

TO CHASE U BOATS

Four Millionaires Donate Up-to-the-Minute Craft.

FASTER THAN A SUBMARINE.

Larger Than Type Constructed For British Navy, Which Were From Seventy-five to Eighty Feet in Length and Powered For Nineteen to Twenty Knots.

New York.—Four up to date 110 foot submarine chasers are being built at Bristol, R. I., to protect New York and adjacent territory, according to announcement at headquarters of the naval reserve force for the Third district. The entire cost of construction, equipment and ordnance is being met by A. I. du Pont, Commodore R. M. Tod, Payne Whitney and Harold Vanderbilt.

Each of the boats will be of fifteen feet beam with steel hull and bulbheads and fitted with oil fuel engines. Their speed will be twenty-five miles an hour, higher than any submarine can make. Each crew will consist of nineteen men.

By request of the navy department the size and character of guns that will be mounted are withheld from publication.

Decision by the four men that they would build and give to the government the four boats was reached after naval experts told them the absolute need for specially constructed vessels for the mosquito fleet if any guns other than one pounders are to be used. Mr. du Pont's boat will be ready in July, the others in August at the latest, it was said. All can be used as pleasure craft also.

The four boats will be somewhat similar to submarine chasers ordered for the regular force of the American navy, and details of their construction have been approved by naval officers. They will be larger than the type constructed for the British navy, which were from seventy-five to eighty feet in length and powered for nineteen to twenty knots. Five hundred and fifty of these boats were turned out in 500 days.

The marine division of the Home Defense league received from Frederick D. Underwood, president of the Erie Railroad company, his yacht Alice. It is 110 feet long, twenty-two feet beam and of good speed. Three one pounder rapid fire guns can be mounted on the deck. It is planned to make her the flagship of a fleet of forty vessels of the league. Harry T. Peterson, who is in charge of recruiting for the marine division, intimated that Mr. Underwood would be made commodore. He holds a master's license and is very familiar with the waters about Greater New York.

NEWSPAPER SELLER RICH.

Started as a Boy With Small Capital and Now Buys Stars.

Harrisburg, Pa.—Wagner Hoffman, news purveyor in ordinary to governors and other state officials, large and small, civil and military, no longer stands in his familiar place at the foot of Capitol park.

Wagner has reached the age of twenty-two after fourteen years of work on the corner of Third and Walnut streets. He missed only four weeks in that period, half that time being because of illness.

Starting with 10 cents of capital when he was eight years old, Wagner has now purchased a book and stationery store from an older brother and sold his "corner" to Meyer Swimmer. Wagner began as a newboy when Pennypacker was governor and included him, Stuart, Turner and Brumbaugh among his customers.

GOMPERS FOR SWISS SYSTEM.

Head of A. F. of L. For Universal Training.

New York.—Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, has declared himself in favor of the Swiss military system for the United States.

"We must have a preparation that means a comprehensive development of all powers and resources of all our citizens," says Mr. Gompers. "In Switzerland every man is a soldier—not necessarily to go to war—but he has the physical and manual training necessary to defend himself, his family and his country. Under that system the Swiss have developed a manhood, a character, that challenges the admiration of the world. We will be satisfied with nothing less in America."

Married Through Window.

Hlon, N. Y.—Silveria Hopkinson was married to Charles Monroe through the window of a house. The window opened from his room. He is in bed with scarlet fever. Quarantine officers watched to see that the law was strictly observed. The Rev. J. F. Wilds of Herkimer substituted for the bridegroom in placing the ring on the bride's finger and also gave the kiss at the close of the ceremony.

Caught Rat and Opossum.

Hazel Green, Ky.—One night Bud Bob Coburn set two steel traps under his house. The next morning, when he went to see what he had caught, he was surprised to see a big rat in one and a small opossum in the other. The opossum belonged to Ben Creech and had escaped. The opossum was caught by the foot and was not seriously hurt and was returned to the owner in good condition.

An Inadvisable Place of Deposit

By GEORGETTE MALLORY

I am a woman and a librarian. There are stories in the printed lines of the books I handle, and there are often stories between the leaves. What I mean is this: First, persons are prone when laying down a book they have been reading to use anything that comes handy between the pages for a bookmark, and, second, persons desiring to put away something temporarily are liable to slip it between the leaves of a book. There are many other reasons why things get into books, but these are the principal ones.

One morning when I went to the library to open it for the day I found a young girl waiting for me. She looked very anxious. As soon as I had unlocked the door and we were inside she asked eagerly if "Steak House" was in the library.

