

TANK ADVANCED NOT FOLLOWED BY INFANTRYMEN

Silesians at First in Terror But Have Wits to Combat Monster

CAPTURE FINALLY MADE

Cologne Gazette Tells How Tanks Bring Horror to German Privates

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 27.—(Correspondence of The Associated Press.) Tank warfare as it strikes the German troops is described by the Cologne Gazette in a story of fighting around Fontaine Notre Dame during the Cambrai offensive. The writer declared that many of the German private soldiers look upon the tanks with a feeling of terror. He says: "The village is still suffering under shell fire; houses and men are

mingled in the same ruin; whole roofs have been lifted through the air like feathers; but for the moment the storm has gone beyond the unhappy place. "From a cellar in the main street a Silesian rifleman looks out. He sniffs at first for fear of gas, then he stuffs his mack in his pocket and looks around. Heavens, what a creep like mice after a half-storm out of their cellars. Is Tommy Atkins coming back? That is the question for the battalion has orders to hold the village at all costs. "Tank" Has Sinister Sound. "But suppose Tommy comes back from his tanks? The word passes from lip to lip. It has a sinister sound, as when one in a cloister mentions the devil by name. In the big thrust the English used 300 tanks, some said 500. The monsters were said to spit flame, so that no one could approach them, and to crawl over every obstacle. A Silesian rifleman who stood in their way would be crushed like a worm under a steam roller. What could a poor soldier do but scuttle out of the way? That steel bullets would go through the armor of the tank, and that we had only to hurl bombs at it and the tank would stop and catch fire. But suppose it did not stop? "In the meantime the infantry battle flamed up all along the line. One of the riflemen at the barricade climbed up a damaged roof and peered into the distance. Over Bourlon wood towards the canal lay a sea of smoke in which the flash of shells could be seen. There were

the German reserves swarming forward in light firing lines under the fire of the guns. An English airman flew down to a height of 200 yards and dropped fireball after fireball so that the English artillery could get their mark. He was a bold fellow. "Hurrah!" The German battleplanes swooped down like hawks on a dove. The Silesians would have clapped their hands for joy but they were holding bombs ready to fire. "Tanks Come Into View. "Suddenly there was the cry, 'The tanks are coming!' But here? Where? There, on the hill, don't you see? It was quite true. There was a white trail of smoke on the slope of Bourlon hill, and just as the dark outline of a ship emerges from a fog at sea, here and there a dark crawling monster was visible. "Then indeed even the most hardened veterans were anxious. Good heavens! These are monsters! Everyone looked down the street. The tanks would have to come down if they wished to get through the village. At the barricade a signal arm went up. Nobody spoke. Everyone held their breath. 'Tanks in front. They are coming straight toward us'—was the next message. Their number was feverishly counted. 'Six,' flustered one soldier; 'eight, nine, twelve,' stammered another with fixed eyes. 'Look, there are more still; they have overrun our forward position.' "The Silesians ducked their heads for German shells were firing straight over their heads. 'Hurrah! One was struck, and then another and another. But the others came on without a pause, and now one heard the rattle and snaffle that they made, and the Silesians sniffed the sweetish smell of the sugar-white smoke which the creatures breathed. The foremost tank fired like mad with flashes of flame. The riflemen on the barricade stood rooted to the spot like a man who has caught his foot in the railway and sees the express approaching. "Silesians Flee From Posts. "And now the first tank is so close that one feels oneself already crushed and smashed into a pulp. But the Silesians—they showed some smartness—they fled from their posts to the houses and gardens. One moment the village was like an ant's nest on which a man roared, and the next, when every man had found his retreat, everything looked like a place of the dead. "Some of the tanks came stamping into the village. There are moments even in the bitterest fight when there is a ray of humor like feeble sunlight flickering through the fog. There was such a moment in the midst of horror at Fontaine. Was it not amusing to watch the stupid monster roll up the High street, where there was not a single living Silesian left? If we went down the street, it granted wickedly from sheer rage because it could find no victim. The bores of its small guns shouted around, and fired as if they could find something living, but always too high. And so they went clip-clap up and down the street, like the festival car at carnival time. The Silesians peered out into the side streets. As soon as Tank showed a snout at a street corner they showered him with bullets. "No Infantry Fillovs. "But where are the Tommies? sters should wander up and down like this—were they blind or were asked one of the Silesians, indeed, Tommy seemed to have lost his Tanks, for no English infantry ventured into the village. But was it not suspicious that the tanks went the—? Yes, that was it, they were afraid of the Silesians. And now arrived one of those critical moments when neither generals nor guns matter, but only the heart of man. If the Silesians had withdrawn from the village—which no one could have taken amiss under the circumstances—the village would have fallen into enemy hands at the first rush. "But no the Silesians began to match their wits against the monsters. They grew bolder and bolder, firing and bombing the Tank as it wended its way hither and thither, probably waiting for infantry which did not come. The Silesians fired rifle bullets down the barrels of the Tank's guns and threw bombs into every aperture. It was finally captured. But if the Tanks, as no doubt was the intention, had been supported by infantry, the village would have been taken in the first rush.

