

PERSHING RETURNS TO GRATEFUL LAND

Great Leader Swayed By Tremendous Welcome.

WAVES CAP WITH GLEE

New York City Goes Wild While Grim Army Commander Smiles— [Great Parade to Follow.]

New York.—America welcomed General Pershing home Monday.

Honored by foreign rulers and governments, the commander-in-chief of the mightiest army that ever fought its way to victory under the stars and stripes returned to his own folk to meet a greater honor than any foreign potentate or power could confer—the thanks of the world's greatest democracy to the man who had delivered the decisive blow in democracy's supreme fight against tyranny.

The stern-faced soldier who had maintained his iron self-control amid the shambles of the Meuse and the blood-drenched forest of Argonne was not proof against the tributes of praise and gratitude which was roared from hundreds of thousands of the throats and hearts of his fellow citizens.

His voice trembled with emotion as he responded to the greetings extended by Secretary of War Baker in his own behalf and that of the president as well as the welcome addresses of representatives of the senate and the house, the state and city.

As his car went slowly through the cheering crowds which jammed Broadway from the Battery to the city hall, Pershing attempted in vain to maintain his composure. At first he replied to the cheers with the stiff salute which military etiquette demands, but he was soon carried away by the storm of applause which swept in great gusts about him. Rising to his feet, he waved his cap above his head with a boyish gesture which told how deeply he was stirred, while the grim lines of his bronzed face broke into a smile, which was as infectious as it was rare.

It was a proud moment for the great American soldier, but a prouder still remains. New York did not exhaust its welcome Monday; Wednesday he will ride down Fifth avenue at the head of the 1st division of the regular army, the first to go and last to leave, victors in the first battle ever fought on European soil by American soldiers.

Surrounded by comrades, humbler in station, but who had offered their all just as freely in the cause of liberty, General Pershing first re-glimpsed his native land. When the huge Leviathan, once the pride of defeated Germany, nosed her way through the mists off the Jersey coast, the general stood upon her deck with the famous "composite regiment," 3000 picked American soldiers, known as "Pershing's own."

These stalwart soldiers were his guard of honor when Paris and London paid tribute to the American commander, and they will be his guard of honor when his own country's metropolis pays its full meed of praise Wednesday.

"Oregon Yours," Says Daniels.

Astoria, Or.—"It is yours," said Secretary of the Navy Daniels Monday when Governor Olcott asked him for the permanent assignment of the historic battleship Oregon to Oregon waters. The secretary said the navy department was prepared to shoulder half of the upkeep of the veteran sea fighter, and estimated that the state's share would be between \$2,000 and \$25,000 annually. Following the review at Seattle the Oregon will be dismantled at the Bremerton navy yard. Governor Olcott received Secretary Daniels' assurance that the option given could be taken up at a later date if the appropriation is made available by the state.

Girls' Garb is Optional.

Sacramento.—School trustees have no authority to compel pupils to wear uniforms, according to the state superintendent of schools. Supt. Wood made the ruling in the case of several girls attending the Santa Paula union high school who refused to wear a uniform which the trustees had ordered worn. Mr. Woods held that although trustees might suggest uniforms girls have a right to wear any clothing they wish so long as it is modest.

A shipment of 10,000 tons of potash from Germany to the United States, said to be the first since 1914, has been contracted for.

BOLSHEVIST PERIL LOOMS

Wilson Gives Warning If Treaty Is Delayed—World Uneasy.

Des Moines, Ia.—A possibility that bolshevism may spread in threatening proportions to the United States unless the peace treaty is ratified promptly was suggested by President Wilson in an address here Saturday night.

The whole world was waiting uneasily, he said, while the poison which had wrecked Russia was spreading among peoples who did not yet know what guarantees there were to be for liberty in the new world order. Labor and capital in the United States, he asserted, could not proceed intelligently with their settlements, nor could great problems like the railroad situation be solved while the suspense continued.

Mr. Wilson defended the Shantung provision of the treaty and said the league covenant section referring to the Monroe doctrine had been inserted "to give the Monroe doctrine right of way in the western hemisphere." He declared his conviction that it would do so.

