PRINCE FIGHTS FOR JOB, SAYS KIPLING

Thousands Fall in Argonne That Succession to Throne May Be Preserved.

FRENCH CORPS IN REVIEW

Writer Sees Veterans on Parade; Men Whose Records of Pitched Battles Would Have Satisfied Napoleon.

(Continued From First Page.)

through the window hole behind them, talking and laughing the while.

A cart had to be maneuvered out of what had been a farmyard to take the hops to market.

A thick, broad, fair-haired wench of a sort that Millet drew flung all her weight on a spoke and brought the cart forward into the street, where she shook herself and, hands on hips, danced a defiant little jig in her sabots.

As she went back to get the horse, another girl came across the bridge. She was precisely of the opposite type, slender, creamy skinned and delicate featured. She carried a brand-new broom over her shoulder through that desolation and bore herself with the pride and grace of a Catalan.

The farm girl came out leading the horse, and as the two young things passed they nodded and smiled to each other with the delicate tangle of the hop vines at their feet.

Guns Are Heard in North.

The guns spoke earnestly in the north. That's the Argonne, where the crown prince was busily getting rid of a few thousands of his father's faithful subjects in order to secure to himself the reversion of his father's throne.

No man likes losing his job, and, when at the long last the inner history of this war comes to be written, we may find that people we mistook for principals and prime agents were only average incompetents, moving all hell to avoid dismissal. For it is absolutely true that when a man sells his soul to the devil, he does it for the price of half nothing.

It must have been a hot fight. A village, wrecked, as is usual, along this line, opened on it from a hillside that overlooked an Italian landscape of carefully drawn hills studded with small villages; a plain with a road and a river in the foreground, and an all revealing afternoon light upon everything.

The hills smoked and shook and bellowed. An observation balloon climbed up to see, while an aeroplane, which had nothing to do with the strife, but was merely training a beginner, ducked and swooped on the edge of the plain.

Two rose pink pillars of crumpled masonry guarding some carefully trimmed evergreen on a lawn half buried in rubbish, represented an hotel where the crown prince had once stayed.

All up the hillside to our right the foundations of houses lay out like a bit of tripe with the sunshine in their square hollows.

Band Plays Among Trees.

Suddenly a band began to play up the hill among some trees, and an officer of the local guards in the new steel anti-shrapnel helmet, which is like the seventeenth century sallet, suggested that we should climb and get a better view. He was a kindly man, and, in speaking English, had discovered, as I do when speaking French, that it is simpler to stick to one gender. His choice was the feminine, and the Boche was described to us as "she" throughout. He made me think better of myself, which is the essence of friendship.

We climbed a flight of old stone steps, for generations the playground of little children, and found a wrecked church and a battalion in billets recreating themselves with excellent music and a little horseplay on the outer edge of the crowd. The trouble in the hills was none of their business for that day.

Still higher up on the narrow path among the trees stood a priest and three or four officers. They watched the battle and claimed the great bursts of smoke for one side or the other, at the same time as they kept an eye on the flickering aeroplane.

"Ours," they said, half under the breath.

Valley Swells Sounds of Guns.

"Theirs. No, not ours, that one was theirs. That fool is hanking too steep. That's Boche shrapnel. They always burst it high. That's our big gun behind such and such a hill. He'll drop his machine in the street if he doesn't take care. There goes a trench sweeper. Those last two were theirs, but that (it was a roar) was ours."

The valley held and increased the sounds till they seemed to hit our hillside like a sea. A change of light showed a village exquisitely penciled atop a hill with a reddish haze at its feet.

"What is that place," I asked.

The priest replied in a voice as deep as an organ: "That is so-and-so. It is in the Boche lines. Its condition is pitiable."

It happened about that time that Lord Kitchener with General Joffre reviewed a French army corps. We came on it in a vast dip of ground under gray clouds as one comes suddenly on water, for it lay out in misty blue lakes of men mixed with darker patches like reed beds and an undergrowth of guns, horses and wagons.

A straight road cut the landscape in two. Along its murmuring front it was as though Cadmus had sown the dragon's teeth, not in orderly furrows, but broadcast, till, horrified by what rose up, he had emptied out the whole bag and fled.

But these were no new warriors. The record of their mere pitched battles would have satisfied Napoleon. Their regiments and batteries had learned to achieve the impossible as a matter of routine, and in 12 months they had scarcely for a week lost direct contact with death.

We went down the line and looked into the eyes of these men with the used bayonets and rifles, the packs that could almost stow themselves on the shoulders that would be strange without them; at the splashed guns on their repaired wheels and the easy-working limbers. One could feel the strength and power of the mass as one feels the flush of heat from off a sun-baked wall.

