

HINDENBURG DRIVE ON REDS PROMISED

Field Marshal Plans to Use Volunteer Units.

ALL MOVES SECRET

Woman Delegate at Weimar Assembly Goes Home to Organize Women to Fight Foes.

Coblentz.—Field Marshal von Hindenburg is planning to use volunteer units in a drive against the Bolsheviks, with Libau as the base of his operations, it is indicated by information which has reached American intelligence offices.

According to the American experts, who in the line of their duty are keeping in touch with the progress of the readjustment of the enemy's forces, German great headquarters seems to be following a policy of secrecy as regards the eastern front troop question.

This is believed to be due to the fact that the Bolsheviks now have a normal military organization and so will be able to utilize any information they might obtain concerning their enemy. Apparently the German headquarters in Kolberg is directing its energies again toward organization on the Baltic front in the confidence that there is no longer any immediate occasion for concern over the Polish front. Field Marshal von Hindenburg is in Kolberg.

The total number of volunteers on the eastern front or about to proceed there is estimated at nearly 100,000. Some of the old army troops are now on the eastern front.

Weimar, Saturday.—Frau Broenner, an authoress and publisher and a delegate of the German democratic party in the national assembly, has left for home in Koenigsburg to organize the women of East Prussia into a border militia against the Bolsheviks.

Frau Broenner declares her action was prompted by reports that a Bolshevik force a million strong was advancing toward the German frontier and her fear that the men alone would be unable to withstand the Bolshevik hordes.

London.—One thousand persons were killed and wounded in the fighting in Berlin last week, according to an estimate of the casualties made by the Wolff bureau, the leading news agency of Germany.

U. S. CRAFT NOW PLYING SEVEN SEAS

Washington, D. C.—For the first time since the days of the famous "clipper" ships, American merchant craft are now plying the seven seas, carrying products of the United States to the farthest corners of the earth and bringing home both essentials and luxuries.

The shipping board announced Monday that the American merchant marine fleet, built up under the spur of war's necessity, now represented nearly one-fifth of the entire sea-going tonnage of the world and comprised 46 per cent of all ships clearing from United States ports, as compared with 9.7 per cent before the war.

Trade routes not traversed by American craft for more than 50 years once more are invaded, with new routes established to China, Australia, New Zealand, India, the Dutch East Indies, the west coast of Africa and ports on the Mediterranean. Ships flying the stars and stripes also are running regularly to South America, Great Britain and continental Europe as well as to Canada and Mexico.

The fleet now engaged in overseas commerce aggregates 1,961,239 gross tons. Of this total 315,925 tons are employed in trans-Pacific trade.

When the army and navy return to the shipping board the 353 ships which they are operating, the commercial fleet under the American flag will be increased by 1,783,581 gross tons with many hundreds of thousands of tons building or under contract.

Fire Loss is \$5,000,000.

Rio Janeiro.—The damage resulting from the fire which started early last week on the Santos docks and which is supposed to have been of incendiary origin, is estimated at \$5,000,000. The damage was principally to coffee and jute. Several days previous to the Santos dock fire the jute factory at Sao Paulo was destroyed, together with two Japanese ships loaded with jute. The damage is estimated at \$2,500,000.

DAILY DEATHS THOUSANDS

Famine and Disease Ravage Bolsheviki Population Centers

London.—Starvation prevails throughout bolshevik Russia and is killing off the population by thousands. Diseases due to under nourishment are rampant and food is so scarce in Petrograd and Moscow that cats sell readily for \$3 each. The undertakers cannot cope with conditions, as there is not enough wood for coffins. The British government received these reports within the last week from British subjects recently returned from Russia.

Their evidence is unanimous that if means are not found to alleviate the food situation the inhabitants of bolshevik Russia may starve to death. The Britishers say that the plight of Russia is a direct result of the reign of anarchy and terror instituted by Lenine and Trotzky. They declare that the Russian problem has become a question of common humanity.

Thousands are dying daily in Petrograd, Moscow, Kiev and Odessa. In Petrograd alone the deaths from famine three weeks ago numbered 200 daily. Typhoid, or "hunger typhus," is carrying off young and old everywhere, and in Moscow glanders is epidemic.

