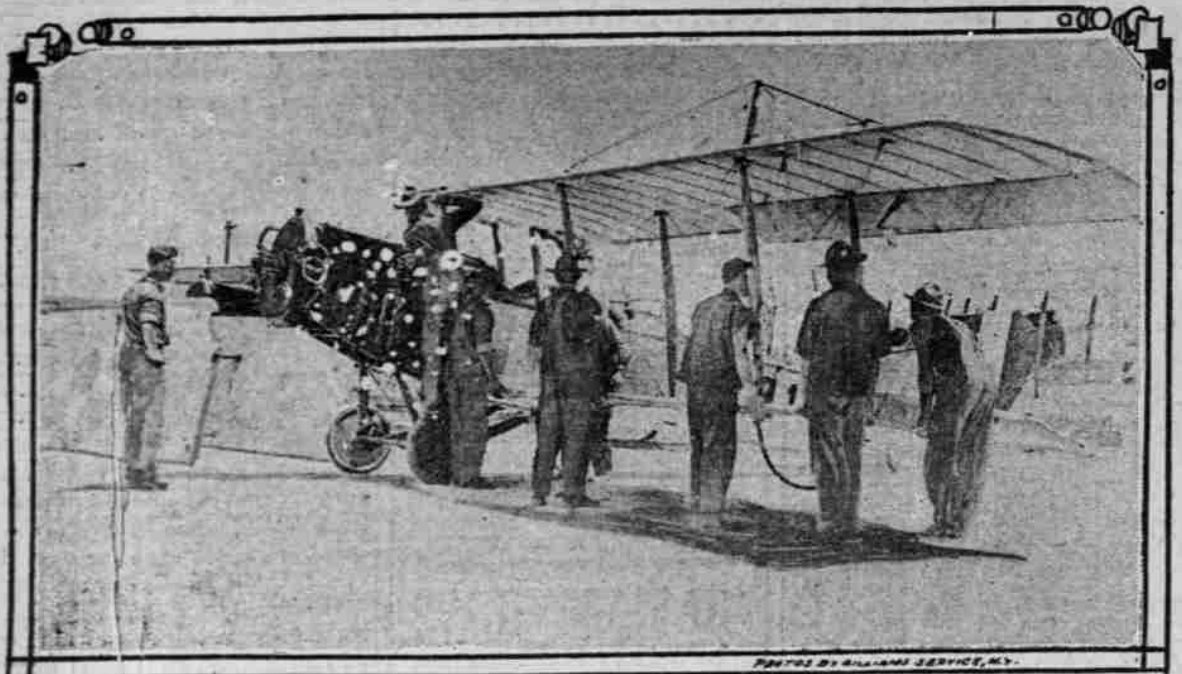
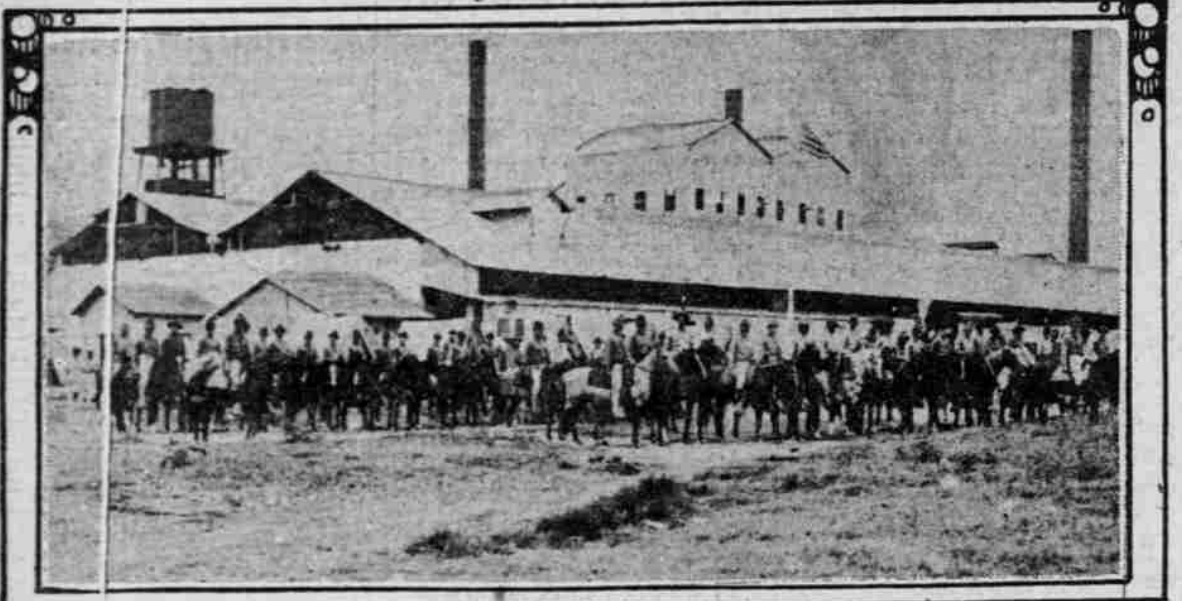


