

# MOLLY McDONALD

## A TALE OF THE FRONTIER

By  
**RANDALL PARRISH**  
Author of "Keith of the Border," "My Lady of Doubt," "My Lady of the South," etc., etc.

Illustrations by  
**V. L. Barnes**

COPYRIGHT 1912 BY A. C. McCLURG & CO.

### SYNOPSIS.

Major McDonald, commanding an army post near Fort Dodge, seeks a man to intercept his daughter, Molly, who is headed for the post. An Indian outbreak is threatened. Sergeant "Brock" Hamlin meets the stage in which Molly is traveling. They are attacked by Indians, and Hamlin and Molly escape in the darkness. Hamlin tells Molly he was discharged from the Confederate service in disgrace and at the close of the war enlisted in the regular army. He suspects one Captain LeFevre of being responsible for his disgrace. Troops appear and under escort of Lieutenant Gaskins Molly starts to join her father. Hamlin leaves to rejoin his regiment. He returns to Fort Dodge after a summer of fighting Indians, and finds Molly there. Shots are heard in the night. Hamlin rushes out, sees what he believes is the figure of Molly hiding in the darkness and falls over the body of Lieutenant Gaskins, who accuses Hamlin of shooting him. The sergeant is proven innocent. He sees Molly in company with Mrs. Dupont, whom he recognizes as a former sweetheart, who threw him over for LeFevre. Mrs. Dupont tells Hamlin LeFevre forced her to send him a living note. Hamlin declares he has been looking for LeFevre to force him to clear his record. Later he overhears Dupont and a henchman plotting a money-making plot. Molly seeks an interview with Hamlin. She says her father seems to be in the power of Mrs. Dupont, who claims to be a daughter of McDonald's sister. Molly disappears and Hamlin sets out to trace her.

### CHAPTER XXI.—Continued.

He tramped along the brightly illuminated street, and out upon the dark road leading up the bluff to the fort, his mind occupied with the events of the evening, and those other incidents leading up to them. There was no doubt that Miss McDonald and her father had returned to their home. But what could he do to assist her? The very knowledge that she had voluntarily appealed to him, that she had come to him secretly with her trouble, brought strange happiness. Moreover his former acquaintance with Mrs. Dupont gave him a clue to the mystery. Yet how was he going to unravel the threads, discover the motive, find out the various conspirators? What were they really after? Money probably, but possibly revenge. What did the woman know which enabled her to yield such influence over McDonald? What was the trap they proposed springing? The Sergeant felt that he could solve these problems if given an opportunity, but he was handicapped by his position; he could not leave his troop, could not meet or mingle with the suspected parties; was tied, hand and foot, by army discipline. He could not even absent himself from the post without gaining special permission. He swore to himself over the hopeless-



"May I Ask if Major McDonald Has Returned to the Post?"

ness of the situation, as he tramped through the blackness toward the guard-house. The sentinel glanced at his pass, scrutinizing it by the light of a fire, and thrust the paper into his pocket. Hamlin advanced, and at the corner saluted the officer of the day, who had just stepped out of the guard-house door.

"Good evening, Sergeant," the latter said genially. "Just in from town? I expect they are having some dance down there tonight."

"Yes, sir," hesitatingly, and then venturing the inquiry: "May I ask if Major McDonald has returned to the post?"

"McDonald? No," he glanced at his watch. "He had orders to go east to Ripley on the stage. That was due out about an hour ago."

"To Ripley? By stage?" the Sergeant repeated the words, dazed.

"Why—why, what has become of Miss McDonald?"

### TOUCH OF COUNTRY IN CITY

Squirrels in Indianapolis Accorded Freedom and Made Pets by All Classes of the Citizens.

In several parts of the city it is noted that there are more squirrels in evidence in the parks and about the lawns than ever before, and that they have little or no fear of any one, even boys having come to treat these interesting relics of the primal forest with kindness and consideration.

The officer smiled, shaking his head. "I'm sure I don't know, my man," he returned carelessly. "Come back with Barrett and his ladpole, likely. Why?" suddenly interested by the expression on the other's face. "What's happened? Is there anything wrong?"