I replied that I would find out for her, and, going to the shelf where it was kept, I looked. The book was there, and I gave it to the girl. Without a word she shook it, holding it open, evidently that anything between the leaves might drop on the floor. Nothing came from it, and after running the leaves rapidly between her thumb and fingers she sank into a chair and covered her face with her hands.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "We all like to have some one to help us bear our troubles, and the poor girl poured hers out to me without restraint. Hearing that her lover had jilted her, she had written him a very strong letter—such a one as she should not have written in any event—and had delayed sending it till she should have cooled off. Her brother had been reading "Steak House," and the book lay open on a table. Called away suddenly, she had put this letter, sealed, stamped and addressed, in the open place and closed the book, intending to return for it. Learning that the story she had heard about her lover's unfaithfulness was untrue, she intended to destroy her letter, but in her happy relief had forgotten it for several days. When she remembered it her brother, who had already finished reading the book, had returned it to the library. She asked me if "Steak House" had been since taken out. I looked at the date stamped on the paper used for the purpose pasted in the book cover and informed her that the book had been out a few days.

"Have you heard from your lover lately?" I asked. "No," she replied bitterly, "and I never expect to hear from him again. He will ignore me from now on."

"You can write him that you wrote the letter under a mistake."

"That will do no good. It is having written such a letter at that has done the mischief. He is a very self contained person and has always feared that I am too fiery to suit him."

At this juncture some girls on their way to school came in to return books, and I was obliged to leave the poor girl, who departed looking the picture of despair. I inwardly determined to try to follow up "Steak House" and see where it had been, with a view to getting some definite information as to what had become of the missing letter. But the book after its return by the girl's brother had been given out by one of the other girls employed in the library, and, though she remembered having done so, she could not tell to whom she had given it. Another girl had taken it when it was returned. Miss Wainwright, the girl who had written the letter, came into the library every day for a week and asked if any one had left the letter at the library, but as I continually disappointed her she finally gave the matter up. She told me that she had not heard a word from her lover, and she had concluded that he had dropped her.

A month passed, and Miss Wainwright came into the library one day looking so thin and pale that I believed she was going into a decline. Wanting to end her suspense, I urged her to write to her lover and have the matter over with. She shook her head. During our conversation I got her to give me his name and address without her suspecting I was inquiring for it especially, and I made up my mind to write this gentleman stating that a letter had been misdirected to him and ask him if he had received such a letter.

As soon as I got time I wrote the letter and put it aside—not in a book—! I should leave the library in the evening, when I proposed to mail it. Just before I left one of the girls came to me with the missing letter. She had gone to the place where Dickens' works were kept and, taking out a book from the lowest shelf, saw something white on the floor behind it. Taking it out, she found that it was an unmailed letter. It had doubtless dropped out of "Steak House" after the book's return to the library by Miss Wainwright's brother. I called up Miss Wainwright and asked her if she could come over to the library. She joined me there, and I handed her the letter. It would be impossible to describe her expression of relief.

Game In Verse

AMERICA.

PATIENT she is best suffering, our head; With strength of the strength of one whose soul is calm; Weighs and considers and would understand; He it gives way to anger; fearing wrong; Of her own doing more than any planned; Aches her people by others deemed more strong.

MOTHER of many children alien born, Whom she has gathered into her kind arms; Safeguarding most the weakest, most forlorn— The mother's patience she has learned to know; Which passes trifles by with smiling scorn; The mother's hopefulness, to anger slow.

YET, oh, beware! nor, overbold, presume Upon a gentleness enticed with power! Her torch still burns, to kindle or consume; And 'gainst the time when she must prove her might; Yet energy is stored in her soul's room; Undimmed of strength to battle for the right! —Florence Earle Coates.

THE MILLIONAIRE'S POVERTY.

THOUGH the world may say I'm a millionaire, I need a friend; Though the world deems I'm free from care— I need a friend; For the world sees only my mansion grand; My stocks and bonds, my jewels and land; It simply can't see, don't you understand! I need a friend.

Though millions would gladly step into my place; I need a friend; Though millions are struggling to follow my pace— I need a friend; For the millions see only the silver and gold; The things which in market are bartered and sold; And they simply can't grasp it, e'en when they are told— I need a friend.

Though nations bow down to the power I possess— I need a friend; Though hypocrites kneel at my feet and caress— I need a friend; For this is well known to prophet and seer; That both would forsake me with poverty near— Forsake me and shun me with never a cheer. I need a friend. —Harvey E. Westgate.

THE NEEDLE.

THE gay billow of fashion may boast of a scolding; In waits or ostentation, at what or quarrel; And seek admiration by vauntingly talking; Of drawing and painting and musical skill; But give me the fair one, in country or city; Whose home and its duties are dear to her heart; Who cheerfully warbles some rustic ditty; While plying the needle with exquisite art; The bright little needle—the swift flying needle; The needle directed by beauty and art.

