

CITIZENS' CAMP IS HELD GREAT ASSET

"Why not camp with Uncle Sam this summer?"

This question is being asked by local army officers and men interested in filling Eugene's quota for the camp this year. "A month of health, education and patriotism, with all expenses paid," is the way that Colonel J. M. Williams describes the citizen's military training camp. The camp will be held at Camp Lewis, Wash., from June 10 to July 18. Twenty persons is the quota set for Lane county, and the age limit 17 to 31. The government pays five cents a mile transportation charges to and from the camp in addition to all equipment and a healthy diet while at camp. Colonel Williams explains that the purpose of the camp is to give the citizen a military training, and that the government pays for the camp. "Every candidate will be required to furnish a certificate on the application blank as to moral character given by a school teacher, clergyman or any prominent citizen," the colonel said. "The parents of a healthy, enthusiastic boy, who wants to go to a training camp, should not hesitate to encourage him. He will be well cared for. Under the observing eyes of experienced officers he will learn the meaning of discipline. He will develop alertness and self-reliance. Men who go to the camp for the first time will take the basic course of training. No previous military training is required, and the age limits are 17 to 31. This course provides preliminary military training, including physical development, athletics, and general military essentials. Major Whiting said.

FACULTY MEN TO GIVE ADDRESSES

Through the speaker bureau of the University of Oregon extension division, high school commencement addresses by university faculty members have been arranged. Already 24 members of the university faculty have been booked on definite dates and subjects for such occasions.

This is a part of the extension division's activities in connection with its relationship with the high schools of the state.

A list of the two dozen bookings already made follows:

May 15, Glendale, D. Obertuffer; May 22, Drain, H. G. Tanner; May 28, Oakland, Alfred Powers; May 28, Yoncalla, E. F. Carleton; May 29, Sutherlin, William G. Hale; May 29, Canyonville, Bruce J. Giffen; May 29, Walker, Mrs. Anne L. Beck; June 12, Monmouth, Bruce J. Giffen.

June 12, Mill City, Peter C. Crockett; May 21, Marcola, Alfred Powers; May 26, Gile, Dan E. Clark; May 26, Taft, E. F. Carleton; May 26, Kerby, John Straub; June 3, The Dalles, John Straub; June 3, Astoria, Harold Benjamin; May 22, Grants Pass, Peter Crockett; June 5, Forest Grove, John Straub; May 29, Leasburg, H. G. Tanner; May 22, Park Rose, Alfred Powers; May 15, Wolf Creek, Peter Crockett; June 4, Lebanon, Henry W. Davis; and June 5, Waltherville, Bruce J. Giffen.

Prizes are Given For Solution of Cross-Word Test

Winners of the cross-word puzzle contest of the McDonald theater were announced today by Donald McDonald, manager. Ten tickets to the theater for next week will be given as rewards to those who solved the puzzle.

The following were the first to turn in correct answers:

1—W. J. Miller, 1015 Olive, 5:13 p. m.
2—Maude McIntire, 611 Thirteenth avenue east, 5:23 p. m.
3—Francis Glenn, University apartments, 7:35 p. m.
4—W. Adams, 1610 Mill St., 5:30 p. m.
5—Catherine Adams, 1836 Alder street, 6:10 p. m.

The following is the solution of the puzzle:

Horizontal.
1. Rm. 3. Gloria; 7. Co; 9. Taboo; 11. Tical; 13. Hll; 14. U; 16. Lord; 17. Hll; 18. Boat; 19. N; 21. Swan; 23. Hll; 24. Hll; 25. N; 26. N; 27. Hll; 28. N; 29. Hll; 30. N; 31. Hll; 32. N; 33. Hll; 34. N; 35. Hll; 36. N; 37. Hll; 38. N; 39. Hll; 40. N; 41. Hll; 42. N; 43. Hll; 44. N; 45. Hll; 46. N; 47. Hll; 48. N; 49. Hll; 50. N; 51. Hll; 52. N; 53. Hll; 54. N; 55. Hll; 56. N; 57. Hll; 58. N; 59. Hll; 60. N; 61. Hll; 62. N; 63. Hll; 64. N; 65. Hll; 66. N; 67. Hll; 68. N; 69. Hll; 70. N; 71. Hll; 72. N; 73. Hll; 74. N; 75. Hll; 76. N; 77. Hll; 78. N; 79. Hll; 80. N; 81. Hll; 82. N; 83. Hll; 84. N; 85. Hll; 86. N; 87. Hll; 88. N; 89. Hll; 90. N; 91. Hll; 92. N; 93. Hll; 94. N; 95. Hll; 96. N; 97. Hll; 98. N; 99. Hll; 100. N.

