YANKS SALVAGE IMMENSE BOOTY

German Guns Worth Many Millions Are Found in Argonne Forest.

WEAPONS ABANDONED BY FOE

Foeman Left Artillery and Shells in Mad Flight When Americans Advanced—Forest Cleaned by Doughboys.

Paris.—War booty valued at more than $5,000,000, left by the Germans in their flight from the Argonne forest, the scene of America's greatest battle in the world war, has been collected by a force of negro soldiers who have been cleaning up the famous battlefield. Machine guns, rifles, munitions and war supplies of all kinds have been collected in every wooded ravine, dugout and trench in the Argonne-Meuse sector, comprising 480 square miles.

The American engineers moved up to the battlefield soon after the armistice was signed. For miles around there was not a village or farm that was occupied.

Orders were issued to squads of American salvage engineers to pick up every gun they found, broken or in serviceable condition, as well as all war material, and place the supplies along the nearest road for collection in army trucks. The colored fighters received instructions that whenever they came across an unexploded shell they were not to touch it, but to put up a little stick beside it with a note so that the munition salvagers could find it later.

The doughboys soon made the discovery that the Germans in their flight abandoned hundreds of machine guns and even large pieces of artillery which the Yankees, in their hurry to advance, had failed to see.

Loaded in Box Cars.

One of the discoveries made by the Americans who have completed the task of cleaning up the battlefield was the unusually large number of machine guns the Germans had installed in the Argonne forest. No information was secured as to the number the enemy was able to save in his flight toward the Rhine, but thousands of these weapons were left behind. In one small sector of the battlefield several hundred cars were loaded with machine guns.

In one town located in the rear of the battlefield there is a pile of brass shell cases, abandoned by the Germans, that would more than fill the hold of a large ocean freighter. It was estimated that nearly 1,000,000 shell cases had been piled in that village. These have been purchased by the French government.

Salvage Work Expensive.

Experts with the American expeditionary forces have estimated that the Yankees had captured 200 per cent more war booty in the Argonne forest than their records will show. This was due, it is said, to the rapidity of the American advance and to the hurry of the Germans to leave their dugouts and weapons and surrender to their conquerors.

The work of cleaning up the Argonne battlefield, however, has been an expensive one, although vast quantities of copper, brass and steel have been salvaged. It has cost more than $2,000,000 to complete the task, but the work has been a success financially, as the booty is worth more than twice that sum.

SOLDIERS LAUGH AT DEATH

Pair Stricken With Influenza on Board Ship Use Prize Ring Count.

San Francisco.—A tragic story of how two British soldiers laughed at death is told in a letter received by Harry Annan, assistant manager of the Palace hotel, from a friend in Auckland, New Zealand. An extract from the letter reads:

"The transport I came home on carried two soldier pals, both of whom had influenza. After the doctor had given them up as hopeless they entertained themselves and their neighbors by counting one another out. It would have been humorous but for the awful tragedy of it; alternately, 'One-two . . . eight-nine—out—you dead yet?' till one of them failed to answer. I don't know quite how I felt about it; pity and admiration were strangely mixed."

Soldier Beats Train.

Junction City, Kan.—Trains were too slow for a certain Kansas soldier who has been away from his home at Salina for two years. When he returned to Camp Funston the other day he received a pass to spend Sunday at Salina. Instead of waiting several hours for the next train to his home town, he hit the highway and was fortunate in catching an automobile ride to Abilene. His good luck did not forsake him there, for he again took to the road and another motorcar picked him up and landed him in Saline about the time the train was leaving Junction City.

They Didn't Stay.

Chicago, Ill.—Robbers forced an entrance into Gowdy's grocery. They didn't stay to look around. The Gowdy bulldog has his sleeping quarters in the store.

A Sure Thing.

"Ah always had mo' faith in sympafy dan in congratulations," observed Shinbone. "You kinows fo' sure dat dar ain't anybody gwinter be jealous ob you bein' lucky."—Boston Transcript.

INCIDENTALS

By Isabel Williams.

