

PRESIDENT CALLS MILITIA FOR DUTY

Troops To Be Sent to Mexican Border For Immediate Service.

WAR VESSELS ORDERED SOUTH

Carranza's Demand for Withdrawal of Pershing's Expedition Brings Crisis in Border Trouble.

Washington, D. C.—Virtually the entire mobile strength of the National guard of all states and the District of Columbia was ordered mustered into the Federal service Sunday night by President Wilson. About 100,000 men are expected to respond to the call.

They will be mobilized immediately for such service on the Mexican border as may be assigned to them. General Frederick Funston, commanding the border forces, will designate the time and place for movement of guardsmen to the international line as the occasion shall require.

In announcing the orders Secretary Baker said the state forces would be employed only to guard the border, and that no additional troop movements into Mexico were contemplated except in pursuit of raiders.

Simultaneously with the National guard call, Secretary Daniels, of the Navy department, ordered additional war vessels to Mexican waters on both coasts to safeguard American lives.

Within the last two weeks, however, tension has been increasing steadily. The crisis presented by General Carranza's note demanding the recall of General Pershing's expeditionary force has been followed by a virtual ultimatum served on the American officer by General Trevino, the Mexican commander in Chihuahua. To this was added Sunday the possibility that American and Mexican troops had clashed across the border from San Benito, Texas.

Militia of Every State in Union Called for Guard Duty on Border

Washington, D. C.—President Wilson has called out the militia of every state for service on the Mexican border.

In announcing the President's decision late Sunday, Secretary Baker said the militia would be sent to the border whenever and as fully as General Funston determines them to be needed.

Brigadier General Alfred Mills, chief of the division militia affairs, estimated the minimum militia force which would respond to the call as 100,000 men.

Oregon Guard Mobilizing.

Salem—Immediate mobilization of all the units of the Oregon National guard was ordered Sunday night by Governor Withycombe, who notified Adjutant General White to proceed with mobilization upon receipt of an urgent message from Secretary of War Baker, requesting such action.

In his message to the governor, the Secretary declared that he was instructed by the President to request the mobilization of all the National guards of the different states.

Washington Militia Gathering.

Seattle—Adjutant General Maurice Thompson, of the Washington National guard, received orders early Sunday night for the mobilization of the Washington militia. The Washington militia will mobilize at American Lake, south of Tacoma.

Adjutant General Thompson immediately issued orders to the various company commanders to assemble their companies at their home stations and to recruit to full war strength of 142 men for each company.

Idaho To Be Ready in Three Days.

Boise, Idaho—Adjutant General P. H. Crow said Idaho will mobilize 1000 guardsmen within three days. The men are to be brought together at Boise. Lieutenant Governor Taylor issued the call for mobilization shortly before midnight Sunday.

Mexico Asks Volunteers.

Chihuahua City, Mex.—Fervent efforts to bring every unit of the Carranza army of the north to the greatest possible strength for service in the event of hostilities with the United States are being pushed here. A message from General Obregon, Mexican minister of war, directed General Trevino, commanding the northern division, to urge patriotic citizens to volunteer to fight the American army, in case of a rupture of relations, and to prevent "the further raiding of American territory by armed bandits."

Foreigners Are Uneasy.

Guaymas, Tex.—(By radio to San Pedro, Cal.)—Copies of the note sent by Carranza to the United States on May 22 were distributed here Sunday by the local authorities to all prominent citizens and foreign representatives in Guaymas. Rumors circulated Sunday that General Pershing's command had been attacked caused foreigners some uneasiness, as they realize the situation has reached a critical stage. No change, however, has been noticed in the attitude of the local Mexican population.

War Declared in Redding.

Redding, Cal.—About 50 Mexicans who are employed on an irrigation ditch construction gang near here engaged in a street fight with several Americans here Sunday night in the restricted district. After the disturbance was quelled by the police, aided by deputy sheriffs, 15 Mexicans were placed in jail, many of them severely injured. Knives, stones, clubs and bats were the weapons used by the fighters. Six men were stabbed.

British Losses Continue.

London—Officers' casualty lists show that during the month ending April 8, the army lost 316 officers killed, 906 wounded and 49 missing, a total of 1271, which brings the total losses since the beginning of the war to 26,304, of which 8108 have been killed or died of wounds, 16,344 wounded and 8152 missing. During the month the Indian contingent lost 47 killed, 72 wounded, and the Canadians 18 killed and 96 wounded. Major General Kennell is reported wounded and seven Lieutenant Colonels were killed.

DEMOCRATS NOMINATE WILSON AND MARSHALL BY ACCLAMATION AT ST. LOUIS.



