

TRAIL OF THE BARBARIANS

By Pierre Loti.

Translated by Ford Madox Hueffer.

TRAIL OF BARBARIANS. CHAPTER III.

A Town That Has Been Treated By Them.

"Our gracious Kaiser."—Marshall Hindenburg.

After a radiant spring, a southern summer had descended over the North of France, and the bright light flooded down upon the desolation of the freed provinces. The cold of a winter whose frosts endured late into the year had kept back the sap which stored itself in great volume, and this, being suddenly released, conveyed to the trees, to the grasses, and to the flowers an unaccustomed luxuriance. Along the roads that my car has covered today for many hours, the woods that the shells have not yet entirely destroyed, the open country which was formerly meadowland and has now become covered as if with rank pampas-grass, display an exuberance of greenery that is almost that of paradise. The ruins are garlanded with vales and roses. The birds make concertos deliciously amongst the depths of the June leaves.

Upon the road I have met squads of German prisoners helplessly filling in the holes made by the mine warfare. Each of them has a great tumber painted on his back, they wear slacks of cabbage-green and waistcoats with ridiculous flaps. Some are old and round-shouldered, wearing spectacles and hideous beards of what looks like discolored rope yarn. Others are young—very young and slouching boys, whose huge murderous hands have outgrown their short cuffs. They must have grown up since the declaration of war; several of them are the sons of middle-class families, and in order to perform the duties of road-menders, they have retained their glasses and their students' caps. They have nearly all the aggressive bearing which is characteristic of their "supreme race." I felt constrained to return their military salutes, in spite of my repulsion; but it cost me a painful effort.

After the region of plains that had been put out of cultivation for three years, I came to one of magnificent wheatlands, lit up by cornflowers and scarlet poppies, all ripening under the summer sun. It is the Germans who sowed this grain; but they are gone, and it is we who shall harvest it.

Except for these crops, which they had meant for themselves and which they had not the time to destroy, they have, as a matter of course, sacked everything, even where they had no military excuse. There is no village, no church, no cluster of buildings that they have not sedulously and hatefully destroyed.

Ab, but we are over and done with the evil faces of the Huns in their green slacks! For now I am near the trenches, and their precious lives may not be hazarded here, within range of the shells of their compatriots. Here we have our own good Territorials, with their kindly, honest faces, bending under the hot sunlight and laboring courageously to restore the roads that are needed for our columns of men and transport.

And, as I go onwards, the devastations grow worse around me; and I hear, in a great crescendo, like a storm coming nearer, the cavernous sound of the heavy artillery, which, since it never ceases by day or by night, assumes at last the aspect of a special form of silence.

For miles my car had been running in the shade; but, in the zone that we are entering, the century-old trees which used to border the roads so bravely have been sawn thru by the Huns a yard above the ground. And the canals and rivers that we pass are veritable graveyards of boats—immense craft which used once to ensure communications between town and town have been destroyed with dynamite. Some have sunk to the bottom and show only their sterns, others, on the contrary, have sunk stern forwards, and show their bows as if, in dying, they had reared up. We cross these water-ways upon pontoons and bridges hastily improvised by engineers, for the Huns have blown up all the bridges and their piles have been thrown down as if by a cataclysm.

Here, as the car passes on, strange forms in profile erect themselves against the horizon. From afar they suggest carcasses of mastodons and lethyaesauri, or piston rods, wheels, boilers, protruding in all directions from heaps of masonry. And then you recognise them as the remains of sugar refineries—our rich refineries of the Northern Departments. Amongst these the work of destruction has been particularly attended to; brick walls lie prostrate and crumbled to dust. But the machinery, the boilers, and the cylinders could not be pulverized, so the Huns have had to be content with rendering them useless; and there they lie, chaotically suggesting the macabre and suggesting the grotesque.

A solitary church passes us by; nothing of it remains standing but the east wall and the altar. Behind a Virgin who has lost a head stands a gilt vase still containing its branch of artificial lilies.