There is no fuel for lighting and millions live in darkness after nightfall. The troubles of the Russians are further aggravated by lack of coal and wood, which can be obtained only by the very rich or by the favorites and parasites of the bolshevik government. There is a great lack of medicines and doctors.

The bolshevik paper money has no value in the country districts, and the peasants refuse to exchange it for food.

Warning Sent to Italy.

Washington, D. C.—Italy has been warned by the American government that unless she puts an end to delays in movements of relief supplies to the newly-established Jugo-Slavic and Czecho-Slavic states, steps will be taken to cut off the flow of American foodstuffs to Italy.

It was stated in an authoritative quarter that the Italian government had caused intolerable conditions by the blockade she has imposed against the Jugo-Slavic countries and which operates also against the Czecho-Slavs.

The blockade has not been wholly effective, but many delays have been caused, resulting often in holding up supplies, the need of which was desperate. No reply has yet been made by the Italian government.

Editor Guilty of Libel.

Eugene.—James Fullerton was found guilty in circuit court of the charge of libel against the University of Oregon, its president, P. L. Campbell, and the students. Mr. Fullerton had been indicted by the grand jury on the charge of libel for utterances in the Oregon Hornet, a monthly publication printed by him, in which he charged that immorality was rampant on the campus of the university and that President Campbell condoned it.

Few Shell Shocks Fatal.

New York.—Ninety-nine per cent of all shell shock cases in the American army in France completely recovered, according to Dr. Thomas Salmon of New York, chief medical officer in charge of such soldiers, who returned on the Leviathan.

"There was less insanity in the American army than in any of the other allied armies," said Colonel Salmon.

Poles Seek For Peace.

Posen.—Several members of the inter-allied mission are to proceed to Paris to inform the peace conference as to the exact situation existing between the Poles and Ukrainians in eastern Galicia. It is thought probable that the mission will propose extremely severe steps in order to compel the Ukrainians to cease hostilities.

Postal Grants Increase.

San Francisco.—The headquarters for the Postal Telegraph company in California, Montana, Idaho, Washington, Oregon, Arizona, Utah, New Mexico and Nevada, which are located here, received word Saturday of a 10 per cent increase of employees' wages, retroactive to January 1. About 100 are affected in San Francisco.

Want Blockade Raised.

Basle.—The German national assembly at Weimar Monday unanimously adopted as resolution introduced by 37 women members demanding the immediate raising of the hunger blockade and repatriation of prisoners of war.

STATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

One hundred and forty-six bills of the recent legislative session, which were left in the hands of Governor Withycombe undisposed of when he died last week, were filed in the office of the secretary of state by Chester A. Moore, private secretary to the late Governor Withycombe.

Open war was declared on the loyal legion of loggers and lumbermen at Bend last week, when the loyal timberworkers' union passed a resolution declaring that membership in the four L's would constitute an effective bar to admission into the union, and that any union man joining the loyal legion would automatically cancel his union card.

Twelve days were spent in covering a distance of 33 miles by state employees who arrived Wednesday in Bend from Elk lake, bringing with them 640,000 freshly gathered brook trout eggs which were immediately taken to the new hatchery as the first to be placed in the troughs at the new plant.

Pendleton carpenters who have been idle since Saturday morning, when they refused to work for less than 80 cents an hour, went back to their jobs Wednesday morning under a tentative agreement with their employers, pending a final settlement of the question this week. In the meantime they are to receive the 80-cent wage.

While health authority reports indicate an end of its attack on humans, influenza is fatally affecting horses of the Hood River valley. C. D. Hoyt, East Side orchardist, lost a valuable horse last week. The animal's teammate is thought to be fatally ill. The horses display all symptoms by which the disease is identified in humans.

As a result of the suspension of work on two hulls at the McEachern and two at the Rodgers yard at Astoria, 150 men were laid off at each plant Wednesday morning. The former has 350 men working on three hulls and the latter about 200 men employed on two hulls. Work at the Wilson yard has not been interfered with. That plant has 450 men working on three hulls.

