

# I. W. W. PLOT SAID TO AIM AT WILSON

## 14 Members Spanish Branch Taken in New York.

# ANARCHISTS IN JAIL

## Prisoners Detained Without Bail While Searching Inquiry by Government Is Being Made.

New York.—Fourteen members of the Spanish branch of the I. W. W. were arrested by secret service men and members of the police bomb squad in two raids here late Sunday. While they are charged formally with having seditious literature in their possession, government agents claimed to have evidence they were hatching a terrorist plot.

Frank Francisco and Edward J. Dowd of the secret service, as well as New York detectives, who assisted them in the raids, declared they had obtained evidence which would be used in an attempt to prove the prisoners had planned to assassinate President Wilson in Boston, but this assertion was discredited by Captain Peter Rubino of the secret service, who directed the raids.

According to the police, two Philadelphia men who frankly admitted they were anarchists, stopped here on their way to Boston.

The grave nature of the alleged plot and the imminence of the attempt to carry it into execution it was declared, made it essential the men be imprisoned at once.

After being questioned at police headquarters, where their fingerprints were taken, the prisoners were locked up without bail pending arraignment before a United States commissioner. Meanwhile mechanical experts have been assigned to assemble a complicated machine found dismantled in one of the rooms raided. The secret service agents said they were at a loss to explain its purpose. Translators were put to work on a mass of papers and pamphlets seized.

One of the houses raided had been under police surveillance for several days as a result of meetings held there, it was said.

All the men, it was said, are Spanish aliens, who have come to the United States during the past three years.

According to the secret service men, a youth of 25, who gave the name of Jose Graud, is the chief organizer of the Spanish I. W. W. here, and is the editor of a radical Spanish newspaper published in New York. In the I. W. W. organization, it was said, he is known as Arnolodo Saptena.

The prisoners were questioned for several hours at police headquarters, but for the most part maintained a sullen silence.

## Sixteen Perish at Sea.

New York.—The French bark Helene was sunk in a collision with the Norwegian freighter Gansford, off Winter Quarter light, Virginia, and 16 of her crew perished. Eight survivors, including her skipper, Captain Maisonneuve, were brought here Sunday.

The survivors were brought here on the Gansford, with her bows stove in and her fore peak full of water. The Helene, bound from Baltimore to Nantes, was loaded chiefly with steel, and went down like a plummet.

The Norwegian, from Cabanas, Cuba, for New York, registered only 1087 tons gross, compared with 3456 for the sailing vessel. The collision occurred at 2 A. M. during heavy weather.

## Fast Time Is Forecast.

San Diego.—The delivery of a letter in San Diego 48 hours after being mailed in New York city is possible by aerial mail, according to Major Albert Smith, the first American aviator to successfully make an air trip from San Diego to the metropolis and return. He made this flight recently. Major Smith declares that a 48-hour aerial mail service between the two cities can be maintained every day in the year via Texas.

## Ten Taken in Philadelphia.

Philadelphia.—Ten Cubans and Spaniards were arrested here early Sunday by agents of the department of justice on information received from New York. A quantity of alleged seditious literature was seized and the authorities say the men arrested had some connection with those taken into custody in New York.

# HUN STATESMEN ARE SLAIN

## Premier and Ministers of Interior and War Shot Down.

London.—A German wireless message received here quotes Philipp Scheidemann, German chancellor, as saying that Herr Rooshaupter, Bavarian minister of war, has been killed. Bavarian Secretary of the Interior Auer also is reported slain.

Herr Scheidemann, speaking in the national assembly at Weimar, is quoted as saying:

"With the greatest sorrow and indignation, I have to inform you that the Bavarian premier, Kurt Eisner, champion of the revolution, has been shot by a fanatic. Munich is the scene of a bloody civil war, and my friends Rooshaupter and Auer are said to be dead."

"The government expresses the deepest sorrow and condemnation of these shameful acts of murder. Nothing shows the breakdown of order more clearly than when murder becomes a political weapon. If the sacrificial death of Herr Eisner has good results they will be bringing us all together to do away with evil conditions. It would mean the ruin of Germany if all did not take this view and join in this condemnation."

