

Wilson and War

Veterans Acclaim Him the Greatest Soldier and the Greatest Sufferer for Human Rights

The news dispatches told of the wonderful demonstration of appreciation of Woodrow Wilson by marchers at the obsequies of America's unknown dead at Washington, especially by veterans from overseas, of whom he was commander-in-chief. Below are extracts from a report in the New York World and one from the last issue of the Brownsville Times, whose editor, Jesse R. Hinman, is one of those veterans:

Wilson in Tears

(New York World)

Woodrow Wilson, war president, broke his cold silence and aloofness. Standing in the door of the secluded home he chose when leaving the white house, he burst into tears as more than 20,000 persons, bareheaded, paid tribute to "the greatest soldier in the world." This was the unanimous appellation of those who had turned from paying a silent and reverent tribute to America's unknown soldier to pay a reverent but not silent tribute to the unknown soldier's commander in chief.

This tribute at the home of Mr. Wilson came after another that had been paid him as with Mrs. Wilson he rode down historic Pennsylvania avenue behind the flag-draped caisson bearing the body of the unknown soldier, and between lines of veterans of the world war. Thousands lining the avenue were restrained in the presence of the soldier dead, but the pale face of the man who gave his health and strength to uphold the same ideals for which the unknown soldier died, seemingly unleashed the pent-up emotions of the watchers.

There was a tremendous outburst of enthusiasm when Mr. Wilson appeared at the door. For nearly 10 minutes the cheering, the shouting of greetings, interspersed with "Three cheers for the greatest soldier of them all!" "Three cheers for Woodrow Wilson!" swept over the quiet residential section.

As a booming voice shouted, "Long live the best man in the world!" Mr. Wilson could not restrain his emotion, and as the sentiment of the voice was echoed in a tremendous outburst of cheering, great tear drops rolled from his eyes. His right hand sought the hand of Mrs. Wilson, who has been his constant companion in adversity, and she too burst into tears. The grief of the trembling man seemed to reach out into the crowd and men and women also burst into tears.

Among the Casualties

(Brownsville Times)

It is gratifying to note that in the bestowing of honors in connection with the burial of the unknown soldier in Washington and the opening of the great armament con-

ference Woodrow Wilson, one of the most seriously injured of those who gave their services in the world war, was not forgotten. Although personally he will not be connected with the conference, he seems in some way identified with the movement to bring about disarmament.

For an ideal, Woodrow Wilson gave all he had, striving to reach an agreement with the leading powers of the world to prevent future wars—the greatest work in which human being could engage. Temporarily, he failed. But who dares to say his work was in vain. Even now, since he is politically dead and no longer blocks the way of his enemies, a ray of sunshine, symbolic of the esteem in which he is held by the more thoughtful, entered into his life at Washington on armistice day in the reception he received.

Free Advertising

The following has appeared in the Albany Herald and the Eugene Register and we know not where else. We suspect Earle Stanard of Brownsville of being responsible for it. The editor referred to pleads guilty to most of the charges it contains, only asking the public to suspend judgment until he reaches mature age.

The statement that Wheeler was on the staff of the Virginia Enterprise is inaccurate. He was guilty only of setting type there. And the editorial work he did on the Register was not extensive.

One of the oldest active editors in the state is William Wheeler, editor of the Halsey Enterprise, a former Eugene resident, and former editor of the Brownsville Times. He celebrated his 71st anniversary of birth a few days ago. As a young man Mr. Wheeler spent a full quarter century in the newspaper business, then turned for a time to farming, and then some three years ago felt the lure of the print-shop so strongly that he again turned to the old trade.

Mr. Wheeler is a native of East Charleston, Vt., but when a lad he went with his parents across the line into Canada. He returned to the states in 1863 and took up work in newspaper offices. Finally he became editor of the Vermont Farmer and made himself known by fearlessly championing the grange movement when that institution was in its infancy.

He came west in 1876 and at first was on the staff of the Enterprise at Virginia City, Nev. Since then he has been on the Watsonville Transcript, San Francisco Call, San Francisco Chronicle, Eugene Morning Register and Brownsville Times.

Or Burn the Bridges.

Be sure you are right, then go ahead, but don't destroy your return ticket.—Wayside Tales.

SPANISH DOUBLOONS



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CHAPTER I.—Jane Harding, respectable and conservative old spinster—but never too old to think of marriage—with more money than brains, is inveigled by a strong-minded spinster, Miss Higglesby-Browne, into financing an expedition to hunt for buried treasure on Leeward Island. Her niece, Virginia Harding, undertaking to stop her, gets on the vessel engaged for the hunt, and in the confusion is unwillingly carried along.