Vertical.
1. Ethel; 2. Maid; 3. Got; 4. L; 5. Hll; 6. All; 7. Cars; 8. Older; 10. Hll; 12. Counsel; 14. Hll; 15. Hll; 16. Hll; 17. Hll; 18. Hll; 19. Hll; 20. Hll; 21. Hll; 22. Hll; 23. Hll; 24. Hll; 25. Hll; 26. Hll; 27. Hll; 28. Hll; 29. Hll; 30. Hll; 31. Hll; 32. Hll; 33. Hll; 34. Hll; 35. Hll; 36. Hll; 37. Hll; 38. Hll; 39. Hll; 40. Hll; 41. Hll; 42. Hll; 43. Hll; 44. Hll; 45. Hll; 46. Hll; 47. Hll; 48. Hll; 49. Hll; 50. Hll; 51. Hll; 52. Hll; 53. Hll; 54. Hll; 55. Hll; 56. Hll; 57. Hll; 58. Hll; 59. Hll; 60. Hll; 61. Hll; 62. Hll; 63. Hll; 64. Hll; 65. Hll; 66. Hll; 67. Hll; 68. Hll; 69. Hll; 70. Hll; 71. Hll; 72. Hll; 73. Hll; 74. Hll; 75. Hll; 76. Hll; 77. Hll; 78. Hll; 79. Hll; 80. Hll; 81. Hll; 82. Hll; 83. Hll; 84. Hll; 85. Hll; 86. Hll; 87. Hll; 88. Hll; 89. Hll; 90. Hll; 91. Hll; 92. Hll; 93. Hll; 94. Hll; 95. Hll; 96. Hll; 97. Hll; 98. Hll; 99. Hll; 100. N.

Reports for Lane Bonus Board Here

Lane county is fourth in the state in the total number of soldier bonus loans issued since the law has been in effect, according to a report made yesterday by the state bonus commission.

Lane has a total of 290 loans listed. Multnomah county has 2280; Marion 338; Clackamas 319. The total amount of the loans in Lane is \$913,800. Curry county has the smallest number of loans, 21, totaling \$44,800, according to the report received by local bonus board officials.

A total of 34,112 applications for cash bonus and loans have been received in the state since the creation of the soldiers' relief act in 1921.

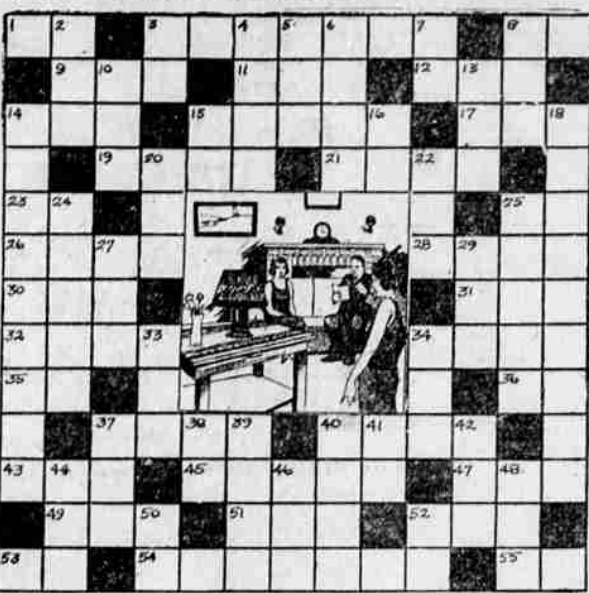
Of this number, 172 were filed by Spanish-Americans, war veterans who elected to receive loans in the aggregate of \$430,000.

Approximately 134 veterans refunded cash bonuses received, amounting to \$31,215.

F. H. McGowan, 65, picked up from the highway by a stage near Deer Island, where he was found apparently ill, died shortly after being taken to Hainier.

Today's Cross-Word Puzzle

This crossword puzzle is dedicated to the one person for whom tomorrow has been set aside. It is in "mother's" honor. Words in this puzzle reflect the spirit of the occasion, just as the sketch does.