"The young German republic will, in a very short time, be faced by a severe upheaval, if not a breakdown."

"The state and the nation are menaced as to food supplies and the conduct of industries, not only by our enemies, but our compatriots, who are now threatening our most important industries in the Rhineland and Westphalian regions," he continued. "The ground upon which we are standing shakes, and perhaps will sink if we are unsuccessful in ending this madness and crime in the Ruhr region."

The house stood while Chancellor Scheidemann spoke.

# NEW YORK WORKERS TO STRIKE FOR BEER

New York.—Strikes on July 1 to make effective the slogan "no beer, no work" have been voted by the New York iron workers, shipbuilders, longshoremen, hatters, stationary firemen, pavers and rammers' unions, it was announced at a meeting of the Central Federated union here tonight.

Ernest Bohm, secretary, who announced the strike votes, said that the strike would affect about 168,000 men. The letter carriers' association, he added, while unable to go on strike, had voted to lend their moral support to the fight against prohibition.

One speaker declared the prohibition amendment appeared to be a "scheme of a ring to do the liquor, wine and beer business out of business, so that their own may be increased."

"Coffee," he added, "is the natural recourse when prohibition is in force, and that, of course, means the price of coffee would be greatly advanced."

# INDUSTRIAL STRIKE IN GERMANY GAINS

Berlin.—The strike in the Ruhr industrial region is still spreading, but it is increasingly evident that only a small minority of the strikers are in sympathy with the Spartacans.

Marshall Foch is reported to have consented to the sending by the government of troops against Dusseldorf, which is in the neutral zone fixed by the armistice. The majority of the Spartacan recruits come from Dusseldorf and the cleaning up of that city by the government forces would be a heavy blow for the communists, who are reported to have 15,000 armed adherents there. There are said to be 3000 armed Spartacans at Essen and considerable numbers also at Hamburg, in the Dusseldorf district.

The Spartacans are occupying all roads by which soldiers could come to the region.

Washington, D. C.—Special consideration for the bill carrying \$61,000,000 for public buildings was sought before the house rules committee Saturday by Representative Clark, chairman of the buildings committee, who urged passage of the measure before adjournment of congress so that work might begin on buildings throughout the country. Representative Cantrill of Kentucky, insisted that the bill should be limited to emergency projects.

## Army of 500,000 Favored.

Washington, D. C.—Establishment of a temporary army of 500,000 men instead of 175,000 as provided for in a bill agreed upon Saturday by senate and house conferees was urged before the senate military committee by Secretary Baker and General March, chief of staff. The committee is considering the billion-dollar army appropriation measure recently passed by the house.

# STATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Bend sportsmen, protesting against the proposed draining of Malheur lake, have started a petition advocating legislation to protect the eastern Oregon game reserve.

W. W. Poland of Shedd, was elected president of the Linn county farm bureau in the annual meeting held in Albany last week. Archie C. Miller, of Albany, was elected vice-president and Miss Bertha Beck, of Albany, secretary.

A mother and son are opposing parties in a case now on trial in the state circuit court in Albany before Judge Bingham. John H. Schneider, is suing his mother, Minnie M. Schneider, over the title to a tract of land near that city.

The senate has passed the bill increasing the salaries of the district judges of Multnomah county from \$2400 to \$3000 a year. Senator Farrell of Multnomah was the only member of the delegation which opposed passage of the measure.

A campaign to clean up all trees and shrubs in The Dalles will be inaugurated at once by Carl F. Galligan, county fruit inspector, who states that pests which are infesting the city trees are proving a serious menace to the fruit industry of the county.

Forty-three tracts of newly reclaimed land on the northern edge of Tule lake in the southeastern part of Klamath county will be offered for lease to the highest bidder on the 5th of next month, according to announcement made by the reclamation service.

Captain Charles Barrett of Dallas, who is a member of the U. S. signal service, left San Francisco this week for Siberia, where he will be stationed with the American forces. Captain Barrett recently returned from France, where he spent several months on the fighting front.

The crusade started in Bend against proprietors of poolrooms and cigar stores that are said to number minors among their patrons has resulted in the conviction of C. A. Stevenson, charged with allowing boys under age in his billiard parlor, and of George A. Luton, who pleaded guilty to selling cigarettes to minors.

