

PEACE PRESSURE GROWS IN AUSTRIA

State Department Learns Political and Economic Influences Working.

CZERWIN EXPLAINS SPEECH

Premier Says He Spoke With View to Having Utterances in Reichsrath Come to Attention of President Wilson.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 26.—Confirmatory reports of the labor troubles in Austria were received at the State Department today in a dispatch from Holland.

The report was based upon facts obtained from German sources and indicated that the cause of the disorders in Austria was political, as well as economic, and was a manifestation of a growing desire in that country for peace.

Officials Watch Reaction. Officials of the State Department displayed interest today in the reaction that have been recorded among the Socialists in Germany as a result of the speeches of Von Hertling and Czernin.

Basel, Switzerland, Jan. 26.—Count Czernin, the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister, after delivering his speech in reply to the recent address of President Wilson and Premier Lloyd George, indicated in subsequent remarks, under questioning of Socialist interrogators, that the speech had been delivered quite as much that his view might come to President Wilson's attention as well as for the benefit of those whom he was immediately addressing.

Count Czernin declined to elaborate upon his utterances regarding Italy, Roumania and Serbia. "I do not wish to return to these subjects; those who desired to understand must have understood," he said to the Socialists, who complained that they had found obscurity in the passages of his speech dealing with the countries in question.

German Situation Differant. On the subject of Germany Count Czernin pointed out that her situation differed from that of Austria-Hungary. Germany, he said, was not only a European territory, but great colonies, and it was natural she should not surrender the pledges she held until she had guaranteed the safety of her possessions. Austria, he added, had less need of such pledges than her ally.

It was then that Count Czernin stated that he had made his speech, not only for the committee's ears, but in order that President Wilson could hear it.

LONDON, Jan. 26.—Austria has declared her readiness to conclude a separate peace without Germany and to accept the Russian democratic programme with the exception of self-determination of nations, says a dispatch from Petrograd to the Exchange Telegraph Company.

FRIENDS GO TO FRANCE PACIFIC COLLEGE, LIKE OTHERS, RESPONDS TO CALL Large Number of Men Now Engaged in Reconstruction Work Is Soon to Be Supplemented.

NEWBERG, Or., Jan. 26.—(Special.)—To Pacific College, as to the other Pacific colleges of the United States, has come the call from the civilian branches of the Red Cross, under which friends are working, for 200 more men for reconstruction work in the devastated districts in France recently evacuated by the Germans.

FRIENDS ALREADY HAVE ABOUT 200 MEN IN FRANCE, ITALY AND RUSSIA IN THIS WORK, besides a goodly number of women, and now, if proper arrangements can be made with the Government, they will send 20 more each week for 12 weeks.

Pacific College is already represented in this work by two former students and a former member of the faculty, and two more young men, Frank C. Colcord and Lester Wright, have just received notification of their acceptance for such service.

The reconstruction work is carried on by young friends who serve entirely without remuneration, the expenses of the work being borne by friends. Their budget for the first year was \$50,000, and it will have to be more than doubled for the second year.

President Pennington, of the college, has been chosen head of the service committee of the Oregon yearly meeting, which has this work in charge for Oregon and Idaho.

THE FOLLOWING SPECIAL PROGRAMME, IN CHARGE OF THE PASTOR, REV. J. MONTGOMERY BROWN, WILL BE RENDERED:

Organ voluntery, Mrs. John H. Metzger, solo, exercises, selection by the orchestra; solo, "Keep the Home Fire Burning," Jackson Jones; unrivalling of the service flag, Mrs. John H. Metzger, solo; "Star-Spanked Banner," Miss Georgiana Cross; reading of the roll of honor, Miss Mildred St. Clair; address, Dr. W. P. Kerr; solo, baritone, Dr. H. H. Ott; solo, "When the Boys Come Home," Miss Edella Towle; address, Dr. A. Thompson; selection, by orchestra; consecration, "America."

WORK IS MADE MANAGER

PORTLAND SHOWMAN PROMOTED TO IMPORTANT POSITION AFTER LONG SERVICE AT LOCAL THEATRE.

CLIFF P. WORK, superintendent and doorman at the Orpheum, has been appointed manager of the Orpheum vaudeville shows to be presented in Spokane, Wash., at the Auditorium Theater, Mr. Work left for his new post last Friday night with C. E. Bray, assistant general manager and general auditor of the Orpheum circuit, who selected the young Portland showman for promotion.