If love has a potent, a magical spell; A tallman, ever restless and true— A charm that is never eroded or broken; A witchery certain the heart to subdue; 'Tis the needle and her luscious pines and casks; So keen and unerring or polished a dart; Let beauty direct it, so pointed and barbed; And, oh, it is certain of touching the heart! The bright little needle—the swift flying needle; The needle directed by beauty and art.

Be wise, then, ye maiden, nor seek admiration; By dressing for conquest and flirting with all; You never, what'er be your fortune or station; Appear half so lovely at rout or at ball; As gayly convensed at a work covered table; Beigh cheerfully active and playing her part; Beguiling the task with a song or a fable; And plying the needle with exquisite art; The bright little needle—the swift flying needle; The needle directed by beauty and art. —Samuel Woodworth.

SONG MOTHER USED TO SING.

WE often heard about the bread mother used to bake; And often we've been told about her luscious pines and casks; But recollections sweeter far the mind to treasure— The hallowed memories of songs that mother used to sing.

Her voice, perchance, may not have pleased the captious critic's ear; It may have lacked the melody that flows so rich and clear; But it had wondrous power to soothe the fretful babe to sleep; And pay to flight the fears of those who saw night's shadows creep.

The songs that mother used to sing made bright the dreary day; They cheered the workers in their toil and smoothed the rugged way; They lightened all the loads of care and eased all suffering; For there was magic in the songs that mother used to sing.

The influence of mother's songs was felt beyond the home; And from temptation shied some whoso'er they chanced to roam; For when the hour of trial came, and evil seemed so strong; They heard the old, sweet lullaby and triumphed o'er the wrong.

The echoes of those old time songs keep ringing in the ears; And ever wield a power for good through all the passing years; For sweetest, richest of the joys to which in life we cling; Are hallowed memories of songs that mother used to sing. —Theodore E. Dolan.

Trained Engineers Needed.

The most lucrative as well as the most patriotic service young men can perform for the next ten years or more is training and practicing engineering, says J. A. J. Waddell, Consulting Engineer, New York.

Mr. Waddell is well known in Portland business circles, where he was supervising engineer of the great Columbia interstate bridge and also the O. W. R. & N. railway bridge across the Willamette. A summary of his reasons for the statement follows:

More than half of the world will have to be reconstructed after the war. America's railways and bridges will have deteriorated from over use and lack of upkeep.

That reconstruction is almost wholly the work of engineers.

European engineers are being killed off by the thousands and large numbers of American engineers serving in Europe will be killed or incapacitated for work.

The supply of new engineers in the warring countries has been cut down fully one half by the call to arms, just at the time when it should be doubled.

The demand for technical specialists by munition factories and ship yards has already taken all available men, and will become more insistent as the call increases for more ships, guns, ammunition, aeroplanes, automobiles, and other war supplies.

Lack of trained men will make this country miss the golden opportunity for largest service in the world's reconstruction work.

With an adequate supply of properly trained young assistants the old engineers of the country could do five or even ten times what they are now doing by managing the European engineering work of Europe through their assistants.

Engineering for the next ten years or more will be the most lucrative of all professions. "It is thus evident," says Mr. Waddell, "that we must manage not only to prevent any falling off in the attendance at our technical schools both during and directly after the war, but also greatly to increase it."

This can be done he thinks by urging more young men to go to college and by showing their parents that it is their duty, both to the boys and to their country, to send them; by inducing freshmen with aptitude for technical courses to take them; by having drafted students assigned to some branch of engineering service where they will be more effective and also get experience for future work; and by granting government aid to youths of special ability but insufficient money for college work.

By taking these steps the country will not lose its opportunity to lead the world in activity, effectiveness and wealth. Mr. Waddell concludes his statement by imploring all youths ready for college to take up some branch of engineering or technology unless unfitted for it, and by entreating parents to induce such youths to choose these subjects for their life work. This for the good not only of the country but of the young men themselves.

Northwestern Forests.

District Forester Geo. H. Cecil, Portland, Oregon, announces that the National Forests of Oregon and Washington are furnishing grazing during the present summer for 177,167 head of cattle and horses belonging to 3,269 ranchers, and 1,025,843 head of sheep, owned by 705 sheepmen. These figures show an increase of 462 cattle-men, with 19,478 head of cattle, and 48 sheepmen with 29,102 head of sheep above the numbers taken care of in 1916. This increase is due to the introduction of better methods of handling the stock; the blanket or open method of grazing sheep as advocated by the Forest Service and the management of cattle under special rules established by the District Forester and based on the needs of the range.

