

# ITALIAN LEADER GREAT GENERAL

Rome.—It is said in the little Italian water town of Pallanza on the border of the Lago Maggiore, away up toward the Swiss Alps, where Lombardy and Piedmont meet, that some years ago a learned German with a particular interest in heraldry paused at some length before a weather-beaten crest embossed in a quaint old-fashioned doorway, and observed to those in his company:

"Remarkable — most remarkable. The composition of this coat of arms points to a line of fate running in the same family from father to son, and to tremendous achievements to crown the family tree. I wouldn't care to be pitted against the star of that family."

And he marched himself off, growling:

"Remarkable, most remarkable!" But it never occurred to him to ask the name of the family who had once gone through the deserted gateway, nor, at the time, did his reflection strike his Italian host as anything but a freak of "kultur."

Time has proved that the German was right for once. The star and the oak tree and what not that had struck his fancy so are the crest of the Cadorna, who come from poor but unsullied provincial nobility, with two chief ideals running in the family: Faith in God and devotion to Italy. The present General Cadorna's grandfather was minister to King Carlo Alberto, who led the movement for Italian independence, granted the constitution to his kingdom (then restricted to Piedmont and Sardinia), abdicated in favor of his son when he thought that such a course of action would help the formation of new Italy, and died an exile at Oporto. General Cadorna's father, Gen. Count Raffaele Cadorna, led in 1896 the Italian advance on the Isonzo, which was cut short by diplomatic interference and the subsequent granting to Austria of the Italian lands beyond that same Isonzo and the Adriatic; an unjust and therefore unwise move which ultimately resulted in the war of today.

The "line of fate running in the family from father to son" is evident now, when Gen. Count Luigi Cadorna takes up the reshaping of history left unfinished by his father, as all Italy of today takes up the strand of fate intertwined and distorted by the unfortunate events of 1896.

Luigi Cadorna himself was born in Pallanza on September 4, 1850, and he was barely 15 years old when he entered the military academy, graduating therefrom as a full-fledged lieutenant in 1870, and receiving his captain's commission in 1875 in an artillery regiment. Opportunity for experience in infantry work was afforded him by his appointment as a major in the Sixty-second infantry regiment in 1883; but since 1892, when he got his colonelcy, he has been identified with the Bersaglieri, the "wideawakes" of the Italian army.

When he took command of the Tenth regiment of the Bersaglieri, he started to work on it after his own mind, and brought it out in the grand maneuvers of 1895 in splendid form, practicing, in fact, on the adversary forces that same type of outflanking and surrounding move that works so capably on the Carso today. Again, in 1911, (he had attained his generalship then since some years), he led in the "grandes manoeuvres," the Blue party against the Red, with all the strategic odds against his party, and astonished all experts by the working out of a capital plan first; and when this fell through on unforeseen circumstances, by the promptness with which he sized up the new situation and turned it once more to his advantage.

But nothing then seemed to point out the magnificent heights to which he was called. In fact, the breaking out of the European war in 1914 still found him a general on the list for the

## Intimate Sketch of the Man Who Has Beaten His Enemy's Military Machine.

### LUIGI CADORNA'S BIG RECORD

He Has Molded an Army That Drives Austrians Out of Alps Mountains in Hardest Campaign of World Conflict During Summer.

command of an army in case of war. And the Italian chief of staff was General Pollio, who, by the way, was blessed with an Austrian wife. His timely death was a good turn of fate for Italy, for the king appointed General Cadorna to his place.

General Cadorna, it may be frankly stated now, found the Italian army in practically desperate conditions of unpreparedness. The way he went to work and reorganized and equipped it was as remarkable and as brilliant an achievement as any of his most brilliant achievements in the fighting line; in fact, it was only the preparation of 1914 that makes victory possible in 1917.

He is the only commander in the allied world that has retained his position, we might say, kept steadily his job, throughout the war, without ever as much as a hint of a breakdown either in the wholesale confidence that his country, his king, his army—and the allies—have placed in him, or in the lively, energetic, all-around quality of his action and command. In fact, he seems to thrive on his work, and to gather new strength, as the days go and as time tests it, in the consciousness that it is good.

His faith in God supports his faith in victory. For he is a deeply religious man, his favorite daughter, by the way, is a nun, and while such feeling means a good deal to human lives that are entrusted to him, it helps him to request of them all the sacrifice that the higher ideals may require.

It is his firm conviction that "to sacrifice one life wantonly is a crime; to use a hundred thousand if necessary is a duty," for the commander of a nation at war. "If necessary" is his condition; and "if necessary, let it be done," his slogan, just as the slogan of the officers with heavy responsibilities is: "When in doubt, go to Cadorna."