### CHAPTER XXII.

#### A Deepening Mystery.

Startled and bewildered as Hamlin was by this sudden revelation, he at once comprehended the embarrassment of his own position. He could not confess all he knew, certainly not the fact that the girl had met him secretly and had vanished while he was endeavoring to turn aside Mrs. Dupont. He must protect her at all hazards. To gain time, and self-control, he replied with a question:

"Did not Connors drive them down, sir?"

"Yes, the four of them."

"And Major McDonald knew then that he was ordered East?"

"No, the order came by telegram later. An order was sent down about ten o'clock. But, see here, Sergeant, I am no Bureau of Information. If you have anything to report, make it brief."

Hamlin glanced at the face of the other. He knew little about him, except that he had the reputation of being a capable officer.

"I will, sir," he responded quickly; "you may never have heard of the affair, but I was with Miss McDonald during a little Indian trouble out on the trail a few months ago."

The officer nodded.

"I heard about that; Gaskins brought her in."

"Well, ever since she has seemed grateful and friendly. You know how some women are; well, she is that kind. Tonight she came to me, because she didn't seem to know whom else to go to, and told me of some trouble she was having. I realize, Captain Kane, that it may seem a bit strange to you that a young lady like Miss McDonald, an officer's daughter, would turn for help to an enlisted man, but I am telling you only the truth, sir. You see, she got it into her head somehow that I was square, and—and well, that I cared enough to help her."

"Wait a minute, Sergeant," broke in Kane, kindly, realizing the other's embarrassment, and resting one hand on his sleeve. "You do not need to apologize for Miss McDonald. I know something of what is going on at this post, although, damn me if I've ever got on to the straight facts. You mean that Dupont woman?"

"Yes, she's concerned in the matter, but there are others also."

"Why couldn't the girl tell her father?"

"That is where the main trouble lies, Captain. Major McDonald seems to be completely under the control of Mrs. Dupont. He is apparently afraid of her for some reason. That is what Miss Molly spoke to me about. We were on the side porch at the hotel talking while the dancers were at supper—it was the only opportunity the girl had to get away—and Mrs. Dupont and her husband came into the parlor."

"Her husband? Good Lord, I thought her husband was dead."

"He isn't. He's a tin-horn gambler, known in the saloons as 'Reb,' a big duffer, wearing a black beard."

"All right, go on; I don't know him."

"Well, I stepped into the room to keep the two apart, leaving the girl alone outside. We had a bit of talk before I got the room cleared, and when I went back to the porch, Miss Molly had gone."

"Dropped over the railing to the ground?"

"That's what I thought at the time, sir, but what happened to her after that? She didn't return to the hotel; she was not at the dance hall, and hasn't come back to the post."

"The hell you say! Are you sure?"

"I am, I searched for her high and low before I left, and she could not get in here without passing the guard-house."

Kane stared into the Sergeant's face a moment, and then out across the parade ground. A yellow light winked in the Colonel's office, occasionally blotted out by the passing figure of a sentry. The officer came to a prompt decision.

"The 'old man' is over there yet, grubbing at some papers. Come on over, and tell him what you have told me. I believe the lass will turn up all right, but it does look rather queer."

The Colonel and the Post Adjutant were in the little office, busy over a pile of papers. Both officers glanced up, resenting the interruption, as Kane entered, Hamlin following. The former explained the situation briefly, while the commandant leaned back in his chair, his keen eyes studying the younger man.

"Very well, Captain Kane," he said shortly, as the officer's story ended. "We shall have to examine into this, of course, but will probably discover the whole affair a false alarm. There is, at present, no necessity for alarming any others. Sergeant, kindly explain to me why Miss McDonald should have come to you in her distress?"

Hamlin stepped forward, and told the story again in detail, answering the Colonel's questions frankly.

"This, then, was the only time you have met since your arrival?"

"Yes, sir."

"And this Mrs. Dupont? You have had a previous acquaintance with her?"

"Some years ago."

"You consider her a dangerous woman?"

"I know her to be utterly unscrupulous, sir. I am prepared to state that she is here under false pretenses, claiming to be a niece of Major McDonald's. I do not know her real purpose, but am convinced it is an evil one."

The Colonel shook his head doubtfully, glancing at the silent adjutant.

"That remains to be proven, Sergeant. I have, of course, met the lady, and found her pleasant and agreeable as a companion. Deuced pretty, too; hey, Benson? Why do you say she masquerades as McDonald's niece?"

"Because her maiden name was Carson and the Major's sister married a man named Counts."