When the Generals' cars arrived there was no loud word or galloping about. The lakes of men gathered into straight-edged battalions; the batteries aligned a little; a squadron reined back or spurred up; but it was all done as swiftly and smoothly as the certainty with which a man used to a pistol draws and levels it at the required moment. A few peasant women saw the Generals alight.

The aeroplanes, which had been skimming low as swallows along the front of the line—theirs must have been a superb view—ascended leisurely and waited like hawks.

Then followed the inspection, and one saw the two figures, tall and short, growing smaller side by side along the white road, till far off among the cavalry they entered their cars again and moved along the horizon to another rise of the gray-green plain.

There was nothing else in all that great plain except the army; no sound but the changing notes of the aeroplanes and the blunted impression rather than the noise of the feet of men on the soft ground. They came over a slight ridge, so that one saw the curve of it first furred then grassed with the tips of bayonets, which immediately grew to full height, and then beneath them poured the wonderful infantry.

All the while the band on the far headland was telling them and telling them, as if they did not know of the passion and gayety and high heart of their own land in the speech that only they could fully understand.

To hear the music of a country is like hearing a woman think aloud.

The note behind the ridge changed to something deeper, as "Our guns," said an artillery officer, and smiled tolerantly on the last blue waves of the line already beating toward the horizon. They came 12 abreast, 150 guns, free for the moment to take the air in company behind their teams, and next week would see them hidden singly or in lurking confederacies of two or three by mountain and marshes, forest, or the wrecked habitations of men.

When the big guns followed them with that long-nosed air of detachment peculiar to the breed, the gunner at my side made no comment. He was content to let his army speak for itself. But when one big gun in a sticky place fell out of alignment for an instant I saw his eyebrows contract.

Cavalry Follows Guns.

The artillery passed on with the same inhuman speed and silence as the line, and the cavalry's shattering trumpets closed it all.

They are like our cavalry in that their horses are in high condition, and they talk hopefully of getting past the barbed wire one of these days and coming into their own.

Meantime they are employed on various work as required, and they all sympathize with our rough rider of dragoons who flatly refused to take off his spurs in the trenches. If he had to die as a damned infantryman he wasn't going to be buried as such.

A troop horse of a flanking squadron decided he had had enough of war and jibbed like Lot's wife. His rider—we all watched him—ranged about till he found a stick, which he used, but without effect. Then he got off and led the horse, which was evidently what the brute wanted, for when the man remounted the jibbing began again.

The last we saw of him was one immensely lonely figure leading one bad, but happy, horse across an absolutely empty world. Think of his reception—the sole man of 40,000 who had fallen out!

GRIEF KILLS STATESMAN

LATE BELGIAN STATE MINISTER LEAVES EXPLANATION OF DEATH.

Note Given Son by Louis Huysmans Contains Fervent Farewell to King and Conquered Countrymen.

HAVRE, France, Sept. 14.—Louis Huysmans, late Belgian Minister of State, who died here Thursday last, left in the hands of his son, Eduard, an envelope marked: "Not to be opened until the day after my death."

The envelope was found to contain a fervent farewell to the Belgian statesman's king and country, written in the conviction that he would never see his own land again.

"In spite of the generous welcome given us by the great, noble French nation," the letter concluded, "in spite of the solemn oath of the allied peoples to avenge us and return to us independent and sovereign Belgium after having driven out the last barbarian; in spite of the hope that I maintain that this word of honor shall be fulfilled, I feel I shall no longer be of this world when the hour strikes.

"Sorrow consumes me, kills me. It is in the land of France that my body will be buried, and I ask that over my tomb be planted a simple cross with my name and the words, 'Died for the fatherland,' because it is for it that I shall have died before my time."

Arabic Passengers File Claim.

BUFFALO, Sept. 14.—Formal claim against Germany for indemnity has been filed with Secretary of State Lansing by Philip W. Collier and his wife, Maybelle, of this city, who lost all their possessions in the sinking of the Arabic, on which they were passengers.

TWO VIEWS OF SECRETARY OF REPUBLICAN NATIONAL COMMITTEE, WHO SEES REPUBLICAN SUCCESS IN 1916.

WEST ASKS CHANGE

James B. Reynolds Says Republicans Will Win.

DEMOCRATS' PLAN BARED

Secretary of Republican National Committee Says People Will Force Consideration of Need of Nation for Prosperity.

(Continued From First Page.)

