the crunching of the sandy soil under a sharp quick tread, and instinctively his hand slipped to his bayonet.

"I ask you to go now," he said in an imperative undertone. "You have done what you could. It was brave and good of you, but to remain is sheer folly. I am practically unarmed. We aren't trusted with cartridges, and if anything happens—"

"I choose to be foolish," she interrupted coolly.

He made a movement of protest and appeal, but it was already too late. A shadow loosened itself from the darkness and came out into the clearing. Farquhar's rifle sank to the ground. The moon was at her zenith. In the brilliant yet deceptive light the newcomer loomed out gigantic, supernatural.

"A sentry on duty?" he said ironically, looking from one to the other. "A pleasant relaxation from discipline, by my faith. Your number and regiment, sir?"

"4005, of the First, my colonel."

"One of my own particular heroes. We have already met, I fancy. Report yourself tomorrow to your captain. For the present perhaps you will condescend to resume your duties. Mademoiselle may I not have the pleasure of bringing you back to your friends?"

He offered her his arm, his hand

mouth twisted with a contemptuous amusement. She had risen and stood beside him, shaken by a sudden trouble. He looked at her keenly.

"If you are sorry, mademoiselle, will you do something for me? I want you to go back and find Madame Arnaud. Ask her to speak to me for a few minutes. I shall be outside. Tell her it concerns her husband's proposed exchange. She will understand. I would go myself, but my condition forbids it."

Gabrielle glanced at him and saw that he was in distress, and that his uniform was stained with dust.

"Colonel Destinn," she said slowly, "the man you have just punished for speaking to me is my one friend. We brushed shoulders, as it were, months ago, when three flights of stairs separated us—materially and socially. Now by chance we have met again on the same level. 'Birds of a feather,' you know, Colonel Destinn. I too, am something of a scallawag, and the only virtue of the species is a certain loyalty to their kind. I am here to keep guard."

"Keep guard?" he echoed, half puzzled, half amused.

"He has an enemy."

"And you are here as a sort of *deus ex machina*? Name of heaven, a friend of metal! Give me the name of this evilly intentioned person?"

"That I cannot do, Colonel Destinn. But I will make a bargain with you. If you will forget tonight's delinquencies and will take my place until I return, I will go on your errand. Otherwise I stay here."

He was silent a moment, his hand at his mustache; then he looked at her with a curious smile.

"You are an unusual little woman, mademoiselle." He seated himself on the root of the tree, and drawing out his watch held it to the light. "I give you ten minutes," he added.

"In ten minutes I shall have returned," she answered.

"One thing more. I do not wish anyone to know of my presence here. It would cause comment. The matter is between Madame Arnaud and myself. You understand?"

"Yes—I understand," she assented slowly.

At a bend in the avenue she glanced back for a moment, searching the darkness. Colonel Destinn's somberly clad figure was hidden in the black outlines of the trees, but beyond, clean cut against the silvery plain, she saw Richard Farquhar's upright watchful figure. Half satisfied, she hurried on.

As she reached the Villa Bernotto's the waltz came to a languorous end, and a few couples in search of fresh air drifted out on to the veranda. Sylvia Arnaud, with her hand resting lightly on the arm of a young lieutenant, stood at the top of the steps, her head thrown back a little so that the soft reflection from the overhanging lantern flooded down upon her face and the beautiful white neck.

Gabrielle touched her on the elbow and she started. "Oh, it's you, Miss Smith! I thought—What is it?"

"Colonel Destinn is in the grove," was the quiet answer. "He wishes to speak with you. Will you come?"

"Yes, wait!" She turned carelessly to her companion. "You will excuse me, won't you? My husband has sent for me."

A minute later she stood at Gabrielle Smith's side at the entrance of the grove. She had completely changed. The coquettish light-heartedness was gone, leaving her excited and a little breathless. She glanced uneasily about her.

"I believe you are shocked," she said hurriedly. "I had to say it was my husband. And I promised Colonel Destinn. It is about Desire—and his promotion—a surprise."

Suddenly, with a little choking exclamation, she stopped and clung to her companion's arm. "Miss Smith—what is that—don't you see—there in the light—"

Instinctively Gabrielle threw off the terrified hand. She had recognized Arnaud. He stood in a bright patch which the moon threw between two great palms on to the sandy avenue. His back was toward her, his head bent, the stoop of his shoulders, the whole attitude unmistakable. She heard the faint click of a lock being slipped back, and then he turned and looked behind him. In that second his features were as visible as when limelight is turned on to the face of a consummate actor. Capt. Desire Arnaud crossed the avenue and disappeared like a shadow in the darker shadows of the trees.

Sylvia shuddered and then laughed unsteadily.

"How stupid of me! I was really frightened. But I did not want him to see us. It would have been hard to explain, and he has been so strange and excitable lately."

She went on alone, walking in the center of the grove where the light was strongest and humming softly to herself, like a confident child whose momentary fear is passed and forgotten. Colonel Destinn heard her coming. He was still seated where Gabrielle had left him, smoking tranquilly, and the dull glow of his cigarette lighted up an enigmatical countenance. Neither pleasure nor triumph had their place in those set features, but something else—the suggestion of an incalculable force under the heel of an incalculable will.

When Sylvia actually knows that her husband is preparing to shoot an innocent man from ambush, why doesn't she give warning or alarm? Does she enjoy tragedy?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

# NEWS ITEMS Of General Interest About Oregon

## Oregon and California Land Grant Title is Not Clear

Washington, D. C.—As the Oregon & California land grant bill stands on the house calendar, it will not enable the government of the United States to pass a clear title to any settler or purchaser, in the opinion of Representative Hawley, and he has the supporting opinion of several of the good lawyers of the public lands committee in this opinion.

"The bill," said Mr. Hawley, "makes provision for the payment of back taxes—that is, for taxes that have accrued for the past three years, but I believe it does not provide for the payment of taxes which are now becoming collectable. Moreover, the bill fails to make provision for the payment of interest on back taxes and fails also to provide for the payment of penalties on those accrued taxes. These omissions, in my opinion, render it impossible for the United States to give an absolutely clear title and I will call attention to this shortcoming when the bill is before the house."

"The prime reason for providing in the bill for the payment of back taxes was to enable the government to give a clear title. Unless that section is enlarged and made complete it will fail of its purpose and those who acquire these lands from the government will be liable for interest and for the unpaid penalties and for the taxes that are not paid by the government under the Ferris bill."

## Smudging Need Shown in Southern Oregon Fruit District

Medford—In the opinion of local fruit men the year 1916 will mark the final demonstration of the necessity of crude oil smudging in the growing of fine fruit and apples in Southern Oregon.

At the beginning of the season there was a distinct movement against smudging, chiefly because of the annoyance involved and damage to trees from overflowing pots. In fact an injunction against smudging was obtained by one group of orchards shortly before the May freeze.

All this anti-smudge agitation is ended now in the opinion of local growers, for from May 8 to May 14 smudging in Rogue River valley orchards was worth at least \$500,000.

Those orchardists who smudged, and fortunately a large proportion of them did, lost practically nothing from the low temperature, while except on the high hillsides those who did not smudge were wiped out. While the loss has been serious, it is certain according to experts who examined the orchards that the first reports were greatly exaggerated.

## 100,000 Acres in Willamette Valley Can Be Watered

Salem—Approximately 100,000 acres of land can be feasibly irrigated in the Willamette valley at the present time, results of an investigation just completed by the United States Reclamation Service in co-operation with the state engineer's office show. A joint report of the inquiry into irrigation and power development possibilities of the Willamette valley was issued this week.

The survey extended from Canby at the mouth of the Molalla river to the head of the Willamette river above Cottage Grove and included the area in the immediate vicinity of Portland.

It is pointed out that the water supply for the proposed irrigation of the valley lands in many cases may be obtained from wells by pumping. The report declares that the average economic duty of water which seems to be indicated for the valley as a whole is eight inches delivered to the land, varying with local conditions of soil and crops.

Those employed in the survey investigated the water power development possibilities on the north fork of the Santiam river with storage at Marion lake; the upper reaches of the McKinzie river and the middle fork of the Willamette river.

On the McKinzie river there are two existing plants and at least two new developments proposed, one at Vida and the other between the outlet of Clear lake and the mouth of Smith river, involving the use of Clear lake for regulation of flow.

## Mill Will Reopen.

Hood River—The Stanley-Smith Lumber company, which has been delayed in the commencement of operations at its plant at Green Point, in the southwestern part of this county, because of weather conditions, will start work in its lumber camp and open the mill next Monday. During the past week, according to Manager J. E. Robertson, who visited the plant, a snow of eight inches prevailed in the Green Point hills. The Green Point mill will employ about 175 men. It cuts between 80,000 and 90,000 feet.

## Oregon Grange Elects.

Grants Pass—The Oregon State Grange elected officers at its annual convention in progress here, as follows: Master, C. E. Spencer, Oregon City; overseer, C. D. Huffman, La Grande; lecturer, Mrs. H. E. Bond, Eugene; treasurer, H. H. Hirschberg, Independence; secretary, Mary S. Howard; legislative committee, M. M. Burtner, Dufur; James Stewart, Fossil; executive committee, B. G. Leedy, Corvallis.