The question of the disposition and use of the block owned by the city of Albany lying east of the block on which the Linn county courthouse is situated is again before the council. The project proposed now is to remove the old central school building which stands on the block and use the site as a city park.

Marshfield citizens are waking up to the probability that the armory may not be secured, according to the terms imposed by the state law governing its construction. An unusual effort has been made of late to enlist the local company to the required 100 members, but information indicates that but 65 men are signed.

The farmers and dairymen of the Hermiston part of Umatilla county held an institute in the Carnegie library, at Hermiston last week. Lectures and demonstrations were given by E. B. Fitts and E. L. Westover, of the Oregon Agricultural college; H. K. Dean, of the local experiment station, and R. W. Allen, of the government reclamation service.

While the people of Bend are enjoying the greatest prosperity in years, with a building programme outlined for the coming season which will total several hundred thousand dollars, the city is virtually bankrupt, Mayor J. A. Eastes declared. Nineteen thousand dollars in unredeemed warrants have been issued, and a local bank with \$9000 of this paper in its possession has declined to take more at any discount.

That there is a chance the sheepmen and cattlemen will get together over the controversy on the range lands of Klamath county is indicated in the offer from both sides to hold a meeting with the aim of reaching an adjustment. The feeling over the bill introduced by Representative George Merryman last week, which provided that no sheep could be lawfully ranged within a mile of a homestead, has been at the highest pitch.

The Elliott & Ellwood Logging company of Astoria has reopened its camp at Olney and logging operations are now in progress. The Big Creek Logging company at Blind slough has opened a new camp called No. 6. The Crown-Willamette company has put a new section crew to work. Nearly all the camps which were damaged by the recent storm have resumed operations. One of the latest to reopen was the H. B. & A. camp at Grays river.

# Carolyn of the Corners

## BY RUTH BELMORE ENDICOTT

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## CHAPTER XII.

### Something Carolyn May Wishes to Know.

Carolyn May's heart was filled with trouble. This was the result of her first talk with the old sailor. Not from him, nor from anybody else, did Carolyn May get any direct information that the sailor had been aboard the Dunraven on her fatal voyage. But his story awoke in the child's breast doubts and longings, uncertainties and desires that had lain dormant for many weeks.

Uncle Joe and Aunt Rose loved her and were kind to her. But that feeling of "emptiness" that had at first so troubled Carolyn May was returning. She began to droop. Keen-eyed Aunt Rose discovered this physical change very quickly.

"She's just like a droopy chicken," declared the good woman, "and, goodness knows, I have seen enough of them."

So, as a stimulant and a preventive of "droopiness," Aunt Rose prescribed bonnet tea, "plenty of it."

Three times a day Carolyn May was dosed with bonnet tea. How long the child's stomach would have endured under this treatment will never be known. Carolyn May got no better, that was sure; but one day something happened.

Winter had moved on in its usual frosty and snowy way. Carolyn May had kept up all her interests—after a fashion.

Benjamin Hardy had gone to Adams' camp to work. It seemed he could use a peevy, or canthook, pretty well, having done something besides sailing in his day. Tim, the hackman, worked at logging in the winter months, too. He usually went past the Stagg place with a team four times each day.

There was something Carolyn May wished to ask Benjamin Hardy, but she did not want anybody else to know what it was—not even Uncle Joe or Aunt Rose. Once in the fall and before the snow came she had ridden as far as Adams' camp with Mr. Parlow. He had gone there for some hickory wood.

But, now, to ride on the empty sled going in and on top of the load of logs coming out of the forest, Carolyn May felt sure, would be much more exciting. She mentioned her desire to Uncle Joe on a Friday evening.

"Well, now, if it's pleasant, I don't see anything to forbid. Do you, Aunt Rose?" Mr. Stagg returned. "I presume Tim will take the best of care of her," the woman said. "Maybe, getting out more in the air will make her look less peaked, Joseph Stagg."

The excitement of preparing to go to the camp the next morning brought the roses into Carolyn May's cheeks and made her eyes sparkle. When Tim, the hackman, went into town with his first load he was forewarned by Aunt Rose that he would have company going back.