Mr. Work was affiliated with the Orpheum in Portland ever since its inauguration here and rose to his present position of responsibility from a minor place. Several years ago he was assistant in the press department under Frank J. McGottigan and after the opening of the Orpheum here last season he was made superintendent and doorman. He is an active member of the Portland Press Club. Mr. Work left for Spokane last Thursday.

Robert T. Herven, former assistant treasurer, has been appointed superintendent and doorman to succeed Mr. Work and Walter A. Hoffman, formerly an Orpheum usher, succeeds Mr. Herven as assistant treasurer.

SENIOR WINS FIRST PRIZE Keyes Oratorical Contest Held at Willamette University.

WILLAMETTE UNIVERSITY, Salem, Or., Jan. 26.—(Special.)—Miss Evaline Harrison, a senior in the college of liberal arts, won first place in the Keyes oratorical contest here last night. "The Army of Mercy," by winning this contest Miss Harrison will represent Willamette in the state contest.

Paul Wapato was awarded second place on his oration, "The Vanishing Race." Mr. Wapato is an Indian and treated his subject with excellent knowledge and deep feeling. The other contestants were William Nichol, on "Law and Liberty," and Lewis Stewart, who spoke of "The Power for Service." Attorney Walter Keyes, of Salem, each year presents a prize of \$15 to the winner and \$10 to the one who secures second place.

The state "Old Line" contest is to be held at Willamette University this year on March 5.

17 LINN MEN EXAMINED Twelve Found Physically Fit; Five Listed for Limited Service.

ALBANY, Or., Jan. 26.—(Special.)—Twelve of the first 17 draft registrants of Linn County who were summoned for physical examination were found fit for full military service. The remaining five were listed as able for limited service.

Yesterday was the day set for the beginning of physical examinations of the Linn County registrants. The men now being examined are all in class I. The 12 men found physically fit for service are: Thomas Bert Cowling, of Crawfordville; William Henry Cowitt, of Crabtree; Dan Zafiratos, of Mill City; John Hamann and Michael W. Albany; Albert Hintz, of Crawfordville; Eldon Philip Swank, of Brothers, Or.; August Otto Carl Schroder, of Stanton; Oliver Francis Morgan, of Seilo; Thomas Henry Peterson, of Thomas; William Sutter, of Mill City; Dinawiddle Verne McKinley, of Brownsville, and Louis Borovicka, of Seilo.

UNIVERSITY CLUB FORMED Ex-Students of Willamette Organize Society in Portland.

A Portland-Willamette University Club was organized by Portland alumni and ex-students of Willamette University at a well attended meeting held at the Sellwood Community House last Wednesday evening. A permanent organization was effected, the following officers being elected for the ensuing year: Dr. Guy Woods, president; Miss Mildred Bartholomew, vice-president; Mrs. Ray Smith, secretary, and Dr. Harry Irving, treasurer.

The purposes of the organization look to assisting Willamette University, all ex-students of Willamette University residing at Portland are eligible. The next meeting will be held Wednesday evening, March 29.

More Guards to Be Used. SALEM, Or., Jan. 26.—(Special.)—Governor Withycombe stated today that he has ordered about 50 more guards from the Portland militia to be used for patrol duty on public and private property in Portland during the coming week.

BATTLEFRONT THRILLING DRAMA

German Shell Splits Heavens and Trip From Trench to Hospital Starts.

GIRL NURSES BIG SUCCESS

Interesting Description of Actual Life in Midst of Constant Deadly Peril Written by One Right on Scene.

(Continued from First Page.) bang that must have succeeded when the heavens seemed to split open and come tumbling down upon my head. "It's all right; it fell in the next trench."

A man with a Red Cross brassard was bending over me. "Look here!" It was another man with a brassard that now spoke. "This fellow's got his!"

It was Bill they meant. I caught broken phrases about a broken left arm and an abdominal wound, a request for a first-aid pouch and then the clear "Stretcher this way!"

Out of the communication trench two more men trotted with a stretcher. On it they placed the man that had been Bill, and with it, following, they staggered, stooping behind clay mounds, log-bushes, slipping and stumbling through the mud as one another shell blazed and bellowing close at hand.

Of old, army medical corps waited for the wounded to be brought to hospital; in modern warfare the medical corps reaches its saving hand up to the first line.

The injured man is taken direct to a regimental dressing station; if his injuries demand it, he is carried thence to more elaborately equipped stations, and thereafter, when no need arises for the more distant field hospitals or "evacuation hospitals," where more delicate operations may be performed and where often there are 1500 beds.

Big Hospitals Far Back. Miles back of these, in a safety zone, are established the big base hospitals, where "long cases" are cared for until the patients are fit to be sent to seaside convalescent camps. On such progress my helpless trenchmate was now launched.

We paused in a roomy dugout, where a surgeon was examining by the light of a carefully shaded lantern one stretcher's burden after another. Antiseptics administered, a splint was applied to Bill's broken arm and some sort of temporary dressing to the torn abdomen.

"Field hospitals are needed the surgeon. I saluted him, Bill, I said, was my friend. Might I—

"Go along with him. It will save us an orderly," he said. The field hospital was a blaze of light, through which, attended by nurses and orderlies, another surgeon made his way between rows of wounded. Glinting knives cut blood-stiffened uniforms, rapid examinations were made; each patient was tagged with a card recording what should be done with him.

"Hypodermic," said the new surgeon, when he came to Bill. "Make a fist. Bill must have been conscious after all—silently he clenched his right hand. The nurse rolled up his sleeve and tied a thoughtfully around his upper arm; as the veins swelled in his crooked, she dabbed the skin above them with cotton soaked in iodine.

Pain Mercifully Relieved. "Careful not to go clear through the vein," warned the doctor. He cheerfully told me that he hadn't slept for the past two nights—and he looked it. However, he was happy over the promise of six hours' sleep on the night following.

"So long," he said. "I'll see you again at the rest camp." For a while occasional shells burst in the mined fields beside us, or howled overhead like leaping leopards, and once we drew up, not an instant too soon, before a freshly made crater in the road. Then, slowly, we passed out of the danger zone and were alone in the crisp cold and the tangible night with no other noises than the clatter of the motor, the flapping of the canvas and the roar of the wind.

ambulance Rolls Like Ship. It was almost as cold here as it had been in the trench. The motion of the ambulance gave us a queer sensation, as if we were on a ship. Bill lay still, but one of his companions babbled of home and tore at his bandages, and the other one was sick. Fitching some, supply camp, I cleaned away the mess and did my best to replace the disordered light and linen.

of a summer resort hotel, the grounds of that institution. Up on a hill stood the handsome old chateau with its carved porch, with its arched loggia and the motto, "Del gratia sum quod sum"; gardens stretched, acre after acre, all around it.

We passed a house labeled "Bacteriological Laboratory," another the sign on which proclaimed it the "Fumigation ant." We passed carbarns and rest-rooms. The whole was a glimpse of the little autopsy house and, beyond it, a tiny field with heaps of freshly turned earth and headstones.

There was a room here by the American Red Cross and devoted, as I was to learn, entirely to the storage of the hospital's linens; there were real, casual and isolation wards, each housed under its own roof, and finally, here we were drawn up at the receiving ward, where orderlies ready to unload our ambulance.

I paused to make, to a waiting young interne, my report of our journey. Then I followed Bill to the room where they had carried him.

He was in a frightful condition. For a week he had lived with death; rats had been his most frequent companions. He was mated to mud and familiar with filth. Caked with blood and clay, crawling with vermin, he was taken to a room.

Nurses in speckless white removed his clothes. He was shaved; he was given the luxury of a warm bath; he was wheeled into another room for the diagnosis.

Patients in Steady Stream. "The number of patients is changing all the time," said the interne. "I've known it to jump from 400 to 700 in two days without warning. And you can't count on orders. One night a week ago we got word to get ready for 150, and at 2 A. M. there were ambulances with 201 at the door."

While he was talking we were following Bill.

We went through a room where, out of powdered plaster of paris, hot water and alcohol, the medical corps made rubber gloves and masks to shut away their breath from the work of their hands. I thought them men until the interne told me they were women nurses.

We passed these and came into the operating room. The room the roof of which was of glass, the air of which was anaesthetic and the occupants of which were five surgeons and three as many orderlies, the only nurses that their bloody jobs about five sterily breathing patients suffering from 18 sorts of wounds.

"Come on," said the interne, "your friend's not here. He's about played out—mightn't be able to stand chloroform either. Got to give him nitrous oxide."

I knew that for a patient whose resistance has been diminished the difficulty of breathing nitrous oxide and this new one is frequently the difference between life and death; but I also knew that nitrous oxide is not our only anesthetic. The nurse who supplies existed a year ago in France.

"The Red Cross has put up a plant here," explained the interne.

