

SOLDIERS ENDURE WITHOUT MURMUR

Pot Luck Taken in Silence by U. S. Troops, Who Joke About "Pullman."

U. S. MARSHAL TAKES HAND

Freight-Yard Congestion Cleared Up in Record Time by Hand Power. Railway System After 4 Years of War Almost Perfect.

BY WILL G. McRAE, Staff Correspondent of The Oregonian With the American Forces in France.

WITH THE AMERICAN ARMY IN FRANCE, Jan. 21.—This will be a rambling account of an attempt to get in touch with our Northwest soldiers. In the first place, it was an all-night journey into the interior of France, near the fighting zone, and the journey was made at 2 o'clock in the morning and the other at 8 o'clock, both of the changes being made in the dark. To add to the thrill of the journey was the inability to speak one word of French. Naturally, when given permission to visit an American training camp, I elected to go where I would find the boys from home. The American officer who gave the military pass was as polite and as obliging as any Frenchman ever met, and he thought he was giving me the right instructions and was telling me where to go to see my friends. However, Olympus, who judges army drivers, must have gotten out on the wrong side of the bed some morning, for the camp I visited was nothing more than a replace division. Yet the trip was without its many interesting developments.

Railway System Good.

The first thing which hits a visitor to France is how lamentably poor is our much-vaunted railroad system. Here in France, after four years of war, even handling double the amount of freight and troops, the system is almost perfect. One would naturally think the rolling stock and the roadbed would have gone back, but they have not, and after an all-night journey from Paris, changing onto two branch lines, the journey's end was reached on time, both going and coming. When the war first fell, it is to believe what the war correspondents wrote of their troubles in getting about, perhaps the railroads did fall down in handling the travel, but this was before they were placed under government control.

Home Soldiers Met.

When a call was made at headquarters at this replace division, or whatever it is called in G. O. (general orders), I found many officers and friends from home and others I had met at the various American camps in the States. With the exception of perhaps one or two in high command, all were very glad to see me. Since leaving home a great number of transfers seem to have been made, especially among the enlisted men, and many are now lost to their original commands. Although these men do not regret being forced to leave their original commands, they were good soldiers and said little about being switched about. All were much on the job, and one may as well add all were in the first stages of nostalgia. For the rest, they were too busy preparing themselves for the big things out in front to get homesick.

Village Is Old.

I met one officer, a former Captain of the National Guard Cavalry on the Mexican border last year, who was now provost marshal. Where the troops were quartered was formerly a French military training camp. It is situated high up in the mountains, about 2,000 feet above sea level, and has a very pretty setting. There is an old village and a new village. The old village is typically French in every way. The newest house in the old village was built in 1812. Scattered around and nestled in what we call "canyons" back home are a number of small villages. Each has an old church and on Saturday afternoons and on Sundays soldiers from home take long hikes to these villages.

Troops Are Scattered.

One may only speak of this lot of American soldiers at this time, for the rest of them are scattered over France in other training camps. Those I saw were in good health, even though they had reached this camp in the special de luxe cars furnished by the French government to transport troops. Right here one pauses, after seeing these cars, to ask what has become of the American soldier who rallied last year because he was sent to the Mexican border in chair cars and not in Pullman sleepers? A French troop train, the cars the length of a good-sized suitcase, are all labeled so that the

Washing Won't Rid Head of Dandruff

The only sure way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it, then you destroy it entirely. To do this, get about four ounces of ordinary liquid arvon; apply it at night when retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the fingertips.

Do this tonight, and by morning, most if not all of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

BOON TO MOTHERS

Antiseptic instantly soothes and dries chafed, irritated skin of infants. Prevents and cures diaper rash. Keeps baby's skin fresh and sweet. Heals over night, eczema, sensitive and weeping skin. Soothes, cools and refreshes. Baby's skin shows slightest redness or tendency to irritation, you can relieve it at once with Baby's Own Lotion. Antiseptic is a safe and dependable preparation for baby's skin. If your druggist cannot supply it, 25c seal Eubank's Laboratories, Portland, Ore., with druggist's name, will bring prompt, paid, large introductory bottle, plain or perfumed.

BELL-ANS Absolutely Removes Indigestion. Druggists refund money if it fails. 25c

RUSHING THEIR WOUNDED COMRADE TO FIRST AID STATION.



Underwood Photo. When this photo was taken in the recent offensive in the Somme front his comrades decided not to wait for the arrival of the stretcher-bearers. They used their first-aid kit to patch him up a bit and then carried him to the first-aid station right behind the front line. Here they are seen coming through a communication trench connecting the foremost trenches with the support line.