A storm, a storm created by Nature, not by man—is beginning to murmur in the distant skies, and tragic clouds mass together. We are traveling fast; and we reach the town where I have business. Astonishing assemblies of old iron, the first clearings up of our soldiers, rise up at the entry into this town; and there is something of everything in these hills of debris. You will see stoves, kitchen gear, indomitable iron beds, tortuously crushed together. Amongst them there are many children's beds. . . . Where are the children who once slept in them?

The workmen of the "gracious Emperor" have reached the ideal of desolation in this town. It is an exaggeration—it is the literal truth—that not one monument nor one house, remains that has not been razed to within a yard of the earth; the whole town is just one immense and formless tumult, above which the fruit trees and the arbutuses, with their trunks sawn through hang over and dry away.

An officer who spoke to me told me a little detail, negligible but touching enough. . . . He tells me how the swallows come back. You know their fidelity to their chosen dwellings. When, this spring, they came back to find nothing—they seemed to go mad; great flights of them wheeled round and round for hours, uttering their particular screaming alarm-cry—and then, as if in a panic, they swept away.

Amongst the streets, covered in with rubbish, our fatigue parties are at work, making openings along which our troops and transport wagons may pass. There are no recognisable shapes of houses—nowhere! Nevertheless, upon the pile of stones which was once the church, the Huns—so that no man may forget it—have had the delicatesse to plant the iron cross that once surmounted the steeple.

Words are powerless to record the horror of it all—a horror that lacks probability and that has the madness of nightmare. Words are powerless to reflect the furious indignation, the rage, and the desire for vengeance that you will feel. . . . Of deliberate purpose, without any provocation, this degraded Prussian people has come out against us and has done this to our houses. And the ruins themselves are as nothing. What is more irreparable in their work is all the new graveyards dug in the land and all the overflowing trenches of the dead. Ah, very degraded and outside the pale is that human race, which, at the sign from its master, came out against us with its all too skilled machine gun fire, its ignoble incendiary liquids, and its death-dealing gas to make hecatombs of our sons and brothers; and of all the fair youth of France! Well, if we leave them the power of recovery now they will begin again; they will behave worse still, for they have murdered in their souls, as other peoples have the instinct of honor. And to think that there are men—themselves Frenchmen, who would wish us to stretch out friendly hands to these Huns and that, at the end, we should let them keep what they have taken and depart without punishment for so many outrages; and so many crimes! And to think, that in Paris, there are papers that have dared to print such words as: "It is regrettable, assuredly; but war is war. War is always like that, and everyone does the same."

Oh, monstrous blasphemy! Has anyone ever seen our armies, in spite of the excesses that always go along with war, commit atrocities like these? To judge of the profound differences between the races it would have been enough to go, fifteen years ago, to Pekin, when all Europe was seeking—lamentably enough, I agree—to act as "torch-bearers of civilization." We, as conquerors, shared out the Celestial City and the surrounding provinces, giving them, sector by sector, to the allied nations. And peace reigned in the French sector, and the Chinese continued tranquilly their daily lives; our soldiers even helped them in the fields and succored their lost orphans. But in the German sector day by day, after the fighting was over, it was destruction, pillage, burnings and murder. And, for the rest, the brutality of Germany had been the prime cause of it all; for HE, always he, the prime mover in the world-wide butchery of today, their gracious Emperor, had said officially to his soldiers: "Act like the Huns; it is my will that, in fifty years, your passing thru may be remembered with terror."

Above, in the stormy skies, there loom three of those ugly blackish things that are called sausages; but they resemble rather huge inflated fish, as it were, aerial whales. Well we know that they bear Huns with telescopes and with the aid of wireless telegraphy, who spy upon us unceasingly, and upon every military movement which hazards itself to the light of day and upon any gathering of troops.