Presidential battles are fought cannot be created by any man or any set of men. Such issues are greater than any man or any political party. They are determined by the citizenship of the Nation. They are the questions the voters wish to have decided by the casting of ballots. They are the subjects on which there is radical difference of opinion, and subjects in which the result of the election will make a great difference.

"So far as the European war situation is concerned, and the part of the United States in it, the election of 1916 will make no difference. Whoever is elected President will strive with every power that is in him to keep this country out of war. It makes no difference which political party triumphs, nor which nominee is elected, the result will be the same so far as the striving for war and peace is concerned. There can be and there will be no such issue before the voters next year.

Fight in Open Demanded.

"But there are issues upon which the campaign will be fought—issues upon which the parties differ, and the nominees as well. These involve questions vital to the United States and its prosperity. They cannot be veiled and kept from sight by the pushing of a fictitious question to the fore. The American people have no patience with the constructing of a man of straw as the basis of a Presidential election. They themselves will bring and keep to the front the great economic questions upon which the future as well as the present of the country depend.

"Mr. Wilson and his party cannot run away from these issues, much as they desire to do so. They must face these questions in the open, and they cannot hide behind a foreign war cloud and so escape the result which it is evident they plainly foresee."

Mr. Reynolds explained some of the changes that have been made by the present Republican National Committee in the seating of delegates to the National convention.

Convention Lineup Changed.

"In the first place," he said, "the committee has reduced the representation in the convention so that in the next convention the delegates who sit there will represent Republican votes and not merely geography.

"Instead of having two delegates from each Congressional district, whether that district has four or five Republicans or tens of thousands, it will only give those two delegates to a district that has 7500 Republican votes cast either at the election in 1914 or in 1908. That will reduce the convention about 100, and as I have figured it over roughly, about 80 of that loss will come from the so-called Southern States.

"There will be a slight loss in some of the Northern States, like the East Side districts of New York, but about all of them will come from the Southern States, where the Republican vote is not one of the principal things in the world."

With Mr. Moores, Mr. Williams and Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Reynolds will leave Portland early this afternoon by electric for Salem, where Mr. Reynolds will meet Governor Withycombe. Arrangements have been made for the Shasta Limited to stop for him there later in the afternoon.

From Salem he will go to San Francisco, thence to Nevada, Utah, Wyoming, Colorado, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma, Missouri and Indiana, returning to Washington October 18.

At noon yesterday Mr. Reynolds and his stepson, C. T. Hearin, were guests at a luncheon at the Arlington Club, given by Ralph Williams. Others at the dinner were Edgar B. Piper, Representative C. N. McArthur, C. B. Moores and E. A. Baldwin.

When Jeremiah Dingman's estate was admitted to probate in Richland Center, Wis., it was learned that he waited until he was 100 years old before making his will. He lived to be more than 101.

FORCED SERVICE IS BEFORE CABINET

Asquith Admits Consideration of Conscription Is Pending and Urges Patience.

ARMY MEMBERS RAPPED

Premier Reminds Officers in Commons That They Represent Constituents and Not Military. Air Defense Talked.

LONDON, Sept. 14.—That the British Cabinet is considering conscription was admitted officially today for the first time in the House of Commons. However, Premier Asquith figuratively rapped the knuckles of the officer-members of the House of Commons who recently returned from the front and signed a memorial urging that the government hasten to adopt conscription. The Premier denied any desire to close their lips, but he added that "they ought to feel themselves under the strictest sense of responsibility."

"Let them remember," said the Premier, "that they sit in the Commons not as representatives of the army, but of their constituents. It would be most unjust that because they happen to be in the army they should pretend to come to the House with any mandate from the army. That would be an evil thing for the army and a bad thing for the Commons. It is a contention I would never admit."

Asquith Deplores Controversy.

The Premier was induced to speak only after opponents and advocates of conscription had made themselves heard. He then said:

"This is not a matter which has escaped the attention of the government. When the government, without undue delay, and with the due deliberation which the gravity of the subject demands, has arrived at its conclusions, they will be presented to the House and will then become the subject of Parliamentary discussion."

The Premier expressed regret that the question of the best way "in which this country shall make the call to bring the war to a successful conclusion" had become a matter of public controversy. He hoped there would be no further debate on this subject for the present.

The question of defense against airship raids was brought up in the Commons, an attempt being made to interrogate Thomas J. McNamara, financial secretary of the Admiralty. Mr. McNamara replied that it would be improper to give any information in regard to what was being done.

Defense of London Pressed.