Quartermaster may not make a mistake, Homme 46; cheval 18 (48 men or 8 horses). It is in these cars the American soldiers are now traveling and will travel from now on until they get back to the good old U. S. A., unless they travel on permission, as they travel to and from the training camps or the front. In the center of the cars are two rows of wooden, straight-backed benches, and believe me, when it is a case of when one cares to move his position it's all move to the front. They are snug and comfortable, so when American soldiers took a January day ride their first journey by rail in France it is not to be wondered at if inquiries were made for the fellows who howled about riding in chair cars in America.

Soldiers Don't Complain. The opportunity to kick and complain, taking the dope from the past kicking performance of the National Guard or regular soldier, would strike one as offering a splendid chance for one to air his grievances. Yet I never heard a single soldier raise his voice in protest because he traveled in horse or cattle cars. The psychology of this is interesting. The soldier is a realist and he knows the soldiers of France, real fighters if ever real fighters were born, have been going to and from the front in such cars, your good American soldier in the making laughs and makes a joke of what he calls his new "side-door Pullman."

Freight Goes First.

While all this stupendous movement of troops is going on there is the handling of the millions of tons of supplies and a very heavy passenger travel. Of course passenger travel gets second consideration. In every road carload were long lines of freight cars loaded to the last pound of weight which they could carry, while in the freight sheds other stuff was waiting for cars. Men and women have given away to woman power. It is all sex equality with a vengeance, for the French women seem to be able to handle the trucks as easy as do the men, and the few men that seem to be on the job are polius recovering or recovered from wounds.

It was the same in the fields of the farming districts through which the trains passed. Men and women were doing their spring plowing. Sometimes they were long lines of machine guns and a team of slow-moving oxen. Once or twice I saw a team of oxen driven tandem with a small burro about the size of an Eastern Oregon or Western Washington jackrabbit. Yet these farms looked remarkably well kept up and all looked very peaceful and rural.

United States Methods Jar.

Naturally, American methods have jarred the French. For instance this Provost Marshal, who, by the way, is a well-known Tacoma lumber man, was very much surprised to find the disentanglement of the freight yard congestion and clean up the freight yards, did what had never been done before. A series of men were given away to the Provost Marshal on the job brought out a detail of 100 men. Freight cars loaded to the guards were hiked about to their proper position and made up into freight trains without the aid of switch engines. When that job was done the 100 American soldiers, with brooms and rakes hit into the dirt and fluff. By night the freight yard was as clean as a housewife's kitchen, and all the French brake-twisters could do was to stand and say "vo la, la," which means "may be, oh, my."

Of course, pneumonia is taking its toll of the American soldier here, as it does at home. On this Monday, while train after train was taking soldiers to another training camp, some going away and some going under, the visit had its sad side. Sad because those who were going under to lie asleep in foreign soil had been robbed of what they had come to this country for—to fight for France and freedom. Yet they have played their part,

and are just as much heroes as if they had yielded up their lives on the battlefield.

About an hour after the last troop train had departed an army truck carrying three coffins draped in the American flag moved through the main street of this little French village. A regimental band led the cortege, playing Chopin's funeral march. The narrow street was lined with bare-headed women and children and soldiers, both French and Russian. As familiar as was death and funerals to these people, they all were greatly affected by the sight, which passed before them. It seemed to take all the joy out of the day, and they spoke in hushed voices. At the inn where I stayed the only voice heard in anything but a subdued tone was from one of the waiters, who having caught a note or two of the funeral march hummed over and over again the tune as she was waiting on the guests.

Mention has been made about the camp having been a French artillery barracks. It was. History was made here since the war. It seems a large Russian force had been stationed there, having been sent there to rest after a hard go at the front. While they were resting Char Nick was shoved off the throne. The news of his retirement under forced draft reached these Russian soldiers and they decided they were tired also and decided to quit. They took possession of one of the big stone barracks and defied the guard to break up the convention. How long they held the fort I did not learn, but it was only long enough for the French to bring up a command. When the police in charge of several officers reached the spot, the Russians were told to come forth and be good. Nothing doing on the "be-good stuff." Too many politicians. What the French soldiers did was to take up a position on the hill overlooking the camp. When a couple of machine guns and French 75s began to speak—well, the Russians surrendered—that is, what was left of them.

Money Is Confusing.

The French franc and the centime are our soldiers by the ears. Men in

"KILL IT. Break its neck if you have to."

If "Central" switched you into the midst of such a conversation the probabilities are that you would send in a hurry-up call for police headquarters with a red-hot story on a front-page murder story, or at least a cruelty-to-animals yarn.

But it was merely a jocular request, from a thoroughly satisfied individual, for the discontinuance of a Want Ad in The Oregonian.