"Pitcher of George Washington!" exclaimed Tim. "The boys will near 'bout take a holiday."

There was but one woman in the camp, Judy Mason. She lived in one of the log huts with her husband. He was a sawyer, and Judy did the men's washing.

Benjamin Hardy was pleased, indeed, to see his little friend again. "You come with me, please," she whispered to the old seaman after dinner.



"I've Been So Near Drownin' Myself, That They Thought I Was Dead When I Was Hauled Inboard."

"You can smoke. You haven't got to go back to work yet, and Tim is only just loading his sled. So we can talk."

"Aye, aye, little miss. What'll we talk about?" queried Benjamin cautiously, for he remembered that he was to be very circumspect in his conversation with her.

"I want you to tell me something, Benjamin," she said.

"Sail ahead, matey," he responded with apparent heartiness, filling his pipe meanwhile.

"Why, Benjamin—you must know,

you know, for you've been to sea so much—Benjamin, I want to know if it hurts much to be drown-ed?"

"Hurts much?" gasped the old seaman.

"Yes, sir. Do people that get drown-ed feel much pain? Is it a sufferin' way to die? I want to know, Benjamin, 'cause my papa and mamma died that way," continued the child, choking a little. "It does seem as though I'd just got to know."

"Aye, aye," muttered the man. "I see. An' I kin tell ye, Carolyn May, as close as anybody kin. I've been so near drownin' myself that they thought I was dead when I was hauled inboard."

"Comin' back from drownin' is a whole lot worse than bein' drown-ed. You take it from me."

"Well," sighed Carolyn May, "I'm glad to know that. It's bothered me a good deal. If my mamma and papa had to be dead, maybe that was the nicest way for them to go."

Since Joseph Stagg had listened to the rambling tale of the sailor regarding the sinking of the Dunraven, he had borne the fate of his sister and her husband much in mind.

He had come no nearer to deciding what to do with the apartment in New York and its furnishings.

After listening to Benjamin Hardy's story, the hardware dealer felt less inclined than before to close up the affairs of Carolyn May's small "estate." Not that he for a moment believed that there was a possibility of Hannah and her husband being alive. Five months had passed. In these days of wireless telegraph and fast sea traffic such a thing could not be possible. The imagination of the practical hardware merchant could not visualize it.

One day when Carolyn May was visiting Mrs. Gormley Chet burst in quite unexpectedly, for it was not yet mid-afternoon.

"Mr. Stagg has let me off to take Carolyn May slidin'. The ice ain't goin' to be safe in the cove for long now. Spring's in the air o'ready. Both brooks are runnin' full."

Carolyn May was delighted. Although the sky was overcast and a storm threatening when they got down on the ice, neither the boy nor the little girl gave the weather a second thought. Nor had Mr. Stagg considered the weather when he had allowed Chet to leave the store that afternoon.

Chet strapped on his skates, and then settled the little girl firmly on her sled, with Prince riding behind.

The boy harnessed himself with the long towrope and skated away from the shore, dragging the sled after him at a brisk pace.

"Oh, my!" squealed Carolyn May, "there isn't anybody else on the ice."

"We won't run into nobody, then," laughed the boy.

It was too misty outside the cove to see the open water; but it was there, and Chet knew it as well as anybody. He had no intention of taking any risks—especially with Carolyn May in his charge.

The wind blew out of the cove, too. As they drew away from the shelter of the land they felt its strength.

Naturally, neither the boy nor the little girl—and surely not the dog—looked back toward the land. Otherwise, they would have seen the snow flurry that swept down over the town and quickly hid it from the cove.

Chet was skating his very swiftest. Carolyn May was screaming with delight. Prince barked joyfully. And, suddenly, in a startling fashion, they came to a fissure in the ice!

The boy darted to one side, heeled on his right skate, and stopped. He had jerked the sled aside, too, yelling to Carolyn May to "hold fast!" But Prince was flung from it, and scrambled over the ice, barking loudly.

"Oh, dear me!" cried Carolyn May. "You stopped too quick, Chet Gormley. Goodness! There's a hole in the ice!"