The meeting was opened with an invocation, and Mr. Wilson was introduced by J. B. Weaver, president of the Des Moines Chamber of Commerce, who spoke on the "outstanding figure in the life of the world today."

Describing the world as "desperately in need of the settled condition of peace," the president said the United States, the last nation which the world expected to have to wait upon, was delaying the coming of peace.

The treaty, he said, not only would establish peace, but it would end forever the rule of a few men over the destinies of many.

Citing what had happened in Europe with the rise of bolshevism, Mr. Wilson said the move of radicalism and disorder was spreading on a reaction.

"Do you honestly think that none of that poison has got into the veins of this free people?" he asked. "Men look you calmly in the face in America and tell you they are for that sort of revolution."

AUSARIA PROTESTS BUT VOTES PEACE

Vienna.—The national assembly by a vote of 97 to 28 Saturday decided to sign the peace treaty.

The assembly, however, protested against the violation of Austria's right of free disposal of herself.

The German nationalities voted against signature of the treaty, while some members of the South Tyrolean party abstained from voting. The vote was taken after adoption without dissent of the government's resolution of protest presented by Christian Hauser, declaring that the territorial clauses of the treaty grossly violate the national claim to self-determination and the basis on which the armistice was concluded.

"We raise once more our voices against a peace founded on brute force," said the resolution. "As one man we decline the dividing up of our peoples into free and unfree, as is done by this peace."

The resolution also declares that ultimate union with Germany is an absolute necessity and expresses the hope that when the hatred of the war dies down this union will be consummated. It ends by placing responsibility for steeping Europe in revolution and confusion on the shoulders of the entente and looks to the league of nations to repair the wrong done.

U. S. Soldier Killed by Germans.

Coblenz.—Private Reass Madsen of Sacramento, Cal., was shot and killed Saturday by German soldiers.

The shooting took place in the neutral zone about a mile from the boundary of the Coblenz bridgehead.

Madsen and Private Bert Balsinger of the 8th infantry, who had been on outpost duty, were deer hunting when they encountered a German patrol of 13 soldiers. According to Balsinger, the Germans began firing without asking an explanation as to why the two Americans were in the neutral zone.

Balsinger told the American authorities that when he and Madsen encountered the Germans he was several yards ahead of Madsen. Balsinger said he dropped his rifle as soon as he saw the Germans, who a second afterward began to shoot a Madsen. The Germans contended that Madsen fired on them.

"Prehistoric Man" Modern.

Jackson, Mich.—That the "prehistoric man" recently found in an excavation here was an imago modeled by a convict at the state penitentiary years ago now is the generally accepted explanation of the find. It is recalled that a convict once made such models and that they all disappeared when he left the prison. Many scientists came here to investigate the "man." One look was enough for most of them.

STATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Albany.—The first hunting license issued to a woman in Linn county this year was obtained Tuesday by Miss Maude Rolfe of this city. Miss Rolfe is a bookkeeper in the First National bank of Albany.

Aurora.—Hop picking will be in full swing this week. Hops are good and pickers are plentiful in this section. Growers are paying \$120 per hundred or 60 cents a box. The foliage is light, making the picking fast and easy this year.

Salem.—Up to August 31 a total of 78,298 motor vehicles were registered in Oregon during the current year. During the same period in 1918, 61,108 motor vehicles were registered, showing an increase in the number of cars in use in Oregon in 1919 over 1918 of 17,190.

Salem.—Herbert Nunn, state highway engineer, has returned from a tour of road inspection which took him as far south as Medford. He says work on the highways is progressing satisfactorily and that practically all of the trunk roads will be paved by next fall.

Eugene.—The electric light plant at Florence at the mouth of the Siuslaw river was destroyed by fire last Thursday morning and the town will be in darkness for some time to come. The plant was owned by G. G. Bushman of Eugene. The loss is estimated at \$10,000.

Salem.—The so-called reconstruction of man is to be one of the essential undertakings of the state industrial accident commission under a recent amendment to the workmen's compensation act which authorizes the commission to expend funds for this purpose in addition to compensating the injured.