"There might have been another marriage. Surely McDonald must know."

"Miss Molly says not, Colonel. He has known nothing of his sister for over twenty years, and accepted this woman on her word."

"Well, well! Interesting situation; hey, Benson? Like to get to the bottom myself. Damn if it don't sound like a novel. However, the thing before us right now is to discover what has become of Miss McDonald." He straightened up in his chair, then leaned across the table. "Captain Kane, make a thorough examination of McDonald's quarters first. If the girl is not found there, detail two men to accompany Sergeant Hamlin on a search of the town."

"Very well, sir; come on, Sergeant."

"Just a moment—if we find the trail leads beyond the town are we authorized to continue?"

"Certainly, yes. Adjutant, write out the order. Anything more?"

"I should prefer two men of my own troop, sir, mounted."

"Very well, see to it, Captain."

The two men walked down past the dark row of officers' houses, the Sergeant a step to the rear on the narrow cinder path. McDonald's quarters were as black as the others, and there was no response from within when Kane rapped at the door. They tried the rear entrance with the same result—the place was plainly unoccupied.

"Pick out your men, Hamlin," the Captain said sternly, "and I'll call the stable guard."

Ten minutes later, fully equipped for field service, the three troopers circled the guard-house and rode rapidly down the dark road toward the yellow lights of the town. The Sergeant explained briefly the cause of the expedition, and the two troopers, experienced soldiers, asked no unnecessary questions. Side by side the three men rode silently into the town, and Hamlin swung down from his saddle at the door of the dance hall. With a word to the guard he crossed the floor to intercept Mrs. Dupont. The latter regarded his approach with astonishment, her hand on Captain Barrett's blue sleeve.

"Certainly not," she replied rather sharply to his first question. "I am not in charge of Miss McDonald. She is no doubt absent herself somewhere; possibly lying down over at the hotel; she complained of a headache earlier in the evening. Why do you come to me?"

"Yes," broke in the Captain, "that is what I wish to know, Hamlin. By what authority are you here?"

"The orders of the Colonel commanding, sir," respectfully, yet not permitting his glance to leave the woman's face. "You insist then, madam, that you know nothing of the girl's disappearance?"

"No!" defiantly, her cheeks red.

"Nor of what has become of Connors, or your ranch manager?"

She shrugged her shoulders, endeavoring to smile.

"The parties mentioned are of very small interest to me."

"And Major McDonald," he insisted, utterly ignoring the increasing anger of the officer beside her. "Possibly you were aware of his departure?"

The Captain belligerently, "before I lose my temper at this infernal impertinence."

Hamlin surveyed the two calmly, confident that the woman knew more than she would tell, and utterly indifferent as to the other.

"Very well," he said quietly, "I will learn what she desires elsewhere. I shall find Miss McDonald, and discover what has actually occurred."

"My best wishes, I am sure," and the lady patted the Captain's arm gently. "We are losing this waltz."

There was but one course for Hamlin to pursue. He had no trail to follow, only a vague suspicion that these plotters were in some way concerned in the mysterious disappearance. Thus far, however, they had left behind no clue to their participation. Moreover he was seriously handicapped by ignorance of any motive. Why should they desire to gain possession of the girl? It could not be money, or the hope of ransom. What then? Was it some accident which had involved her in the toils prepared for another? If so, were those unexpected orders for Major McDonald a part of the conspiracy, or had their receipt complicated the affair? The Sergeant was a soldier, not a detective, and could only follow a straight road in his investigation. He must circle widely until he found one.

The Colonel shook his head doubtfully, glancing at the silent adjutant.

"That remains to be proven, Sergeant. I have, of course, met the lady, and found her pleasant and agreeable as a companion. Deuced pretty, too; hey, Benson? Why do you say she masquerades as McDonald's niece?"

"Because her maiden name was Carson and the Major's sister married a man named Counts."

"There might have been another marriage. Surely McDonald must know."

"Miss Molly says not, Colonel. He has known nothing of his sister for over twenty years, and accepted this woman on her word."

"Well, well! Interesting situation; hey, Benson? Like to get to the bottom myself. Damn if it don't sound like a novel. However, the thing before us right now is to discover what has become of Miss McDonald." He straightened up in his chair, then leaned across the table. "Captain Kane, make a thorough examination of McDonald's quarters first. If the girl is not found there, detail two men to accompany Sergeant Hamlin on a search of the town."