Ninety per cent of the votes cast at Wednesday's special election in Umatilla county favored the issuance by the county of \$1,050,000 in road bonds. Less than 5000 votes were cast against the proposal and only four of the 64 precincts, all small ones, returned unfavorable majorities. Several precincts cast a unanimous vote for the bonds.

Lincoln county's patriotic postmaster, J. J. Galther, at Toledo, Oregon, last year sold War Savings Stamps to twenty-five people who proudly displayed the limit button. Newport made one of the greatest over-subscriptions in the Liberty Bond campaign, population considered, of any town in the state. Mr. Galther is director of the thrift campaign in Lincoln county this year and his ambition is to make Lincoln county the first division to complete the raising of its share of investment in the government securities for payment of war bills.

The now celebrated Alleghany dog case at Marshfield bids fair to rival other similar contested laws, that have been brought to notice in certain sections of the country. Mrs. W. H. Stull obtained a verdict of \$250 in justice court for killing of her two dogs by Roscoe Bunch and T. F. Porter, and when the defendants appealed to the county district court the judgment was affirmed. The men now declare they will qualify for a hearing in the state supreme court and from there it may go on to the higher tribunal.

It has definitely been decided by the Graves Canning company to erect a \$16,000 cannery at Woodburn. A rousing meeting of the berry growers in that city last Saturday added impetus to the project. The site has been purchased and building will begin next month. Many growers have contracted acreage. It is proposed eventually to have one of the largest canneries in the state. This will be in addition to the juice factory now established at that point. Both plants will consume the products of a large number of acres and renewed life has been given to that section.

The question of prices for raw salmon to prevail in the Bering sea district is now being discussed by the members of the fishermen's unions, with headquarters at San Francisco.

Seven and one-quarter per cent fewer men were employed in the industrial plants throughout Astoria during the week ending February 26 than during the same period a month previous, according to figures compiled by the United States government employment agent, J. M. Waggener.



CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

"Pick him up and put him on the sled here, boys," Mr. Stagg said. "I'll carry Hannah's Carlyn myself."

The party, including the excited Prince, got back to the docks without losing any time and without further accident. Still the chapel bell was ringing and somebody said:

"We'd have been up a stump for knowing the direction if it hadn't been for that bell."

"Me, too," muttered Chet Gormley. "That's what kep' me gold, folks—the chapel bell. It just seemed to be callin' me home."

Joseph Stagg, carried his niece up to Mrs. Gormley's little house, while one of the men helped Chet along to the same destination. The seamstress met them at the door, wildly excited.

"And what do you think?" she cried. "They took Mandy Parlow home in Tim's hack. She was just done up, they tell me, pullin' that chapel bell. Did you ever hear of such a silly critter—just because she couldn't find the sexton!"

"Hum! you and I both seem to be mistaken about what constitutes silliness, Mrs. Gormley," grumbled the hardware dealer. "I was for calling your Chet silly, till I learned what he'd done. And you'd better not call Miss Mandy silly. The sound of the chapel bell gave us all our bearings. Both of 'em, Chet and Miss Mandy, did their best."

Carolyn May was taken home in Tim's hack, too. To her surprise, Tim was ordered to stop at the Parlow house and go in to ask how Miss Amanda was.

By this time the story of her pulling of the chapel bell rope was all over Sunrise Cove and the hack driver was naturally as curious as anybody. So he willingly went into the Parlow cottage, bringing back word that she was resting comfortably, Doctor Nugent having just left her.

"An' she's one brave gal," declared Tim. "Pitcher of George Washington! pullin' that bell rope ain't no baby's job."

Carolyn May did not altogether understand what Miss Amanda had done, but she was greatly pleased that Uncle Joe had so plainly displayed his interest in the carpenter's daughter.

The next morning Carolyn May seemed to be in good condition. Indeed, she was the only individual vitally interested in the adventure who did not pay for the exposure. Even Prince had barked his legs being hauled out on the ice. Uncle Joe had caught a bad cold in his head and suffered from it for some time. Miss Amanda remained in bed for several days. But it was poor Chet Gormley who paid the dearest price for participation in the exciting incident. Doctor Nugent had hard work fighting off pneumonia.