CHAPTER II.—By no means concealing her distaste for the expedition and her contempt for its members, Virginia makes the acquaintance of the Honorable Cuthbert Vane, and is somewhat impressed.

CHAPTER III.

I Engage the Enemy.

It was fortunate that I slept well in my narrow berth on board the Rufus Smith, for the next day was one of trial. Aunt Jane had recovered what Mr. Tubbs, with deprecating coughs behind his hand, alluded to as her sea-legs, and staggered forth wanly, leaning on the arm of Miss Higglesby-Browne. Yes, of Miss Browne, while I, Aunt Jane's own niece, trotted meekly in the rear with a cushion. Already I had begun to realize how fatally I had underrated the lady of the hyphen, in imagining I had only to come and see and conquer Aunt Jane. The grim and bony one had made hay while the sun shone—while I was idling in California, and those criminally supine cousins were allowing Aunt Jane to run about New York at her own wild will. Miss Higglesby-Browne had her own collar and tag on Aunt Jane now, while she, so complete was her perversion, fairly hugged her slavery and called it freedom. Yes, she talked about her Emancipation and her Soul-force and her individuality, prattling away like a child that has learned its lesson well.

"Mercy, aunt, what long words!" I cried gaily, sitting down beside her and patting her hand. Usually I can do anything with her when I pet her up a bit. But the eye of Miss Higglesby-Browne was on her—and Aunt Jane actually drew a little away.

"Really, Virginia," she said, feebly endeavoring to rise to the occasion as she knew Miss Browne would have her rise, "really, while it's very nice to see you and all that, still I hope you realize that I have had a—deep Soul-experience, and that I am no longer to be trifled with and—treated as if I were—amusing. I am at a loss to imagine why you came. I wrote you that I was in the company of trusted friends."

"Friends?" I echoed aggrievedly. "Friends are all very well, of course, but when you and I have just each other, aunt, I think it is unkind of you to expect me to stay thousands of miles away from you all by myself."

"But it was you who sent me to New York, and insisted on my staying there!" she cried. Evidently she had been living over her wrongs.

"Yes—but how different!" I interrupted hastily. "There were the cousins—of course I have to spare you sometimes to the rest of the family!" Aunt Jane is strong on family feeling, and frequently reproaches me with my lack of it.

But in expecting Aunt Jane to soften at this, I reckoned without Miss Higglesby-Browne. A dart from the cold gray eyes galvanized my aunt into a sudden rigid erectness.

"My dear Virginia," she said with quivering severity, "let me remind you that there are ties even dearer than those of blood—soul-affinities, you know, and—and, in short, in my dear friend Miss Higglesby-Browne I have met for the first time in my life with a—Sympathetic Intelligence that understands me!"

So that was Violet's line! I surveyed the Sympathetic Intelligence with a smiling interest.

"Really, how nice! And of course you feel quite sure that on your side you thoroughly understand—Miss Higglesby-Browne?"

Miss Browne's hair was rather like a clothesbrush in her mildest moods. In her rising wrath it seemed to quiver like a lion's mane.

"Miss Harding," she said, in the chest-tones she reserved for critical moments, "has a nature impossible to deceive, because itself incapable of deception. Miss Harding and I first met—on this plane—in an atmosphere unusually favorable to soul-revelation. I knew at once that here was the appointed comrade, while in Miss Harding there was the immediate recognition of a complementary spiritual force."

"It's perfectly true, Virginia," exclaimed Aunt Jane, beginning to cry. "You and Susan and everybody have always treated me as if I were a child and didn't know what I wanted, when

the fact is I always have known perfectly well!" The last words issued in a wail from the depths of her handkerchief.

"You mean, I suppose," I exploded, "that what you have always wanted was to go off on this perfectly crazy chase after imaginary treasure!" There, now I had gone and done it. Of course it was my red hair.

"Jane," uttered Miss Higglesby-Browne in deep and awful tones, "do you or do you not realize how strangely prophetic were the warnings I gave you from the first—that if you revealed our plans malignant influences would be brought to bear? Be strong, Jane—cling to the Dynamic Thought!"

"I'm clinging!" sniffed Aunt Jane, dabbing away her tears. "Really, Virginia," she broke out in a whimper. "It is not kind to say, I suppose, but I would just as soon you hadn't come! Just when I was learning to expand my individuality—and then you come and somehow make it seem so much more difficult!"

I rose. "Very well, Aunt Jane," I said, coldly. "Expand all you like. When you get to the bursting point I'll do my best to save the pieces. For the present I suppose I had better leave you to company so much more favorable to your soul development!" And I walked away with my head in the air.