they recommended to the Washington Alumni association of the K. A. C. that Mrs. Henrietta W. Calvin, specialist in home economics of the United States bureau of education (formerly dean of the school of home economics of Oregon Agricultural college—a known friend and open supporter of President Kerr—should appoint a committee of the Washington alumni to confer with the board of administration in regard to the selection of a successor to Dr. Waters. (Kansas Industrialist, December 5.) "Committee Recommends Kerr. "This was done. Within two days as a result of the committee's investigations and their own observations, the members of the board of administration were making the statement that President Kerr "stands head and shoulders above the other men at this convention." They picked out their "biggest man." "On the second day of the convention Mrs. Calvin declared to two members of the O. A. C. faculty: 'You are going to lose your president. The board has arranged for an interview with President Kerr, and they will offer his inducement which Oregon cannot meet.' "Through the invitation of Dr. Waters, retiring president, the board of administration met President Kerr. These men went to Washington, avowedly, to get a president for their institution, President Waters having resigned to accept a \$12,000 salary. When they had picked out the "biggest man" and arranged an interview with him, what did they talk about? Doubtless the price of beef steak. Surely, surely not such a remote subject as the salary of the next president of Kansas Agricultural college! "Somebody Spills Beans. "And then somebody spilled the beans. Somebody—doubtless some enthusiastic member of his committee which was appointed to assist the board of administration to select a successor to Dr. Waters—told a reporter the glad news that the board of administration had secured a new president for K. A. C., the "biggest man" at the convention. At least they had offered him the position. "But did they get him?—That's doubtless what made ex-governor Hoch so excited when he talked to the reporters at Topeka. And failing to get their first choice at the convention, did they promptly select the next choice on the list of the several men investigated for the position, as the ex-governor explained his Washington mission to the Eugene reporters? They did not. Baffled in their effort to get the man they had picked for the position, they contented themselves with the acting president, the senior member of the faculty whom nobody had ever thought of, or still thinks of, as a permanent president. "Very sincerely yours, "Edwin T. Reed."



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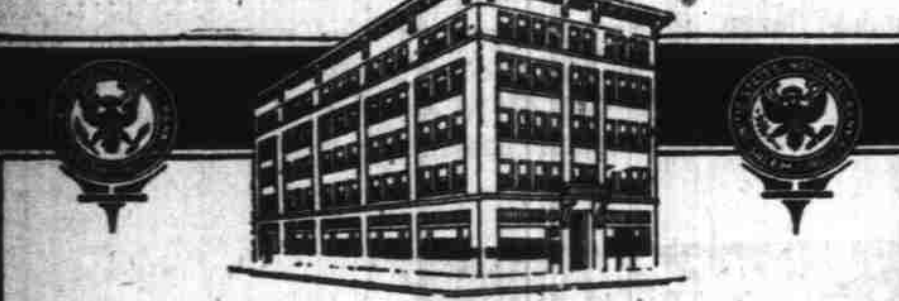
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MOSHER

THE TAILOR

Crowds are Patronizing The Store of A. W. Schrunk

The large number of patrons at the Farmers' Store of Quality all day yesterday was positive evidence that the people appreciate Mr. Schrunk's method of doing business. The people were not from Salem alone, but many of them were from the country districts. Some of them were disposing of produce, including butter, eggs, poultry, etc., while others were laying in supplies of groceries and dry goods. Mr. Schrunk, as usual, was enjoying himself by mingling with the throng and supplying their wants, while his large staff of clerks were also on the jump waiting on trade. Mr. Schrunk has been in the grocery business but a short time, but has already built up a very enviable trade. This he says is due not wholly to the low prices for which he sells goods, but is also attributable to his custom of paying top prices for produce and paying in cash and not requiring them to "take it out in trade."