It is whispered among those who know that, in the early days of the war, the task of drafting the daily communique had been entrusted to a very brilliant Italian journalistic officer, whose headline ran, "Gran Quartiere Generale" (Chief Headquarters, or something to that effect, with obvious reference to the Germanic equivalent). General Cadorna, after having firmly established his men on the outer side of the Italian borderline and carried the war into the land of the enemy (a privilege which the Italian army alone of the belligerents has enjoyed since the beginning of the war), turned back and saw that the reports were not half so good as the work—literary, but not razor-keen. And this journalist was thanked (which, by the way, in the Italian war zone slang, is expressed by silurate (torpedoed), and this characteristically Latin headline was adopted: Comando Supremo (Supreme Command).

From that day on, the communique Cadorna has brought to the expectant Italy the daily word of her great general and the unspoken assurance of his faith in ultimate victory, every day made nearer and more resplendent, for the general believes in what might be called the contagiousness of faith, and the identification of the ideal with the reality in ultimate achievement. He believes that victory, be-

fore materializing as a fact, must be potentially blazing as an absolute certainty in the hearts of the soldiers and their leaders—in fact, must descend from the leaders to the masses as an irresistible, joyous flow of truth. He believes that discipline is the spiritual flame of victory. Never for one instant has he doubted the ultimate issue of the war; never once doubted his own power to win, not on account of personal conceit, but because he considers himself as an agent of necessity.

His will is inflexible, because he never seeks strength in the opinion of others. On the other hand, he never makes up his mind until every side has been considered and every item of the contention outweighed. After that his conclusions are drawn, and anything that may follow finds him unswerving. His strength lies largely in his absolute, naive unconsciousness of anything that might disturb it; that, in fact, would disturb another man. No useless anxiety in him; no nerve-racking impatience.

Once, away back in 1915, a mayor of an Italian city sent word that his constituents had an Italian flag ready for Goritz. Cadorna dismissed the subject with a whimsical smile.

"Tell him to put it away in a drawer for now."

But when, about one year later, Goritz was taken, the mayor received this rather cryptic telegram from the general himself:

"You may now send along that object, Cadorna."

Which rather reminds you of Dante's famous answer about the egg with salt, at one year's distance.

On New Year's day of 1916, an acquaintance sent him, with good wishes, the offering of a shaggy fur coat, and the general answered accepting "the fleece" as a good omen "for the conquest of our ideal golden fleece," and added: "But then, you know, in Jason's time there were no barbed-wire fences nor other infernal devices, and it was possible to step more lively." Which, by the way, is a mighty good hit at the closet-critics of the war.

It is characteristic of the general that such a gift he may accept with a smile; but he definitely waives any collective token or demonstration. Knowing his affection for his native place, and his regret at circumstances having compelled his father to part with the family homestead, it was proposed to purchase and present to him the house by national subscription. He stopped that, and desired the proceeds to be given to the home for mutilated soldiers and victims of the war. Other demonstrations were similarly thwarted, but it is believed that he will not refuse to accept a sword once owned by Garibaldi, since it is planned to present it to him "at the end of the war."

If a general proves unfit he is "torpedoed" on the spot; if a soldier shows the right stuff, he is rewarded. His constant preoccupation is: "Find the man who have the stuff. With such men as the Italians, first values must have been developed during the war; find them and put them up."

His ruddy, genial, open countenance, his boyish freedom of movement and gesture, interestingly contrasting with the whiteness of hair and mustache; his clear, forceful voice and the definite, resolute things that it expresses, with a breezy sense of vitality that is quite refreshing to the hearer, all come in for a share in the exceptionally attractive personality of this "gentleman warrior," who, as a young lieutenant in 1870 stood by his father and helped him give Rome to Italy, and as a mature leader of men may or may not give Trieste to Rome in 1917, but will forever stand in the eyes of Italy and the light of the world as the true representative of the righteous fight of Latin civilization against the barbaric brutality of the Huns.

## SUGAR MEN WILL AID

Refiners and Brokers Are Working Out in Conference Details of Distributing Agency and Prices.

Washington, D. C.—Beet sugar refiners and brokers opened conferences here Wednesday to work out details of a plan for a central distributing agency, planned to cooperate with the food administration and to agree on standard prices.

About 10 per cent of the refiners protested against prices proposed, saying they had made contracts with beet growers at unusually high rates. The food administration announced, however, that many of the growers affected by those contracts had agreed to accept a lower price as a patriotic duty. A solution will be sought at other conferences.

Food Administrator Hoover, in an address to the sugar men, said that voluntary service of all industries is the only democratic means of meeting the war emergency. In a contest between methods of autocracy and democracy, he said, economic problems in the democracy should be regulated by business men in cooperation with the government rather than by arbitrary acts of the government.

Cold storage men conferred with the food administration on enlarging storage facilities to help conserve perishable feed and to propose regulations for warehouse licensing.

