

## O. & C. GRANT LANDS TO OPEN FOR FILINGS

Entries to Be Allowed on Some 160-Acre Tracts This Fall.

### LAND OFFICE ISSUES ORDER

All Lands Classified as Agricultural to Be Opened—Work of Cruising Will Begin at Once.

Portland—Just as fast as it can be classified, agricultural land in the Oregon & California land grant in this state is to be opened to entry by actual settlers.

This official information was brought from Washington Saturday by Louis L. Sharp, chief of the field division of the general land office, following his return to Portland from a three weeks' conference in Washington with Commissioner Clay Tallman relative to details of the classification and opening to entry.

By the latter end of next week Mr. Sharp expects to be on his way with a crew of men, including expert timber cruisers, to begin the immense task of classifying the lands, a preliminary necessary before they can be opened to entry.

He will start this work in Southern Oregon, in either Jackson or Josephine counties, which contain a greater proportion of the grant lands than any other counties.

The Oregon & California land grant in this state comprises a total of 2,300,000 acres. Only those lands that are classified as agricultural will be opened to entry.

Just what proportion of the grant is classifiable as agricultural land nobody knows at this time. The best estimate can be no more than a guess. And it was as a guess only, though one based on all the information at hand, that Mr. Sharp expressed the opinion that probably one-half the land will fall under the classification of agricultural.

Deducting to begin with from the 2,300,000 acres of the grant some 300,000 acres that are included in forest reserves, leaves approximately 2,000,000 acres to be classified. If the estimated ratio of one-half is maintained, 1,000,000 acres of this 2,000,000 will eventually be classified as agricultural and opened to entry.

Mr. Sharp said, however, that the public will not be kept waiting for the entire classification to be completed. Just as quickly as enough of the land can be classified to make it worth while, he explained, it will be thrown open to entry. This process will be continued until all the agricultural land is opened to entry.

"I do not wish to be understood as making any definite promise," said Mr. Sharp, "but we hope to open the first batch of land by early fall. This land will be in Southern Oregon, in either Jackson or Josephine counties, for we shall begin work there first."

### United States to Ask British to Remove Blacklist Edict

Washington, D. C.—President Wilson and his cabinet determined Friday to insist that England remove American firms from her "blacklist."

The entire subject was considered at the cabinet session held Friday. The conclusion was reached that action should be taken to terminate this method of interference with American trade.

In accordance with this decision Mr. Polk sent instructions to Ambassador Page in London directing him to make emphatic representations to the British foreign office, not only against the blacklisting of the firms whose names have been made public, but against the continuance of a practice described as in violation of international law.

There is reason to believe that England expected some such action by the Washington government. The firms blacklisted were selected from a long list in the possession of the British authorities. Against those placed under the ban it is asserted the evidence is conclusive and when made public will convince the American government of the propriety of the measure adopted.

### Shakespeare Wins Suit.

Chicago—The closing chapter of the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy in the courts here was entered Saturday when Judge Smith dismissed the suit of Colonel George Fabyan and dissolved the injunction granted him by Judge Tuttle, who decided that the works credited to Shakespeare were in reality written by Bacon. To prevent Fabyan from publishing a code which he contended would show Bacon was the author of the Shakespearean plays, Selig brought injunction proceedings and Colonel Fabyan filed a cross-bill.

### Rotarians Pick Atlanta.

Cincinnati—Atlanta, Ga., was selected as the convention city in 1917 of the International Association of Rotary Clubs here late Saturday by the new and retiring officers, who are empowered to make the selection. Kansas City and Salt Lake were also in the field for the next convention. C. R. Perry, of Chicago, was re-elected secretary. This concluded the work of the international convention, which had been in session since last Monday.

## ASQUITH ASKS COMMONS FOR NEW CREDIT OF TWO BILLIONS

London—Premier Asquith Monday asked the house of commons for a vote of credit of \$2,250,000,000 and the total since the beginning of the war to approximately \$14,160,000,000.

The premier said the recent expenditure was approximately \$25,000,000 daily. All the expenditure from April 1 to last Saturday was \$2,795,000,000. Mr. Asquith said that the navy, army and munitions cost \$1,895,000,000; the loans to Great Britain's allies, \$785,000,000, and food, supplies, railways, etc., \$115,000,000. The average daily expenditure on the war, he said, was \$24,750,000.