FACTS ARE MADE PUBLIC (Continued from page 1).

versation with every member of the college faculty who attended the convention or visited Manhattan. "Very truly yours, "Edwin T. Reed." "No President Secured. Professor Reed's statement in full follows: "Knollbrook, Co., vallis, Ore. "Editor The Capital Journal: In the resolutions passed by Pomona Grange, Salem, January 16, colored by indiscriminate rowdyisms, occurs this apparently sober statement, "That the board of regents of Kansas State college has quite recently secured a president for that institution at a salary of \$6,500." "It has not. According to the January 9 issue of the Kansas Industrialist, the official organ of the faculty of the Kansas State agricultural college, the board of administration has just appointed the senior member of the faculty, a man of thirty-five years service to the institution, as acting president. On a number of previous occasions, he has acted as president of the college. "Is not an 'acting' president, Mr. Editor, a sort of reverend personage who tides over a period of doubt and indecision, awaiting the arrival of the real thing? "I trust you see the point, though you may not acknowledge it. The board of administration of the Kansas State Agricultural college went as a body in November to the national convention of the agricultural colleges and experiment stations, at Washington, D. C., to look over the college presidents of the country and pick out the biggest man." Through their president, ex-governor Hoch,

IMAGINARY FOOD WAS O. K.

James G. Blaine used to tell a story to illustrate the imaginary character of the predictions of his Democratic enemies to the effect that he would be a radical president if elected to that office and would get the country into all kinds of trouble. According to this story, a man on a ferry boat from time to time would cautiously open a box which he carried, peed inside and then quickly push the lid back into place. The curiosity of a naturalist who sat near him was raised to such a pitch that at length, after the man had looked into the box about the tenth time he approached and said: "Pardon me sir, but I would like to know what strange thing you have in that box." "I'd rather not tell you," replied the other. "Other people would soon know all about it." "It isn't a savage animal, is it?" asked the naturalist. "That's just what it is," replied the man, once more lifting the lid and peeping in cautiously. "What is the name of the creature?" "Well, ser, it's a kil-ma-roo, from the center of Africa. One of the most savage animals ever discovered: a regular man-eater and—" "What food do you give it?" "Nothing but snakes." "And where do you find snakes enough to satisfy the appetite of such a monster?" "My brother, he drinks a good deal and often has delirium tremens. When he gets to seeing snakes all we've got to do is catch 'em and—" "See here, what are you giving

me? Those are only imaginary snakes; I'd like to know how you can feed a savage, voracious animal on imaginary snakes." "Don't breathe a word to anyone," said the man, lowering his voice, and looking about cautiously, "but the fact is, this is an imaginary kil-ma-roo."

WHEN GORGAS BECAME RATTLED.

Gen. Gorgas often visits Philadelphia, where his warm friends are legion. One of these friends brought back from Washington the story of how he ventured to congratulate the general health expert on his "poise." "Well, I don't know about that," chuckled the general, as the light of reminiscence gleamed in his eyes. "I remember perfectly well that in the solemnest moment of my life, as I was standing at the altar rail, the clergyman said, 'Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?' and I got so rattled I couldn't remember what I was supposed to say. "So I said, 'Will you please repeat the question.'—Philadelphia Ledger.

BE PRETTY! TURN GRAY HAIR DARK

Try Grandmother's Old Favorite Recipe of Sage Tea and

Almost everyone knows that Sage Tea and Sulphur properly compounded, brings back the natural color and lustre to the hair when faded, streaked or gray. Years ago the only way to get this mixture was to make it at home, which is messy and troublesome. Nowadays, by asking at any drug store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," you will get a large bottle of this famous recipe, improved by the addition of other ingredients, at a small cost.

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SALEM ALBANY EUGENE

WAS ON TO HIM.

The late John G. Johnson, the Philadelphia lawyer, was once engaged in a case where a certain cantankerous old woman bore witness for the opposition. Her testimony concluded, the old woman proposed to leave the witness box, but Mr. Johnson said: "Hold on, madam, I've one or two questions to ask you." The old woman did not halt in her departure. "No, ye don't," she said. "None o' yer questions for me. You ain't on our side."—Chicago Herald.

Since the beginning of the war Great Britain has granted more than \$0,000 pensions to the mothers of unmarried soldiers killed in action.

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