### Would "Hooverize" Straw.

Spokane — County Farm Expert J. R. Shinn, who is conferring with farmers to aid them in conserving feed, has a new slogan, "Hooverize the pea straw by baling it."

"I wish every man who has pea straw would get it baled, as it is almost the equal of clover for cows," said Mr. Shinn recently. "We need every ton to tide us over this winter, and I want to see every bit of it go through the balers. It is selling at from \$10 to \$15 a ton baled."

## NORTHWEST MARKET REPORT

Portland — Wheat — Bluestem, \$2; fortyfold, \$1.98; club, \$1.96; red Russian, \$1.93.

Flour — Patents, \$10.60. Millfeed — Spot prices: Bran, \$37, per ton; shorts, \$40; middlings, \$47; rolled barley, \$55 @ 57; rolled oats, \$57.

Corn — Whole, \$82, cracked, \$83. Hay — Buying prices f. o. b. Portland, Eastern Oregon timothy, \$27 per ton; valley timothy, \$23@25; alfalfa, \$22.50 @ 24; valley grain hay, \$20; clover, \$20; straw, \$6.50.

Butter — Cubes, extras, 46c; prime firsts, 44c. Jobbing prices: Prints, extras, 48c; cartons, 1c extra; butterfat, No. 49c.

Eggs — Oregon ranch, current receipts, 41@42c; candled, 45c; select, 48@50c.

Poultry — Hens, 17½@18½c; broilers, 19 @ 20c; ducks, 12@20c; geese, 8@10c; turkeys, live, 20@22c; dressed, 28@30c.

Veal — Fancy, 15½@16c per pound.

Pork — Fancy, 21½@22c per pound.

Vegetables — Tomatoes, 65@85c per crate; cabbage, 2@2½c per pound; lettuce, 50@75c per dozen; cucumbers, 40@50c per dozen; peppers, 6c pound; cauliflower, \$2.25; beans, 6@7c per pound; corn, 30c per dozen.

Sack Vegetables — Carrots, \$1.75@2 per sack; beets, \$1.50@2; turnips, \$2. Potatoes — New Oregon, 1½@2½c; sweet potatoes, 3½@4c.

Onions — Walla Walla, \$1.75; California brown, \$2@2.10.

Green Fruits — Cantaloupes, standard, 75c @ \$1.75; peaches, 45@75c; watermelons, \$1@1.50 per hundred; apples, \$1 @ 2; pears, 75c @ \$1.50; grapes, \$1@1.50; casabas, 1½@2c per pound.

Hops — 1916 crop, 25@26c per pound; 1917 contracts, 35@36c per pound; fuggles, 50c per pound.

Wool — Extra Oregon, fine, 50@60c per pound; coarse, 55@60c; valley, 55 @ 60c; mohair, long staple, 55c. Casaca Bark — New, 7½c; old, 8c per pound.

Cattle — Best beef steers, \$ 9.00@ 9.75  
Good beef steers, 7.50@ 8.75  
Best beef cows, 6.75@ 7.50  
Ordinary to good, 4.00@ 6.75  
Best heifers, 7.00@ 8.00  
Bulls, 4.00@ 6.75  
Calves, 7.00@ 9.50  
Stockers and feeders, 4.00@ 7.25

Hogs — Prime light hogs, \$17.85@18.00  
Prime heavy hogs, 17.65@17.85  
Pigs, 15.00@16.50  
Bulk, 17.75

Sheep — Western lambs, \$13.00@13.50  
Valley lambs, 11.75@12.75  
Yearlings, 10.75@11.00  
Wethers, 10.50@10.75  
Ewes, 8.00@ 9.00

## STATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

The women of Grant county did not register last Saturday, as no one was appointed to make arrangements and no instructions or supplies for the registration were received.

Shipments of stock from Baker Friday included 300 head of cattle to Portland, consigned by F. J. Fraser. They came from the John Day Valley and were sold at Baker by H. H. Trowbridge.

Medford mining men are expecting a genuine gold rush to the Klamath river in late October, when the immense power station dam at Copco will be finished and the river from Hornbrook, Cal., to the ocean will be nearly dry.

The Jensen shingle mill, at Wheeler, which was totally destroyed by fire July 2, entailing a loss of \$10,000, has been rebuilt and is again in operation. As soon as the new machinery is limbered up the mill run night and day shifts.

The Frank Johnson company, of Portland, hop contractor, has filed suit in equity at Oregon City against Fred H. Anderson and Elmer Anderson, Eagle Creek ranchers, to enforce specific performance of contract on their 1917 hop crop.

In the hope of forestalling what promises to be the worst coal famine in the history of Baker, the Commercial club of that city has sent two telegrams, one to Senator McNary and one to Secretary Garfield, asking that government aid be given as quickly as possible.