"Very well, sir; come on, Sergeant."

"Just a moment—if we find the trail leads beyond the town are we authorized to continue?"

"Certainly, yes. Adjutant, write out the order. Anything more?"

"I should prefer two men of my own troop, sir, mounted."

"Very well, see to it, Captain."

The two men walked down past the dark row of officers' houses, the Sergeant a step to the rear on the narrow cinder path. McDonald's quarters were as black as the others, and there was no response from within when Kane rapped at the door. They tried the rear entrance with the same result—the place was plainly unoccupied.

"Pick out your men, Hamlin," the Captain said sternly, "and I'll call the stable guard."

Ten minutes later, fully equipped for field service, the three troopers circled the guard-house and rode rapidly down the dark road toward the yellow lights of the town. The Sergeant explained briefly the cause of the expedition, and the two troopers, experienced soldiers, asked no unnecessary questions. Side by side the three men rode silently into the town, and Hamlin swung down from his saddle at the door of the dance hall. With a word to the guard he crossed the floor to intercept Mrs. Dupont. The latter regarded his approach with astonishment, her hand on Captain Barrett's blue sleeve.

"Certainly not," she replied rather sharply to his first question. "I am not in charge of Miss McDonald. She is no doubt absent herself somewhere; possibly lying down over at the hotel; she complained of a headache earlier in the evening. Why do you come to me?"

"Yes," broke in the Captain, "that is what I wish to know, Hamlin. By what authority are you here?"

"The orders of the Colonel commanding, sir," respectfully, yet not permitting his glance to leave the woman's face. "You insist then, madam, that you know nothing of the girl's disappearance?"

"No!" defiantly, her cheeks red.

"Nor of what has become of Connors, or your ranch manager?"

She shrugged her shoulders, endeavoring to smile.

"The parties mentioned are of very small interest to me."

"And Major McDonald," he insisted, utterly ignoring the increasing anger of the officer beside her. "Possibly you were aware of his departure?"

"Yes," more deliberately, "he told me of his own, and had me good-bye last night. So far as Connors is concerned, he was to have the carriage here for us at two o'clock. Is that all, Mr. Sergeant Hamlin?"

"You better make it all," threatened the Colonel belligerently, "before I lose my temper at this infernal impertinence."

Hamlin surveyed the two calmly, confident that the woman knew more than she would tell, and utterly indifferent as to the other.

"Very well," he said quietly, "I will learn what she desires elsewhere. I shall find Miss McDonald, and discover what has actually occurred."

"My best wishes, I am sure," and the lady patted the Captain's arm gently. "We are losing this waltz."

## STEAMER AFIRE: 135 DIE AT SEA, 521 ARE RESCUED

LINER VOLTURNO BURNS FOLLOWING AN EXPLOSION.

### FOUR LIFEBOATS ARE LOST

Ten Steamships Stand by All Night Unable to Get Line Aboard Blazing Craft—Many Jump into the Sea and Are Drowned.

London, Oct. 13.—The Volturno of the Uranium line, burning and helpless in a raging mid-Atlantic storm, last Thursday sent a wireless call over the sea and drew to it ten ships that came up in time to save 521 of its 556 passengers and crew.

The others, 135, were swallowed by the ocean when the lifting waves crushed four of the Volturno's lifeboats against the ship's side.

Helpless for Twenty Hours.

For more than twenty hours the ten rescuing ships that had heeled in their courses when the "S. O. S." halted them in the storm cruised around the Volturno, unable to give aid because of the dangers of wind and wave.

It was not until Friday morning that they were able to transfer the Volturno's passengers, who were for the most part immigrants from eastern Europe bound for Halifax and New York.

And it was a matter of two or three hours at the least that meant the difference between life and death to the 521 who had been driven aft by the growing fire and who had about given up all hope.

Burns Amid Big Fleet.

On Thursday night, as it fell dark, the 5,000 passengers of the ten ships that had come up to deliver the Volturno's people, had one of the most remarkable experiences that ever fell to people that sail the sea.

They saw a great ship burning in the center of a fleet impotent to help. The flames leaping from the Volturno illuminated the great waves that daunted the rescuing vessels. All around were steamships ablaze with light whose people heard the cries of the Volturno's passengers and were powerless to give aid.