# AIRPLANES INSPIRE TERROR AND END YEAR'S FIGHTING WITH REBELS IN HAITI'S JUNGLES

## American Marines Use Tear Bombs and Machine Gun Fire Until Natives Are Ready for Peace and Willing to Quit Existence as Bandits.



Assembling Machine To Fight Bandits.



Marines Assembled For Trip Into Jungle In Pursuit Of Native Bandits.

AS EVERYONE knows on the French front during the great war the airplane proved its efficiency as a fighting machine, and now, flashing out of the clouds like the replica of some prehistoric winged monster, airplanes manned by Uncle Sam's marine aviators, are sweeping the jungles of the turbulent republic of Haiti and finally bringing peace to that island after years of fighting. In fact a peace treaty down there is about due.

With so many big and important happenings in world's affairs going on in Europe, most of us have entirely forgotten that in the little island republic to the south of the Uncle Sam has for many months been conducting a miniature war of his own. Small as it might seem, for a big country like ours to handle, it has been far from an easy job, as guerrilla fighting in tropical jungles is the most difficult sort of conflict, military men agree, to efficiently cope with and if it had not been for the newest fighting machine, the airplane, no one knows when our difficulties in Haiti might have ended. But as matters now stand American aviators, dropping tear bombs and occasionally raking the island bandits with machine gunfire, have in the last few weeks accomplished by the very newness and terror of their air monsters what our government with all the military forces at its command has failed to fully accomplish in four years of armed invasion.

### Airplanes Held Birds of Evil.

The belligerent natives look upon the airplane as a bird of evil and the bombs it drops as the bird's eggs. Confronted with such a mysterious enemy of the sky, the bandits, who long have terrorized certain sections of the island, are rapidly surrendering themselves and turning in their arms. Indeed, not until they see aviators actually go up in the planes, will they believe that the invention is man-made and not a great bird that has come to prey upon them. In a recent interview Lieutenant William Morrison Barr of the marine aviation force in Haiti furnished some interesting particulars of how the bandits hidden away in the jungles have been hunted by airplanes.

"While the great conflict has been raging in Europe the past few years our sea soldiers have after considerable fighting been successful in suppressing revolution and in driving the bandits of Haiti from the major portion of the island, but numerous bands until a few weeks ago still remained in the deeply wooded eastern provinces. Here the outlaws were protected and almost impossible to get at. Only the sugar cane plantations and a few small plains, called 'savannes,' break the outline, and the steeply sloping, sharp ridged mountains of the interior are as thickly wooded as the table lands below.

### Troops Are Ambushed.

"Through the forests run numerous winding trails, so narrow in places that mounted troops cannot ride abreast. Detachments of troops often have been ambushed from the undergrowth along these trails, and it is only on account of the superior marksmanship of the aviators that casualties have been few. In such fights our soldiers operate under great disadvantage as only the noise of the bandits' machine guns and the underbrush offers a target for the troops and naturally that is a very poor one.

"What to do to get at these fellows was a very puzzling question. Yet it needed an answer as order could not be fully restored while they continued to operate. In the early morning one day authority had a bright idea and as an experiment, an aviation force was sent to Haiti to operate with the 'horse marines' as our forces there are called. The remarkable work that these aviators have accomplished in a few months is most interesting as showing how the airplane can be utilized in successful bandit fighting when all other methods fail.