Neutrals, our soldiers in line are very numerous in the town, which is an important base; they came here in "rest," to recover a little from the hardships of the trenches, which are so near. By the grace of God, they go and come and perform their innumerable duties under the protection of a few devices of "camouflage"—their painted tents and simulated trees, which scarcely conceal them. They are much less happy—poor men—than those who are billeted in towns not quite completely destroyed where some remains of houses are to be found, and some few townspeople have been heroic enough to remain, in spite of the showers of shells. In those towns they would at least see women's faces and the faces of little children to comfort the hearts of those who have children of their own.

Here there is nothing to see; they look into each other's faces and into the dark cellars into which they must too often go to shelter themselves from death. . . . Come and visit them, and consider their sublime tranquillity, all you elegant and futile Parisians who complain of the war dragging itself out. Oh! I know very well that you are patriots; but if there is any danger of your ardor becoming fatigued or dissipated, come here and be once more imbued with zeal. Or, at least, when these soldiers come to your Paris on leave, try not to make them feel revolted at the sight of your gaieties and comforts. The country is in danger, and death stalks at your gates. . . . If the Germans have perpetrated one of their heavy stupidities in sending air raids over London, they have been more skillful in sending to Paris only agents of corruption and orators of sedition. . . .

And you, Neutrals, who do not blush to suffer the committing of such abominations, and assuredly, later, they will fall upon your heads, too—come here and walk amidst our ruins. You do not picture them as being horrible enough so I am willing to believe, that is your best excuse. . . . To the Americans I need no longer address myself, for they are magnificently on the road. They are coming with treasure, with soldiers, with munitions of war, to the rescue of civilization and of liberty. They are more admirable than the last of the European Neutrals who shall fall in line with us. The Americans were only distantly threatened; the ocean would have shielded them—at least for a time, from the tentacles of the German land octopus. If they have arisen in their might, it is on the crest of a wave of superb indignation, purely from a sentiment of solidarity and of justice. When I was last in their country my Oriental soul was afraid of their modernity of their fever of speculation and of progress; I was scarcely able to see that they were capable of such idealism and of such disinterestedness. May they pardon me and permit me the joy of being here the humble interpreter of our profound and sympathetic admiration.

(To be continued.)

Truly Admirable.
Mrs. Macpherson has just received a telegram from Birmingham. "What an admirable invention the telegram is!" she exclaimed, "when you consider that this message has come a distance of 120 miles and the gum on the envelope isn't dry yet."

Gospel Motorwagon.
A gospel motorwagon was constructed in 1890 for a New York pastor, in which he preached. It had capacity for ten singers and a folding organ.—Chevrolet Review.

"The Eyes of the World," Harold Bell Wright's popular story, at Sherry's, Friday, August 30, one day only. 8-29-18.

THE LOCAL MARKET.

- Sugar 10c lb
 - Creamery Butter . . . 60c lb, \$1.20 roll
 - Country Butter . . . 55c lb, \$1.10 roll
 - Eggs, Fresh 50c doz
 - Flour \$2.75 @ \$3.00
 - Cantaloupes 15c, 2 for 25c
 - Green Onions 5c, 3 for 15c
 - Radishes 2 for 15c
 - Oregon Tomatoes . . 2 lbs. for 25c
 - Beets 5c bunch
 - Cabbage 7c lb
 - Head Lettuce 10 and 15c
 - Cucumbers 5 for 25c
 - Green Beans 3lbs 25c
 - Wax Beans 3lbs 25c
 - New Spuds 4 1/2c lb
 - Watermelons 3 1/2c lb
 - Peaches, 15c, 2 for 25c, \$1.50 box.
 - Musk Melons 7c lb
 - Concord Grapes . . . 20c lb, 80c box.
 - Egg Plant 20c lb
 - Bell Peppers 25c lb
 - Caulliflower 20 @ 25c head
 - Green Corn 30 and 35c doz.
 - Butterfat 54c
- (Less 1 cent per lb. of cream.)

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

Mrs. Frank P. Wood, Box 18, R. F. D. 2, Morrill, Me., writes: "Foley Kidney Pills help me so much. My husband also has received much benefit from them. He was so lame he could not stoop over and now he feels no pain." Lame back, sore muscles, stiff joints, rheumatic aches and pains are quickly conquered by Foley Kidney Pills. Don't neglect your kidneys nor mistake symptoms of overworked or disordered kidneys for the slowing up of age. Sold everywhere.

MAINE AGAIN WINS PROMINENCE AS A PRODUCER OF BIG SHIPS

Formerly Renowned for Its Great Number and Fine Quality of Ships, the Pine Tree State, After a Long Period of Stagnation, is Now Again Rustling With Activity of Its Numerous Shipyards.

By GUSTAVUS MYERS.
Once world-famed for its unique wooden shipbuilding industry, then sinking into a long period of inaction, Maine has again burst into flourishing prominence as a producer of ships. Not quite a year ago there were but a handful of shipyards scattered along the Maine coast. Most of them were relics of a bygone era. Today there are 39 shipyards at the lower end of the state up east to what is locally called "Sunrise section," in the vicinity of Calais and Eastport.

Old shipbuilding plants that were long dead and mourned as supposedly beyond resurrection have sprung into life again, and with an energy they never knew in their palmiest days. Revived and expanded, they are once more turning out ships to carry the American flag on all the seas. For quite a distance up the Penobscot and Kennebec rivers and some of the smaller streams other old shipbuilding yards which had long since moldered into nothing but memories have been regenerated, modernized, and are busy adding to America's great growing merchant marine. At other places on coast and rivers splendid new shipbuilding yards now thrive on sites that less than a year ago were swamps and junkshops.

War Found Industry Dead.
When the world war came in 1914 there was not a ship being built in Portland. There were steel vessels at the Bath Iron Works, but only a few wooden ships in the whole of Maine. Portland, as in many other former Maine shipbuilding centers, only repairs work was being done.

Since the present United States shipping board, under Chairman Edward N. Hurley, began its activities less than a year ago, Maine shipyards have been engaged in building (as nearly as can be ascertained) 116 vessels, some of which are for the shipping board, others for private interests. A number of those have already been launched. Of this total of 116 vessels 41 have been wooden freight steamers of an aggregate of more than 110,000 deadweight tons, 8 have been steel freighters of a total of 72,000 deadweight tons, and 47 schooners totaling about 55,000 tons. The remainder are tugboats, lighters and trawlers. And where a few years ago the shipbuilding force in Maine was pitifully small, there are now perhaps 15,000 men working at full speed in Maine shipyards. This number does not, of course, include lumbermen or all others engaged in allied trades, nor does it comprise the force to be taken on in new shipyards fast being established.

In Portland shipyards there are about 4,500 men, and the value of the ships on which they are working is roughly estimated at \$10,500,000. The total money value of ships being built or to be built in the whole of Maine cannot be learned with any degree of approaching preciseness, but it runs into the tens of millions of dollars.

Old Shipbuilders Come Forth.
Old Maine shipbuilding families in which shipbuilding and ship operation had become a sort of hereditary possession have again come forth to go all in their power to help their country build ships. One of those families is the Hamlen family, contained in the firm of J. H. Hamlen & Son of Portland. This firm was organized in 1845, and built ships for its coeperage and lumber trade. Up to 1880, when it discontinued its shipbuilding, it had eight clippers, brigantines, brigs and barkentines plying to the West Indies and South America. The present senior member, James C. Hamlen, sixty-six years old, inherited the business from his father and grandfather. One of his sons is a lieutenant in the army; another is associated in business with him.