It was so much in the air, and the deck of the Rufus Smith was so unstable, that I fell over a coil of rope and fetched up in the arms of the Honorable Cuthbert Vane. Fortu-



nately this occurred around the corner of the deck-house, out of sight of my aunt and Miss Browne, so the latter was unable to shed the lurid light on the episode which she doubtless would if she had seen it. Mr. Vane stood the shock well and promptly set me on my feet.

"I say!" he exclaimed sympathetically, "not hurt, are you? Beastly nuisance, you know, these ropes lying about—regular man-traps, I call 'em."

"Thanks, I'm quite all right," I said, and as I spoke two large genuine tears welled up into my eyes. I hadn't realized till I felt them smarting on my eyelids how deeply hurt I was at the unnatural behavior of Aunt Jane.

"Ah—I'm afraid you are really not quite all right!" returned the Honorable Cuthbert with profound concern. "Tell me what's the matter—please do!"

I shook my head. "It's nothing—you couldn't help me. It's just—Aunt Jane. She has let this awful Higglesby-Browne person get possession of her, body and soul."

"Oh, I say, aren't you a bit rough on Miss Browne? Thought she was a rather remarkable old party—goes in strong for intellect and all that, you know."

"That's just what fooled Aunt Jane so—but I thought a man would know better." My feathers were ruffled again.

"Well, fact is, I'm not so much up in that sort of thing myself," he admitted modestly. "Rather took her word for it and all that, you know. There's Shaw, though—cleverest chap going, I assure you. I rather fancy Miss Browne couldn't pull the wool over his eyes much."

"She evidently did, though," I said snappishly, "since he's let her rope him in for such a wild goose chase as this!"

"Oh, really, now, Miss Harding, you

don't think it's that—that the thing's all moonshine?"

"Why, what else can it be?" I demanded, driven by my wrongs to the cruelty of shattering his illusions. "Who ever heard of a pirate's treasure that wasn't moonshine? The moment I had read Aunt Jane's letter telling of the perfectly absurd business she was setting out on I rushed down by the first boat. Of course I meant to take her back with me, to put a stop to all this madness; but I was too late—and you are glad of it, I dare say!"

"I can't help being glad, you know," he replied, the color rising to his ingenious cheeks. "It's so frightfully jolly having you along. Only I'm sorry you came against your will. Rather fancy you had it in your head that we were a band of cutthroats, eh? Well, the fact is I don't know much about the two chaps Miss Browne picked up, though I suspect they are a very decent sort. That odd fish, Captain Magnus, now—he was quite Miss Browne's own find, I assure you. And as to old H. H.—Tubbs, you know—Miss Browne met up with him on the boat coming down. The rum old chap got on her soft side somehow, and first thing she had appointed him secretary and treasurer—as though we were a meeting of something. Shaw was quite a bit upset about it. I say, Miss Harding, you're bound to like Shaw no end when you know him—he's such a wonderfully clever chap!"

I had no wish to blight his faith in the superlative Mr. Shaw, and said nothing. This evidently pained him, and he continued to sound the praises of his idol. It seemed that as soon as Miss Browne had beguiled Aunt Jane into financing her scheme—a feat equivalent to robbing an infant-class scholar of his Sunday school nickel—she had cast about for a worthy leader for the forthcoming Harding-Browne expedition. All the winds of fame were bearing abroad just then the name of a certain young explorer who had lately added another continent or two to the British empire. Linked with his were other names, those of fellow adventurers, which shone only less brightly than that of their chief. One Dugald Shaw had been among the great man's most trusted lieutenants, but now, on the organization of the second expedition, he was left behind in London, only half recovered of a wound received in the Antarctic. His old companions had taken again the path of glory, and were far on their way back to the ice-fields of the South pole. Only Dugald Shaw was left behind.

"And so," the even voice flowed on, "when I ran on to him in London he was feeling fearfully low, I do assure you. A chap of his sort naturally hates to think he's on the shelf."

"Well, old Shaw was fancying there was nothing for it but to go back to his place with the P. & O., which seemed a bit flat after what he'd been having, and meant he would never get beyond being the captain of a liner, and not that for a good many years to come, when a cable came from this Miss Higglesby-Browne offering him command of this expedition. As neither of us had ever heard of Miss Higglesby-Browne, we were a bit floored for a time. But Shaw smoked a pipe on it, and then he said, 'Old chap, if they will give me my figure, I'm their man.' And I said, 'Quite so, old chap, and I'll go along, too.'"

"I had to argue quite a bit, but in the end the dear old boy let me come—after wiring the pater and what not. And I do assure you, Miss Harding, it strikes me as no end of a lark—besides expecting it to put old Shaw on his feet and give us hatfuls of money all round."

