

## FOOD SHORTAGE IS BECOMING ACUTE IN GERMANY, REPORTS

Traveling Americans Furnish Information Regarding the Conditions in Berlin.

### WHEAT CROP IS SHORT

August Harvest This Season Will Be 600,000 Bushels Below Normal, It Is Said.

Washington, July 21.—(U. P.)—Food shortage grows appreciably worse in Germany and there is such a dearth of war material she cannot last through another winter, according to cablegrams sent here through "reliable sources" from Americans recently in Berlin.

Other advices reaching the state department say Germany lacks six hundred thousand tons of wheat to reach the middle August harvest and the crop prospects "are very poor."

These reports also go so far as to say the Kaiser's popularity is waning. They say that the German people see no hope for improvement over their present lot.

Authorities here, see in Chancellor Michaelis' statement to the reichstag this week a determination by Germany to throw her full force into the balance at this time. Officials believe Germany's force is certain to wane from now on.

One of the American travelers reporting to the department today emphasizes her danger to war materials and believes Germany cannot be starved, despite the bad crops.

The situation between Germany and Austria-Hungary is reported as "tense," and it is added that Germany is even intently suspected Austrians.

## Arrested Slackers Have Escaped Draft

Los Angeles, Cal., July 21.—(I. N. S.)—Fifteen draft registration slackers, whose whom the authorities here were eager to see drafted, have each and every one escaped the draft.

There were no draft numbers for the slackers in the box at Washington yesterday during the great human lottery, because the men were forcibly registered in what was known as the "courthouse precinct." Before Senator N. W. Thompson, chairman of district No. 6 exemption board could get instructions from Adjutant General Boree concerning the registration of the men, the draft was drawing and the numbers of the men were still in Los Angeles.

## German Barrage Fire Is Witnessed by Portlander

Marion Kyle Relates Impressions of Curtain of Fire Sent Forth by Enemy Artillery and Valiant Response of French Batteries.

By Marion Kyle  
Portland boy with American Field Service.  
"Somewhere in France," June 22. (Special correspondence to The Journal.)—It is a cold, gloomy day, with the wind and rain pelting down in sheets, more like the winter days at Verdun than summer. It may be that the weather has a tendency to make one depressed and disappointed, but I surely feel that way here. We have had much work to do and one can not but feel sorry for the men, hardened as one becomes after a while to suffering. The country around is of clay formation and the men come in from the trenches, wounded and covered from head to foot with a thick accumulation of yellow dirt. To think of living year in and year out in such a condition is almost beyond comprehension and only shows what the human machine can endure when necessary.

Last night I witnessed my first "curtain of fire." The Germans made a counter attack to take back some trenches which the French had captured about a week ago. It was 1 o'clock in the morning and I was standing outside of our dugout waiting for the dawn. There are no beds provided for us here, and all the room in the little abri is taken up by the seven brancardiers who remain at this post, and besides the oppressive heat and odor make remaining inside out of the question when the Germans are not shelling.

**Barrage Fire Witnessed**  
Star shells had been going up all along the line until exactly at 2 a signal rocket went up. Immediately the French batteries around us, which up to this time had been shooting their ordinary rounds of ammunition, began the most unearthly noise, the deep rumble of the heavy artillery intermingled with the sharper tattoo of the seventy-fives, and ahead in the trenches over the brow of the hill one could hear the rattle of the machine guns. As soon as the French barrage fire had started other signals went up and suddenly the whole side of the hill nearest us was a seething mass of flames for a distance of three miles.

The Bosch "tir de barrage" had started. Between the two I could hardly hear myself think, and all the time I wondered who was succeeding. The German barrage was alternating shells with shrapnel to catch any reinforcements that would attempt to come up through the communication trenches. I could not see the French barrage, as it was exploding on the other side of the hill, but it sounded capable of holding its own with the Germans. This kept up for an hour and then things became comparatively quiet again. This was the time of attack and I wished I could have been in a position to see it, but all I could do was to wait. During the interval a stray German shell landed in a depot

of French rockets and for 10 minutes there was a wonderful Fourth of July display.