"Is there any garage in La Grande?" I had written my friend, when I was contemplating a Eastern trip. Her answer came back, "More garages than grocery stores—and the people of La Grande live mighty good, too." Even so, I was surprised at the number of machines I found gliding about the streets of La Grande—and the fact that ninety-nine in a hundred were open cars argued well for the weather.

"Where do other ride?" I asked, wishing I could afford a car.

"That's just the trouble. There's nowhere to go," spoke up an old grouch who happened to be upon the porch. He had come from the east too old or too stiff to take root in new soil—like lettuce transplanted too late to head, "Nowhere to go, so they ride up one street and down another just to show the neighbors they too possess a car."

Next day, hospitable friends invited me out for a ride, and later others also, and how I did smile at Old Grouch! "Nowhere to go?" The only trouble was to choose which road was most alluring. The roads might be improved, and they would be improved, but the scenery could not be improved.

Should we go the smooth Island City road, and back by way of the picturesque mill-pond? Or along the popular Hot Lake drive following close to the foot-hills with exquisite view over miles of fields to the further mountains ethereal in their hues toward dusk? Or along the wonderful road to Meachan twisting through the magnificient canyon? Best of all, perhaps, was a ride straight through a long, wide, grassy lane, which led directly towards Mt. Emily whose profile stood out, strongly handsome, in the gloaming, while her bulk was softest azure seen across a golden field of wild mustard. To the sight, a rich, sweet valley full of color fenced in by high mountains which looked as though violet illusion had been stretched before them, so tangible was the purple mist in that pure air. The atmosphere was so clear, possessed such a vitalizing sparkle that the violet mist veritably stood out like a veil before the face, a phenomenon unique as pretty among all the mountains I have seen. Ten degrees back of Mt. Emily, is a deep notch in the mountains, cut on purpose to disclose the sunsets, and there, the first evening I rode up that lane, the setting sun had left behind a huge bouquet of sweet peas, for all the western sky was purple and rose, lavender and moss-green with a rosy glow enfolding all.

The glamour of the loveliest month of all the year was everywhere, and I did want an auto of my own. Back east, the price of garage storage was prohibitive—twenty dollars a month for storage, five extra for cleaning. But in La Grande! Bless you, they just left their autos standing by their doors. At first I looked in amazement. I made inquiries, and was assured no auto was ever stolen. "I never heard of such an honest town!"

"The very air here is honest," my friend answered me. So I purchased a little car, but I was cautious and locked it carefully every night, though I did do as my neighbors did and left it standing outside while I slept. More, I was deep. So I carefully removed the distributor for a week—but in a fortnight I went to bed with my car quite unlocked and I went to sleep without even praying, "Now I lay me down to sleep I pray the Lord my car to keep."

"What I save on garage storage will pay for the gasoline," I had counted out to my friend. "But five dollars to clean the automobile—"

"Why, you lazy girl, clean your own car," she sensibly suggested. But I hesitated, afraid people would look askance. Sunday, however, brought enlightment, for bright and early, as I looked out my window to see the mountains and delight my eyes with the music of birds whose plumage was as pretty as their songs, didn't I see all the block cleaning cars. No false pride in La Grande. The banker next door and the butcher across the way, the lady who clerked in the store and the man who worked on the railroad—they all owned (and could afford to, in the fine, dry climate and honest atmosphere which made garage storage superfluous.

Later, when we all went to church, after working under the cloudless sky, the lovely mountains all about, the jeweled air fanning faces "wet with honest sweat" we better appreciated a good man's sermon.

Somehow a gallon of gasoline goes farther west than east. Perhaps they give a more honest gallon to match the honest air? Anyhow I found I could easily afford my auto, while east, on the same income, a car was impossible. "Just think," I told Old Grouch, one evening, "I've gone one hundred and ten miles on five gallons of gasoline."

"Don't see why you go at all," he grumbled. "Nothin' to look at but bare hills. Don't you miss the green of the east? I love everything green."

"Would you like a green rainbow better?" I demanded.

"Green" rainbow? What on earth are you driving at?"