The July total, continued the premier, probably would be higher than that of November and it was expected that the present level would be maintained for the near future. The munition expenditure had increased steadily and continuously up to May and in the month and during June and July it was fairly constant.

After a speech by Winston Spencer Churchill, criticising Premier Asquith for not reviewing the war situation, David Lloyd George, secretary for war, replied, saying that it would be premature to survey a military situation and the prospects in the middle of the battle.

"The prospects are good," the war secretary said. "Our generals are more than satisfied with and proud of the valor of our men they are leading. Great as the British infantry was in Wellington's and Napoleon's day, they never have been greater than now."

### Prudential Insurance Company Agents Called Out on Strike

New York—Agents and collectors employed by the Prudential Insurance company were called out on strike Monday by a union recently organized among them and known as the International Insurance Agents' Protective association, with a membership of 6000. Although assertions of the company and the union were conflicting, it appeared Monday night that at least 500 men in the district have responded to the strike call thus far.

The men demanded more pay, recognition of the union and "more reasonable" working hours. Telegrams from branches of the union in different states in the territory east of Chicago, leaders here declared, indicate that unless the demands of the men are met all the 6000 will follow the lead of those already out. About 13,000 agents and collectors are employed by the company.

Lack of sufficient collectors to see that premiums are turned in at the proper time, the strikers assert, will result in the cancellation of thousands of policies. The company announced that none of the men who walked out would be reinstated.

### Sixteen in Tube Thought Dead.

Cleveland—Imprisoned in a new water works tunnel under Lake Erie as a result of a terrific explosion of gas in the tube, 16 men are believed to be dead.

The blast occurred shortly before midnight Monday and lifesavers and the crews of the fireboats rushed to the outer crib five miles from shore with lung motors, prepared to enter the tunnel and rescue the victims alive.

That any survived the gas explosion is considered hopeless. At 2:30 a. m., G. O. Van Duzen, with eight members of a rescue party, were overcome by gas in the tunnel trying to rescue the 14 men trapped in the water works tunnel. Two others in the party were saved. It is reported that the rescuers were near death from the gas.

### "Conscience Fund" Gets Record Sums.

Washington, D. C.—Contributions to the treasury's "conscience fund," for the fiscal year ending June 30 amounted to \$4,923.15, making a total of \$498,763.54 returned by persons whose consciences were uneasy over frauds against the government.

Returns were much larger during the past year than ever before, chiefly because of two unusual contributions, one for \$30,000 and one for \$10,000. It was in 1811 when the first \$5 was sent in. It is an unwritten law of the department that no effort shall be made to learn the identity of the contributors, and even in cases where the writer has confessed to theft no effort is made to prosecute.

### Loss in Officers Huge.

London—Casualty lists issued by the war office show that during June the British army lost 423 officers killed, 1032 wounded and 46 missing—a total of 1519. These figures bring the aggregate losses to date to 29,424, of which number 8997 had been killed or died, 18,456 wounded and 1971 missing. Heavy fighting around Ypres caused losses among officers in the Canadian contingent of 109 killed, 304 wounded and 51 missing. Of the Australians 14 were killed and 32 wounded.

### Boni Has New Evidence.

Rome—On behalf of Count Boni de Castellane his attorney in the suit before the Holy See for the annulment of his marriage with Anna Gould has presented to the Pope new evidence which, according to the attorney, will prove that Miss Gould married Count de Castellane with the intention of divorcing him if later she became dissatisfied with the marriage bond. This is sufficient to annul a Catholic marriage, the attorney says.

## NEWS ITEMS Of General Interest About Oregon

### Arguments in Favor of Three New Legislative Acts Are Filed

Salem—Arguments in behalf of the proposed tax limitation amendment, rural credits amendment and the amendment to repeal Oregon's Sunday closing law were filed with Secretary of State Olcott this week for inclusion in the official election pamphlet.

The tax limitation argument was submitted by Robert E. Smith, secretary of the Oregon Taxpayers' League, the rural credits argument by the committee in charge of the Oregon Referendum League, and the argument for the repeal of the Sunday closing law by Dan Kellaher and Ben A. Bellamy, of the Independent Retailers' association of Portland.

The arguments for the three proposed amendments in part are as follows:

"Are taxes in Oregon high enough? Shall we limit their further increase to 6 per cent a year? These are the questions in considering the State-Wide Tax Limitation Amendment. "Oregon's per capita tax is higher than that of any other state in the Union. During the past ten years taxes have increased 37 per cent a year. Taxes have increased five times faster than population.

"As a result, Oregon has been going backward in population and wealth for the past three years. Last year seven families left the state to each new family coming into it. In the face of these discouraging conditions there are those who have plans which will result in still greater increases in our taxes. Unless a limit is provided the legislative and our public officials will continue to increase our taxes as rapidly as they have in the past.

"The amendment limits the increase in taxation to an annual increase not to exceed six per cent unless a greater increase is authorized by the people.

"The farm debt of Oregon, secured by real and chattel mortgages, is conservatively estimated at \$30,000,000. On this debt the farmers are paying an average rate of about eight and one-fourth per cent interest. Added to this the costs of renewal and commissions, the rate paid is probably little under nine and one-fourth per cent.

"The rural credits amendment proposes to take the burden out of the farm mortgage at interest of five per cent. The cost of title searching and appraisal will be from \$10 to \$50, according to the amount of the loan. The farmer must pay off one per cent of the original sum borrowed each year. That is, the payment of six per cent on the mortgage will pay interest, cost of operation and wipe out the debt entirely in a period of 36 years.

"This system would mean to Oregon an annual saving in interest and mortgage costs of \$750,000. It would mean an end to the perpetual worry and expense of mortgage renewing; practically an end to foreclosures, lost homes and blighted hopes; better equipped farms and greater rural prosperity.

"The continuation of the old blue law, which will be enforced if not repealed, simply means putting the people of Oregon in a straight-jacket on Sundays. If not repealed this antiquated law will be enforced strictly, as it is now being done in Washington, Lane, Linn, and other counties in Oregon, where now you cannot purchase a newspaper, a cigar, refreshments, gasoline or anything else on Sunday.

"If enforced it means that all moving picture theaters must close on Sundays; it means that no baseball games can be played on Sundays; it means that all pool and billiard parlors, and bowling alleys or other innocent exercising sports and recreations operated for pay or profit must not operate on Sundays; it means that Sunday newspapers cannot be printed, sold or delivered on Sundays; it means that all pleasure resorts and recreation delights of all kinds, including picnics, must cease on Sundays, if entrance fees or charges are made.

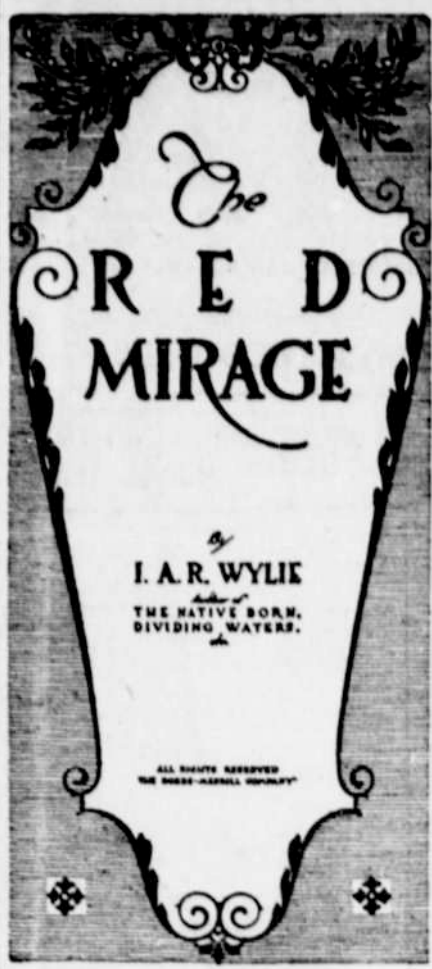
"Ice cream, confections, foods of all kinds, and regular business of any kind except medicines, and medicines only, at drug stores cannot be sold or delivered on Sundays. It means that you cannot get a shoe-shine, that you cannot buy a cigar, or candies, or flowers, on Sundays, unless you can prove them necessities or charities."