"And I didn't see it till we was almost in it," acknowledged Chet. "It's more'n a hole. Why! there's a great field of ice broke off and sailin' out into the lake."

"Oh, my!" gasped the little girl. The boy knew at once that he must be careful in making his way home with the little girl. Having seen one great fissure in the ice, he might come upon another. It seemed to him as though the ice under his feet was in motion. In the distance was the sound of a reverberating crash that could mean but one thing. The ice in the cove was breaking up!

The waters of the two brooks were pouring down into the cove. Spring had really come, and the annual freshet was likely now to force the ice entirely out of the cove and open the way for traffic in a few hours.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### The Chapel Bell.

If Joseph Stagg had obeyed the precept of his little niece on this particular afternoon and had been "looking up," instead of having his nose in the big ledger, making out monthly statements, he might have discovered the coming storm in season to withdraw his permission to Chet to take Carolyn May out on the ice.

It was always dark enough in the little back office in winter for the hardware dealer to have a lamp burning. So he did not notice the snow flurry that had taken Sunrise Cove in its arms until he chanced to walk out to the front of the store for needed exercise.

"I declare to man, it's snowin'!" muttered Joseph Stagg. "Thought we'd got through with that for this season."

He opened the store door. There was a chill, clammy wind, and the snow was damp and packed quickly under foot.

"Hum! If that Chet Gormley were here now, he might be of some use for once," thought Mr. Stagg.

Suddenly he beheld him of the errand that had taken the boy away from the store.

"Hey, Stagg!" shouted a shopkeeper from over the way, who had likewise come to the door, "did you hear that?"

"Hear what?" asked Joseph Stagg, puzzled.

"There she goes again! That's ice, old man. She's breaking up. We'll have spring with us in no time now."

The reverberating crash that had startled Chet Gormley had startled Joseph Stagg as well.

"My goodness!" gasped the hardware dealer, and he started instantly away from the store, bareheaded as he was, without locking the door behind him—something he had never done before, since he had established himself in business on the main street of Sunrise Cove.

Just why he ran he could scarcely have explained. Of course, the children had not gone out in this snow-storm! Mrs. Gormley—little sense as



"Where's That Plagued Boy?"

he believed the seamstress possessed—would not have allowed them to venture.

Yet, why had Chet not returned? He quickened his pace. He was running—slipping and sliding over the wet snow—when he turned into the street on which his store boy and his widowed mother lived.

Mrs. Gormley saw him coming from the windows of the tiny front room. Mr. Stagg plunged into the little house, head down, and belligerent.

"Where's that plagued boy?" he demanded. "Don't tell me he's taken Hannah's Carolyn out on the cove in this storm!"

"But—you told him he could!" wailed the widow.

"What if I did? I didn't know 'twas going to snow like this, did I?"

"But it wasn't snowin' when they went," said Mrs. Gormley, plucking up some little spirit. "I'm sure it wasn't Chetwood's fault. Oh, dear!"

"Woman," groaned Joseph Stagg, "it doesn't matter whose fault it is—or if it's anybody's fault. The mischief's done. The ice is breaking up. It's drifting out of the inlet."

Just at this moment an unexpected voice broke into the discussion.

"Are you positive they went out on the cove to slide, Mrs. Gormley?"

"Oh, yes, I be, Mandy," answered the seamstress. "Chet said he was goin' there, and what Chet says he'll do, he always does."

"Then the ice has broken away and they have been carried out into the lake," groaned Mr. Stagg.

Mandy Parlow came quickly to the little hall.

"Perhaps not, Joseph," she said, speaking directly to the hardware dealer. "It may be the storm. It snows so fast they would easily get turned around—be unable to land the shore."

Another reverberating crash echoed from the cove. Mrs. Gormley wrung her hands.

"Oh, my Chet! Oh, my Chet!" she wailed. "He'll be drown-ed!"

"He won't be, if he's got any sense," snapped Mr. Stagg. "I'll get some men and we'll go after them."

"Call the dog, Joseph Stagg. Call the dog," advised Miss Amanda.

"Heh? Didn't Prince go with 'em?"

"Oh, yes, he did," wailed Mrs. Gormley.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)