"There are more colors in the spectrum. Green is not the only one. Why, man, you have every color of the rainbow displayed on your wonderful mountains! Green-a-plenty of green—whole hillsides of green fir—whole slopes of green grass—and a myriad other colors in valley and hill. Come with me and look at Mt. Emily in the sunset glow and tell me if any green hill can compare with a rose Eden long out against the afterglow, while her sister mountains are draped in violet veiling."

"Oh, you are just raving because it's all new to you," she lugubriously prophesied. "You'll get tired of gaping at mountains and you'll get tired of driving an automobile—you'll come to earth before long."

Unfortunately I did. But not as he had meant. I was driving easily, dreamily, late one afternoon, my eyes as usual turned toward the mountains, and I was crossing a bridge over the river—when all of a sudden I felt a little jar of my car—I looked up—and I thought an aeroplane must be overhead for there in the air before me was floating a big, fat German with long yellow mustaches. With arms outstretched gropingly he hovered uncertainly as though undecided whether to drop over the railing into the river below or to flop down in my car. Immediately, however, he settled on the engine.

Never a word. Like Poe's Raven he perched and sat and nothing more. Stupidly, solemnly, amazed, he started in the wind-shield at me while I equally surprised, gazed back at him. "Come inside, if you want a ride," I finally invited. But he sat there, wordless, soundless, settling more snugly by slipping down between the hood and the running board of my car and I was interested in noticing how cunningly such a big, fat man could fit in that little space. I noticed his mustaches were something like the Kaiser's, but longer, and I was wondering what on earth to do with a man squatted on the engine, so I drove slowly until I was off the narrow bridge, and then I asked, wonderingly, "Where is your aeroplane? Did you fall very far? Who are you?"

"It's a sulky," said he; and began carefully extracting himself from his snug nook. "You should have stopped when you saw me coming."

"But I didn't see you," I told him. "Were you driving?"

"Yes'm. Your head was up in the air—you was looking at those mountains so hard you never looked at me—and you've smashed my sulky bad."

"I'm sorry," I told him, but I was filled with laughter, for he looked so dumbfounded, so stupid, and he had been such a big surprise. "But I'm awfully glad you are not hurt." I was backing my car, and sure enough, there was a sulky—and a big, handsome horse with broken harness standing quietly near.

What do you mean by modesty, anyway? Did you ever hear anybody accuse Eve of immodesty?

"It will cost you about fifteen dollars—yes, that will cover it," spoke the man, after casting an appraising eye at his rig. "I'll turn the rig in and when its fixed you'll get the bill—your name, Miss?"

I told him, and asked, "What is your name, please?"

"Gesundheit," said he—or something like that.

"God bless you, and I'm very glad you were not hurt, Mr. Gesundheit. I live at—— and will pay your bill whenever it comes.

"Yes'm, but my name is Gessunheit. Better watch the road next time instead of gawking over at the mountains—they come high, don't they?"

"A beautiful view is surely cheap at fifteen dollars," I smiled; but in my heart I was thinking that it is not the gasoline which costs an automobile owner most—but the incidentals.

SPURNS A REWARD

Man Accepts $20 for $175 Find Under a Protest.

Mrs. John Springer, who lives three miles south of Noblesville, Ind., had abandoned hope of finding a purse containing almost $175, which she lost somewhere between Cincinnati and her home, when a neighbor came to her with a copy of The Indianapolis News, in which there appeared a story to the effect that J. A. Davidson, living west of Connersville, had found a purse with about that sum in it, and was eagerly seeking the owner. Mrs. Davidson hired an automobile and drove to this city.

Davidson, a huckster and a poor man, immediately surrendered the purse when told the denomination of the bills. He accepted, reluctantly, a reward of $20, insisting that he had his reward in placing the purse in the hands of its owner. Davidson lost two pounds of coffee on the sidewalk in Connersville when he went to advertise his find, and although he immediately retraced his steps, the package was gone. He still is annoyed at the recollection of this incident.

Risks Life for $25.

Harvey Ershig, about seventeen years old, a wagon driver at Evansville, Ind., permitted a holdup man to shoot him late one night rather than deliver $25 belonging to his employer. While he was making his last trip he met the would-be robber in a dark yard, but disregarded a command to throw up his hands. A bullet passed through the boy's left arm and entering the side is believed to have lodged in his stomach. Ershig was removed to a hospital, where it is said his condition is serious. A man who witnessed the holdup chased the robber for some distance, but was unable to overtake him.