**Then Comes the Dawn**  
At this time the dawn burst. A strange sunrise, barbaric in the splendor of its coloring and richness. Such is the grim satire of Nature here. Her most beautiful sights she reserves for occasions like this, so men can depart from a world clean, beautiful and fresh. From our poste I could see the contrasts brought on by the war in the landscape. Behind us, the low, hilly plains of the Champagne stretch back, covered with trees and grain and herbage. A little to the left, on a commanding eminence, rests a little village set off by the steeples of its church with green trees all around, and glistening in the morning sun. But as the eyes come forward broken places in the beauty of beauty are seen. Zig-zag trenches tear up the landscape and miles of wicked looking barb wire entanglements fill up the meadows.

Further on, the hills begin to lose their greenness and at the region of the front line where we are, not a tree is to be seen. The hills, which two months ago were like their sisters around, are now only white, barren deserts where the bones of many hundreds of men bleach each day under the same sun that shines on happy America.

**The Wounded Brought In**  
At 5 o'clock the signals were resumed and the barrage fires started up again stronger than before and continued for an hour, but I did not stay to the end of this as the brancardiers began to wheel in the wounded from the attack. For the rest of the day we were fairly busy and I later learned that the Germans had succeeded in taking several trenches. That means a French counter attack later on in the week, and more wounded. One feature of these attacks that is favorable to us is that the Bosch do not shell our poste as they are too busy with the trenches.

In the presence of all this, our own dangers seem very slight, but, nevertheless, affect us somewhat. Last night an American ambulance driver in section 28 was killed about 300 yards from our poste by a shell, and his companion, riding with him, was badly wounded. We have had several narrow escapes in our own section, but luck has been with us so far.

**A Narrow Escape**  
Walter Snook, one of the boys, was driving Honore, was riding with him when a big "150" shell hit five feet from them and failed to explode. It shook their nerves somewhat for the next two days. This morning we went into the post in my car, with Kimmer riding with me. The officer in one of the German observation balloons, with nothing much to do, evidently signalled a shot, for just as we emerged from the ruins of a town nearby, the shells followed up the road we were on and the last one made a hole five feet deep about a hundred yards back of us. Henry Ford's creation was making more than guaranteed speed at the time, I assure you. We will be out of here in about a week or two now. I hope we go back to the Meuse district or into the Vosges, because every one is very tired of this and somewhat on edge.

**Section Is Cited**  
Our French lieutenant told us this morning that the section had been cited for the Croix de Guerre and would receive it on the Fourth of July, which compensates somewhat for remaining here. The citation does not give us individually a Croix de Guerre but gives us the right to put one on our flag.

Since there are so many of America's young men coming over to this war, it might be well to give some of the general impressions that one has after being here long enough to know what it really is.

The chief feeling one has after some months is the same as a man who is caged in one of those cylinders with steel points all over the inside so that every way he turns or moves he is wounded. The battlefield is not a place where one can attain any great happiness, yet some mornings when the dawn arises pure and beautiful and things begin to look a little bright, one thinks the world is not so bad after all. At that instant a shell will invariably alight near you and if it does not get you will horribly mangle some one near you and shatter your wayward dreams.

**War's Toll Terrible**  
In army life there is not much sense of freedom, or liberty of movement, and to look at the war from a soldier's viewpoint and think that it may last for years yet, is to become somewhat disheartened. The fresh ideals of war soon wear away and it is sometimes hard to comfort yourself with the fact that you are fighting for the right and for civilization. But in spite of all, this war of attrition and effervescent temperament has kept up the morale of the French during this war and will keep it up till America comes, although I do not think France could have continued much longer if we had not come in. One can not imagine what France has been through until after being here a while. The Charlie, the Somme, the Champagne and Verdun have taken their toll, and it has been an appalling payment.

## German Biological Products Barred

Washington, July 21.—(I. N. S.)—Germany can no longer send virus, anti-toxin and other biological products into the United States.

The United States today revoked the licenses of seven large German chemical companies which permitted these companies to import biological products into the United States, after inspection.

German biological products, used widely by the medical profession in the United States, have been imported into the United States since the outbreak of the war through neutral countries.

## Militiamen Save Negro From Death

New York, July 21.—(I. N. S.)—A squad of naval militiamen en route to participate in a military parade saved Conrad Hart, a negro cook, from being lynched by a mob this afternoon after he had shot and killed his wife in the street. The mob was grappling with policemen who had seized Hart, when the militiamen arrived.