"Upon arrival at San Pedro, the aviation organization proceeded nine miles inland to Consueco, where a camp site was established and work on a flying field immediately begun. One month later the U. S. S. Lake Superior, reaching the harbor of Matoric with 175 tons of aviation supplies, including six planes,



Col. J. C. Breckinridge, Commanding Marine Aviators, Against Bandits.

on the most turbulent little island the United States ever tried to protect. "The work of the airplane force in Haiti has not by any means been all easy or plain sailing. In such a country as might be imagined they have had all kinds of difficulties to overcome. Quite recently a plane was badly damaged by early the following morning a rescue party of 15 men arrived. The entire plane was torn down and loaded on an ox-cart, the only available means of transportation. It was hauled in this manner over a rough trail for four miles to the end of a narrow-gauge railroad. By rail it was taken to the docks of a sugar company, loaded on a barge, towed for a distance of eight miles down one river and up another to the Consueco docks and again hauled by railway to the flying field, arriving there at 4 o'clock the same evening. The following afternoon the plane was again ready for bandit hunting."

Understanding of why it has been necessary for Uncle Sam's forces to hunt bandits in Haiti in airplanes and of the present situation in that island calls for at least a superficial knowledge of the history of the republic. The island has always been troubled, ever since Columbus found it. The Spaniards, in their thorough way, eliminated the aboriginal inhabitants, the Indians. Needing labor, subsequently, they brought negro slaves from Africa. Ultimately French control of the island was established, and with one of the most favorable climates and fertile soils in the world provided by nature, there was great prosperity.

Record of Revolution Long. After 1789 the slaves took what they heard about the French Revolution seriously and rose, mastered the planters, the great French landowners, and freed themselves, finally establishing the present Republic of Haiti. That was in 1804. For a couple of years there was peace. Then, however, Haitian independence began to be one long record of revolution and tyranny, of murder, rapine, exploitation, and graft. Theoretically the republic was modeled upon republican France. Actually the government—or, in the early days, emperor—who strove honestly and sincerely, to give the people a government and develop the country. It could be useless, a waste of time and space, to recite the history of the various administrations and revolutions in detail.

When the great war broke out in Europe a particularly unpleasant gentleman of color, General Guillaume Sam, was president. He was elected in Port au Prince, when his insurrection was triumphant, in a silk hat and frock coat, and had driven to the palace in state. And he ruled with severity and an iron determination to suppress every potential enemy before he could become dangerous. But he went a step too far in 1915, when he ordered the murder of about two hundred political prisoners confined in the jail at Port au Prince. Three or four bleeding survivors managed, in the general confusion, to escape and when they told their story the inhabitants of the city went wild. The president's palace was burned and wrecked and Sam, who had taken refuge in the French legation, despite the protests of the French minister was dragged from his place of hiding promptly killed, and his naked body thrown into the harbor.

When this happened our government thought it was about time to intervene and marines, from American warships in the harbor, were sent ashore. They knocked a ramshackle old fort to pieces, policed Port au Prince, established martial law and not long after peace reigned. In the north of the island, near Cape Haytien, however there was some real fighting with the revolutionists but this finally dwindled down into an exceedingly difficult to cope with bandit warfare which the airplane force has now about ended.

Summer Students Organize Club. EUGENE, Or., July 12.—(Special.)—Women students of the summer school of the University of Oregon have organized a club for social and educational purposes. Miss Lexie Strachan is president; Miss Myrtle Copenhaver, vice-president; Miss Ruth Stone, secretary-treasurer. A social committee has been appointed, consisting of Misses Alvina Howard, Blanche Raley, and Lucy Copenhaver. The educational committee consists of Misses Flora Smith, Sara Riddle and Mollie Mottin.

# A Song of Victory

A CAROL AT THE END OF THE WORLD WAR.