Mr. Stagg surprised himself by the interest he took in Chet. He closed his store twice each day to call at the Widow Gormley's house. Mr. Stagg found himself talking with Chet more than he ever had before. The boy was lonely and the man found a spark of interest in his heart for him that he had never previously discovered. He began to probe into his young employee's thoughts, to learn something of his outlook on life; perhaps, even, he got some inkling of Chet's ambition.

That week the ice went entirely out of the cove. Spring was at hand, with its muddy roads, blue skies, sweeter airs, soft rains and a general revivifying feeling.

Aunt Rose declared that Carolyn May began at once to "perk up." Perhaps the cold, long winter had been hard for the child to bear.

One day the little girl had a more than ordinarily hard school task to perform. Everything did not come easy to Carolyn May, "by any manner of means," as Aunt Rose would have said. Composition writing was her bane and Miss Minnie had instructed Carolyn May's class to bring in a written exercise the next morning. The little girl wandered over to the churchyard with her slate and pencil—and Prince, of course—to try to achieve the composition.

The windows of the minister's study overlooked this spot and he was sitting at his desk while Carolyn May was laboriously writing the words on her slate (having learned to use a slate), which she expected later to copy into her composition book.

The Rev. Afton Driggs watched her puzzled face and laboring fingers for some moments before calling out of his window to her. Several sheets of sermon paper lay before him on the desk and perhaps he was having almost as hard a time putting on the paper what he desired to say as Carolyn May was having with her writing.

Finally, he came to the window and spoke to her. "Carolyn May," he said, "what are you writing?"

"Oh, Mr. Driggs, is that you?" said the little girl, getting up quickly and

coming nearer. "Did you ever have to write a composition?"

"Yes, Carolyn May, I have to write one or two each week." And he sighed.

"Oh, yes! So you do!" the little girl agreed. "You have to write sermons. And that must be a terribly tedious thing to do, for they have to be longer than my composition—a great deal longer."

"So it is a composition that is troubling you," the young minister remarked.

"Yes, sir. I don't know what to write—I really don't. Miss Minnie says for us not to try any flights of fancy. I don't just know what those are. But she says, write what is in us. Now, that don't seem like a composition," added Carolyn May doubtfully.

"What doesn't?"

"Why, writing what is in us," explained the little girl, staring in a



"Carolyn May," He Said, "What Are You Writing?"

puzzled fashion at her slate, on which she had written several lines. "You see, I have written down all the things that I'm member is in me."

"For pity's sake! let me see it, child," said the minister, quickly reaching down for the slate. When he brought it to a level with his eyes he was amazed by the following:

"In me there is my heart, my liver, my lungs, my verform pendicks, my stummick, two ginger cookies, a piece of peppermint candy and my dinner."

"For pity's sake!" Mr. Driggs shut off this explosion by a sudden cough.

"I guess it isn't much of a composition, Mr. Driggs," Carolyn May said frankly. "But how can you make your inwards be pleasant reading?"

The minister was having no little difficulty in restraining his mirth. "Go around to the door, Carolyn May, and ask Mrs. Driggs to let you in. Perhaps I can help you in this composition writing."

"Oh, will you, Mr. Driggs?" cried the little girl. "That is awful kind of you."

The clergyman did not seem to mind neglecting his task for the pleasure of helping Carolyn May with hers. He explained quite clearly just what Miss Minnie meant by "writing what is in you."

"Oh! it's what you think about a thing yourself—not what other folks think," cried Carolyn May. "Why, I can do that. I thought it was something like those physiologi lessons. Then I can write about anything I want to, can't I?"

"I think so," replied the minister.

"I'm awfully obliged to you, Mr. Driggs," the little girl said. "I wish I might do something for you in return."

"Help me with my sermon, perhaps?" he asked, smiling.

"I would if I could, Mr. Driggs," Carolyn May was very earnest.

"Well, now, Carolyn May, how would you go about writing a sermon if you had one to write?"

"Oh, Mr. Driggs!" exclaimed the little girl, clasping her hands. "I know just how I'd do it."

"You do? Tell me how, then, my dear," he returned, smiling. "Perhaps you have an inspiration for writing sermons that I have never yet found."