The member who questioned Mr. McNamara desired strongly to know whether the government at this late date was seriously considering for the first time the defense of London, and whether the Admiralty had studied carefully the steps so successfully taken for the protection of Paris from air attacks.

Beyond saying that he could not accept the proposition that the government was not prepared to defend London and announcing that Admiral Sir Percy M. Scott had already assumed his duties in charge of the gunnery defenses of London against aircraft, Mr. McNamara declined to be drawn out.

The vote of credit which the Premier will move tomorrow, will, it is understood, be at least £150,000,000 ($750,000,000) and probably more. In the House of Lords Field Marshal Earl Kitchener will review the progress of and explain the present state of recruiting.

LAND MEASURE FRAMED

CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT IS AIMED AT MONOPOLY.

Proposal Prepared by S. T. Richardson to Be Presented First at Land Grant Conference at Salem.

SALEM, Or., Sept. 14.—(Special.)—Aiming at a permanent solution of the evils of land monopoly in Oregon, an amendment to the state constitution will be initiated for adoption at the next popular election in Oregon. Preliminary to the submission of the proposed amendment to the people, the measure will be presented at the sessions of the Oregon & California Railroad land grant conference, which convenes here Thursday, by Colonel E. Hofer, in an effort to obtain the indorsement of this body. Colonel Hofer is head of the conference delegation from the State Press Association.

Announcement that the proposed amendment would be submitted to the conference for consideration was made today by Colonel Hofer. The measure was prepared at the Colonel's request by S. T. Richardson, dean of the Oregon Law School.

Under the terms of the proposed "actual settlement" amendment, as it is described by its author, the State Land Board will be reconstructed, making the board's personnel appointive by the Governor. The measure declares the taking over of the tillable lands now held as part of land grants or in large holdings for speculative purposes, to be a "public use and a public purpose for the state to acquire full title to." The State Land Board, it is contemplated, would have the power to acquire such tillable lands in the name of the state by agreement with the owner, or by condemnation, and could have the right to dispose of them to actual settlers for purposes of cultivation and residence only in tracts of from 10 to 16 acres.

"In many of its provisions the proposed amendment is revolutionary," said Colonel Hofer, "but it will accomplish the desired purpose of opening the lands to actual settlement. It makes the State Land Board removable for cause or by recall of the voters, and provides for the lending of state funds to actual settlers upon such lands at 5 per cent, and three years without interest to enable such settlers to make improvements on the lands. This amendment does not touch the question of Congressional action, nor the disposition of other than tillable lands in this grant, but it is a far-reaching effort that applies to all grants and large holdings equally with the Oregon & California grant."

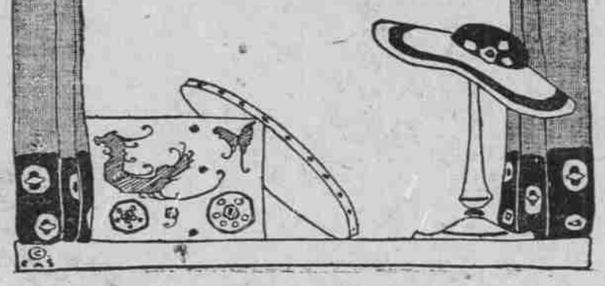
G. E. Stewart Hikes to The Dalles

HOOD RIVER, Or., Sept. 14.—(Special.)—G. E. Stewart, purchasing agent of the First National Bank, of Portland, passed through the city today on a hike from Portland to The Dalles. Mr. Stewart left Portland Sunday. He is armed with his kodak. He will spend his vacation visiting friends at The Dalles, where 20 years ago he was a court reporter for Judge A. S. Bennett, now president of the Oregon State Bar Association.

Today We Announce
An Opening Display of
Rawak Models
The Season's Newest and Most Authentic Styles in
Trimmed Millinery

which are presented in a varied and interesting showing of smart models, interpreting the prevailing mode correctly and in a manner that places them apart from the commonplace.