These ten ships were the Carmania of the Cunard line, the Grosser Kurfuers of the North German-Lloyd, the Rappahannock, the Kronland of the Red Star line; La Touraine of the French line, the Minneapolis of the Atlantic Transport line, the Czar, the Narragansett, the Devonian and the Seydlitz.

Rescues on Friday Morning.

Early on Friday morning, the weather having moderated, these ships were able to lower small boats and take off the Volturno's passengers. Captain Barr of the Carmania, whose wireless message to the offices of the Cunard line in Liverpool gave the first news of one of the greatest marine disasters in history, placed the number that had been rescued as follows:

Carmania	11
La Touraine	40
Minneapolis	30
Rappahannock	20
Czar	19
Narragansett	102
Devonian	23
Kronland	59
Grosser Kurfuers	105
Seydlitz	36

Wireless Brings Early Aid.

Had it not been for the great storm that made the launching of small boats a desperate venture, it is likely that few if any of the Volturno's passengers would have been drowned. The wireless served again in time of need and the ships that were passing sped up in time to have picked up such small boats.

The Volturno was sufficiently equipped with both life boats and life belts, but no seamanship or courage could overcome the fury of the storm.

Six boats were dropped into the sea shortly after an explosion forward had killed several of the crew and some of the immigrant passengers and had fired the fore part of the steamship. Only two of these boats were able to work to the aid of the survivors.

Their passengers drowned.

The official report of the disaster, which was received at the Cunard office in Liverpool, was timed on board the Carmania by Captain Barr at 6:30 o'clock. The report says first that the Volturno was abandoned on account of fire on Friday, October 10, in latitude 34.33 west, and that all survivors were taken off.

After giving the number of passengers taken on board the ten rescuing steamships, Captain Barr's report adds:

"An incomplete list of those saved is on board the Carmania. I will forward it from Queenstown."

The Volturno was abandoned at a point in the ocean which is about 700 miles north of east of where the Titanic sank and 1,500 miles west of where she was wrecked on April 14, 1912. The scene of Thursday's disaster was about 450 miles east of Newfoundland and well in the stormy track.

Captain Barr of the Carmania received the distress call of the Volturno when seventy-eight miles dis-

tant, in latitude 48.25 north, longitude 34.33 west. The Carmania crowded on full steam and with extra stokers made over twenty knots an hour in the teeth of the gale.

When the Carmania reached the vicinity of the Volturno the forward end of the distress vessel was burning fiercely. The flaming ship was rolling heavily, while its propellers were fouled with boats' tackle used in lowering the six lifeboats.

It was learned by the captain of the Carmania that up to that time only two out of six lifeboats had succeeded in getting safely away from the Volturno. The other four, crowded with passengers and members of the crew, had been smashed against the side of the vessel and all their occupants thrown into the sea and drowned.

Lifeboat Driven Back.

In spite of the terrific gale raging when the Carmania arrived near the Volturno, the captain had one of his lifeboats lowered to proceed to the Volturno to help in the rescue.

The Carmania's lifeboat, in charge of First Officer Gardiner, made a gallant but futile attempt to get alongside the Volturno.

Other Ships Draw Near.

Captain Barr of the Carmania in the meantime kept his wireless apparatus at work communicating with all the vessels within the radius of his instruments.

At four o'clock in the afternoon the Grosser Kurfuers and the Seydlitz came in sight and these two were joined later in the afternoon by the Kronland, the Devonian, the Rappahannock, the Minneapolis, and La Touraine.

The sea abated slightly toward night and each of the rescue ships, as soon as it was possible for it to do so put out boats. The waves were still so high, however, that all the small craft were driven back.

Cries were heard during the night, but the searchlights could locate no one. They who cried out perished miserably with ten ships, as brilliant as summer hotels, standing all around them.

Rescues Begin at Dawn.

The storm continued throughout the night, but toward dawn the wind decreased and the sea began to get smoother. Every minute of the darkness the officers and crew of the ten rescuing ships had been on duty watching and waiting for a chance to lower boats. At daylight their opportunity came.

All of the waiting steamships had part in the rescue. The sea in the neighborhood of the Volturno was covered with lifeboats. The boats approached the stern, where the hundreds of passengers and crew were gathered, and in turn took on loads of survivors.

Some of the Volturno's people leaped into the water and were hauled into the lifeboats.

