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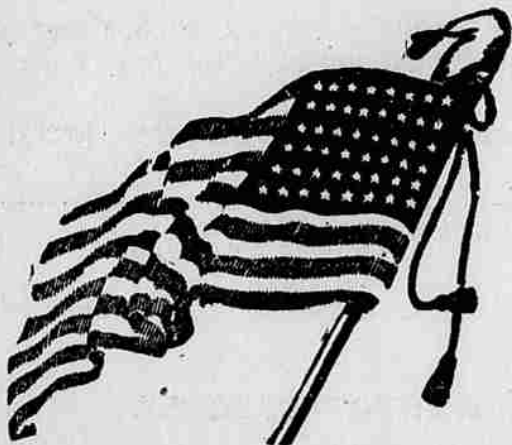
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THURSDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 13, 1917.



## REVIEW OF "GERMAN WAR PRACTICE"

SOME of the blackest pages in all history, comprising a documentary record of "deeds that make one despair of the future of the human race," are found in a book named "German War Practices," which has just been issued at the government printing office by the committee on public information for free distribution. It is edited by Professor D. C. Munro, of Princeton, and other scholars.

The dumbfounding evidence which this book presents to the jury of mankind is drawn mainly from German and American sources, and includes official proclamations and utterances of the responsible heads of the Imperial German government, letters and diaries of German soldiers, quotations from German newspapers, and material drawn from the archives of the state department which lay bare the story of inconceivable German atrocities.

The purpose of the book is to show that the system of frightfulness, itself the greatest atrocity, is the definite policy of the German government, so sinister that German soldiers have themselves at times revolted. Individual acts of wanton cruelty and barbaric destruction are cited only to illustrate the operation of the remorseless system.

The book supplements the Bryce report which was the first official survey of the path of horror, ruin, and death left by the German army on the lands of innocent and defenseless people. The book is supplemental also to the official reports by the Belgian commission and the French minister of foreign affairs, and it reveals more of the damning German war philosophy as expressed in the German white book and various official utterances, extenuating revolting crimes on the grounds of expediency and the advancement of that "Kultur" which now mocks its own name throughout the civilized world. The humanity of German soldiers was so torn by the system of brutality that they cried out in letters to Ambassador Gerard, one expressing his protest against the slaughter of the Russians in the Masurian Lakes and swamps by saying, "There is no God, there is no mortality, and no ethics any more; there are no human beings any more, but only beasts."

That the reign of frightfulness was the definite policy of the German government is testified to by an amazing collection of documents and utterances of German officialdom. Herewith are excerpts from documentary proof furnished by German records establishing the truth beyond question:

"As soon as you come to blows with the enemy he will be beaten. No mercy will be shown! No prisoners will be taken! As the Huns, under King Attila, made a name for themselves, which is still mighty in traditions and legends today, may the name of Germany be so fixed in China by your deeds, that no Chinese shall ever again dare to look at a German askance. . . . Open the way for Kultur once for all."—From the Kaiser's speech to the soldiers on the eve of their departure for China in 1900.

"Whenever a national war breaks out, terrorism becomes a necessary military principle."—General Von Hartmann.

"The city of Brussels, exclusive of its suburbs, has been punished by an additional fine of 5,000,000 francs on account of the attack made upon a German soldier by Ryckere, one of its police officials."—Baron Von Luettwitz, governor of Brussels.

"I am thirsty; bring me some beer, gin, rum." "If you lie to me I will have you shot immediately."—These sentences are taken from a phrase-book supplied to German soldiers, according to Minister Brand Whitlock.

"One cannot make war in a sentimental fashion. The more pitiless the conduct of the war, the more humane it is in reality, for it will run its course all the sooner."—General Von Bernhardi.

"The innocent must suffer with the guilty. . . . All this must not in our eyes weigh as much as the life of a single one of our brave soldiers—the righteous accomplishment of duty is the emanation of a high Kultur, and in that the population of the enemy country can learn a lesson from our armies."—General Von Bissing.

The bureau of public information announces that this book, "German War Practices" will be distributed free upon application by mail to its headquarters, 10 Jackson Place, Washington, D. C.

## A Story of Married Life REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

By Adele Garrison

What Happened When Madge, Dicky and the Cosgroves Surprised Mrs. Allis.

I reluctantly admit that my knees were shaking under me as I stood hidden behind a curtain in the hall of the old Cosgrove farmhouse at 1 o'clock in the morning, and heard the door opened by Mrs. Allis to admit the man who was to aid her in stealing the valuable collection of pictures in the parlor.

I was afraid that she might make some search for hidden watchers before beginning her nefarious work, and the thought made me tremble with terror.

But evidently Mrs. Cosgrove had been doing some clever work in the afternoon, for the first audible words from Mrs. Allis's lips showed that she imagined that the coast was entirely clear.

"Have you the things?" she demanded in a low tone, "the flashlights, the waterproof wrappings for the canvases, and the knives."

"All set," the man returned laconically. "Are you sure everything is safe here?"

"Absolutely," Mrs. Allis replied.

"Where's that artist's wife you thought was spying on you?" the man persisted.

"I told you everything was safe," she replied impatiently. "The artist and his wife are shivering in the jail. I reported them for violating the game laws, and they were arrested and taken away this afternoon."

"But are these people hoobs enough to leave these pictures unprotected now they know the value of them?"

"Do you think I'd be fool enough to try this thing tonight if I hadn't everything fixed?" Mrs. Allis demanded savagely. "The Cosgroves go on the theory that no one has known about this stuff, and that there's mighty little danger of anyone learning about it. They are not even sleeping in the house. Mrs. Cosgrove asked me to be sure that the front door was locked if I stayed up after the rest of them went to bed in their bungalow, so just as soon as you get these things snipped off, I'm going to lock the door and creep up to bed, where I'll be the most surprised and shocked party you can imagine in the morning."