### School Terms Increased.

The school directors of Clatsop county have increased the length of their terms of school until the short term of six or seven months during the year has been almost entirely eliminated. The annual report of County Superintendent Byland, which has just been filed with Superintendent of Public Instruction J. A. Churchill, shows that last year there were but two districts in the county having six months of school, while more than three-fourths of the remaining districts had terms of nine months.

### Prison Employees Quit.

Salem—T. E. Cornelius, head of the Oregon Penitentiary brick yard, has resigned, and his wife, who is matron in charge of the women's ward, will resign at the end of the present month. Mr. Cornelius has been connected with the penitentiary for six and a half years under four administrations and has served as deputy warden, chapel guard, farmer and superintendent of the brick yard. Superintendent Minto said that it was the intention to close the brick yard this month, as the men would be needed in the flax fields.



### SYNOPSIS.

Sylvia Orme, her lover, Richard Farquhar, finds, has fallen in love with Captain Arnaud of the Foreign Legion. Farquhar forces Sower to have Preston's O. E.'s returned to him. Sower forces Farquhar to resign his commission. Gabrielle saves Farquhar from suicide. To shield Arnaud, Sylvia's fiance, Farquhar professes to have stolen war plans. As Richard Nameless he joins the Foreign Legion. Farquhar meets Sylvia and Gabrielle. Arnaud becomes a drunkard and opium smoker. Sylvia becomes friendly with Colonel Destinn. Arnaud becomes jealous of Farquhar and is shot down by him. Arnaud goes to a dancing girl who loves him for comfort. Gabrielle meets Lowe, for whom she had sacrificed position and reputation, and tells him she is free from him. Sylvia meets Destinn behind the mosque. Arnaud becomes ill but Sylvia will not help him, nor interfere for Farquhar. Gabrielle, adding Farquhar, who is under punishment, is mistaken for him and his delirium for Sylvia. Farquhar delivers a message to Destinn at night to save her son. While on a march Farquhar saves Destinn's life. Arnaud brings relief to the column attacked by Arabs.

"We can't help our relatives, but thank heaven we can choose our friends," is a sentiment voiced by many persons. Richard Farquhar, in great trouble, has cause to appreciate and cherish the love of his friends for him and to loathe his kin.

### CHAPTER XVII—Continued.

"I stole these," he said. I thought they would be my last. I was mistaken apparently. Am I to thank you?" "Give me a cigarette instead."

Their faces were close together. The red glow of their cigarettes burned up between them, and they looked each other in the eyes. Then a hand was stretched out and touched Farquhar's with an almost feminine gentleness.

"Is there anything I can do for you when we get back? Any message?" "Yes—I should be grateful. Will you go to Madame Arnaud? Ask for her companion—a Miss Smith—a little country woman of mine. Will you tell her—how it happened?"

"I promise you, Nameless." Farquhar bowed his head for a moment.

"Tell her the mirage was not so splendid as the truth." The night deepened with the silence. They had forgotten that their hands were still clasped together. Like children they dreamed old dreams and trod old paths. The dawn broke, and instinctively their eyes sought the west. Amid the golden clouds drifting up from the horizon the night had built a city of temples and palaces, domed with silver, whose pale ethereal minarets and glowing cupolas reached up into the translucent light of morning. For a moment or two it brightened, the slender outlines strengthening almost to reality—then faded—and as the sun rose passed wholly into the vacant day.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

#### The Return.

In the softly-lighted courtyard of the Hotel de France a newly-imported Zigeuner Kapelle was playing the waltz from Hoffman's "Erzaehlung." Sylvia Arnaud, a red and gold Carmen, danced joyously to the slow graceful strains, and her partner smiled down into her face, upturned and brilliantly lovely in its sheer ecstasy of living.

"Look at that queer old lady with the white wig! Is she a masque? And that funny, gray little thing beside her! I call them the Proprietes. What are they doing here?" "How should I know?" Sylvia returned with sudden impatience. As they passed on Mrs. Farquhar turned and touched Gabrielle on the arm.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

#### The Return.

"Sylvia has just seen you," she said. "I have spoiled the evening for her. It was worth while coming. She tried to laugh at me with that young fool, but she couldn't. She is beginning to be afraid. If Richard dies I shall haunt her till she goes mad."

In the courtyard of the hotel two more or less intoxicated pierrots danced a caucan to the delirious plaudits of an audience themselves overcome by the heat and passion that hung heavy in the night air. Sylvia Arnaud clapped her hands like a child.