One for Mamma.

I took my small daughter into the front room to do some dusting. Not hearing her sound, I stepped quietly into the room and found her sitting idly by the window with her work unfinished. I said to her: "Don't you know Satan finds work for idle hands to do?" She quickly replied: "He oughta be something like you."—Exchange.

IRISH REPORT STUNS ENGLAND

AMERICAN - IRISH SOCIETIES MAKE CHARGES

Review Mistreatment of Political Prisoners and Jailing of Innocent Persons Alleged.

(From the Catholic Sentinel)

On June 6, Frank P. Walsh and Edward F. Dunne, representing American-Irish societies at Paris, gave out their report on conditions in Ireland as they found them in a ten-days' tour of this country. For some unexplained reason, says the London correspondent of the New York Herald, nothing more than a brief summary of the report was sent to America at that time. In transmitting the report to his paper the correspondent says:

This report has shaken England to the very foundation. Indeed, it has shaken her as has nothing else since she was rocked by the news of the war in the last days of July and the first of August, 1914.

The report came here from Paris early this week. Those who saw it then were stunned. Publication was withheld by the newspaper owners, who demanded that the government answer the charges and publish them simultaneously with the report. This official denial was not forthcoming, and finally the report appeared in a London newspaper. It stunned England.

The report on conditions in Ireland by Frank J. Walsh and Edward F. Dunne, gives a general review of conditions prevailing and then makes the following specific charges:

First—Within the last few months at least ten citizens have been killed by soldiers and constables under circumstances which, in a majority of cases, the coroner's juries found to be wilful murder under the laws of England, the last man having been murdered less than a month ago. In all these cases the perpetrators of the crimes have gone unpunished.

Second—Hundreds of men and women have been confined for months in the vilest persons without any charges being preferred against them.

Third—At least five men have died as a result of atrocites perpetrated against them while in prison. Post-mortem examinations in some cases disclosed marks of violence upon the bodies.

Fourth—Prisoners were confined in narrow cells with their hands hand-cuffed behind them day and night. In this condition they are fed by jail attendants. They are permitted no opportunity for answering the calls of nature and are compelled to lie in their clothing, befouled by human excrement for days at a time.

Fifth—Many persons are confined in cells which are not large enough for one man. They are not provided with beds or bunks of any kind, but are compelled to sleep on bare floors. There are no toilet facilities, and receptacles contain human offal which has necessarily accumulated upon the floors, where men are compelled to sleep in filth night after night.

Sixth—The food is insufficient and unwholesome. The prisoners, both men and women, are compelled to live days upon water and poorly baked, sour, stale bread.

Seventh—Hundreds of men and women have been discharged from jail with impaired constitutions, in many cases incurable invalids, as a result of their treatment.

Eighth—During part of the winter and spring, streams of ice cold water were poured over the men confined in jails and they were compelled to lie all night on cold floors in unheated cells in their wet clothing. Many of them afterward were removed to outside hospitals suffering with pneumonia.

Ninth—Policemen and soldiers habitually are permitted to enter cells where political prisoners are confined and beat them with their clubs.

Tenth—Solitary confinement in its most horrible form has generally been practiced. Numbers of prisoners have been taken directly from jails to insane asylums, rendered maniacs by their treatment.

Eleventh—Large bodies of political prisoners in certain jails have been kept without any food whatever for days at a time.

Twelfth—The rights of privacy no longer exists in Ireland. Homes constantly are being invaded by armed men and the occupants, including delicate women and young children are cruelly beaten and otherwise maltreated.

Thirteenth—Children of suspected Republicans, many of them of tender years, are kidnapped and their parents kept in ignorance of their whereabouts for weeks.

Fourteenth—Women and children of refinement and respectability are arrested without warrants, and in company with rough brutal soldiery are transported to distant parts of Ireland and England, where they are confined in jail with the lowest prostitutes.