WOODROW WILSON, PRESIDENT.

PLATFORM ADOPTED; SESSION ADJOURNS

St. Louis—The Democratic National Convention finished its work Friday by adopting the party platform exactly as approved by President Wilson and submitted by the resolutions committee, including the planks on Americanism and favoring woman suffrage, but not until the harmony of its three days' session had been ripped with a row over the suffrage plank.

No voice was raised against the declarations of the Americanism plank. At one time it looked as if the suffrage plank had been lost, but after Senator Walsh, of Montana, had told the convention that President Wilson himself considered it vital to party success it was voted into the platform, 8883 to 1814. The whole platform then was adopted without roll call.

As it went into the platform the suffrage plank stands: "We favor the extension of the franchise to the women of this country, state by state, on the same terms as to the men."

The women suffrage leaders considered it a much more favorable declaration than they got from the Republican convention at Chicago; they threw all their force behind it and won the support of the administration leaders, who were doing fighting for them when danger threatened.

Haggard and worn from an all-night session, the platform makers were not ready with their report until afternoon, when Senator Stone, asleep for more than 30 hours, took the speaker's stand to read the document given over this task to Senator Walsh, of Montana, and Senator Hollis, of New Hampshire. They "spelled" each other reading the long declaration.

The fight on the suffrage plank was in the air. Every body was keyed up to it when at the conclusion of the reading of the platform Martin Lomasney, of Boston, a delegate, claimed the attention of the chair, it was thought that he was opening the fight. It was several minutes before the shouts of approval and cries of disapproval could be still sufficiently to hear that he wanted to put the convention on record as sympathizing with "the people of Ireland."

"Raus mit him," roared a Baltimore delegate and the convention hall rocked with laughter.

The real fight broke immediately after, however, when Governor Ferguson of Missouri, in a speech, said: "Boys' Box Trade Thrives."

Portland—Portland has some very ambitious bids, according to a report prepared by Superintendent Donaldson, of the street cleaning bureau. He reports that his bureau after the last Rose Festival parade hauled away 40 truckloads of boxes the boys had taken into the business district to sell for curb seats. Tons of paper and other waste materials were gathered up from the streets at the close of the Festival. The paper was taken to the incinerator, while the boxes were distributed to poor families for fuel.

Living for Diplomats Grows.

Washington, D. C.—Secretary Lansing has asked congress for \$75,000 for special allowances to diplomatic officers in foreign capitals, reporting that the cost of living had increased 200 per cent over normal times.

"Most of the diplomatic officers at these capitals" said Secretary Lansing, "are able to live at present only by drawing substantially on their private means and in many instances where secretaries of embassies or legations have no private means their continuance at these posts will be impossible."

American Tobacco for Soldiers.

New York—What is said to be the largest tobacco transportation contract ever accepted here was closed Thursday by the Oriental Navigation company, which agreed to carry 23,400,000 pounds from this port to France in July and August. The tobacco will come from Louisville, Ky., and will be shipped in hogheads, of which there will be 15,000, the total shipment weighing 11,700. Charles Gouelle, tobacco commissioner for the French government, is the purchaser of the tobacco, half of which is in leaf form.

CONVENTION ACTS IN HARMONY

Coliseum, St. Louis—President Wilson and Vice President Marshall were nominated by acclamation late Thursday night by the Democratic National convention, the ticket being completed four minutes before Friday.

Contrary to expectation, however, the convention did not finish its work, because the platform was not ready, and it met again at 11 o'clock Friday morning.

It was announced in the convention that the sub-committee drafting the platform had finished its work, but that the entire resolutions committee was not assembled to pass upon it, and it was not known when that could be done.

President Wilson's own plank, charging conspiracy among some foreign-born citizens for the benefit of the foreign powers and denouncing any political party which benefits and not repudiating such a situation, was incorporated in the platform just as the President himself had sent it from Washington. It was understood that the plank should be put in the platform in the way he had drawn it.

There never was any doubt of President Wilson's nomination, but there was a possibility that some vice-presidential booms might be brought out in opposition to Vice President Marshall. They melted away, however, when the convention got in session, and as soon as President Wilson's nomination had been made a roaring chorus of acclamation, Senator Kern, who re-nominated Mr. Marshall, cast aside a long prepared speech and simply declared: "I nominate Thomas Riley Marshall, of Indiana, for vice president."

To President Wilson's nomination there was only one dissenting vote, that of Robert Emmet Burke, of Illinois, who came to the convention declaring that he was opposed to the President. His vote technically made the President's nomination 1091 to 1.