Salem.—Under a plan worked out by City Recorder Race all students at Willamette university this winter will be given odd-hour employment to help pay their living expenses. Mr. Race asks all students seeking this employment to list their names with him in order that they may be put in touch with employers.

Albany.—Four hundred and fifty dollars an acre is the return received this year by E. B. Wallace in mint growing. Mr. Wallace has eight acres in mint on his farm about eight miles east of Albany, on the Santiam bottom, and from it secured 360 pounds of mint oil. This oil is selling now for \$19 a pound. Mr. Wallace has been raising mint several years.

Eugene.—Rainfall of nearly an inch in this part of the state in 36 hours has extinguished all forest fires in the Cascades east of here. Many of the men who had been fighting the fires were paid off at the office of the Cascade national forest. The rain has made it inconvenient for hop pickers. Considerable acreage of late wheat has not been threshed.

Bend.—Because John E. Berg, un-informed as to the directions shown on the map of Bend, built an expensive residence with its back entrance facing on Klamath avenue, near the street will be relocated by the city council so that the owner need not use the kitchen door as the chief entrance and exit. The expense of relocation will be borne by Mr. Berg, his petition to the council stated today.

Salem.—Attorney-General Brown and L. A. Liljeqvist have returned to Salem after a few days passed in Harney county gathering evidence in connection with determining the title to the bed of Malheur lake. At the last session of the state legislature an appropriation was made for the purpose of investigating and fixing the titles to the beds of several Oregon lakes with a view of protecting the state against the loss of valuable lands.

Albany.—Conversations in the German language on the streets or in business houses in Albany are apt to become decidedly unpopular by virtue of a resolution adopted by the local post of the American legion at its meeting recently. Members have agreed that whenever any of them hears a conversation being conducted in a foreign language, they will advise the speakers that they are in the United States and accordingly should use the American language.

Salem.—Oregon will produce approximately 45,000 bales of hops this season, according to the latest estimates by leading growers of the Willamette valley. First estimates placed the crop at 50,000 bales, but this was cut down because of the continued dry weather which resulted in sunburn in some of the fields. It is believed that most of the yards will produce an average of 1200 pounds to the acre, for which the growers will receive between 50 and 60 cents a pound.

WOLVES OF THE SEA

By RANDALL PARRISH

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Foreword.

Anson Carlyle, aged twenty-three, the ninth in descent from Capt. Geoffrey Carlyle of Glasgow, Scotland, was among the heroic Canadian dead at Vimy ridge. Unmarried, and the last of his line, what few treasures he possessed fell into alien hands. Among these was a manuscript, apparently written in the year 1687, and which, through nine generations, had been carefully preserved, yet never made public. The paper was yellowed and discolored by years; occasionally a page was missing, and the writing itself had become almost indecipherable. Much indeed had to be traced by use of a microscope. The writer was evidently a man of some education, and clear thought, but exceeding diffuse, in accordance with the style of his time, and possessing small conception of literary form. It editing this manuscript for modern readers I have therefore been compelled to practically re-write it entirely, retaining merely the essential facts, with an occasional descriptive passage, although I have conscientiously followed the original development of the tale. In this reconstruction much quaintness of language as well as appeal to probability, may have been lost, and for this my only excuse is the necessity of thus making the story readable. I have no doubt as to its essential truth, nor do I question the purpose which dominated this rover of the sea in his effort to record the adventures of his younger life. As a picture of those days of blood and courage, as well as a story of love and devotion, I deem it worthy preservation, regretting only the impossibility of now presenting it in print exactly as written by Geoffrey Carlyle.

R. P.

CHAPTER I.

Sent Into Servitude.

Knowing this to be a narrative of unusual adventure, and one which may never even be read until long after I have departed from this world, when it will be difficult to convince readers that such times as are herein depicted could ever have been reality, I shall endeavor to narrate each incident in the simplest manner possible. My only purpose is truth, and my only witness history. Yet, even now lately as this all happened, it is more like the recollections of a dream, dimly remembered at awakening, and, perchance, might remain so, but for the scars upon my body, and the constant memory of a woman's face. These alone combine to bring back in vividness those days that were—days of youth and daring, of desperate, lawless war, of wide ocean peril, and the outstretched hands of love. So that here, where I am writing it all down, here amid quietness and peace, and forgetful of the past, I wander again along a deserted shore, and sail among those Isles of a southern sea, the home for many a century of crime and unspeakable cruelty. I will recall the truth, and can do no more.