Fifteenth—The right to own property no longer exists in Ireland. The places of business of Republicans are invaded by soldiers and constables, the fixtures destroyed and the property confiscated without compensation. In many cases the owners of such business properties have been entirely impoverished.

Sixteenth—Thousands of families have been goaded or deported, leaving women dependent on public charity without means of subsistence. These dependents are being rendered objects of public charity.

Seventeenth—Men and women, on the mere suspicion of being Republicans, are taken from their homes or arrested in the streets or otherwise and deported to England, or else they are confined in jails in remote places from their homes, while their families and friends, sometimes are kept in ignorance of their whereabouts for many months.

Other more general charges are as follows:

That the English education system in Ireland is completely broken down; that destitution and hunger and pile in Dublin; that, burdened with taxation and cut off from all outside commerce, Ireland is being bled white.

Conspiracy Against Townley Alleged By the Non-Partisans

JACKSON, Minn., July 8.—District Judge E. C. Dean Monday denied the motion of the defense to dismiss the conspiracy charge against President A. C. Townley of the National Nonpartisan league and Joseph Gilbert, a league organizer.

Attorney George Hoke, for the defense, then began his opening statement.

During his address to the jury Attorney Hoke clashed sharply with J. E. Markham, assistant attorney general, representing the state.

"We will undertake to show you," Mr. Hoke said to the jury, "that instead of being conspirators, my clients are the victims of a conspiracy extending over this and neighboring states. This conspiracy was and now is, in force for the purpose of destroying the Nonpartisan league as a political machine. It is all politics, and since it is, should be settled in the political arena.

Accuses State Officials

"The men we are attacking, the steel trust and the bankers, who fear that what we are advocating will interfere with their business, have conspired, and are now conspiring, to knock us out politically. They availed themselves of the opportunity which existed, as they possessed the machinery of the state, of accusing the league of being disloyal, by accusing us of being in the pay of Germany and by hiring thugs to break up meetings."

VERDUN ORPHANS GUESTS OF CITY OF GENEVA

Geneva, (Correspondence of the Associated Press).—This city has become a godmother to the children of Verdun, and invited them all to pass some weeks of the summer there. The first group of 250 children have arrived. Among the little guests are the children of officers and soldiers killed in defending the celebrated fort. Geneva will pay all expenses connected with the scheme.

MEAT HANDLED DURING WAR

SUCCESSFUL OPERATING SYSTEM THAT CAUGHT ON LIGHT

Swift & Co. Also Sold That More Than a Thousand Cars in One Week.

Some of the great accomplishments of American business during the war are just beginning to creep to the surface now that the ban of censorship has been removed. Every industry devoted a great part of its time and energy to the manufacture of supplies needed not only by the United States but by the Allies, and few persons not actively engaged in the work realize its extent.

The preparation and handling of meat food products was, of course, one of the great necessary industries, and it was fortunate for the country that the packing industry was already mobilized for service long before the Lusitania was sunk.

The problem of securing an adequate supply of meat for the army and navy caused the government less worry than any other major problem. All that was necessary for the government to do was to determine the requirements and need of the army and navy, and notify the packers, and they delivered the goods.

The manner in which the packers met the emergencies which arose during the war is well illustrated in the case of Swift & Company who in one week filled a government order for 22,000,000 pounds of meat and fat. This necessitated the dressing of 13,000 cattle and 200,000 hogs, and required 1,000 freight cars to transport.

Another instance is found in an order which was received one Saturday afternoon at 5 o'clock for 2,000,000 pounds of a special cut of dry salt meats. The war department wanted this shipment of 43 cars boxed and on the way by the following Tuesday noon—less than 70 hours distant. Swift & Company had the last car loaded and rolling an hour before noon on Tuesday.

In still another case the Government could get no one to put up fresh butter in tins for overseas shipment. Swift & Company accepted an order for 500,000 pounds on May 4th, 1918. It was necessary to equip these creameries with machinery and supplies, and to organize the help to do work entirely new to them, but the first car was rolling eastward in 33 days and a month later the entire order was completed.