"Now, if I've answered all your questions satisfactorily," with a note of deep sarcasm in her voice, "suppose we can the chatter and get to work."

"Mrs. Cosgrove always pulls the curtains clear down to the sill, so it will be perfectly safe for us to use the flashlights."

They went into the parlor and noiselessly slipping out of my hiding place I followed as near as dared. I knew that Dicky and Mr. Cosgrove must by this time have undone the book in the inside of the clothes press which they had so carefully closed in the afternoon.

"What a Brave Array!"

The supreme moment for which I had been waiting all week seemed to be at hand, and my whole body was thrilling with mingled excitement and terror.

Then there came a glow illuminating one of the pictures that came from the electric flashlight held steadily in the hands of Mrs. Allis. By its light I saw the man whom we had overheard talking with Mrs. Allis in the woods reaching up to the picture to take it down preparatory to cutting the canvases from the frame.

Both the backs of Mrs. Allis and the man were toward me. For an interminable minute I wondered why Dicky and Mr. Cosgrove did not act—then the light from two flashlights swept the room, and Dicky's voice called out, authoritatively: "Hands up, you two!"

I do not think Mrs. Allis moved a muscle at the command, which to my mind was enough to shatter the nerves of any woman. From the lips of the man beside her came a low snarl. Without even turning around his hands rose

above his head with the precision of a machine.

As his hands rose in the air, Mrs. Allis murmured something to him which he could not catch, and then turned majestically to confront the levelled revolvers held by Dicky and Mr. Cosgrove.

"S-o-o!" She drawled insolently to Dicky, with a half-smile twisting her lips. "Why don't you shoot off your little popgun? I have not raised my hands."

"Ah, Papa Cosgrove, you here, too? What a brave array!" She laughed lightly, mockingly.

"Don't make any mistake about this particular popgun, my fine lady," Mr. Cosgrove answered. "I'd hate to spoil a lady's beauty, but if you know what's what you'll stand right where you are, especially when we light the lamp."

"Mother," he called, raising his voice, "bring in the lamp, but bring it around through the hall so you won't have to pass this little wildcat we've got cornered here."

Mrs. Cosgrove evidently had been only waiting her husband's signal, for in another moment she came swiftly through the hall into the parlor bearing a large lighted lamp which she set down on a table near the door.

A Surprise in Return.

Even through the terrified excitement which was mine I could not repress an amused smile at the ludicrous picture which Dicky and Mr. Cosgrove presented, each holding a flashlight in his left hand and a revolver in his right.

I think Dicky read my thoughts, for he flushed as he looked at me, then quickly snapped off his light by a pressure of his thumb and slipped it into the pocket of his coat.

The twins, who had been instructed to wait outside until they should see a light in the parlor, so as to avoid any premature alarming of the two conspirators, came hurriedly through the door as their mother appeared and joined the little group in the parlor.

"Well, now that we're all here," Mrs. Allis went on, mockingly, and by the sheer force of her audacity she dominated the situation, "I have a word to say to all of you. But don't you think, first, if I promised for my companion that he will be a very good little boy, you might let him lower his arms and seat himself? It must be very fatiguing in that position."

Dicky made her a low bow. "I think we may accord you that privilege," he said, half-mockingly.

"Thank you," She flashed him a smile as if she were the hostess at some function. "You hear, my friend?" she said, "he seated." She pushed a chair toward him and the man sank into it. Then she advanced a step toward us.

"Let me clear up this unfortunate situation with just a word or two," she said, and there was a confident note in her voice which surprised me. "You, of course, all imagine that I am stealing these pictures. Let me disabuse your minds. I am not. I am simply taking what is my own. I happen to be the widow of Robert Savarin."

Frederick Stower Secures Lieutenant's Commission

Frederick W. Steiwer, 1906, prosecuting attorney at Pendleton, state senator, is one of the men who has just been commissioned a first lieutenant, reserve officers' training corps, at the last Presidio training camp. When in college Steiwer was prominent in oratorical and debating circles, and was managing editor of the 1906 class year book. Before attending the Vorst, he was graduated from O. A. C., where he received military training, and served as bandmaster of the cadet band, at the college.

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## UNJUST TO TEACHERS

Editor Guard:

Your issue of December 8 mentions that a concerted action is being taken by the educators of the state to have all teachers subject to the draft exemption, at least until the close of the school. This seems to me to be an injustice to the men teachers. In these days any man of draft age who does not do his duty is considered to be a slacker. And a teacher is no exception to the rule. Even the school board which hires such a teacher is apt to be placed in that class also. For these positions can be filled by loyal and patriotic women or by men over draft age.

In the same issue of your paper there was a splendid editorial on education as a war factor and the development of a higher patriotism. How is this higher patriotism to be taught by men who do not do their duty? It seems to me that every mother who has a son in the service of our country should object to having her children who are still at home taught this spineless patriotism.

GERTRUDE HAMBLE MILLER.  
Harrisburg, Or., Dec. 10, 1917.

University Man Sends Slides  
of Fighting Taken in France

The extension division has just received a set of 75 slides, showing the work of the Red Cross on the battle fronts of Europe. The slides were made by Roy Andrews, who formerly served in the botany department.

Last Saturday night the pictures were

shown in Lowell, by Alfred Powers, of the extension division. Mr. Powers' schedule for this week is as follows: Thursday night, Sweet Home; Saturday night, Ada; Sunday, West Lake.

Examine the bulbs planted and see if they are drying. If soil is dry, water it well.

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