It was still early morning when we were brought out under heavy guard and marched somberly forth through the opened gates of the jail. Ahead we could perceive a forest of masts, and what seemed like a vast crowd of waiting people. That we had been sentenced to exile, to prolonged servitude in some foreign land, was all that any of us knew.

The guards prodded the crowd sagely with the butts of their musketoons, thus making scant room for us to shuffle through, out upon the far end of the wharf, where we were finally halted abreast of a lumping brig, apparently nearly ready for sea. There were more than forty of us. I gained glimpse of the hooker's name—Romping Betsy of Plymouth. A moment later a sailor passed along the edge of the dock and instantly a whisper passed swiftly from man to man. "It's Virginia, mate; we're bound for Virginia."

The eyes of a prisoner met mine. "Virginia, hey?" he grunted. "Ye're a sailorman, ain't ye, mate? Well, then, whar is this yere Virginia?" "That's all right, mates," I returned cheerily. "We'll fall into the hands of Englishmen out there. In America, where all the tobacco comes from. I've been there twice—and to a land beyond they call Maryland. 'Tis a country not so unlike England."

"Ye better stow that, my man," growled someone above me, and I looked up into the stern eyes of the captain of the guard, "or it may be the 'cat' for ye. So ye've been ter the Virginia plantation, hev ye? Then ye must be Master Carlyle, I take it.

I heard tell about ye at the trial, but supposed ye ter be an older man."

"I am twenty-six."

"Ye don't look even that. Ay, they're ready for ye now. Fall in there—all of yer. Step along, yer d—d rebel scum."

I stared aft at the poop deck. There were a number of persons gathered along the low rail, probably all passengers. Then my eyes encountered a strange group foregathered beside the lee rail.

There were four in the little party, one of them a negress. Another was clearly enough a colonial proprietor, a heavily built man of middle age, purple faced. I passed these by with a glance, my attention concentrating upon the other two—a middle-aged man and a young woman standing side by side. The former was a dashing looking blade, of not more than forty, attired in blue slashed coat, ornamented with gilt buttons, and bedecked at collar and cuffs with a profusion of lace. A saffron colored waistcoat failed to conceal his richly beruffled shirt, and the hilt of a rapier was rather prominently displayed. Such dandies were frequently enough seen, but it was this man's face which made marked contrast with his gay attire. He was dark and hook-nosed, apparently of foreign birth, with black mustache tightly clipped, so as to reveal the thin firmness of his lips, and even at that distance I could perceive the lines of a scar across his chin. Altogether there was an audacity to his face, a daring, convincing me he was no mere lady's knight but one to whom fighting was a trade. He was pointing us out to his companion, apparently joking over our appearance, in an endeavor to amuse. Seemingly she gave small heed to his words, for although her eyes followed where he pointed they never once lighted with a smile. Nor did I see her answer his sallies. She was scarcely more than a girl, dressed very simply in some clinging dark stuff, with a loose gray cloak draping her shoulders and a small, neat bonnet of straw perched upon a mass of coiled hair. The face beneath was sweetly piquant, with dark eyes and rounded cheeks flushed with health. She stood, both hands clasping the rail, watching us intently. I somehow felt as though her eyes were upon me, and within their depths, even at that distance, I seemed to read a message of sympathy and kindness. The one lasting impression her face left on my memory was that of innocent girlhood, dignified by a womanly tenderness.

What were those two to each other? I could not guess, for they seemed from two utterly different worlds. Not

den movement of the hull told all we were under way.

CHAPTER II.

The Prison Ship.

The greater portion of that voyage of 53 days I would blot entirely from memory if possible. I cannot hope to describe it in any detail—the foul smells, the discomfort, the ceaseless horror of food, the close companionship of men turned into mere animals by suffering and distress, the wearisome days, the black, sleepless nights, the poisonous air, and the brutality of guards. I can never forget these things, for they have scarred my soul.