The noise of the dancing and music reached the lighted room that faced out on the avenue. At his place by the window Stephen Lowe seemed plunged in his own thoughts, and the man in evening dress who stood with his clenched hand on the table stamped impatiently.

"Are you listening, Mr. Lowe?" "Yes, yes, I am listening. I heard everything you said. Sower was cash-lered. I am not surprised. His profession was his tragedy. He would have made an admirable company promoter, but the task of being an honest gentleman was too much for him. You say he has committed suicide. Have you come all this way to tell me of poor Sower's more or less providential escape, Mr. Preston?"

The young man crimsoned, but answered steadily. "You were his friend." "A faint ironical smile crept over Lowe's suffering features.

"I was Sower's partner," he said quietly. "You were Farquhar's friend. You chose to act with us against him—of your own free will. There was a compact, an understanding. The whole scene that night was a farce, a little play-acting with you as an unconscious actor. Farquhar intervened. He blundered recklessly, but he spoiled our plans."

"You scoundrel!" "Yes, I am a scoundrel," Lowe said simply. "but do not trouble to murder me. That would get you into difficulties, and it is not necessary." He touched himself lightly on the chest.

"I have something here which will finish me off in a month or two—less pleasantly than you would do. That is why I care not at all how much or how little you know. The partnership is ended—and I am going out of business." He laughed sardonically and turned back to the window. The crowd beneath had broken up and fallen back on either side beneath the trees of the avenue, and from the distance there sounded a dull rhythmic beat and the ominous rattle of drums. "The Legion has returned," Lowe said quietly. "Do you want to see the saddest sight on earth, Mr. Preston?"

The young man drew nearer, reluctant yet fascinated. His hands were no longer clenched. He was looking at the gaunt figure leaning negligently against the window ledge as at something monstrous, incredible.

"Have you no conscience—no remorse?" he said. "Oh, yes, Mr. Preston, a great deal." "Then pity my remorse. For God's sake—if you know—tell me why Farquhar did that—help me to understand."

The boyish passionate pleading caused Lowe to turn a moment. He smiled, and that faint glimmer of half-compassionate understanding was a light falling deep into a turbid stream—revealing many sunken, forgotten things.

"Farquhar sacrificed himself," he said. "He resigned because Sower wished it. That seems incredible. But Sower held the reins. There was an old tragedy which he used for his own ends—the tragedy of his father's death and of Captain Farquhar's disappearance."

The roll of drums was close at hand, and a woman's note of laughter fluttered up birdlike from the somber-flowing tide of sound. Lowe turned back to the window.

"You see, Sower miscalculated," he went on. "He was a Jew from God knows where, and he lost his sense of patriotism. He did not understand this red-hot love of one's birthplace. He did not understand the reckless temperament of the man with whom he was dealing. Are you beginning to understand, Mr. Preston?"

"Yes, I am beginning to understand," Preston said dully. "And then?" "Then history repeated itself—not in incident, but in character. Robert Sower tried to be the honorable gentleman; he tried even, strange as it may seem, to gain Farquhar's friendship. He failed, and then—you remember that scene at the card tables?"

That decided him. Blood and instinct were too strong. He turned and used his power.

Lowe stepped out on to the balcony, and bent forward with his elbows on the rail, watching the dense company of chausseurs force their way through the restless crowd. The clash of the band was already fainter. The chausseurs rode now in silence, and once more the dull monotonous tread predominated, strangely, persistently ominous. "You know where Farquhar is?" Preston said imperatively. "You know what has become of him?"

"Perhaps—I am not sure." "If you know remove you must wish to atone," Preston said hoarsely.

"A scoundrel, at the end of his day's work, has much to atone for," was the abstracted answer. "I have chosen my atonement, Mr. Preston. All atonement is inadequate, but mine shall be made—for my greatest wrong, at whatever cost." He broke off. "The Legion," he said quietly.