Goddard & Wiedrick, of 243 Stark street, made this plea, via Mr. Goddard—or perhaps it was Mr. Wiedrick. "The ad ran Sunday, we sold the place right away, and people are continually calling up," is the way he prefaced the "kill" remark.

A cosy Woodstock home, the merits of which were placed before a huge breakfast-table public by Mr. Want Ad, was responsible for this appeal for first aid to harassed realty men.

This sort of Want Ad efficiency is not unusual. In fact such appeals for help are telephoned daily to the Want Ad Manager. If you don't believe it ask your friends, or any of the thousands who have discovered this efficiency and utilize it.

uniform get reduced rates on the railroads and the streetcars. To add to this confusion is the coinage of the allied nations.

In one's travels about one runs into both amusing and annoying experiences. On the train which took me from Paris I had three traveling companions. One was a French Colonel, with many war decorations across his breast, and on the sleeve of his coat gold stripes signifying the number of times he had been wounded. The others were a French Major, with fewer decorations, and a civilian. Evidently the fellow in civilian dress was a second to take the drift of what they could only get the drift of what they were talking about, but I sensed I was the subject of their conversation. When he demanded to see my "permission" I worked the haughty-stare stuff, then pulled out my papers and handed them to the French General. The old fellow caught my meaning at once, and maybe you think he didn't poke fun at the dramatic. He pointed to several places on his body where at the hospital they had removed a part of the steel output of Germany's iron anatomy; also to the side of his face. He was a fine, upstanding young man about 25 years old, I should judge. He was a hand-drawn man, and the what he described when it exploded as being, "Ooh la, la, bomb-bom," left no facial blemishes. He could read English, as I learned from him, and he was an officer, police or plain city dweller, and he wrote me of many things which I dare not set down here. His name was Sergeant Lieutenant Felix Pelletiere (not his real name). My only hope is that he passes safely through the rest of the war, for only in a few instances has it been my good fortune to have met such a perfect gentleman and one with such perfect courtesy.

Girls Are Happy.

On the train coming back, before I made the change to the direct train for Paris, ten or a dozen schoolgirls between the ages of 10 and 14 years old got into the car where I was seated. There was no sign of depression in this lot. Instead they were bubbling over with mirth and the joy of living. Wasn't Spring in the air, and weren't they the very breath of Spring? I was taken aback. They asked me if I was French. They inspected the buttons on my uniform, they examined by arm brassard, then to my great surprise each pulled from her handbag a large piece of war bread and began to eat. By this time they had reached the souvenir stage. All or most of the French women and girls have this grace. They even wanted to cut off the buttons on my coat. When I refused to allow this, they flapped explained in as good English as is heard anywhere. "Please, thank you." Then this little schoolgirl, as simple as any wood flower and as pretty as a sunbeam, explained that at school they were studying English. In her quaint little mother sort of way she stilled the clamor of the rest and brought forth an English reader called "Alice in England." It was all about Alice going away to boarding-school and what she did and how her journey was made and her general conduct. For over two hours I conducted a story-telling class by pictures. Just before the end of the journey, standing at salute, sang the "Star-Spangled Banner," their girlish voices blending sweetly with the rhythmic click-click of the wheels passing over the rails.

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Again We Have Arranged a Wonderful Lace Sale

Prudent, Economical Women Will Find It Most Advantageous to Purchase for Present and Future Needs

All These and Others to Sell at

49¢ Yd.

18-inch Metal Flouncings—gold and silver patterns on white, cream or black silk nets. 18-inch Metal Flouncings in pretty allover patterns—also burnt-out gold and silver Bands and Edges. 18 and 24-inch black, white and cream Silk Flouncings. 18-inch Fillet Net Flouncings with Venice edge—also 34-inch Embroidered and Shadow Silk Allovers—fine Venice Bands and Edges—27-inch Fillet Net Flouncings. 40-inch Silk Nets and Novelty Chiffons. Be here early for first choice.

See Our Morrison-Street Window Display—

An Early Showing of the Most Beautiful New Wash Fabrics

The choice offered is so large that every woman's wardrobe requirements can be met. Many new and novel weaves are shown, together with all the old favorites, and each one marked at a price so low that they should not be overlooked. It is advisable to buy now, at these prices, enough materials to meet your needs for all Spring and Summer wear. Note these offerings:

Silk Mixed Fabrics at 50c, 60c, 75c & \$1

All in 36-Inch Width

In these assortments are to be found the most fashionable styles in plain colors and novelty colorings—rich silk mixed fabrics suitable for both waists and dresses at prices to suit all.

New White Goods 35c Yd.

36 and 38-inch White Waists in a wonderful collection of stripe and check styles—fabrics of the most reliable quality.

Longcloth at 25c Yard

At this special price we offer several bolts of fine Longcloth of nainsook finish—comes in 36-inch width. If you are interested, don't delay your visit to our white goods section.