Bill lay on the operating table—a clean Bill, very white and with that refinement of face which loss of blood invariably produces. The nurses were already grouped about him, surgeons and assistants already at work.

"They're after that abdominal wound," the interne told me. "They're working with the fluoroscope."

X-ray Points Out Way. Above Bill's upturned feet and about a yard away stood an X-ray apparatus. Its flash-piercing light fell on a disk of metal that an orderly held over Bill's bared waist. The violet rays emanated through the disk and into the patient's abdominal cavity; the surgeon's eyes followed them through the metal and into the flesh, his knife-plying fingers worked under the disk and the wounded man's belly. He cut with that solid plate for a window.

"He can see what he's after before he gets started," my guide exclaimed. "And if he overlooks any shell fragments there is a magnetic contrivance that sounds a buzzer when he gets near them."

It would be all right, they told me. The broken arm was nothing, nor the superficial wound on it; as to the abdominal injury, thanks to the fluoroscope and the nitrous oxide, a stay here under treatment and then a rest at one of the Red Cross convalescent camps by the seaside would fit Bill for a return to the trenches long before our army should enter in force.

Gray's Twenty CHESTERFIELD CLOTHES

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at this place. They are cheerful, obedient, brave and competent. It is a fact no observer can deny—the cheer which the presence of women brings into the life of these military hospitals; she is a tonic to the spirit and her regarding eyes make for military neatness more effectually than any general order.

Don't, however, get it into your head that the nurses' lot is easy. The woman at base hospital 18 all the qualifications for nursing at this institution obtain throughout the American zone. The "Lucile" ideal of 1870 is, luckily, dead. The Army will admit a trained nurse, and they have a life about as hard as the Teddies.

"My girls," the head nurse told me, "sleep with their gas masks beside their beds—when they get time to sleep at all; there are no nits for them, they're often in the wet, they're generally in the cold, and they're always cheerful. I haven't heard a syllable of complaint since I came here."

Kitchener Did Not Know All. There was a time when military men didn't approve of women in the battle area, even as nurses. Kitchener didn't; but if Kitchener were alive today, he would either be converted or "unus contra mundum." We are daily discovering that, with all his abilities for organization, Lord Kitchener had a great deal to learn about modern war.

This is the hospital to which were brought the American soldiers wounded in the first trench raid. I talked to some of them as they lay in their beds in the surgical ward, and got from them many stories, the better half of which may not here be told.

"It was a pitch-black night when the Boches came over," one soldier told me. He was lying flat on his back with his left leg elevated by a splinted apparatus, at right angles to his body. "Of course we were new to the job and didn't know just what to expect. At first, because the shells fell all around us and not on us, we felt rather safe."

"Then, all of a sudden, we realized what that meant—that it meant the Dutchmen were cutting us off from any chance of relief. The raiding party came on at that minute. They were heaving hand-grenades down into our trenches before we knew what they were about. One exploded near me. "I didn't think I was hurt, so I grabbed my gun. I started to get up and then found my leg was busted. I saw it wasn't any use to try to fight—I just played dead, and I guess I must have got away with it for about a dozen Germans tramped on me, but not one stuck a bayonet in me."

"His neighbor had a broken wrist. "If it will bore you to note the extent of the place and the variety of its departments as catalogued in the executive building already mentioned, the company registrar's and Adjutant's offices, the quartermaster's and medical stores, the hospital, the commissary, the "clinics," the "details," or squads, for the officers' mess, pharmacy, motor garage and repair shop, wash house, electric lighting, photographic room, carpenter work, coal and wood, kitchen guard, fatigue and T. M. C. A. canteen. I say that there is some chance that these things may interest you, but I know that the subject you really want to hear about is the Red Cross nurses.

Well, there are 42 Red Cross nurses. We reached the rest camp. Red Cross nurses came out with hot soup and coffee. We gulped them, the chauffeur and I; we gave as much as was safe to Bill and his living companion—we hurried on our way.

Two whole men, a pair of desperately wounded and one dead, we hurried. The cold became more intense. Cramped on the floor, I looked out at a man racing behind us. Only after an interminable time did it seem to be growing clearer. We began to pass other ambulances, portable kitchens, supply camp, I cleaned away the mess and did my best to replace the disordered light and linen.

I croaked again at the rear. A puff of cold air extinguished the lamp. Groping to relight it, my fingers touched something wet and sticky—the face of the man who had been delirious, but that was now silent and still. By the flicker of the re-lighted lamp, I saw that this man was dead.

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