Preston did not speak, silenced against his will by the scene beneath him. The dancers from the hotel had swarmed up to the long lines of hanging lanterns at the edge of the garden. A clown climbed upon the stone gatepost and was beating wildly, hilariously on the heads of the crowd with his bladder, shouting a witticism at each laughing victim. But beyond a thin dark stream flowed from the darkness into the light and from light back into darkness. They were grotesque figures—hideous, pitiable. These also

were figures of carnival—but different. They marched four deep—a hundred of them. Their heads were bowed. Beneath the flare of lights each man seemed to shrink, to cower closer to his neighbor, like a herded terrified animal. And many stumbled. Preston's hands tightened on the rails in front of him.

"Poor devils!" A few yards behind the last line a spahli rode alone. A short rope was attached to his saddle—and to a man who stumbled at his horse's heels. The rope was round his neck; his hands were bound behind him, and the broken link of a chain clanked in the sudden-stricken stillness. His kepi had been knocked off, and every line in that gaunt quiet face was visible. As though blinded by the sudden light, he reeled and was jerked brutally to his knees. A woman laughed hysterically. Instantly he had recovered. And in that recovery, that quiet acceptance of a crowning humiliation there was a dignity, a courage that held the crowd a moment longer in awe-struck silence.

"God in heaven—Farquhar!" Lowe nodded. "You were his friend." "You know now," he said. "You know that your atonement has come too late."

The tragic figure passed on; an officer on horseback rode into the light, and the crowd stirred in restless relief. But above that sudden wave of movement, above the clown's half-ashamed burst of reconquered merriment there sounded a cry—a muffled wail of incredulous agony. The officer turned in his saddle. Sylvia Arnaud, in the front row of the masques, waved to him. He did not look at her, and she glanced impatiently at the boy-Mephistopheles beside her.

"What was that? Didn't you hear?" He laughed. "Someone fainted. That queer old fury with the white wig, I believe. You're not frightened?"

"Oh, no—no!" "Of course not. One gets accustomed to that sort of thing here, does one not? A runaway legionary! Who cares!" He offered her his arm with an elaborate bow. "May we not go on dancing, Carmen?"

### CHAPTER XIX.

#### The Last Offer.

The long low-built room was full of sunshine. It poured in through the half-opened shutters and danced on the whitewashed walls and on the long deal table with its litter of maps and documents. The doors at the far end were thrown open, and two soldiers with fixed bayonets took up their posts on either hand. A few minutes later a group of officers followed. They were six in number—two lieutenants, three captains and a major. They belonged to the same regiment. They exchanged desultory remarks, and from time to time one or another of them laughed. Only Desire Arnaud was silent.

A moment later the sentries presented arms and Colonel Destinn entered. All six men sprang to their feet. There was more than formal military courtesy in that simultaneous movement. Their eyes were fixed on his face as on some feared and incalculable oracle.

"Pray be seated, gentlemen." He took his place in the midst of them beneath the two tricolors draped perfunctorily over a miniature and emblematic bust of the republic. "Bring in the prisoner," he said sharply.

The sentries repeated the order, and in the brief interval that followed the six men relaxed into their former attitude of languid indifference. The two younger officers exchanged whispered comments, and one of them laughed.

The door opened and a sergeant entered, followed by two corporals and a man whose hands and feet were chained. There was a short silence. The sergeant made an authoritative gesture, and the man was thrust forward and the door closed again, shutting out the brief glimpse of sunlit courtyard.

"The prisoner's number?" The sergeant drew out a bulky document from between the buttons of his tunic.

"No. 4065, called Richard Nameless of the first regiment, the Eleventh company."

"The accusation?" "Conspiracy and mutiny on the field."

"Any previous record?" "No, my colonel, but marked as a dangerous character."

"Very well, sergeant. You can stand back."

The man saluted and retired a few paces, leaving his prisoner alone, facing the table. Colonel Destinn looked up. As their eyes met the prisoner bowed, gravely, without bravado, with an instinctive courtesy which became him strangely well. Colonel Destinn's outstretched hands were clenched, and the knuckles stood out white and polished as marble. There was no trace of emotion on the implacable features, and his voice sounded formal and indifferent.

"In the ordinary course of events this case would go to the court at Oran," he said. "But I have received instructions from General Meunier to deal with all such offenses summarily. There have been signs of unrest in the Legion. General Meunier demands that an example should be made."

The major nodded. "It's essential to discipline," he murmured vaguely.

Does Colonel Destinn know that he is about to pass sentence on his own son? In case he learns, do you believe the knowledge will alter the severity of his judgment?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)