—An air of elegance radiates from these models that cannot be defined, and they will be, without doubt, the ***most talked of hats in Portland.*** *Women who desire exclusive and novel conceptions are cordially invited to view this exhibit. Rawak models sell as low as $15.00 and as high as $35.00.*
—Third Floor



Modart Corsets
Front Laced

For Fall, 1915

—The secret of combining all the things that a corset should be—an exceptional result in correct designing and producing—will be plain to you the moment you try on a Modart corset in our fitting room.
—This fitting room test is final—it will truly be a revelation to you.
—Do not merely examine a Modart—see and feel yourself in one.
—Our Modart corsets for the Fall and Winter seasons of 1915 are now ready for your inspection. *—Fourth Floor*

Wedding Gifts

—Our gift department on the Sixth Floor should not be forgotten when you are considering a gift for the Autumn bride. There is no shop in the city where so many novel and distinctive things may be found. No artistic standards are higher than the one this department is guided by, and any gift selected here would be a compliment to the good taste of both the donor and the recipient.
—Sixth Floor

Special for Ten Days
Pictorial Review
—Eight 15c Magazines for 59c. Subscribe now and get your copy at the Pattern Counter. *—Second Floor*

Broadcloths
Have Taken First Place in Fashion's Favor for
Autumn Suits and Dresses

—And they are particularly effective in the new dark, rich colorings, though black is also very smart.

—We are showing a complete line of broadcloths, in the finest qualities, and every color to be worn this season.
—Prices range from $1.98, $2.50, $3.00, $3.50 up as high as $6.00.
—Second Floor

Charming Autumn Dresses of Crepe de Chine Extraordinarily Low Priced at $13.85

—The silk crepe de chine in these frocks is of a wonderfully rich quality, found only in the better and expensive dresses.
—The style is very new and fashionable—full, box-pleated skirt—box-pleated blouse—pleated girdle, and dainty sailor collar and cuffs of white Georgette crepe.
—The colors, dark, rich brown, green and navy blue—the three colors in greatest vogue this season. *—Third Floor*

For These Cool Days and Winter Days to Come
Fiber Silk Sweater Sets Special $9.95
Coat, Cap and Sash, All to Match

—They are the very newest thing for Fall—made of extra heavy fiber silk, in a very smart model. In the most fashionable colors now worn—gold, emerald, Copen and becoming rose shades. *—Third Floor*

Oriental Rugs at Import Cost

—The opportunity to secure exceptionally fine rugs at radically reduced prices is now being offered to the lover of beautiful floor coverings.
—Whatever your rug requirements, the extraordinary prices now prevailing here will make a tremendous appeal to you.
—Offered in this sale are examples of the highest standards of Oriental rugs of these special kinds—Kurdistans, Missouls, Djafs, Khoramabads, Irans and Belouchistans. In average sizes from 5 feet 5 inches by 2 feet 9 inches to 7 feet 6 inches by 4 feet 3 inches.

$29.50 to $32.50 Rugs $19.85
$35.00 to $42.50 Rugs $24.85
$45.00 to $57.50 Rugs $29.85
$25.00 to $22.50 Rugs $14.85
$27.50 to $30.00 Rugs $16.85
$32.50 to $40.00 Rugs $19.85
Fifth Floor

Watch and Jewelry Repairing

Mail and Telephone Orders Filled by Expert Shoppers
Lipman Wolfe & Co.
"Merchandise of Merit Only"
Pacific Phone, Marshall 5000 *Home Phone, A 6691*

Picture Framing Lowest Prices

CZAR'S REFUGEES NEEDY

GREAT THRONGS IN MOSCOW REPORTED IN DISTRESS.

Appeal Sent to London for Aid—City Authorities Caring for One-Third of Nation's Wounded.

LONDON, Sept. 14.—An appeal sent by telegraph by a mining engineer who is a resident of Moscow, seeking to obtain funds to relieve the refugees pouring into that city describes their condition as frightful. The small English organization maintaining the hospital, according to the dispatch, is feeding 3000 people daily, but this charity is totally inadequate. It is asserted that the authorities are unable to cope with the situation, as they already have taken care of one-third of the total of Russian wounded. It is suggested that a fund be raised in London and turned over to the American Consul-General.

"The distress is frightful," says the appeal. "Women and children are in their Summer clothing, with Winter coming. Immediate preparation must be made to provide soup, shelter and warmth. The English community is doing its utmost, together with the Princess Barlatinsky fund, but this is not sufficient to meet the awful distress.

"Moscow already has received one-third of the total wounded and the authorities are overwhelmed by this tremendous new influx of refugees. Outside assistance is vital to cope with the terrible destitution."

"The Birth of a Nation"
The Last Week!
DON'T WAIT 'TIL TOO LATE
Griffith's $500,000 Masterpiece
Adapted From The Clansman
Accompanied by 12-piece Augmented Orchestra,
Daily Matinee, 2 P. M., 25c, 50c
Every Evening, 8 P. M., 50c, 75c
Last 3 Rows of Balcony, 25c
ALL SEATS RESERVED
Three Hours of Gripping, Appealing, Blood-Tingling, Soul-Stirring Interest.

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