A striking incident of the session was the action of the convention in calling on William J. Bryan to speak. This was done on the motion of Senator Thompson, of Kansas, that the rules be suspended and the ex-secretary be permitted to take the platform. The motion was carried and Mr. Bryan was escorted to the platform immediately.

He spoke 45 minutes, pledging his support to the President.

\$50,000,000 Loan Is Made.

Petrograd—A \$50,000,000 banking credit was completed between representatives of five New York financial houses and the Russian government. The credit was secured by the deposit by Russia in a local bank to the order of American banks of 15,000,000 rubles. In addition the American banks received an option to purchase 100,000,000 rubles in Russian government 5 1/2 per cent bonds at 94 1/2. The American parties to the transaction are J. P. Morgan & Co., and others.

Czernowitz Fall Important.

Paris—"What will Roumania do?" is the keynote and the headline on all comment in the newspapers on the capture of Czernowitz by the Russians. Although forecast some time ago, the news has been received with enthusiasm. All the newspapers agree that the diplomatic results of the fall of Czernowitz far exceed its strategic value. They point out that the city is the capital of Roumania which was promised to the latter country in the event of her joining the allies.

The Red Mirage

A Story of the French Legion in Algiers

By I. A. R. WYLIE

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SYNOPSIS.

Sylvia Arnaud, her lover, Richard Farquhar, finds her fallen in love with Captain Arnaud of the Foreign Legion. In Captain Arnaud's room Farquhar forces her to have Preston's O. U. A. returned to him. Farquhar is helped to his room by Gabrielle Smith, Sower demands an apology. Refused, he forces Farquhar to resign his commission in return for possession of Farquhar's father's written confession that he had murdered Sower's father. Gabrielle saves Farquhar from suicide. To save Arnaud, Sylvia's fiancé, Farquhar professes to have stolen war plans and tells the real culprit why he did so. As Richard Nameless he joins the Foreign Legion and sees Sylvia, now Mme. Arnaud, meet Colonel Destin. Farquhar meets Sylvia and Gabrielle, and learns from Corporal Goetz of the color guard's cruelty. Arnaud becomes a drunkard and opium smoker. Sylvia becomes friendly with Colonel Destin. Arnaud becomes jealous of Farquhar. Farquhar on guard at a villa where a dance is in progress, is shot down by Arnaud. Arnaud justifies his heinous action to Colonel Destin. Arnaud goes to a dancing girl who loves him for comfort. Gabrielle meets Lowe, for whom she had sacrificed position and reputation, and tells him she is free from him. Sylvia meets Destin behind the mosque.

A heartless wife sees her husband going mad because she does not love him, but she refuses to give him even a friendly smile. She refuses to make amends even when she learns that he is killing by torture the man she really loves. Is such a woman worth any man's affections?

CHAPTER XII—Continued.

"What is it, Desire? Had we not better wait until another time?"

"What I have to say is said quickly. A volunteer corps is being formed for Tonkin. I have offered for service. If I am accepted you will accompany me."

"I refuse."

"On what grounds?"

"I simply cannot. You are absurd and melodramatic, Desire. I have given you my answer. Have you anything more to say?"

He got up quietly.

"Nothing."

She hesitated, then glanced at Gabrielle Smith with a pretty expressive shrug of the shoulders, and passed calmly out of the room. But the little appeal had been ignored. Gabrielle was watching the man standing motionless in the lamplight. After a moment she came up to him and placed a cup on the table near him.

"Your tea, Captain Arnaud."

He started nervously.

"My tea—oh, thank you. I had forgotten. You are very good—a sort of administering and practical angel." He tried to laugh. "Does nothing ever upset you? I believe in the middle of an earthquake you would still come up to me and say in your quiet, homogenous sort of way, 'Your tea, Captain Arnaud,' and make me feel that earthquakes were the most trivial occurrences possible."

"They are at least more frequent than the seismographs would have us suppose, Captain Arnaud."

"What does that mean?"

He turned his heavy light eyes to her face. She met the interrogation quite calmly, her hands clasped in front of her with precision.

"I mean that I know something of what has happened," she said.

"For instance?"

"I know what happened at the Villa Bernotta's."

It was very silent in the shadowy room. Arnaud had not moved. But over his white, vice-marked features there quivered the first signal of re-awakened consciousness.

"How did you know?" he asked quietly.

"I can't tell you. I guessed. Something you said made me understand that you hated Mr. Farquhar."

"I know him."

"Well?"

"I was in the dark—I am still. But I was almost sure of one thing. And it was I who warned the patrol."