## INTERESTING STORY IS TOLD OF TRIP OF U. S. TROOPS ACROSS SEA

Ships Left Without Single Cheer, Pilot Alone Bidding Men Goodbye.

### VIGILANCE IS UNCEASING

Fair Weather Permitted Gun Crews to Practice Until in Danger Zone, When It Turned Bad.

By Daniel Dillon  
A Port in France, July 2.—(By Mail to New York, July 21.—(Passed by censor).—(I. N. S.)—The first overseas American expeditionary force slipped down through the fog that choked North river on the morning of June 14 without a single cheer to bid it "Good-bye" or "Bon Voyage." Although the transports had been lying in the river for several days and the troops had been embarking upon them in full sight of the city, when the warships led them out to sea a silence pregnant with the solemnity of the moment in the nation's history enveloped them in a shroud as thick as the morning mist.

Only the pilot, as he climbed down from the pathfinding cruiser, while she poked her bow seaward, threw back to the expedition a cheery "So long, and good luck to you!"

**Seriousness Brought Home**  
The total absence of hurrahing, band playing and flag waving usually attendant on the event of troops going to war, brought home to the soldiers on the transports and to the men on the convoy the deadly seriousness of the work before them.

In the afternoon when a litter of wreckage, which apparently had been wished hundreds of miles, floated in the wake of the ships, it lent a culminating touch that portrayed strikingly the unseen menace that lay in wait "somewhere in the Atlantic." The day closed dimly with the fog still brooding over the sea.

Friday, however, broke clear and the sunshine revealed the transports in line, flanked on either side by destroyers and the battle cruiser pointing the way.

**Unceasing Vigilance Kept Up**  
During the morning the first "abandon ship" drill was instituted and the men were assigned to their various life saving boats.

As each man hurried to his post he tied on his life preserver. This became part of the day's routine. Lookout patrols paced the decks and dotted the coming towers while the gun crews constantly swept the horizon with small calibre guns. Day and night this unceasing vigilance was kept aboard the ships.

In the afternoon the gong clanged the call to "general quarters" and the bugle blared behind it the command to man the submarine defenses. Within two minutes every gun was ready for action and its crews were peering seawards, straining to catch sight of a German submarine. This drill was practiced every day.

**Gun Practice Daily Diversion**  
The new found spell of good weather continued to follow the expedition and target practice was commenced the second day out. The gun crews aloft the various transports and battleship blazed away at submarine targets that the boats towed from their sterns.

The marksmanship was splendid and every one afloat felt more confident of the outcome in the event a submarine was met, after the exhibitions were over.

During the remainder of the voyage until the danger zone was reached and it became necessary that the boats move as silently as possible, target practice was held daily. Without bordering on exaggeration, it can be said that the accuracy of the fire was deadly, and it made one feel that even if Uncle Sam did not have the largest navy in the world, he had just as fine a set of gunners as fought under any flag afloat.

**Boats Szigzagged During Night**  
Until mid-Atlantic, a smooth sea, sometimes as placid as a mill pond, a warning sign and the glow of all light breezes, chaperoned the expedition. Due to these unusually pleasant conditions the health of the troops was excellent and their spirits high. Snatches of popular songs, the tuning of guitars and mandolins, the cheery laughter of healthy men, could be heard at all hours of the day ricocheting from one boat to another.

Sundown brought its cloak of darkness. Every port hole was closed, not a light was allowed aboard decks, and a low whispering was tolerated and the officers muffled their commands as they gave them. The boats raced zig-zaggingly through the night.

**Bad Weather Encountered**  
A number of merchant vessels, flying the flags of nearly every country in Europe as well as our own, passed us, indicating that the submarine blockade was being successfully run.

Just as the outer fringe of the submarine zone was reached the weather turned bad—a sea rough and choppy and a mist like a drizzling rain. One could feel the new note of expectancy as it closed around the ships.

But every heart beat faster with pride and every eye brightened with confidence when they caught the brave flight of a flotilla of American torpedo destroyers racing out from the horizon to meet us.

They maneuvered in their scout column with a dash and gracefulness that reminded one of a blue ribbon winner going through the paces at the horse show.