In addition to these figures 350 owners were given free permits to cross 6,535 head of cattle and horses and 551,895 head of sheep over the National Forest range to shipping points, and for other purposes. Free permits were also given to 215 owners on account of private lands within the National Forest boundaries for 7,676 head of cattle and horses and 107,488 head of sheep; 41,647 ewes were also lambed on National Forest range.

The District Forester finds there is a serious shortage in the regular hay crop throughout the district. He hopes, however, that the amount of inferior grain crops cut for hay will offset this. He has planned to have all farmers who have surplus hay on hand communicate with his office at Portland and a strong effort will be made to get the information to stockmen who need the hay.

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WEEK END FARES on sale Saturdays and Sundays between all stations Cushman to Powers and Bandon inclusive. Return limit following Monday.

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Round Trip Tickets, at very low fares, will be sold on Sundays only, between all stations Marshfield to Powers inclusive, limited to date of sale.

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That Recall Petition.

The following is printed as the text of the recall petition now being circulated for signatures in this county. It seems to us that there should be something besides bare assertions like these to induce the voters to take the radical step of asking that the members of the county court be removed from office:

"We, the undersigned, legal voters of Coos county, Oregon, do hereby petition and demand that (the officials) who are now holding the offices of county judge and commissioners, be recalled; and we hereby demand that the county clerk of Coos county, Oregon, call an election for that purpose, in the manner provided by law. The reasons for this demand are: The said officials have proven themselves to be incompetent, extravagant and unfaithful to the interests of their constituents. They have been instrumental in wasting thousands of dollars of public monies. They have retained incompetent men in the employ of the county. They have employed incompetent men at extravagant compensation to perform services which other officers of the county were already paid to perform. They have wasted the funds of the county in the building of roads, bridges and other structures that were not needed, or were so constructed as to double and treble their reasonable cost. They have expended the money of the county for their own benefit and the benefit of their personal friends, without benefit to the people at large. They are unfit, to administer the business of the public."

At a banquet held in his honor in Torda Maurus Jokai was called upon to propose the toast of "The Ladies." He made an excellent speech, during which he continually toyed with the brown curls upon his forehead. Finally he said: "I raise my glass in honor of the gracious ladies of Torda. May they all live until my hair grows gray." His audience drank to the toast, but it was easy to see by the faces of the ladies present that they did not think much of the compliment. Jokai rose again from his seat and took from his head a magnificent brown wig, showing an entirely bald head beneath it. "My hair," he added, "will never grow gray."

An Uncoffish Collector. The will of Edmond de Goncourt says: "My wish is that my drawings, my prints, my curiosities, my books—in a word, these things of art which have been the joy of my life—shall not be consigned to the cold tomb of a museum and subjected to the stupid glance of the careless passerby, but I require that they shall all be dispersed under the hammer of the auctioneer so that the pleasure which the acquiring of each one of them has given me shall be given again in each case to some inheritor of my own tastes."

Old Favorites

EASTER HYMN.

Breaks the joyful Easter dawn, Clearer yet and stronger; Winter from the world has gone, Death shall be no longer. Far away, good angels drive Night and sin and sadness; Earth awakes, in smiles, alive With her dear Lord's gladness.

CHORUS.

Breaks the joyful Easter dawn, Clearer yet and stronger; Winter from the world has gone, Death shall be no longer.

Roused from long and lonely hours Under snowdrifts chilly, In his hands he brings the flowers, Brings the rose and lily; Every little buried bud, Into life he raises, Every wild flower of the wood Sings the dear Lord's praises.

Open, happy flowers of spring, For the sun is risen, Through the sky sweetest voices ring, Calling you from prison; Little children, dear, look up Toward his brightness pressing, Lift up every heart a cup For the dear Lord's blessing. —Lucy Larcom.

GOOD FRIDAY.

BE hushed, my heart, remembering What dole was given for thee, How pressed on him thy burden when, For all the sinful sons of men, 'Christ went to Calvary.

THE mournful journey that he made, Each step was taken for thee, Be hushed, my heart, let clamor cease; Prepare a chamber white with peace, His resting place to be.

IN solemn shadow of the cross, O soul, abide till he Who tasted death ere thou shouldst know Its bitterness of utmost woe With strength shall guard thee.

ITS Via Dolorosa still, Each life of earth must see, And in some hour, or soon or late, Must bend beneath the crushing weight Of earth's Gethsemane.

BUT, heart, in love and prayer look up Beyond the awesome trees; The heaven of heavens is rent today; All angels march the starry way That leads from Calvary.

FOR conquering the lord of life (His mighty legions free) Goes forward while the ages roll; The price of every ransomed soul Full paid on Calvary. —Margaret E. Sangster.

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