Unusual Vales in Ferguson and McKinney Men's Shirts at 85c

Custom-made Shirts, guaranteed to fit and to wear satisfactorily. They come in coat and regular styles with military and regulation turn-down collar. All sizes from 14 to 17½, in plain white, cream and tan; brand-new goods attractively priced to make new store friends—in our popular Men's Section.

New Hand Bags and Strap Purses at 98c

At our Notion Counter we've arranged a special showing of Dupont Handbags and Strap Purses—many popular shapes in small, medium and large sizes. They come in black with fancy or leather linings.

Store Opens at 8:30 A. M. Saturdays at 9 A. M.

Robert's Bros. THIRD & MORRISON The Most in Value—The Best in Quality

Store Closes at 5:30 P. M. Saturdays at 6 P. M.

3 RAIDS IN 3 DAYS

German Airplanes Continue to Bomb London.

CASUALTIES ARE HEAVY

Sunday Night's Raid Results in 16 Killed and 37 Injured and in Saturday Night's Raid 11 Were Killed and Four Injured.

LONDON, Feb. 18.—Hostile airplanes are attempting a raid against London again tonight making the third raid in as many nights. No damage or casualties are yet reported.

LONDON, Feb. 18.—Sixteen were killed and 37 injured in last night's raid. Six or seven airplanes crossed the Channel. The first flew over London, dropping bombs in various districts. All the others were turned back. The first raider passed the Isle of Thanet at about 9:45 P. M., and proceeded up the Thames Estuary into the sea. The remaining raiders attempted to reach London from the northeast across Essex or from the east along the line of the river Thames were all beaten off.

The casualties were: Killed—Men, 12; women, 3; total, 15. Injured—Men, 27; women, 10; total, 37. Six German airplanes attempted to attack London Saturday night but only one of them succeeded in reaching the capital. This raider dropped one bomb in the Southwestern district. One of the German airplanes fell into the sea. Eleven were killed by the bomb, 3 men, five women and three children. Injured, one man and three children.

BERLIN, Feb. 18.—The official statement issued today by the German government

eral staff says that one German airplane last night succeeded in dropping bombs on London.

"VIVA WILSON," IS CRY

Italian Audience Grows Enthusiastic Over Praise of President.

ROME, Feb. 17.—Fiorello H. La Guardia, Representative in Congress from New York and a Captain in the American flying corps, delivered a stirring address on the war loan to an enthusiastic audience at the Theater Argentina tonight. The meeting was under the auspices of the Colonial Institute.

La Guardia's remarks took the form of an analysis of President Wilson's war messages, pointing out their perfect sequence in developing his original idea of achieving a really permanent peace—of conducting a war against "Viva Wilson!" "Viva America!"

NAVAL AVIATOR SHOT DOWN

Ensign Sturtevant Believed Lost; 31 Killed in Four Months.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 18.—A naval seaplane on scout duty in European waters has been shot down and its pilot, Ensign Albert Dalton Sturtevant, of Washington, D. C., is missing. The Navy Department was advised today by cable from England. No details were given in the dispatch, but the department's announcement said it was feared the ensign had been lost. Ensign Sturtevant enlisted in the naval reserves shortly before war was declared last April and was sent to England for duty last September.

FORT WORTH, Tex., Feb. 18.—A statement from American aviation headquarters here shows that of the 51

killed at the three flying fields, 20 were English and 11 Americans. The list includes several mechanics who met death on the ground. The fliers have been here four months and, considering the intensive training and advanced courses, the ratio of deaths is not considered large.

Colds Cause Headache and Grip. LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE Tablets relieve colds. E. W. GROVE'S signature on box. 25c—Adv.

Cuticura Heals Little Red Pimples

That Itched Awfully and Caused Loss of Sleep

"Little red pimples appeared on my face, neck and chest and I could not find anything that would help me. The pimples grew to be large, and some came to a head and had corruption in them. They itched awfully so that I could hardly go to sleep at night. This trouble lasted about two months."

"I read about Cuticura Soap and Ointment and I purchased some. I could tell they helped me from the first time I used them, and now I am completely healed." (Signed) Miss Zales Stover, Mills, New Mexico.

Prevent further trouble by using Cuticura Soap for the toilet with touches of Cuticura Ointment to first signs of skin or scalp trouble. Sample Each Free by Mail. Address postcard: "Cuticura, Dept. H, Boston." Sold everywhere. Soap 25c. Ointment 25c and 50c.

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BE PATRIOTIC and get along with a used piano.

Saves Labor Get More for Your Money Liberal Exchange Privilege

Kimball (rosewood) \$115 New England Piano \$135 Peerless (mahogany), fine condition \$185

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