When the United States shipping board, headed by Mr. Hurley, sent out its urgent call for ships, Mr. Hamlen with immediate vigor formed the Cumberland Shipbuilding company, personally supplying its entire finances. Hard by an old rolling mill at South Portland, in which he had an interest, was a dismal swamp looking out on the island Fort Gorges (a granite affair built by Jefferson Davis), and on Fort Preble on land side. That was last August. In a few months the swamp had been transformed into a large, fully equipped shipbuilding plant with four piling ways. A fifth way is now partially built. A marine railway capable of hauling 3,500 and 4,000 ton ships is under construction, and a large plant for the installation of ship machinery has been established at Ligonis, 1 1/2 miles west of Portland.

Making It Hot for Huns.
Frequently the temperature was ten and twelve degrees below zero when the swamp was being filled in and the first ship—the Cumberland—built, but the men rejoiced in the thought that they were helping to make it hot for the Huns. The keel of the Cumberland was laid on January 28, 1918, and notwithstanding two months' delay in getting lumber from the South the ship was launched on July 29. She was the first of ten wooden freight steamers, each of 3,500 tons' capacity,

TWO OF THOSE FOR WHOM THE WORLD MUST BE MADE SAFE



These two young girls escaped the clutches of the Germans and have now returned safely to America.

They are Janet (above) and Lydia Blumenthal, daughters of the former mayor of the Alaskan town of Comar.

Blumenthal and his daughters have now come to America to tell the American people why Alsace-Lorraine cannot remain German and must go back to France.

KEEPING YOUR PLEDGE.

W. S. S.
Buy your stamps early. Those you purchase are evidence that you are keeping your pledge. You also pledged yourself to economize during the war. The government is requesting that you do not buy articles not necessary for your health and efficiency. You will thereby release both labor and material for the manufacture of articles needed to support our brave boys "over there," who are just now so heroically driving the huns back. They make good their pledge. Are you keeping YOURS? Buy all you can afford.

F. L. MEYERS, County Chairman.

8-19-18.

50 TRACTORS ENTERED

—In the—
Big Demonstration
On the Cotton, Ruegg and Phenix Ranches.
PORTLAND, OREGON, SEPTEMBER 5, 6, 7, 1918
Reached by Gresham Electric Railway. Paved Auto Roads to the Grounds. Estimated attendance, Fifty to Sixty Thousand.

"ECONOMY"

We save our patrons many dollars annually, at an expense of about one-tenth the original cost of goods. A discarded \$40 Suit is often made wearable again—for a small sum.

Zwiefel Tailoring, A. B. Rogers
Foley Hotel Building, Adams Avenue.

ADVERTISING IS INSURANCE

An advertiser's advertisement is his voluntary agreement to do certain things. Good business policy, law and public opinion require that an advertisement-agreement be fulfilled. This serves as a protection to the buyer of advertised goods.

If, by chance, you have an experience with the deceptive selling practices or misleading advertising, please report it to us.

Windblown pollen, carrying the threat and cause hay fever, is broad in the land. Our remedy is known to give relief and comfort from choking, coughing asthma and tormenting hay fever. That reliable remedy is Foley's Honey and Tar that spreads like a healing, soothing coating on the inflamed membrane, stops irritating coughs and summer colds. Any one who has once used this standard cough and cold remedy will accept no other.

Sold everywhere.

The Tanlac agency is at Silverthorn's Family Drug Store. They keep a large stock of this on hand, received direct from the factory's depot, 8-281F

Silverthorn's

FAMILY DRUG STORE
LA GRANDE, OREGON.



Waltham
Elgin
Howard
Hamilton
Watches

In all sizes and shapes; also good stock of Waltham and Elgin Wrist Watches, in ladies' and gents.

We will SAVE YOU MONEY.

Siegrist & Co.

Largest Jewelry Store in Eastern Oregon.

WOMAN'S STATEMENT WILL HELP.

"I hated cooking because whatever I ate gave me sour stomach, and a bloated feeling. I drank hot water and olive oil by the gallon. Noting helped until I tried this medicine."