

STARVATION GNAWS
BUYS GERMAN SCUM

American Declares Profiteers
Are Bold and Fortunes Are
Made Despite Scarcity.

HOPE OF VICTORY BUOYS

Dr. William Law, Who Practiced
Dentistry in Berlin and Only Left
Country in October, Says War
at Home Will Tell.

Conditions in Germany are desperate, food is scarce and "wucherung" (profiteering) is practiced by dealers in what supplies are available. Butter is \$5 a pound, lard and other fats, \$3 a pound, meat \$5 a pound, sugar \$1 a pound and flour (the coarsest graham mixture) \$1 a pound. To produce a loaf of wheat bread costs \$1; but even so, under these conditions the people still cling to the belief that victory will be theirs.

These and other details are related in a letter and newspaper clippings received by Frank E. Lewis, of this city, a brother-in-law of Mayor Albee, from Dr. William Law, a college friend of Mr. Lewis, who reached New York New Year's day from Berlin, where he had practiced dentistry for 12 years. He was too ill to come over with the Gerard party, but brought his wife and daughter to Flint, Mich., their old home, as soon as he was physically able. Dr. Law is a graduate of the University of Michigan. While in Berlin he had a clientele among the nobility and was in a position to learn much of interest.

Supplies Are Precious.
One of the most interesting features of his information is the fact that, just prior to the declaration of war on Germany by the United States, it was common talk in Berlin in the circles in which Dr. Law moved that America would be the next to attack when the allies were whipped. The Germans, he says, felt that they had the war about won at that time.

All the American friends of the Laws, who came over with the Gerard party, sold their food, so that they did not actually go hungry, but were obliged to live miserably. They had to report to the police every day, and when they left could not bring a piece of paper or any written material, and everything was inspected.

Dr. Law reports that all the food bought in Germany is by card system, and only a limited amount is allowed weekly. Only an eighth of a pound of butter a week is allowed, half a pound of meat, a pound of flour (mixed graham), two pounds of bread and a few pounds of vegetables to each person. These things were not very expensive, as there was a way of buying from soldiers, who got the food that should have gone to sick soldiers.

Women's Faces Haunt.
Dr. Law says that the faces of the German women haunt one. There is no coal and no soap at all. The only solution to the war by sea is for this country to fight the Germans on their own soil, for, although the people are nearly starved to death, they are not giving in as long as they feel safe, and think they are winning.

The bread is terrible stuff, made of coarse graham and a mixture of straw and yellow turnips. There is no wool in the country and very little cotton. A meter of longcloth costs \$2.50 and may be purchased only upon written permit by the police, and then only once a year. Only two chemises a year are allowed the women, and those are made of a fabric that dissolves when boiled; these are made in the limit, and restaurants are forbidden the use of table linen.

The Germans feel that Americans are not standing with the President and that nothing very serious can happen from our being in the war.

The people are weary of the war, but have no idea of the price they will have to pay for the peace, which, of course, shows considerable conquered territory.

Defeat Never Admitted.
The German people never admit defeat, but if they do, it is always put in the form of a "strategic retreat." The military powers say so and it is so to the people. When they cry for peace, the war lords tell them they have offered peace, but the allies refuse it, and the people, with great patience, continue on.

"Germany today is honeycombed with graft," declared Dr. Law. "It is the most gigantic graft I have ever seen. I never thought in peace times that it would be possible. There is never graft in America that could compare with it. There is a new word in Germany since the war began. It is 'wucherer,' which corresponds to the word 'profiteer' in America. Many people in Germany have made loads of money since the war began. I think the people can live at least one more year. There is no tea or coffee, and the beer is about like water and tastes like varnish."

Newspapers are reduced in size, the ink being of poorest quality and runs off easily. Of 500 shoe factories, 100 are making shoes for the armies and 30 for civilians, the others being closed; many go barefoot; all factories are training course extends over three months.

Three other former military officers of the state are authorized, as a result of applications filed, to take examinations at once for commissions in the Army. These are Major Willard F. Dougherty, of the National Guard reserve; Charles W. Helm, former Captain in the Field Artillery, and Dayton W. Stoddard, former sergeant-major in the Third Oregon.

Generosity Is Shown.
"Always our home has been the rendezvous for Indians of the surrounding country. They have come to my father and mother and grandmother, the latter having resided with us for many years, for advice. The poor have come for help and the troubled for words of solace. I have never known a nobler old woman than my grandmother, who, as she said, was executed unjustly. She had cause to hate the whites, but she ascribed the act to ignorance and what bitterness was hers she kept within her own breast. My grandmother always had plenty and never did I see her fail to divide it with Indians coming to her for aid."

"A few years ago I had occasion to visit the Yakima Indian Reservation. At first I was just an ordinary Indian visitor. Then I told someone of my grandfather. After that nothing was too good for me. She is the granddaughter of Chenoweth. I heard them tell each other, and I was feasted and entertained like a prince."

"I have observed this sturdy pale-face for years," were the words, according to interpreters, of the proud old chief as he stood within the shadow of death. "My people have been good. My son, to you I give my daughter. In your care I have no fear for her."

Chenoweth, with eloquence in his final words and gesture, stepped back and uttered a warwhoop. Soldiers grasped the free end of the rope and his body was hoisted from the earth.

A grave, so the story goes, had already been dug near by the execution ground. In his speech Chenoweth had pointed to the hole and had appealed that his body be not laid to moulder in the cold earth. He explained that he was wealthy.

"Go," he said, "and sell of my ponies that pasture on the lowlands and purchase robes that myself and my warriors may have decent burial in accordance with our ancient rites." His surviving friends were given the right to carry out his request.

Lieutenant Weds Indian.
Mr. Underwood at the time of the execution was but 22 years of age. To honor the sentenced man he accepted his charge, although he had never seen the daughter. It was more than five years before he laid eyes on Ellen, as the Indian girl had been christened when she was baptized by missionaries, and during that time the young girl, according to the Indian custom, had been given to Lieutenant W. K. Lear, a young officer at the post.

Miss Mrs. Olsen tells the story of those pioneer days, the Indians of the Cascades wished protection from the whites.

"Lieutenant Lear saw my mother, who was a beautiful maiden," says Mrs. Olsen, "and fell in love with her. My grandmother called a council of her people and it was decided that it

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OREGON PIONEER, WHO DIED AT 83, INDIAN'S FRIEND.

Amos Underwood Resident of Mid-Columbia Section for 45 Years.

HOOD RIVER, Or., Jan. 12.—(Special.)—The mound of a newly made grave has been reared in the little cemetery of Underwood, Wash. Beneath the ridge of heaped-up and rounded-off clay and loam rests the body of Amos Underwood, pioneer Indian-fighter who claimed the Mid-Columbia for his home for 65 years. And, while the aged man had more than one scalp to his credit, no man of the early days, perhaps, was ever held in higher regard by the Indians than Amos Underwood.

At the age of 83 the pioneer died at the home of his only surviving child, Mrs. Mary V. Olsen, at the little town on the North Bank railroad in Skamania County that bears his name, on Friday, December 14. His funeral was held the following Tuesday. While he left no son to perpetuate his name, the old man left the town and community to bear it through time.

Wife Indian Girl.
In the life and deeds of Amos Underwood one may read of romance, tragedy and hardship. His wife was an Indian maiden, the daughter of Chenoweth, chief of the Cascade Indians. Following the so-called Cascade massacre in 1858, Chenoweth and his personal retinue of warriors were tried by a court-martial and sentenced to be hanged. The old warrior, with the noose around his neck, in his farewell address, motioned to his side one of the stalwart young guards. The guard was Amos Underwood.

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