Well, it was a plausible story, and I had no doubt, so far as the Honorable Cuthbert was concerned, an absolutely truthful one. The beautiful youth was manifestly as guileless as a small boy playing pirate with a wooden sword. But as to Mr. Shaw, who could tell that it hadn't after all been a trumped-up affair between Miss Browne and him—that his surprise at the message was not assumed to throw dust in the eyes of his young and trusting friend? So great was my faith in Aunt Jane's gullibility, so dark my distrust of Miss Browne, that all connected with the enterprise lay under the cloud of my suspicion. Mr. Shaw, after even a casual glimpse of him, one couldn't picture as a victim. I felt that he must have gone into the enterprise with his eyes wide open to its absurdity, and fully aware that the only gold to be won by anybody must come out of the pocket of Aunt Jane.

As these reflections passed through my mind I looked up and saw the subject of them approaching. He lifted his helmet, but met my eyes unsmilingly, with a sort of sober scrutiny. He had the tanned skin of a sailor, and brown hair cropped close and showing a trace of gray. This and a certain dour grim look he had made me at first consider him quite middle-aged, though I knew later that he was not yet thirty-five. As to the grimness, perhaps, I unwillingly conceded, part of it was due to a scar which seamed the right temple to the eyebrow, in a straight livid line.

He was welcomed by Mr. Vane with a joyous thump on the shoulder-blade. "I say old man, Miss Harding has turned out to be the most fearful doubting Thomas—thinks the whole scheme quite mad and all that sort of thing."

Mr. Shaw looked at me steadily. His

eyes were the kind that seem to see all and reveal nothing. I felt a hot spark of defiance rising in my own.

"And indeed it is too bad," he said coolly, "that the trip should not be more to Miss Harding's liking." The rough edges of his Scotch burr had been smoothed down by much wandering, but you knew at once on which side of the Solway he had seen the light.

"It is not a question of my liking," I retorted, trying to preserve an unmoved and lofty demeanor, though my heart was beating rather quickly at finding myself actually crossing swords with the redoubtable adventurer, this man who had often faced death, I could not refuse to believe, as steadily as he was facing me now.

"It is not at all a question of my liking or not liking the trip, but of the trip itself being—quite the wildest thing ever heard out of a story-book."

"Ah—yet the world would be poorer if certain wild trips had not been taken. I seem to remember one Christopher Columbus, for instance."

By a vivid lightning flash of wrath I felt that this adventurer was laughing at me under his sober exterior—even stirring me up as one does an angry kitten.

"Yes," I flared out, "but Columbus did not inveigle a confiding old lady to go along with him!" Of course Aunt Jane is not, properly speaking, an old lady, but it was much more effective to pose her as one for the moment.

It was certainly effective, to judge by the sudden firm setting of his mouth.

"Lad," he said quietly, "lend a hand below, will you? They are overhauling some of our stuff 'tween decks."

He waited until the Honorable Cuthbert, looking rather dazed, had retired. We stood facing each other, my breath coming rather hurriedly.

"Miss Harding," he said slowly, "that was a bitter word you said. My head went up."

"Bitter, perhaps," I flung back, "but is it not true? It is for you to answer."

"No, it is not for me to answer, because it is not for you to ask. But since you talk of inveigling, let me give you the history of my connection with the expedition. You will understand then that I had nothing to do with organizing it, but was merely engaged to do my best to carry it through to success."

"I have already heard a version of the matter from Mr. Vane."

"And you think he is in the conspiracy, too?"

"Certainly not," I replied hastily. "I mean—of course, I know he told me exactly what he believes himself."

"Then I suppose you consider that he was inveigled, too?"

"I am not required to consider Mr. Vane's status at all," I replied with dignity. "It is my aunt whom I wish to protect." And suddenly to my dis-



may my voice grew husky. I had to turn my head aside and blink hard at the sea.

He stood looking down at me—he was a big man, though of lesser height than the superb Cuthbert—in a way I couldn't quite understand. And what I don't understand always makes me uncomfortable.

"Very well," he said after a pause, "maybe your opportunity will come. It would be a pity indeed if Miss Harding were to require no protecting and a young lady here with such a good will to it. But if you will take the suggestion of a man of rather broader experience than your own, you will wait until the occasion arises. It is bad generalship, really, to waste your ammunition like this."

"I dare say I am not a master of strategy," I cried, furious at myself for my moment of weakness and at him for the softening tone which had crept into his voice. "I am merely—honest. And when I see Aunt Jane hypnotized—by this Violet person—"

"And indeed I have seen no reason to think that Miss Higglesby-Browne is not a most excellent lady," interrupted Mr. Shaw stiffly. "And let me say this, Miss Harding: here we are all together, whether we wish to be

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