Supervisor Barnes, of the Minam National forest, is issuing circular letters to farmers in his district, with blanks for them to fill, in order to learn what livestock each will have to sell to butchers this fall and why, so as to inform the National Council of Defense.

After further investigation into the advisability of convening the legislature in extraordinary session, Governor Withycombe has expressed the belief that there will be no necessity of calling a special session to care for dependents of men called into the military or naval service.

Superintendent of Public Instruction Churchill said Friday that a committee, including himself, President P. L. Campbell, of the University of Oregon, and President J. H. Ackerman, of the Oregon Normal School, will select a committee of nine men within the next few weeks to prepare a course in moral instruction to compete for a \$5000 prize offered by a business man in the East.

The question as to whether the Federal government or the state of Oregon is to have the immediate services of George A. White, adjutant general of the state, has been satisfactorily adjusted between Secretary of War Baker and Governor Withycombe. The secretary telegraphed Governor Withycombe, in response to a vigorous protest made by the governor against orders to General White to report for duty immediately with the Forty-first Infantry division at Camp Greene, N. C., that the government is willing to permit General White to remain on duty in the state for the time being.

James Slevin, the promoter of Belgian colonies in Oregon, after his second visit to Coos Bay, said that under his present plans 40 families would be all he would recommend to that section at first. He has made combination arrangements there with several different parties, wherein homes will be built for the families and work supplied for the men until they can get a start.

Three brothers in Lake county will have a chance to decide in any manner they may choose which one will stay at home and care for the farms and 5000 head of sheep while the other two go to war, according to a decision by the appeal board of the Second Oregon district, announced Wednesday. None of the three brothers is married or has dependent relatives; all three asked exemption on industrial grounds.

L. J. Stanton, a young farmer of the Gopher Valley, six miles north of Sheridan, was gored by a bull he was leading Wednesday morning, the horns ripping open his abdomen for seven inches. The bull rushed him when being led into the stall. Mr. Stanton's back was turned and he was pushed to the floor. Before he could get up the bull's horn had caught him. He rolled to one side and a neighbor came to his assistance.

The evergreen berry harvest is engaging many women and children in Lincoln county, and even men are picking. Many families have gone to the large patches on Depoe and Olalla sloughs, where the berries are abundant. A Mr. White, who is taking the crop at 3 cents a pound, says he expects to get five tons a day. Estimating that the berries will last for three weeks more, at this daily average about \$10,000 should be disbursed in the community. School children are making good wages.

## COFFIN, MOTORCAR WIZARD

He Is Going to Make United States Greatest Flying Nation—How Yankee Genius Works.

Washington.—Ulysses invented the first war engine when he conceived the wooden horse which caused the fall of Troy. Today there is a modern Ulysses in Washington, who is backing the most advanced war engine the world has ever known.

If Ulysses and Howard E. Coffin, chairman of the aircraft production board of the United States, could meet, they would probably find they have a whole lot in common.

Airplanes are Howard Coffin's life. He talks engines in his dreams, and some people may believe that he does a great deal of day dreaming, but he avows that within six months' time these dreams will prove their reality when a fleet of American airships sails over the German lines and accomplishes the same result that Ulysses' wooden horse did.

Until the outbreak of the war Howard E. Coffin was a manufacturer of

automobiles. One of the best-known motorcars of American make was produced under his direction, and he declares he will accomplish as much in the air as he has on the ground with speedy engines. Even now the United States government is completing an air engine reputed to be the best contrivance of its kind known to modern science.

Detroit, Mich., the home of the motor, claims Howard E. Coffin as one of its leading citizens, but Washington is the present home of the aircraft man.

There are only a few locks of hair on the head of Coffin, but beneath those locks there is a tremendous thinking force. He speaks with a slow sort of drawl that has a nasal twang and belies the activity which is back of the speech. He is known as a "glad-hand artist," because he never refuses to see anyone, and he has perhaps made more friends in Washington than any other of the civilian war makers.

Work is recreation for Coffin, just so long as it is work concerned with an engine. Production is his hobby.

He has a mania for seeing long lines of machines turned out of a factory in a steady procession. To accomplish this rapid production he has gathered about him a staff of the best efficiency experts America affords.

Coffin is not a "solo" worker. He realizes the value of the ideas and the thoughts of others, hence he has built up a capable staff to furnish him with ideas, and he has called into consultation the best-known fliers of the world to aid him in making America the premier flying nation.

Once in a while Howard E. Coffin feels that he needs some recreation, so he jumps into a motor car—his own make—and orders his chauffeur: "Let her out, James."

"The hum of the motor is the most restful music to my ears," said Coffin the other day.

This is the man who hopes to bring victory out of the air for the allies.

An Italian scientist has discovered a vaccine for hydrophobia which has saved 90 per cent of his patients and which has even been found efficacious in curing mad dogs.