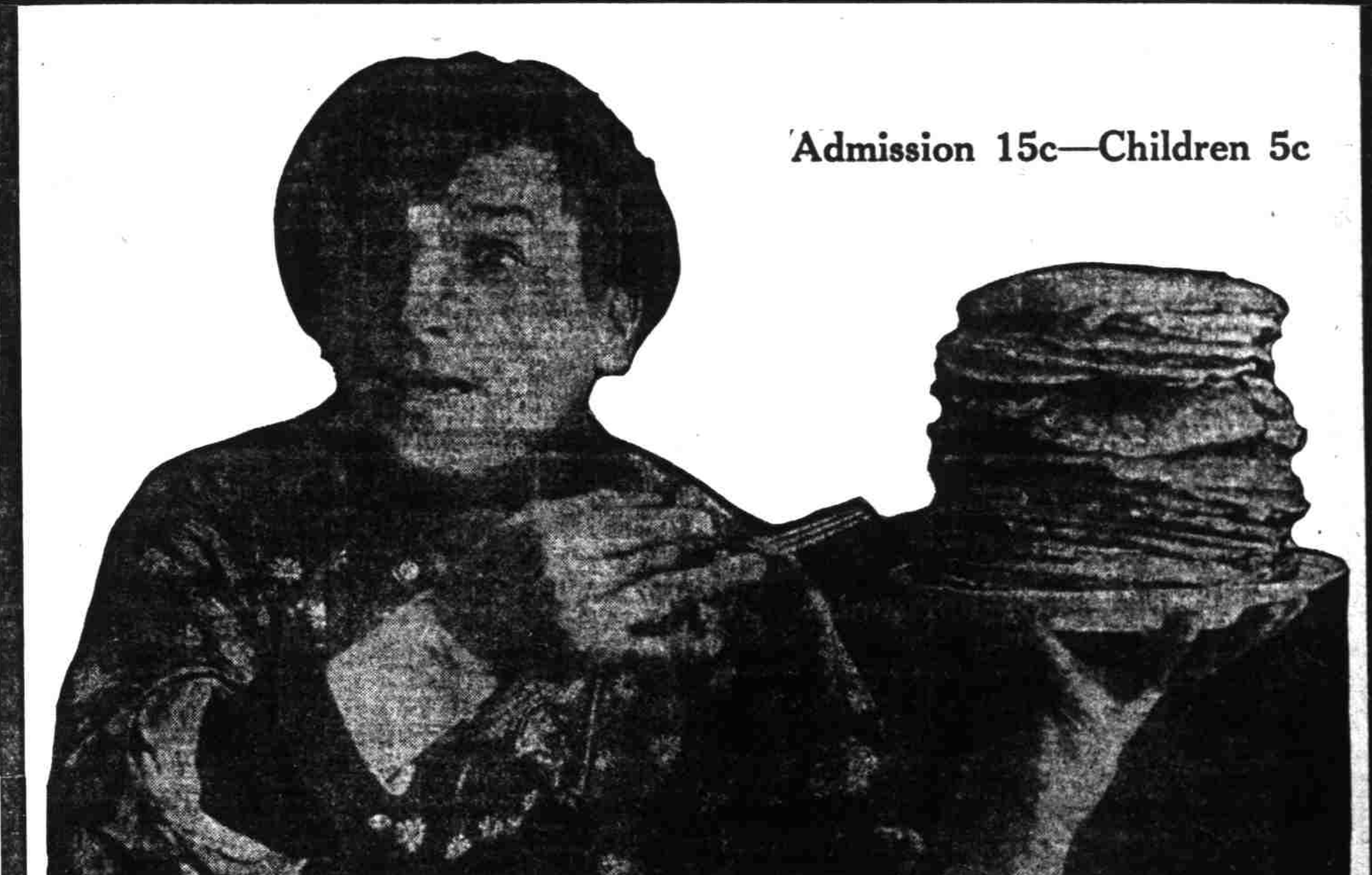
**Censor Prohibits Portion**  
And without any flurry or to do about it they reported, took their orders from the admiral and in less than half an hour after being sighted were out riding on the flanks and rear of the convoys busily combing the seas for lurking submarines.

There was such a finish to their work, such a matter of fact air to their dashing about; such a debonaire confidence in their speedy flights that one readily understood how they had already come to be dubbed in English waters "The boys who do things." (At present writing, censorship forbids the chronicling of events of the next 48 hours.)

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