The tremendous total of $550,000,000 worth of supplies was furnished by Swift & Company alone to the American and Allied governments during the war. The peak was reached in December, 1918, when the goods furnished totaled $25,000,000 in this one month.

Meats naturally formed the bulk of sales, but considerable quantities of wool were furnished the United States government, while the Allies purchased large amounts of lard and lard products.

Even if there had been any inclination on the part of the packers to "profiteer," this could have been one of the questions under the rigid regulations enforced by the food administration. With prices officially determined by the government and with profits limited to a definite percentage, possibility of unfair dealing was removed.

The packing industry required no federal financial aid, and additional facilities did not have to be constructed by the government—such as shipyards for the ship-builders, and additional factory units for munition manufacturers.

Over 8,500 employes of Swift & Company answered the call to the colors and served in practically every branch of the army and navy. They are returning rapidly to civilian life and the company has adopted the following broad policy with respect to the reemployment of these men: Every returned soldier or sailor will be given his old position, or one equally as good, at a salary or wage equal to the amount he was receiving when he left, or if the rate of pay for his position has been increased in the meantime, at the increased rate.

Swift & Company and its employes subscribed almost $17,000,000 to the five war loans and the company donated over $1,400,000 to the various war service organizations. The record for the largest number of subscribers was reached in the Fourth Liberty loan with 53,427 employes bought bonds.

Large Increase This Year In Attendance at O. A. C. Summer School

CORVALLIS, July 8.—More than 400 per cent increase in number of men enrolled at the college for the summer session over the attendance of last year is recorded. Eighty-one men have registered and 178 women, making a total of 295. Last year at the end of the first week attendance was 191.

Thirty counties of Oregon are represented and 11 states. Benton county leads with 120. Multnomah is second with 21 and Marion third with 16. States represented outside of Oregon and enrollment, are as follows: Washington 19, California 9, Idaho 4, Arizona 2, Montana 1, Colorado 1, New York 1, Pennsylvania 1, Oklahoma 1, and South Dakota 1. Two students from Canada have registered. Twenty girls and 16 boys, who won prizes in club work at county and state fairs are attending the short course.

Observer advertising will bring results.

Great Sale on Pianos at Portland Department Store

Railroad Fare Paid Both Ways to Piano Shoppers Who Will Take Advantage of the July Sale

A SAFE PLACE TO BUY YOUR PIANO

Lipman-Wolfe & Co.'s Big Department Store of Portland is making a strong bid for the Piano business of this community.

The great department store of Lipman-Wolfe & Co., of Portland, is out after the piano business of Oregon.

Just now they are having a big JULY SALE on new and second hand pianos, which has stirred the piano circles of the metropolis.

They are even bidding for the business of the country districts, and make this startling BONA FIDE OFFER.

First.—We will save anyone $100 in the purchase of an upright piano, a player-piano or a baby grand.

Second.—We will have our expert choose for anyone a piano that we positively guarantee, box it, and pay the freight to destination covering a radius of 100 miles from Portland.

Third.—We will pay the R. R. fare both ways of anyone in Oregon or Washington who will go to Portland and choose a piano on our sales floors.

PIANOS WE CARRY:

Our lines consist of the most renowned standard makes of America. Our leader is the KNABE. We also represent the celebrated Francis Bacon pianos, in baby grands, players and uprights. One of our most popular lines is the five well known pianos of "The House of Baldwin," which includes the Baldwin, Ellington, Hamilton, Howard and Monarch. Then we are agents for the Hazelton Bros., and the famous Autopiano. The Autopiano is probably the most popular and durable player-piano in the world. Already more than 43 million dollars' worth have been sold to the music-loving people of the globe.

—OUR USED PIANOS—

One may nearly always find a good bargain in a second-hand piano in our piano exchange department. This month we are holding our semi-annual clean-up sale on these instruments. The prices are remarkably low.

—WE GIVE TERMS—

—Investigate our selling plan and learn how to save money buying a piano from our piano department.

—We sell a brand new Baby Grand for $795. Uprights and Players priced accordingly.

—Ask to see our Player Piano with the Ukulele attachment.

—Orders by Mail Given Preference and Careful Attention.

LIPMAN-WOLF & CO.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED