BOOKS

By Joseph Macqueen.

"Now blessings light on him that first invented this same sleep! It covers a man all over, thoughts and all, like a cloak; it is meat for the hungry, drink for the thirsty, heat for the cold and cold for the hot."—Cervantes.

The Fighting Fleets, by Ralph D. Paine. $2. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston.

Mr. Paine, former newspaper man, magazine writer, novelist and deep-sea yatchtsman, has, in "The Fighting Fleets," written the most important naval story of the season, affecting the activities of the American fleet in European waters, particularly in the North Sea, during the present war.

"The Fighting Fleets" is written with the approval and assistance of the United States naval authorities. Its humor, good fellowship, and graphic descriptive qualities are apparent. Apparently Mr. Paine was a welcome guest in our fleet in Europe, and went everywhere and saw nearly everything worth seeing. The book tells the plain people of the United States what their Navy is doing in the war to enforce peace.

Mr. Paine was selected specially by the powers that be to go abroad on a visit to our fleet. Once having arrived, he was invited by both the British and French admiralties to visit their respective fleets, and was given every opportunity for observation and experience. He passed a month with the American destroyers off the coast of Ireland, doing patrol duty and cruising far out into the Atlantic to meet and convoy transports and merchant ships safely into port. Ashore, he was the guest of Admiral Sir Lewis Bayly, K. C. B. C. V. O., Commander-in-Chief of the Irish Coast, at Queenstown. From Queenstown he went to London, where the British Admiralty gave him permission to visit any of its ships and bases and to join its forces on active service.

Mr. Paine took advantage of the permission. He went to several of the most important North Sea bases and was with a battleship division of the Grand Fleet during a brush with enemy submarines. He has been with the French fleet, operating off the Bay of Biscay and the French Coast. He has flown with the fighting British sea planes, and has been a passenger of the Royal Naval Air Service crossing the channel.

He had gone out with the plucky little trawlers that sweep for mines, and he has gone down with our submarines and with British undersea craft. He has made firm friends of officers and men, and he brings back not only facts, but what is often more interesting than facts—the human story of the men who make up the American, British and French fleets.

Mr. Paine scoffs at the stories of alleged misunderstandings between the American and British fleets which have gone the rounds in this country. "Lies," he said shortly. "I found everywhere the best possible spirit and co-operation between the American and British forces. The men like each other. There have been no misunderstandings as to policy or operation between the commanding officers, and any stories of friction or difficulties are groundless. I found everywhere outspoken admiration and respect for the efficiency of the American ships and the character of their crews."

That the destroyer flotilla, and particularly the American portion of it, has been a decisive factor in meeting the German submarine menace is our author's conviction:

"The waters to which the destroyers were sent on patrol duty were littered with wreckage, lumber, cotton bales, fragments of deckhouses, lifebelts, empty boats strewn where the Hun had been working havoc among the helpless cargo ships. Clinging to his bridge, the destroyer commander read the S. O. S. calls which the messenger brought him from the radio-room, and stuffed them in his pockets, wads of them, frantically sent from every quarter of the horizon, or so it seemed. Roaring through the gray seas, in fog and gales and darkness, the destroyer aped to help where she could, but the tragic signals were too numerous to find response and succor.

"Britain was doing her best to protect the shipping of the world which converged along the crowded routes that led to and from her ports, but her naval forces could not be concentrated on this task alone. Vital and dominant was the duty of keeping a clear pathway to France and distant Canada, of blockading the enemy in the North Sea, of moving fleets of transports though the Mediterranean. There was no craft like a destroyer to frighten the submarine from its cruising fleets, and this was why the United States could have offered no more valuable aid.

"Doggedly they stuck to it and slowly the results of their vigilance became apparent. Wreckage was less plentiful, the signals of distress were not so imploringly frequent, and it was not such a common sight to see ships blow up and vanish before their eyes. The destroyers were gaining the upper hand, not decisively, for there were not enough of them and the prey was too elusive, but the seas were safer where they watched and roved."

Here are delicious paragraphs about our negro stevedore regiments in France:

"In this French port, the American Army is not conspicuous as might be imagined. The transports come in very quietly and land the troops at the edge of the city where the railway trains whisk them from sight. Khaki is plentiful in the streets, but it is mostly worn by the negro stevedore regiments which were recruited and organized in South Carolina. They have their own non-commissioned officers and wear the uniform with pride. The fact that they are enlisted men has made all the difference in the world.

"It puzzled some of them exceedingly to find that the Senegalese troopers and laborers talked French instead of English. There was an amiable attempt to fraternize, but the results were not happy.

"'Leave 'em alone,' advised a colored American sergeant. 'Leave 'em alone. Th' trouble with 'em is that they don't talk no language, man. All they does is make funny noises. Where you suppose they done went to school? I never did 'spect to see niggers so plumb ignorant.'"

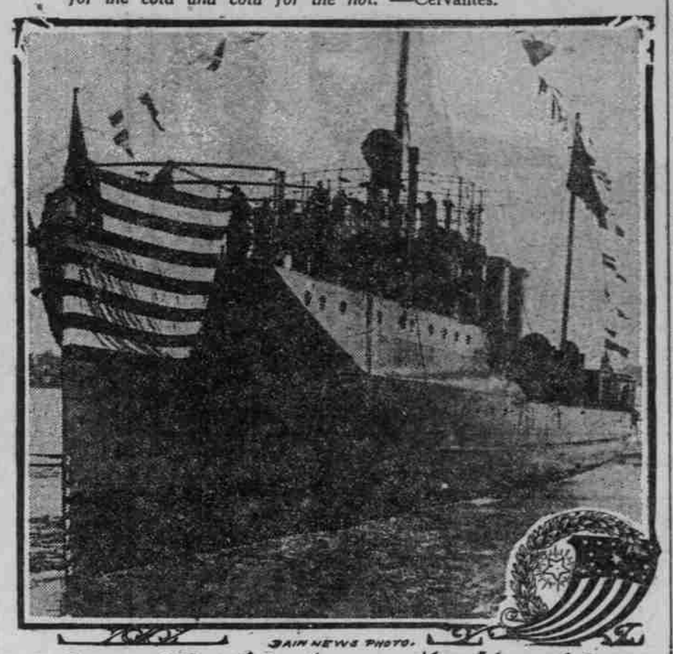
Once our author had an interesting talk with Admiral Sir Rosslyn Wemyss, one of Britain's sea lords:

"When it comes to discussing naval matters the First Sea Lord speaks straight from the shoulder, with an abrupt and convincing sincerity.

"'Tell them when you go home that your Navy is first-class,' he said to me. 'We like your people immensely. I hear it from our admirals and other officers. There is nothing to be gained by flattery or empty compliments. We are in it together to the finish, and our fleets must work in harmony after this beastly war is over, or God help the civilization we are fighting to save. To my mind we can't afford to misunderstaid each other. All that rubbish should be swept aside.'

"'What of the chance of another great naval battle?' I asked. 'The American ships hope to take a hand in it.'

"'They may have an opportunity,' was the instant reply. 'Naval conflicts are governed by the unexpected. They cannot be foreseen. It would be too bad, now, wouldn't it, if you went back to the States and missed something really big? It is fair to assume that the Summer will not be wholly idle.'"



BAIN NEWS PHOTO.

Type of Naval Destroyer Mentioned In Ralph D. Paine's "The Fighting Fleets."

There are 74 illustrations, excellent and well chosen.

Out To Win, by Lieutenant Dawson. $1.25. John Lane Co., New York City.

Lieutenant Coningsby Dawson, by birth an Englishman, lived in this country for ten years before the present war began and is now an officer, wounded, in the Canadian artillery. He is remembered, with sincere pleasure, as the author of those earlier war books, "The Glory of the Trenches," and "Carry On."

"Out to Win" is an inspiring book which recounts good deeds and saving help in war-stricken districts of France. The main lessons of "Out to Win" are: It is time, of course, that the United States of America entered the fight against Germany for the sake of her preservation among the nations, but that is not all. America is saving the lives of thousands of Belgian and French refugees, and is feeding them in Red Cross work and other activities; but the principal features of our participation is: Our chance is the God-given one of centuries to re-write the great Anglo-Saxon races of the world in the truer bond of kindness and kinship.

It is shown that the American forces in France are there to stay for years until the Hun menace is removed. We read of a new French pact made to receive and distribute American supplies, and we are thrilled with the astonishing story "over there" of American hospitals, American surgeons and nurses and American railroads, bakeries and laundries.

Here is one picture of present-day French life that is not easily forgotten when once read (p. 191-194):

Through French villages swarming with troops and packed with ordnance we arrived at an old caserne, which had been converted into the children's hospital of the district. It is in charge of one of the first of America's children's specialists.

Here are 500 little patients. This barracks converted into a hospital is full of babies, the youngest being only six days old when I was there. Many of the children have no parents. Others have lost their mothers; their fathers are serving in the trenches. It is not always easy to find out how they came to be orphans; there are such plentiful chances of losing parents who live continually under shell-fire. One little boy, on being asked where his mother was, replied gravely: "My mama, she is dead. Les Boches, they put a gun to 'er head. She is finished. I have no mama."

The unchildlike stoicism of these children is appalling. I spent two days among them and heard no crying. Those who are sick lie motionless as waxen images in their cots. Those who are supposedly well sit all day brooding and saying nothing. When first they arrive, their faces are earth-colored. The first thing they have to be taught is how to be children. They have to be coaxed and induced to play; even then they soon grow weary. They seem to regard mere playing as frivolous and indecorous; and so it is in the light of the tragedies they have witnessed. Children of seven have seen more of horror in three years than most old men have read about in a lifetime. Many of them have been captured by and recaptured from the Huns. They have been in villages where the dead lay in piles and not even the women were spared. They have been present while indecencies were worked upon their mothers. They have seen men hanged, shot, bayoneted, and flung to roast in burning houses. The pictures of all these things hang in their eyes. When they play it is out of politeness to the kind Americans, not because they derive any pleasure from it.

Night is the troublesome time. The children hide under their beds with terror. The nurses have to go the rounds continually. If the children would only cry they would give warning. But instead they creep silently out from between the sheets and crouch against the floor like dumb animals! That is what they are when first they are brought in. Their most primitive instincts for the beginnings of cleanliness seem to have vanished. They have been fished out of caves, ruined dugouts, broken houses. They are as full of skin diseases as the beggar who sat outside Dives' gate, only they have had no dogs to lick their sores. They have lived on offal so long that they have the faces of the extremely aged. And their hatred! Directly you utter the word "Boche" all the little night-gowned figures sit up in their cots and curse. When they have done cursing, of their own accord they sing the "Marseillaise."

The U-Boat Hunters, by James B. Connally. $1.50. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York City.

Mr. Connally is entitled to the thanks of both young and mature American readers for the patriotic work he has done in writing this series of short stories, describing the offensives of our Navy in attacking and destroying German submarine boats, mostly in the war zone in Europe.

Some of the titles of these enthralling stories are: "Navy Ships," "Navy Men," "Seeing Them Across," "The U-Boats Appear," "The Censors," "One They Didn't Get," "The Doctor Takes Charge," "The 343 Stays Up," "Flotilla Humor," "The Cargo Captains," "The Unquenchable Destroyer Boys," "The Marines Have Landed," and "The Sea Babies."

French Yellow Book, by Chevalier d'O. de Lory, Ph. D. 35 cents. Portland Booksellers.

The Oregonian of July 15 contained an editorial mention of this admirable book of French-English conversation. This little book is devoted to French (argot) slang as spoken by French troops in the army and trenches along the French front. Classical French is not used in these pages. "French Yellow Book" is indispensable to the soldier going to France. It contains just the kind of French and the questions that will meet Americans "over there." This notice is written to inform those interested where this book can be procured.

The Rushton Boys at Rally Hall, by Spencer Davenport. 75 cents. George Sully & Co., New York City.

Fred and Teddy Rushton are two boys, brothers, who are good-hearted, healthy, mischievous young ones. They offend their parents, and especially their uncle Aaron, by their pranks, and are sent to sober down—and to get education—at a boarding school called Rally Hall. The two boys make good, especially in football and baseball.

A fine story for growing boys.

Letters From An American Soldier to His Father, by Curtis Wheeler, Second Lieutenant of Field Artillery, United States Reserves. 75 cents. The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis.

Written in powerful, nicely expressed English, these letters from France and sent by a young American officer to his father are of a superior order and quite a treat to read.

Lucile on the Heights, by Elizabeth M. Duffield. $1. Illustrated. George Sully & Co., New York City.

Lucile and her other campfire girls pass a Summer in the mountains, and this story recounts their many adventures. A safe, healthy story for young girl readers.

The New Death, by Winifred Kirkland. $1.25. Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston, Mass.

Beautifully fashioned in cultured thought, this book is an expression of conviction that, although our soldiers die in the war in France, they awaken to a new life more glorious than this one. A plea for immortality.

The White Road of Mystery, by Philip Dana Orcutt. $1.25. Illustrated. John Lane Company, New York City.

Modestly and eloquently written, this little book is an account of the experiences of an American ambulance driver at the French war front.

Thompson; An Autobiography, by ——. 75 cents. Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston, Mass.

The life-experience of an English terrier are mirrored in these 87 pages. He tells his own story, from puppyhood days to those of old age.

With God and the Colors, by Mrs. Leila Atwood Foust. 50 cents. The Vir Publishing Company, Philadelphia.

Uplifting and splendid, this book of 64 pages contains a series of prayers by a mother for her soldier son. This publication ought to enjoy a large sale.

OREGON GRIST TURNED OUT BY BIG GOVERNMENTAL MACHINE

Postmasters Appointed and One Goes Begging—Pensions Ordered Paid to Residents of Oregon—Representative Hawley's Secretary on Vacation.

OREGONIAN NEWS BUREAU, Washington, July 20.—From the steady grind of the Governmental machine, there is always more or less output that might be deemed grist for the people of Oregon. Far away as they are, and desirous of burdening the Government as little as need be with minor affairs, Oregonians send relatively little to the Government mill, which grinds on pretty much the same as in times of international peace. But some things must be attended to, for Oregon as well as for states nearer the National Capital.

Among other things, postmasters must be appointed, especially in the small, fourth-class offices, where compensation is so small that no one wants the job long, and the person who takes it does so from a sense of duty to the community. Among recent appointments in Oregon postoffices—not all of them in the unremunerative class—are the following:

Whiteson—Ray Harpole.
Galena—Robert Balcomb.
Alvadore—Jeremiah M. Day.
Fernhill—Laurentz Ekoos.
Trenholm—Mrs. Mode Griffith.

Niagara Office Not Attractive.

The Postoffice Department has found difficulty in securing a postmaster at Niagara, on the banks of the raging Santiam, and will discontinue postal service at that place shortly unless some patriotic citizen comes forward with a proffer of services in the receipt, custody, distribution and dispatch of letters, papers and parcels.

Because of the increased patronage of rural route 2, out of Roseburg, Postmaster-General Burleson has ordered a daily service, Sundays excepted, instead of the every-other-day service that has been maintained in the past.

The Postoffice Department also announces the appointment of Estella P. Grettie as a clerk in the Postoffice at Portland, and Rosina Clement in a similar capacity at Ontario. To assist in getting mail to the patrons of the Portland office, the Postmaster-General has designated Leo J. Hartoin, Lewis S. Steger and Charles H. Jacques as carriers in that city. Charles V. Robins and Leo T. Franz will serve their country in similar capacity in Salem.

Pensions Ordered Paid.

The Commissioner of Pensions has recently ordered the payment of pensions to residents of Oregon as follows:

John Otto, Roseburg, $20; Mary Ellen Newkirk, Portland, $25; Amelia E. Stockton, Salem, $25; Bessie M. Sweet, Portland, $25; Susanna F. Smith, Milton, $25.

In addition to that list, Representative Hawley announces that he has secured, through the regular channels or through special legislation, pensions as follows:

James Atkinson, Sand Lake, $40; Mrs. Katherine Brandt, Oswego, $25; Mrs. Ellen Band, Jacksonville, $25; Z. T. Collins, (Indian wars), Eugene, $20; Charles M. Dority, Springfield, $30; Albert O. Dunning, Sweet Home (invalid son of veteran of Civil War), $12; Priscilla J. Graham, Myrtle Point, $25; George C. Gardner, Salem, $50; Mrs. Bessie A. Harris, Lorane, accrued pension; Mrs. Harriet A. Jewett, Eugene, $25; Morris Lincoln, Hillsboro, $30; John J. Moll, Grants Pass, $38; Marcus L. Moore, Roseburg, $40; James O. Singleton, Roseburg (war with Spain), $17; George Van Nortwick, Forest Grove, $40; John T. Williams, Beaverton, $40, and Mrs. Emma B. Waggener, Newport, $25.

He has also secured favorable action in a number of cases of allotments and allowances due dependents of soldiers now in the service.

Oregon Colony Large.

A number of Oregonians are at the National capital, working hard for the National welfare but attracting little attention, except when they do something out of the ordinary. Among these are Professor W. J. Spillman, formerly of Monmouth Normal and Pullman Agricultural College, and D. A. Broadie, a Marion County farmer, school teacher and Pullman graduate. Spillman and Broadie are chief and assistant chief, respectively, of the farm management work of the Department of Agriculture. Spillman gets along splendidly when he writes to farmers about the best methods of apportioning their farms to various crops, keeping farm accounts, etc., and is said to be an entertaining talker at farmers' institutes when he deals with the same subjects. But meeting the farmers at an institute is different from meeting one alone on a narrow highway, as Spillman and Broadie did recently when they were returning from a farmers' meeting at Frederick, Md., the town made famous by Barbara Freitchie. The two were riding in Broadie's Ford.

Spillman had never run a Ford, but he thought anyone who could lecture on farm management could manage a Ford, and he tried it. They met a grizzled old farmer who thought he could run a truck while looking back at the load of vegetables, eggs, butter, etc., he was taking to town.

That was four weeks ago and Spillman and Broadie are now out of the hospital and back on the job. The farmer wasn't hurt physically, but he may suffer some financially if Spillman and Broadie press their claims, for, after investigation, the state of Maryland decided to revoke his license. He will probably write the bureau of farm management asking for information on the problem of managing a farm without a motor truck.

Ronald Glover Takes Vacation.

Ronald C. Glover, secretary to Representative Hawley, has gone home for the Summer and will be pleased to have the Congressman's constituents communicate with him at Salem on official matters, many of which he can attend to himself, and the remainder of which he can prepare for the attention of Mr. Hawley, who will remain in Washington helping to frame the new revenue bill.

H. R. Gaither, formerly of Portland, and now a National Bank Examiner at Kansas City, was in Washington recently participating in a conference of bank examiners from all parts of the country.

All members of the Oregon delegation will remain in Washington during the semi-recess, when Congress will take three-day adjournments. Senator Chamberlain may get away a few days for a much-needed rest. He has been working night and day on the many military measures constantly before his committee and the Senate, and, now that these are out of the way, he can relax for a short time. Chamberlain is apparently much improved in health since his appendicitis operation.

Y. M. C. A. MEN ARE BRAVE

Heroic Work of Secretaries on Firing Line Is Notable.

PARIS, July 20.—German shells upset the stove and set the Y. M. C. A. hut on fire where Charles R. Patterson, of the University of Edmonton, Alberta, Canada, and Homer Toulon, of Philadelphia, were serving American soldiers in the Toul sector. The Germans then shelled the burning place and drove out the secretaries, who were trying to save the supplies for the men.

Patterson is suffering from shell shock but continues at his work. Even during a hot bombardment and gas attack he and his associates stuck by their post, serving hot drinks to the fighting men.

Arthur H. Norton, of Elmira, N. Y., formerly was in charge of the Y. M. C. A. He worked night and day for months until he became exhausted. When ordered to leave for a rest, he refused and had to be taken away by force.

The bravery of the Y. M. C. A. secretaries in this sector has won for them the admiration of both officers and men. "They are made of the same clay as the soldiers," said an officer. "That's why they do their duty withodt fear until they drop exhausted. Their work means everything to the men. A hot drink is worth its weight in gold when men are fighting or wounded. It's the greatest Christian service that I can imagine."

The Y. M. C. A. has more than 300 men under shell fire in the American sector at this time.

Food Hidden in Church Fort.

AMSTERDAM, July 18.—A curious food hoard has been discovered at Einbeck, says the South Hanovarian Gazette, in the parish church baptismal font. Investigations following a denunciatory letter revealed six hundredweight of oats and a hundredweight each of rye and beans.

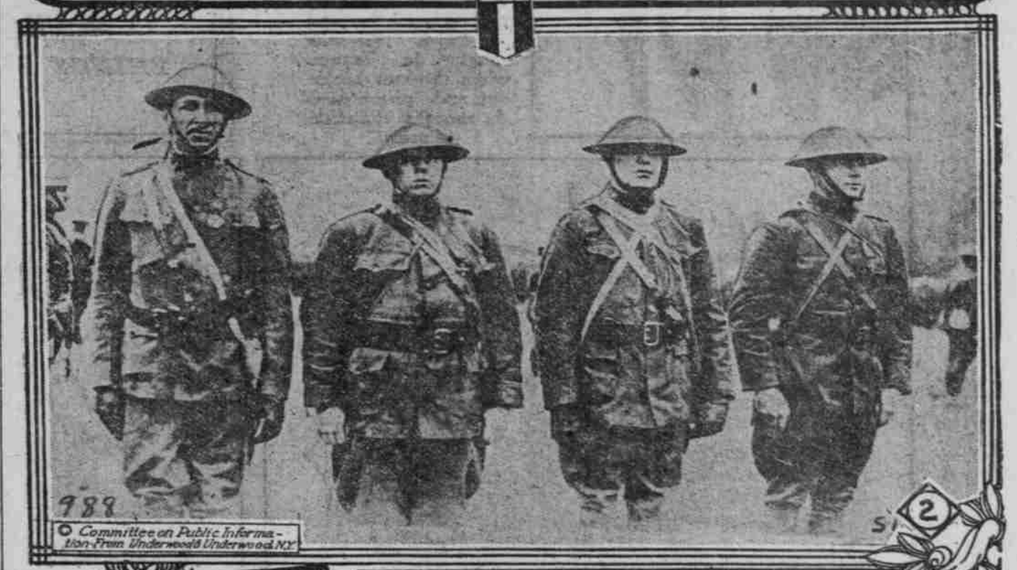
Cologne Digging Trenches.

AMSTERDAM, July 15.—The municipal authorities at Cologne have approved a plan for the digging of trenches in the suburbs for better protection of residents from British and French air raids.

AMERICAN SOLDIERS DECORATED FOR BRAVERY WEAR FRENCH WAR CROSS WITH PRIDE

Italian Colonel Veritable Giant in Stature—Second Son of Edison, Electrical Wizard, Enlists, Declining Officer's Commission—General Horvoth Intensely Anti-Bolshevik.

© Underwood & Underwood, N.Y.



© Committee on Public Information—From Underwood & Underwood, N.Y.

Underwood & Underwood, N.Y.

© Underwood & Underwood, N.Y. — FRENCH OFFICIAL PHOTO.

1—(Left to Right) Corporal George Bell, Former Pitcher Brooklyn Club; M. R. Clark, Y. M. C. A.; William L. Edison, Son of Famous Inventor; Sergeant Ray Fisher, Former Pitcher of Yankees. 2—Americans Decorated for Valor (Left to Right): Chaplain J. B. DeVallos, Captain Connolly, Captain Roberts, Lieutenant Barnett. 3—General Horvath, Premier Temporary Siberian Government by His Own Proclamation. 4—Colossal Colonel of Italian Army, Recently Sent to France on Military Service.

William L. Edison, the second son of Thomas A. Edison, the electrical wizard, and who is following in his father's footsteps as far as mechanical genius is concerned, has enlisted in the United States Tank Corps after declining an officer's commission.

He reported at Fort Slocum two weeks ago to be inoculated, and after a five-day rest was sent to Gettysburg, Pa., where the Tank Corps is trained. This is the second time that he has served in the Army of the Unted States. At the age of 19 he enlisted in the First Regiment, U. S. Volunteer Engineers, with a corporal's rating during the Spanish-American war. He is now 38.

* * *

There is a jibe directed at tall men: "Aw, you're too tall to fit in the trenches." But it has been knocked to smithereens by the appearance recently in France of an Italian colonel, who is a veritable giant in stature. He is a very large specimen of manhood, well-proportioned, and has served his Government wth distinction. His trip to France was for the purpose of visiting Italian troops serving on that front.

* * *

General Horvath, general manager of the Chinese Eastern Railroad, who is intensely anti-Bolshevik, has proclaimed himself ruler of the temporary Siberian government and intends to restore the political and commercial treaties of Russia with the entente allies. He also intends to repel the Bolsheviki, establish a non-political army and restore all property, as well as being in favor of religious freedom.

The establishment of a new provisional government for Siberia will make it the first democratic state in the history of Russia and, it is hoped, the forerunner of a great Russia. The seat of the new government is at Vladivostok and its new flag consists of two white and two green stripes.

* * *

American soldiers who have been decorated for conspicuous gallantry on the battlefield in France wear the French war cross with justifiable pride. This distinction has come to a great many of the men serving overseas, and will be cherished by their families at home more than by the wearers, perhaps. Recently this honor was conferred upon Chaplain J. B. DeVallos, Captain Connolly, Captain Roberts, Lieutenant Barnett and Private Murphy.

CLOTHING DRIVE FAILURE

Germans Slow to Strip Wardrobes for Benefit of War Workers.

AMSTERDAM, July 20.—The "voluntary" surrender of worn clothing for the benefit of war workers in Germany is turning out a complete failure.

The brief initial rush which was motived by expectations of obtaining exemption from the threatened forcible emptying of wardrobes soon died down. Berlin, which was expected to yield 40,000 suits, has not supplied half that number, and the same tale comes from all other centers.

The period for bringing in the clothing had to be extended everywhere and bonuses given as at Schoeneberg, where every old suit reaped a reward of a jar of real honey or a packet of pudding powder.

Essen is the first town where steps have already been taken for an official inspection of private wardrobes, but others will inevitably follow. In the meantime there are many indignant letters in the newspapers from citizens who patriotically denied themselves articles of clothing and which they are now told are not good enough for munition workers.

Complaint is made that the latter earn much more money and live in better style than the disappointed benefactors.

SUBMARINE PERIL WANING

French Report on Traffic in Mediterranean Significant.

PARIS, July 15.—The growing ineffectiveness of the submarine warfare is indicated by official figures published by the French government, relating to the French traffic in the Mediterranean.

According to these figures no less than 2060 vessels, chiefly merchantmen, with a total tonnage of 3,500,000, crossed the Mediterranean between February 24 and April 1, under escort. The average number of ships underway, coming to or going away from France, was 240.

The submarine attacks nevertheless has so diminished in force that only one in four resulted in damage to the ships. The result has been that water traffic has steadily increased.

HUNS ARE CAMOUFLAGERS

Expert Airmen Often Deceived, Even When Flying Low.

LONDON, July 15.—A British air officer writing from the western front says that the Germans have this Spring brought camouflage to a state of artistic perfection that is almost incredible. "The most expert and highly experienced airmen are often deceived even when flying low," he writes. "As a first step, the German military authorities sought suggestions from the most distinguished German artists in color. As a next step, every available man was turned on to the business of carrying out the artists 'ideas.

"Miles of canvas painted to look like roads were constructed, under which regiments could march without being seen. Paper encampments were improvised, and aerodromes, woods, villages and factories of a purely fictitious character were set up merely to distract observers and to cover the movements of troops and guns. Nothing on so vast a scale has ever been attempted before."