BY EDWIN MARKHAM

Author of "The Man With the Hoe," and Other Poems

### I

O bugles, ripple and shine,  
Calling the heroes home from the battle-line.  
Praise, praise, praise,  
For the last of the desperate days!  
Shake out the lyrical notes  
From the silvery deep of your throats.  
Burst into joy-mad carols: tell again  
The story and glory of heroic men.

Glad are the love-birds in the leafy tree,  
But none so glad as we.  
High leap the rock-flung billows to the sky,  
But none leaps up so gladly and wildly high  
As leap our jubilant hearts.  
The Fear that crouched upon the world departs,  
And Joy comes back pavilioned by the sun:  
Let all the mountains clap their hands and run:  
Let all the oceans from their throats of thunder  
Shout to the streams and storms and stars the wonder!

### II

O bugles, circle on from sky to sky,  
Travel the roads of the world with joyous cry,  
Blow, bugles, turn dead air to thrilling breath;  
Cry, cry eternal victory over death—  
Cry into the ear of time the shining word—  
Cry solemnly yet elate—  
That man is ever greater than his fate,  
That—at some touch of God—his soul is stirred  
By swift translunar gleams  
Which give him power to perish for his dreams.

Praise, praise, praise,  
For the new beginning of days!  
Praise for the living, honor for the dead—  
Praise for the wreathed and the wreathless head—  
Praise and victorious peace  
On hearts that beat and on the hearts that cease—  
Peace on the mortal and the immortal way—  
Peace on the heroes vanish from our day,  
Called back from out these bounds of fleeting breath  
To join the old democracy of death.

### III

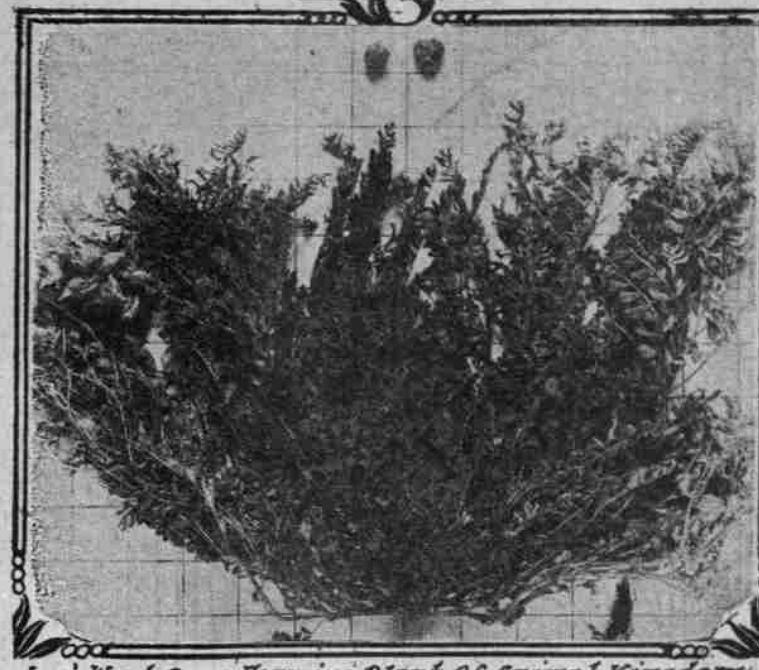
Sing and be glad, O nations, in these hours;  
Blow clarions from all towers!  
Let bright horns revel and the joy-bells rave;  
Yet there are lips whose smile is ever vain  
And wild wet eyes behind the window pane,  
For whom the whole world dwindles to one grave,  
A lone grave at the mercy of the rain.  
The victor's laurel wears a wintry leaf:  
Sing softly, then, as tho the mouth of Grief,  
Remembering all the agony and wrong,  
Should stir with mighty song.  
Not all the glad avement of the guns,  
Not all our odes, nor all our orisons,  
Can sweeten these intolerable tears,  
These silences that fall between the cheers.

And yet our hearts must sing,  
Carol and clamor like the tides of Spring.  
For the great work is ended, and again  
The world is safe for men;  
The world is safe for heroic themes;  
The world is safe for dreams.