HORIZONTAL

1. Masculine pronoun.
3. Everybody's sweetheart (pl.).
8. Half an em.
9. Regret.
11. Sturdy tree.
12. The thing mothers dread most.
14. To deliver.
15. Celestial being.
17. Bag.
19. A house with a mother.
21. Spirit.
23. Top.
25. Either's wife.
27. Garments.
28. Soft, fluffy feathers.
29. Headgear.
31. Wing part of a seed.
32. Largest plant.
34. To harass.
35. Hebrew word for Diet.
36. Seventh note in scale.
37. Attitude.
40. Mother's minor half.
43. To observe.
45. Deceased.
47. Mother's boy.
49. To do wrong.
51. To perch.
52. Snake Cleopatra made famous.
53. Moribund dye.
54. Vouches.
55. Printer's measure.

VERTICAL

2. The manufacturer of silk.
3. Myself.
4. Sound.
5. Uncomplimentary name for an old woman.
6. Diced out.
7. Direction of Australia from us.
8. Age.
10. Exclamation of disgust.
13. Tree with tough wood.
14. Father's pet (pl.).
15. Exist.
16. Melancholy note in scale.
18. Mother's flower.
20. Yours and mine.
22. Sorrowful.
24. Jewel.
25. A young night owl.
27. Dilated.
29. Bowing instrument.
33. Self.
34. A dandy.
37. By.
38. Point of compass.
39. Where sun rises.
40. Foodies.
41. Variation of "a."
42. Almost a donkey.
44. Snake-like fish.
46. To land or unite.
48. Poetic for open.
50. Sun god.
52. Like.

Answer to yesterday's cross-word puzzle:



BAREE, SON OF KAZAN

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

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"BAREE, SON OF KAZAN," a Vitaphone Picture. With Wolf, the War Dog, is an Adaptation of This Story

(Continued)

If old Tuban had been there that night it is possible he would have read strange warnings in the winds that whispered now and then softly in the treetops. It was such a night: a night when the Red Gods whisper low among themselves, a carnival of glory in which even the dipping shadows and the high stars seemed to quiver with the life of a potent language. It is barely possible that old Tuban, with his ninety years behind him, would have learned something, or that at least he would have suspected a thing which Carvel in his youth and confidence did not see. Tomorrow he will come tomorrow; but to old Tuban the trees might have whispered, why not tonight?

It was midnight when the big moon stood full above the little open in the forest. In the tepee the Willow was sleeping. In a balm shadow back from the fire slept Baree, and still farther back in the edge of a spruce thicket slept Carvel. Dog and man were tired. They had traveled far and fast that day, and they heard no sound.

But they had traveled neither so far nor so fast as Bush McTaggart. Between sunrise and midnight he had come forty miles when he strode out into the clearing where Pierrot's cabin had stood. Twice from the edge of the forest he had called; and now, when he found no answer, he stood under the light of the moon and listened. Nepeese was to be here—waiting. He was tired, but that burned in his blood. It had been blazing all day, and now—so near his realization and its triumph—the old pas-

sion was like wind in his veins. Somewhere, near where he stood, Nepeese was waiting for him. Once again he called, his heart beating in a fierce anticipation as he listened. There was no answer. And then for a thrill instant his breath stopped. He sniffed the air—and there came to him faintly the smell of smoke.

With the first instinct of the forest man he fronted the wind that was but a faint breath under the starlit skies. He did not call again, but hastened across the clearing. Nepeese was off there—somewhere—sleeping beside her fire, and out of him there rose a low cry of exultation. He came to the edge of the forest; chance directed his steps to the overgrown trail; he followed it, and the smoky smell came stronger to his nostrils.

It was the forest man's instinct, too, that added the element of caution to his advance. That, and the utter stillness of the night. He broke no sticks under his feet. He disturbed the brush so quietly that it made no sound. When he came at last to the little open where Carvel's fire was still sending a spiral of spruce-scented smoke up into the air it was with a stealth that failed even to rouse Baree. Perhaps, deep down in him, there smoldered an old suspicion; perhaps it was because he wanted to come to her while she was sleeping.

The sight of the tepee lighted his heart throb faster. It was light as day where it stood in the moonlight, and he saw hanging outside it a few bits of woman's apparel. He advanced soft-footed as a fox and stood a moment later with his hand on the cloth flap at the wigwam door, his head

down, listening.

He drew aside the flap at the door.

It could not have been sound that roused Baree, hidden in the black balm shadow, a dozen paces away. Perhaps it was scent. His nostrils twitched first; then he awoke. For a few seconds his eyes glared at the bent figure in the tepee door. He knew that it was not Carvel. The old smell—the man-beast's smell, filled his nostrils like a hated poison.