"You wanted to trap me?"

"I wanted to save you both."

"He turned away from her then with a trembling gesture of incredulity."

"You wanted to save me from what—from murder? Was it worth while? Don't you know what I am? Ask my wife. She can tell you—a drunkard, an opium-smoker, a dissolute—"

"A madman, Captain Arnaud."

"How do you know that? I have been trying to hide it from everyone, but you are right. I am mad—absolutely. They say some mad people suffer tortures from the knowledge of their madness. I am like that. I know that I am mad, and I am in hell. I can see the days that are to come—horrid mishapen horrors, crowding along the path and waiting to spring on me."

He caught hold of her by the hand, and his quiet, terrible voice dropped to a whisper. "Today was a red-faced devil—you know, like the one you saw that night. I drugged myself so that I should not wake until it had gone. But you cannot cheat the devil with opium. I went out on to the plateau. Farquhar was there. Poor Farquhar! My heart was sick for him. They had torn my bullet out of his shoulder, and he held himself like a man. I wanted to let him go, but I knew it was no good to try, so I sent him and a dozen others over the plateau at the double. You understand—it was a mile or more, and he looked as though there was a drop of blood in him. He faint—over the body of a comrade whom he had tried to help. I marvelled that he had gone so far. The sergeant ordered him up, but he did not move. He was unconscious. But

that did not count; he had disobeyed orders. We are very severe with that sort of thing in the Legion. I had him strung up in the crapsaludine. Do you know what that is, mademoiselle? We strap a man's wrists and ankles together behind his back and leave him like that for a day or two, out of doors, with a quarter of an hour's interval here and there to break the monotony. It used to be a very favorite punishment in the Legion. The good General Negrier abolished it, but now and again we revive it. I revived it. Richard Farquhar is out there now, on the plateau, and perhaps he will not live to see the morning. And he saved me—the saved—"

The terrible dry whisper ended suddenly. Arnaud put his hands to his head with a movement of pathetic helplessness.

"Miss Smith—I am afraid I have been wandering—talking nonsense. You—you don't think I am altogether mad, do you?"

"No, no—Captain Arnaud—only worn out—exhausted. Come, I want you to lie down on this sofa here, and I shall put the lights out. You must promise me to try and sleep. On your word of honor."

"My word of honor? Oh, I don't think that's worth much nowadays. But I'll do anything you ask."

"I only ask of you to sleep and forget," she answered.

He nodded, yielding to her like a sick child, his eyes following her movements with an humble gratitude. She

arranged the pillows beneath his head, and he took her hand and kissed it, diffidently, apologetically.

"I hope you don't mind. I expect if you knew what I was—what I had done, you would shrink from me."

"No, Captain Arnaud, if you were the devil himself I should not shrink from you."

"I don't believe you would. You'd comfort him—you'd tell him there was hope for him yet—that he wasn't altogether bad. My wife—"

He faltered, and her grasp on his powerless hand grew firmer.

"Your wife is very young, Captain Arnaud. One day soon she will understand as I do."

"If that were true—possible—then I could sleep—"

His eyes closed. A weak tremulous sigh quivered at the corners of his mouth. Noiselessly she turned out the lights and left him.

Sylvia Arnaud's room lay at the farther end of the corridor. Gabrielle knocked and immediately entered. Her manner, from that of quiet good humor, had become alert and hard. Her eyes were very bright, her mouth set in lines that for once betrayed no trace of humor.

"Your husband is very ill, Madame Arnaud," she said. "He is on the brink of a nervous breakdown—perhaps worse—and only you can save him. I came to warn you—"

"You are very kind, Miss Smith."

"This is not the time to exchange commonplaces. When he awakes you must go to him. You must tell him that you will accompany him to Tonkin. But you must act at once—before it is too late."

Sylvia Arnaud drew back, white and trembling, the first indignant good humor turned to an incredulous anger.

"Miss Smith, are you forgetting—"

"That I am your paid companion? No. But it is in your or my power to

UNABLE TO SEE THE JOKE

Victim of Clever Hoax Severed Long Friendship With Man Who Perpetrated It.

Away back in the days when Miller was preaching the near end of the world there were two men living in Lawrenceville, Pa., neighbors who may be named Brown and Jones, who were like unto Jonathan and David. Jones was a chicken fancier. Both, like most people in that day, discussed Millerism. One Saturday night Brown, who had read somewhere that if a pointed stick were dipped in oil anything written with it on an egg and with the egg held to the fire the writing would remain indelible, will come to an end on October 20, 1844, the day Miller had stated, and placed the

egg in one of Jones' nests, expecting Jones would come to him as soon as he found it and after a good laugh he would tell how it was done.