"Why, Mr. Driggs, I'd try to write every word so's to make folks that heard it happier. That's what I'd do. I'd make 'em look up and see the sunshine and the sky—and the mountains, 'way off yonder—so they'd see nothing but bright things and breathe only good air and hear birds sing—Oh, dear me, that—that is the way I'd write a sermon."

The clergyman's face had grown grave as he listened to her, but he kissed her warmly as he thanked her and bade her good-by. When she had gone from the study he read again

the text written at the top of the first sheet of sermon paper. It was taken from the book of the prophet Jeremiah.

"To write every word so's to make folks that heard it happier," he murmured as he crumpled the sheet of paper in his hand and dropped it in the waste-basket.

CHAPTER XV.

The Awakening.

With the opening of spring and the close of the sledding season, work had stopped at Adams' camp. Rather, the entire plant had been shipped twenty miles deeper into the forest—mill, bunkhouse, cook shed and such corrugated-iron shacks as were worth carting away.

All that was left on the site of the busy camp were huge heaps of sawdust, piles of slabs, discarded timbers and the half-burned bricks into which had been built the portable boiler and engine.

And old Judy Mason. She was not considered worth moving to the new site of the camp. She was bedridden with rheumatism. This was the report Tim, the hackman, had brought in.

The old woman's husband had gone with the outfit to the new camp, for he could not afford to give up his work. Judy had not been so bad when the camp was broken up, but when Tim went over for a load of slabs for summer firewood, he discovered her quite helpless in her bunk and almost starving. The rheumatic attack had become serious.

Amanda Parlow had at once ridden over with Doctor Nugent.

"How brave and helpful it is of Miss Amanda!" Carolyn May cried. "Dear me, when I grow up I hope I can be a graduate nurse like Miss Mandy."

"I reckon that's some spell ahead," chuckled Mr. Parlow, to whom she said this when he picked her up for a drive after taking his daughter to the camp.

"Mr Parlow," the girl ventured after a time, "don't you think now that Miss Amanda ought to be happy?"

"Happy!" exclaimed the carpenter, startled. "What about, child?"

"Why, about everything. You know, once I asked you about her being happy, and—and you didn't seem favorable. You said 'Bah!'"

The old man made no reply for a minute and Carolyn May had the patience to wait for her suggestion to "sink in." Finally he said:

"I dunno but you're right, Carlyn May. Not that it matters much, I guess, whether a body's happy or not in this world," he added grudgingly.

"Oh, yes, it does, Mr. Parlow! It matters a great deal, I am sure—to us and to other people. If we're not happy inside of us, how can we be cheerful outside, and so make other people happy? And that is what I mean about Miss Amanda."

"What about Mandy?"

"She isn't happy," sighed Carolyn May. "Not really. She's just as good as good can be. She is always doing for folks and helping. But she can't be real happy."

"Why not?" growled Mr. Parlow, his face turned away.

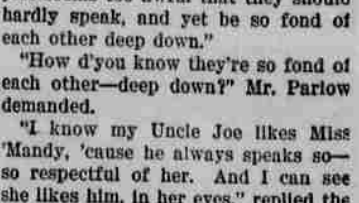
"Why—cause— Well, you know, Mr. Parlow, she can't be happy as long as she and my Uncle Joe are mad at each other."

Mr. Parlow uttered another grunt, but the child went bravely on.

"You know very well that's so. And I don't know what to do about it. It just seems too awful that they should hardly speak, and yet be so fond of each other deep down."

"How'd you know they're so fond of each other—deep down?" Mr. Parlow demanded.

"I know my Uncle Joe likes Miss Mandy, 'cause he always speaks so-so respectful of her. And I can see she likes him, in her eyes," replied the



observant Carolyn May. "Oh, yes, Mr. Parlow, they ought to be happy again, and we ought to make 'em so."

"Huh! Who ought to?"

"You and me. We ought to find some way of doing it. I'm sure we can, if we just think hard about it."

"Huh!" grunted the carpenter again, turning Cherry into the dooryard. "Huh!"

This was not a very encouraging response. Yet he did think of it. The little girl had started a train of thought in Mr. Parlow's mind that he could not sidetrack.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

It doesn't take much to convince a man that he needs a rest.