Survivor Tells of Disaster.

London, Oct. 14.—C. F. Hart, mechanical manager of the Daily Mail, who was a passenger on the Cunard Carmania, gave a description of the burning of the Volturno. The message is as follows: "The lifeboats took off in quick succession the passengers from the Volturno as they slid one by one down the ladders."

"Daybreak saw two other additions to the rescue fleet, the Russian-American liner Czar and the tank steamer Narragansett. The latter came at full speed and quickly took up a position to windward of the Volturno. In a few moments two large streams of oil were pouring over the side of the Narragansett, and this materially calmed the waters and was of invaluable assistance in aiding the small boats to take off the passengers and crew. The oil was directed toward the stern of the burning vessel for it was from this end of the ship that the survivors were being taken."

Passengers Are Taken Off.

"By nine o'clock Friday morning all of the passengers who remained on the Volturno, 521, had been safely taken off and transferred to the ten vessels summoned by wireless. Each of the ten vessels then went on a short cruise in different directions in an effort to find the lifeboats which had been launched from the Volturno before assistance arrived. No trace of these were found, however, and little hope is held out that any of these boats escaped, as they were manned by passengers, the crew remaining on board to fight the flames."

"If the passengers in these lifeboats have been drowned the loss of life will total 136."

Wireless Saved Many Lives.

"That the entire complement of 557 persons were not lost, and a sea tragedy second to the Titanic disaster recorded, was due entirely to the wireless and the prompt response of Captain Barr of the Carmania. Captain Barr showed wonderful executive ability in taking command of the situation after he arrived and in carrying out the rescue of those persons who remained on the burning vessel. Great credit must be given to the crew which made up the international rescue squadron. The crew of the Volturno have reported that nearly all of the bulkheads on their vessel remained intact during the fire except those in the forward holds, which gave way only when the fire centered about them. Had these bulkheads not been in excellent condition the Volturno would have been gutted by fire before the Carmania could have reached her, and before one of the passengers could have escaped with their lives in the terrific gale which was raging when the fire broke out. The moderating of the gale early Friday morning just as the rescue squadron had about abandoned hope of reaching the stern of the Volturno also played a prominent part in making the rescue possible."

Many of these squirrels are lively young fellows, born last April, who in the early spring will set up housekeeping for themselves. These squirrels are Chickarees, which sounds much like the name of a tribe of red men. This variety is found from Maine to Minnesota, and through the middle west and as far south as Tennessee and Virginia. It is the hardest of the American squirrels and seems to enjoy the winter. It may be seen tunneling under the snow, shaking its fur clean when it emerges, as if coming from a bath. It is on the alert from dawn to sunset, and on moonlight nights such as we now have it may be seen having high fun disporting itself under the trees. It does not hibernate, and while it may have many enemies in the forest it has in the cities practically only one, the cat.

—Indianapolis News.

Didn't Improve Situation.

There was a certain master of fox-hounds in one of the English shires who was greatly angered by the awkwardness of one of the gentlemen who invariably rode over the hounds. At one of the meets the M. P. H. rode up to the awkward hunter and, in the most chilling tones, said: "Mr. So-and-so, there are two dogs in the peck today, Snap and Tatters, which I am especially fond of and I would esteem it a favor if you would avoid killing or maiming them with your horse's hoofs." "Certainly, my dear fellow," replied Mr. So-and-so, "but, as I do, know them well you be kind enough to put tags on them for me."

wardness of one of the gentlemen who invariably rode over the hounds. At one of the meets the M. P. H. rode up to the awkward hunter and, in the most chilling tones, said: "Mr. So-and-so, there are two dogs in the peck today, Snap and Tatters, which I am especially fond of and I would esteem it a favor if you would avoid killing or maiming them with your horse's hoofs." "Certainly, my dear fellow," replied Mr. So-and-so, "but, as I do, know them well you be kind enough to put tags on them for me."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Land of Small Opportunity.

Census reports from the Panama canal zone give the population there today as 63,810, of which about 42,000 are employees of the canal commission, the Panama railroad and of the various canal contractors. Generally speaking, the soil is not suitable for farming. It is not likely that American occupants but Americans, for obvious reasons, are not desirable. Colonel Goethals is in favor of the de-population of the zone, except so far as it will be occupied by canal operatives and by the military necessary for the protection of the canal.