He sprang to his feet and stood with his lips snarling back slowly with his long fangs. McTaggart had disappeared. From inside the tepee there came a sound; a sudden movement of bodies, a startled ejaculation of one awakening from sleep—and then a cry, a low, half-smothered, frightened cry, and in response to that cry Baree shot out under the balm with a sound in his throat that had in it the note of death.

In the edge of the spruce thicket Carvel rolled uneasily. Strange sounds were rousing him, cries that in his exhaustion came to him as if in a dream. At last he sat up, and then in sudden horror leaped to his feet and rushed toward the tepee. Nepeese was in the open, crying the name she had given him—"Ookimow Jeem—Ookimow Jeem—"

She was standing there white and slim, her eyes with the blaze of the stars in them, and when she saw Carvel she flung out her arms to him, still crying: "Ookimow Jeem—Ookimow Jeem—"

In the tepee he heard the rage of a beast, the moaning cries of a man. He forgot that it was only last night he had come, and with a cry that swept the Willow to his breast, and the Willow's arms tightened round his neck as she moaned:

"Ookimow Jeem—it is the man-beast—in there! It is the man-beast from Lar Bain—and Baree—"

Truth flashed upon Carvel, and he caught Nepeese up in his arms and ran away with her from the sounds that had grown sickening and horrible. In the spruce thicket he put her feet once more to the ground. Her arms were still tight around his neck; he felt the wild terror of her body as it throbbed against him; her breath was sobbing, and her eyes were on his face down close against hers and felt for an instant the warm thrill of her lips against his own.

"He is dead, Nepeese."

"Dead, Ookimow Jeem?"

"Yes, Baree killed him."

She did not seem to breathe. Gently, with his lips in her hair, Carvel whispered his plans for their paradise.

"No one will know, my sweetheart. To-night I will bury him and burn the tepee. To-morrow we will start for Nelson House, where there is a Missioner. And after that—we will come back—and I will build a new cabin where the old one burned. Do you love me, Ka snahet?"

"Oai—yes—Ookimow Jeem—I love you."

Suddenly there came an interruption. Baree at last was giving his cry of triumph. It rose to the stars; it waited over the roofs of the forests and filled the quiet skies—a wolfish howl of exultation, of achievement, of vengeance fulfilled. Its echoes died slowly away, and silence came again. A great peace whispered in the soft breath of the tree tops. Out of the north came the mating call of a loon. About Carvel's shoulders the Willow's arms crept closer. And Carvel, out of his heart, thanked God.

THE END.

WORK IS STARTED ON OPENING PASS

To determine if it will be feasible to attempt to break a possible road through the summit snow of the McKenzie highway, M. A. Read and H. C. Hickman, owners of the Eugene-Hend stage line, and Richard Shepard, manager of the Terminal hotel, will leave early next week to go as far up the McKenzie highway as possible by automobile.

Auto traffic now leads to within a short distance of Frog camp, it is stated. An attempt has been made by the government to break through the road on the eastern side of the mountains. A crew and a caterpillar tractor bucked the snow for several days this week. Windy Point was the first objective of the workers on the bureau of public roads crew on the east side of the Cascades. If the snow to the point can be easily bucked, the caterpillar tractor will be taken to the higher country and over the pass to the McKenzie slope, it was decided.

Engineers in charge of the construction crews are anxious to break the road to Windy Point, where a rock crusher is located. With the highway open to the crusher, the present work of widening the road can be continued without difficulty.

The Junior Vod-Vil which showed at the Heilig last evening, rivaled the best of professional art. While the entire seven acts were good, the first two were rather mediocre. But if the spectators are patient until the third act, their patience will be rewarded. For the five last numbers are hard to beat. The first act is pretty but too slow, and the second drags to painful monotony.

But the Pi-Ed Pipers as the third act completely took the house. They undoubtedly are the outstanding number of the entire program. The "Barbers," a quartet composed of Al-an Smith, Jack High, Ted Larsen, and Tom Robertson did some good work, but need practice to improve their harmony.

"The Jabberwok Jubilee," as the winning April Frolic stunt put on by Gamma Phi Beta is the more elaborate number of the vaudeville and their chorus received the greatest applause of the program.

W. A. Gilbert, Coos county roadmaster, has received from Portland a rock crusher, a 35-horsepower Diesel engine and a crane for use in the Fairview quarry. The machinery cost about \$7000.

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