### IV

But now above the thunder of the drums—  
Where, brightening on, the face of Victory comes—  
Hark to a mighty sound,  
A cry out of the ground:  
Let there be no more battles: field and flood  
Are weary of battle blood.  
Even the patient stones  
Are weary of shrieking shells and dying groans.  
Lay the sad swords asleep:  
They have their fearful memories to keep.  
And fold the flags: they weary of battle days,  
Weary of wild flights up the windy ways.  
Quiet the restless flags,  
Crown strangely old upon the smoking crags.  
Look where they startle and leap—  
Look where they hollow and heap—  
Now greating into glory and now thinned,  
Living and dying momentarily on the wind,  
And bugles that have cried on sea and land  
The silver blazon of their high command—  
Bugles that held long parley with the sky—  
Bugles that shattered the nights on battle walls,  
Lay them to rest in dim memorial halls;  
For they are weary of that curdling cry  
That tells men how to die.  
And cannons worn out with their work of hell—  
The brief abrupt persuasion of the shell—  
Let the shrewd spider lock them, one by one,  
With filmy cables glancing in the sun;  
And let the bluebird in their iron throats  
Build his safe nest and spill his rippling notes.  
Let there be no more battles, men of earth:  
The new age rises singing into birth!

# Poisonous Plants of Oregon



Loco Weed, Drug Forming Plant of Animal Kingdom As It Grows In The Sage Brush Country.

BY WILLIAM E. LAGRANGE, Specialist in range plants and grasses, Oregon Agricultural college experiment station.

THE poison of the loco weed is the "dope" of the animal kingdom. Like opium and other drugs it becomes dangerous when indulged in even slightly. When animals once acquire the habit of eating loco weed, usually either by accidentally taking some or by association with animals that have already formed the habit, they eat it in preference to any other plant. Among other effects of the poison sense of direction or power of locomotion in the desired direction is wanting. The animals wander about in an uncontrolled way, which fact gives rise to the name, "locoed."

Loco poisoning in Oregon is a problem of the country. Many locos grow on the bunchgrass prairie and in the mountains, but very little is known about them.

### Loco Called Rattle Weeds.

Loco weeds are generally called rattle weeds because of their habit of rattling their seeds in the pod. There are many different kinds and many plants have been called loco weeds that are not really such. Purple or woolly loco and the white loco or rattle weed of the Rocky mountains and plains are not found in Oregon.

### Horses Chiefly Affected.

Horses, cattle and sheep are known to have been poisoned by the loco plants in other states, but so far as Oregon is concerned no records of loco poisoning are at hand except among horses. It is not at all improbable that either cattle or sheep or both may have been poisoned on loco in this state.

### Poisoning Chiefly in Eastern Oregon.

It is reported that loco poisoning occurs from central Oregon eastward throughout the desert and semi-desert sections. Reports received in some sections seem to indicate that the losses among horses are more general than reports show, nor can the probable losses in any one section be determined by the amount of loco plant growing there.

### Loco Habit Slowly Acquired.

When other good feed is scarce, as often happens on the juniper-sage brush ranges, stock are forced to eat every bit of green material they can find. When the loco is about the only green plant at certain seasons of the year it is not to be wondered at that horses in these sections acquire a taste for it. Loco is a slow acting poison, the symptoms not appearing in horses until after they have acquired the habit of eating the plant. This condition makes it necessary to employ a method of stock management that will prevent an acquisition of this habit, as it is almost impossible to break stock of eating locos or cure them of the disease after the habit has once been acquired.

### Plant Hard to Recognize.

All of the loco weeds belong to the pea or bean family, and although the

flowers are similar this similarity will not be easily recognized without careful examination. The loco weeds have small white or cream-colored flowers in long clusters or spikes which finally produce rather large and inflated pods, in which the seeds break off very easily when the pods become dry. The seeds rattle as the wind shakes the pod and as it is shaken by animals in passing. This gives rise to the common name, rattle weed. Not all loco weeds have large inflated pods.

The plants are low and spreading, having a cluster of finely divided leaves usually coming from near the ground or along short stems. The small divisions of the leaves are borne laterally upon a central stalk as in a vetch plant. Just how many of the numerous loco weeds found within this state are poisonous is not known. It is, therefore, impossible to give an accurate description for those that are dangerous.