The hatch above remained open, but carefully guarded night and day, while we were permitted on deck for air and exercise only in squads of ten, two hours out of every twenty-four. This alone served to break the dread monotony of the voyage. From our exercise on deck we generally returned below drenched to the skin, but glad to even pay that price for two hours of fresh air, and an opportunity to gaze about at sea and sky. We were herded well forward, a rope dividing us from the main deck, which space the passengers aft used as a promenade. There were only three women aboard, a fat dowager, the young lady I had noticed at embarkation, and her colored maid. I gained but one glimpse of the young lady in the first two weeks at sea, and then only as we were being ordered down to our quarters for the night. Just as I was approaching the hatch to descend our eyes met fairly, and I instantly knew she saw and recognized me. For a single second our glances clung, as though some mysterious influence held us to each other—then the angry guard struck me with the stock of his piece.

"What er ye standin' thar fer?" he demanded savagely. "Go on down—lively now."

I saw her clasping fingers convulsively grip the rail, and, even at that distance, marked a sudden flame of color in her cheeks. That was all her message to me, yet quite enough. Although we had never spoken, although our names were yet unknown, I was no criminal to her mind, no unrecognized prisoner beneath contempt, but a human being in whom she already felt a personal interest, and to whom she extended thought and sympathy. I continued entirely ignorant of the identity of the young woman. She remained in my memory, in my thoughts nameless, a dream rather than a reality. I did learn that the gay gallant was a wealthy Spaniard, supposedly of high birth, by name Sanchez, and at one time in the naval service, and likewise ascertained that the rotund planter was a certain Roger Fairfax of Saint Mary's in Maryland, homeward bound after a successful sale of his tobacco crop in London. It was during his visit to the great city that he had met Sanchez, and his praise of the colonies had induced the latter to essay a voyage in his company to America. But strange enough no one so much as mentioned the girl in connection with either man.

CHAPTER III.

Dorothy Fairfax.

We were not far from two hundred miles east of the Capes. I had been closely confined to my bunk for two days with illness, but now, somewhat stronger, had been ordered to deck by the surgeon. The last batch of prisoners, after their short hour of recreation, had been returned to the quarters below, but I was permitted to remain alone undisturbed.

I was still standing there absorbed when a voice, soft-spoken and feminine, broke the silence.

"May I speak with you?"

I turned instantly, so thoroughly surprised my voice faltered as I gazed into the upturned face of the questioner. She stood directly beside me, her head uncovered. Instantly my cap was off, and I was bowing courteously.

"Most certainly," with a quick side glance toward the guard, "but I am a prisoner."

"Of course I know that," in smiling confidence. "Only you see I am rather a privileged character on board. Perhaps you may be pleased if you talk with me—is that what you mean?"

"I am more than willing to assume the risk. I have made few friends forward, and am even bold enough to say that I have longed for a word with you ever since I first saw you aboard."

"What were those two to each other?"

brother and sister surely; and not lovers. The last was unthinkable. Instinctively I disliked the man, aware of an instant antagonism, realizing that he was evil; while his companion came to me as revelation of all that was true and worthy, in a degree I had never known before. From the instant I looked upon these two I felt convinced that, through some strange variety of fate, we were destined to know more of each other; that our life lines were ordained to touch and become entangled, somewhere in that mystery of the western world to which I had been condemned.

Then the guards came to me, and, with my limbs freed of fetters, I was passed down the steep ladder into the semidarkness between decks, where we were to be confined. It proved a dismal, crowded hole in which we were quartered like so many cattle, the only ventilation and light furnished by the open hatch above. The ticket given me called by number for a certain berth, and I found this, throwing within the small bundle I bore. Almost immediately there was a sound of tramping feet on the deck above, and the creaking of blocks. Then a sud-



Captain Carlyle finds a friend but at the same time he finds that he has an enemy on board the Romping Betty. His enemy warns that he will get revenge, but why? Geoffrey racks his brain in vain for the answer.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Too Generous.

The trouble with the fellow who borrows trouble is that he wants to loan some of it to everyone he meets.