But Jones, as soon as he could get his clothes on, rushed to the home of Rev. Richard Lea. The news spread like wildfire and persons coming to town to church carried it and all Sunday there was a throng calling on Jones to see the egg. Brown viewed the crowd with a much-troubled mind and at last he went to Jones and told the story. Never after that did Jones speak to Brown.

Double Vision.

"There is absolutely nothing the matter with your eyesight," said the oculist, handing Jones the bill.

And Jones, after taking one glance at the amount, was dead sure the doctor was wrong.

make our status into that of absolute equality—this moment if you wish. Do you wish it?"

Sylvia stared blankly at the stern white face of the woman confronting her. Her anger had burned out like straw, and she was now only frightened and a little resentful.

"I—I don't want to lose you, Miss Smith," she stammered. "I know that you do not care for me; but in your strange way you have been friendly—and I—I am very alone. I have confidence in you. I am prepared to overlook the evening's outbreak."

"That's what you cannot and shall not do," was the grim answer. "You have driven your husband to the verge of madness, Madame Arnaud, and through madness to crime—to the murder of a man who surely was once dear to you."

"Whom do you mean?"

"Richard Farquhar."

"I forbid you—you are beside yourself—"

Gabrielle interrupted the indignant protest with a quiet decision tinged with irony.

"We are always beside ourselves when we tell the truth," Madame Arnaud. But fortunately I have not much more to say for you. A man's life is in your power. Whatever he has done he loved you. He still looks up to you as a saint in heaven. Madame Arnaud, such loyalty is rare. You dare not kill it!"

"I cannot—what you ask is absurd."

The gray, net little figure came closer.

"You are very lovely, Madame Arnaud," Gabrielle Smith said very gently and almost reverently. "One understands why men suffer, no man and no woman, for a man's life is in your power. Whatever he has done he loved you. He still looks up to you as a saint in heaven. Madame Arnaud, such loyalty is rare. You dare not kill it!"

Sylvia laughed carelessly.

"That all comes too late," she said. "You cannot plead to me for pity. And justice! What justice dare you claim for an outcast—a cheat, a man whom all honest men shrink from—for a dissolute rascal who has not shrunk from murder? They have earned their fate."

Sylvia rose instinctively to her feet, and they faced each other in the silence of unrelenting antagonism. The little gray-clad woman turned and went quietly toward the door. For the first time Sylvia's voice sounded breathless and anxious.

"What are you going to do?"

"I am going to act for you."

The door closed. Sylvia Arnaud ran to it and, turning the key, set her back against it as though shutting out an unreasoned, nameless terror.

CHAPTER XIII.

Dreams.

There were dreams on the great plateau—unreal shapes which took their airy substance from the stars and from the white translucency of the Arabian night. Richard Farquhar saw them distinctly. In the first hours of twilight he had believed them the pigments of his own pulsing, fever-drenched brain. And he had rolled over, hiding his face against the hard soil, and had bitten his lips bloody.

The melancholy hour between life and death was over, and slowly, with all the mysterious majesty of the East, night led out her shining myriads from the darkness into the waiting solitudes. Only the sentinel of the hour stood out as something living, a tall rigid shadow magnified by the silver ghostly light of the stars.

The sentry had turned and became suddenly an immense shadow. The shadow bent over him and whispered: "Are you awake, comrade?"

"Yes, of course I am awake," he said.

"How are you? Are you in great pain? Perhaps I could loosen the cord a little. Shall I try?"

"No, you will get yourself into trouble. I am all right."

"Mother of God! Your wrists are covered with blood. The devil! See, here is water. It will refresh you. You are a brave man. You have not cried out. If you had cried out they would have gagged you. They gagged a countryman of mine out there in Madagascar, and in the morning he was dead. There, drink!"

Farquhar turned his head away. Hitherto he had not been conscious of pain; now he knew it had been there throughout, at the back of his consciousness—a white-hot searing of his muscles, a frightful crushing weight, a hand that seemed to hold him by the throat, choking the breath from him.

"I cannot drink—"

He could not bear his own voice. He was not even sure that he had spoken at all. The shadow of the sentry seemed to envelop the whole earth, blotting out its own shape. But the whisper went on. It sounded so close to him that it seemed to have crept into his very brain.

The soldiers are in deepest sympathy with Farquhar. If he should organize a revolt they would follow him. Will he do so, after this torture, or will he heed the stern inner call of duty and honor? What would you do?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



"I'm Going to Act for You."