### Cutting Off Plants Recommended.

Keeping horses off the infested area is best when possible. Feeding alfalfa or other good hay during the dangerous season would do much to prevent the trouble, yet this is not always practical.

The pasture ranges in certain sections are very large and the task of eradication of the loco plants from such areas is a large one. If the locos are cut off two or three inches below the ground there is no danger that they will start up from the roots. This should be done when the plants are in flower, before the seeds are formed. One man with a good sharp shovel can cut off the loco plants over a large area in two or three days. While tasks of this sort seem large, the financial outlay will prove to be a saving when the cost is measured in terms of loss. It should also be kept in mind that the locos are propagated by seed, and that the seeds do not all germinate the same season of the year nor the same year, so it is necessary to go over the field two or three times in one year or repeat the process during the succeeding years until the plant is eradicated or reduced to a point below the danger mark.

Such a policy is practicable for each rancher independent of the attitude taken by his neighbors, because the seeds of the loco are not scattered by the wind. Through diligent and watchful effort any rancher may have a loco-free pasture for his horses, although the loco may be growing all around him.

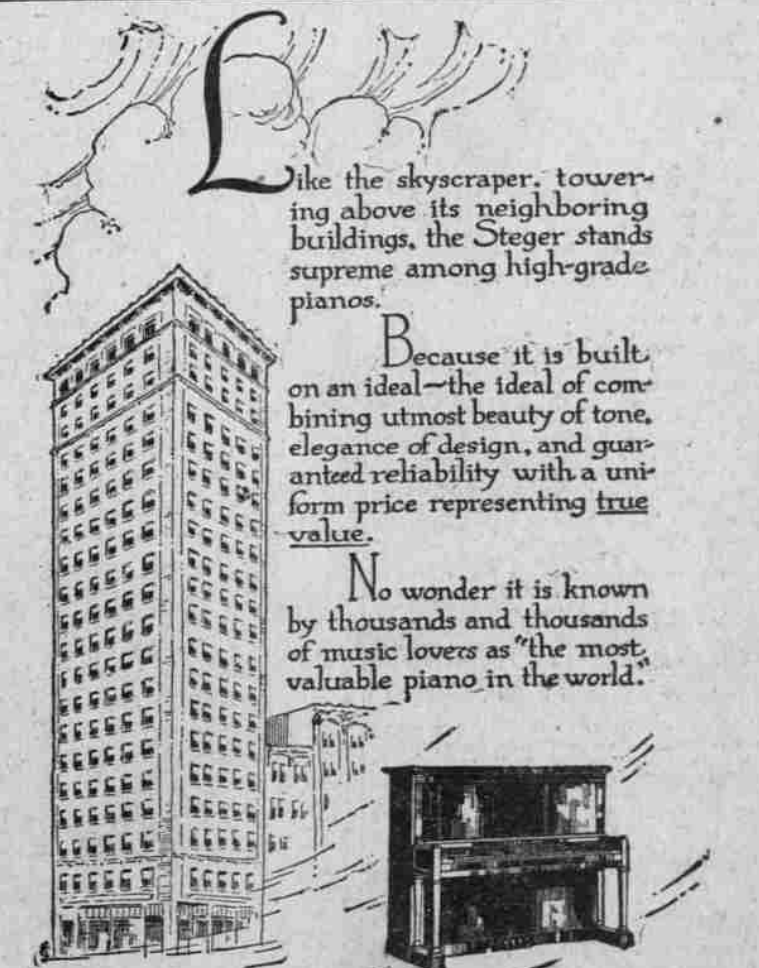
All animals that have acquired the habit of eating loco weed should be removed from the pasture if possible in order that other stock, especially young animals, will not acquire the same habit through imitation.

### Erratic Movement Leading Symptom.

Symptoms are more pronounced among horses and cattle than among sheep. The general symptoms are erratic movement, constipation and progressive emaciation. Effects are chronic, extending over a time varying from a few weeks to two or three years. Deaths ordinarily result from starvation, the animal ceasing either to eat or drink.

### Fowler's Solution Is Remedy.

The first principle is to supply good food and give laxative. Then give strychnine for cattle and Fowler's solution for horses.



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