

NEWSPAPER MAN DESCRIBES VISIT TO HEADQUARTERS

Nerve Centers of British and Canadian Armies Peaceful Even in Battle.

IS LIKE BUSINESS HOUSE

Function Calmly and Efficiently Without Turmoil or Slightest Disorder—Young Staff Officers Command Because They Must Stay Out of the Show.

London.—During the past three years of warfare there have been daily communications emanating from a mysterious place called general headquarters, whose location or surroundings have never been mentioned, in fact are not known to the average soldier fighting in France, writes Hal O'Flaherty in the New York Sun.

To the citizen unacquainted with the affairs of giant armies the mention of the term general headquarters brings up a picture of a building in the heart of the great army activities, with mud-splattered couriers dashing up on horse or cycle and with sentries pacing to and fro armed to the teeth, while worried generals sit about great tables within tracing upon their maps the various tangles in the front line.

The fact of the matter is that British general headquarters is perhaps the most peaceful and orderly place that one could imagine. The roads approaching the main buildings are not lined with troops and paraphernalia of war, nor is there any of the much-talked-of dramatics of fighting.

Guards Are Unarmed.
It is a business house, conducted on the most advanced systems of efficiency. The traffic coming up to the heart of the gigantic chain of fighting units is regulated by military policemen who know their business and keep motors and pedestrians going in the right direction.

The soldiers on duty in front of the building visited by the correspondent were unarmed and directed the arriving officers in a manner as courteous as that displayed by the commissionaire at the war office in London. Within there was nothing to indicate the presence of the greatest army chiefs. The furnishings were modest, almost homely, and the atmosphere of the whole place was that of a peaceful and well conducted business establishment.

To secure an interview with one of the men who conduct the affairs of the British armies was simplicity itself. A telephone call sufficed to tell him of our coming and we were ushered into his office immediately upon our arrival. An officer of the United States army, known as a "liaison officer," had quarters nearby. He has been working as hard as any man of affairs at home could work and his surroundings showed he wasn't in the habit of entertaining visitors.

"Take that rocking chair over in the corner," he said as we entered, and one of the party went over as directed and sat on the wooden box that had held his typewriter. A wooden table, two chairs and a rack for books made up the furnishings of his office.

On his table was a stack of correspondence a foot high, which if it could be read by the German high command would probably give them heart failure. There was something significant in that stack of letters. It was probably the first nucleus of a correspondence between the directing officials of the American army and the British upon whom they are depending for advice and information. Some day that little pile will have grown into an entire library of documents that will fill

long ranks of filing cases. It is pioneer correspondence under the new order of things between Britain and the United States.

The following afternoon brought us by a lucky chance to Canadian headquarters, where we had the privilege of spending several hours with other men who are conducting operations. It was more than a lucky chance that brought us to Canadian headquarters almost at the same hour that the Germans began an attack—it was an act of providence.

Lighted by Lamps and Candles.
It can be set down here without further parley that two newspaper men were never treated more royally than we were by these men who at the moment we entered their quarters were directing a barrage against a strong German attack.

In the midst of tea the door opened and for a few minutes we were under the impression that every general on the western front had been deluged into our presence. It was a party of officers who had dropped in for tea and a chat with the army commanders. Instead they had a rather amusing talk with two American correspondents, who were found interesting because they had been with the American army on the Mexican border and in France and had some idea of what the United States troops could do. Their intense interest in preparations of the United States for war was manifested in every question, and their friendliness toward everything American was more than evident.

In two minutes the formality of introduction was over with and for fully half an hour the Canadian general staff dropped their heavy responsibilities and enjoyed the unique experience of entertaining two Americans. It was the first time that such a gathering had ever assembled in this particular building and all made the most of it.

The staff captain who had introduced us suggested that we get a little exercise, explaining that the staff officers usually spent an hour in the evening playing badminton or some other game just to keep in condition. We went out to a well constructed court similar to a tennis court and taped off in the same manner. For an hour we watched four officers bat the feathered shuttlecock across the net with a display of skill and strategy that was worthy of men who used strategy in a greater and more deadly manner. We took a hand in the game for a time and then watched four others play off the staff championship.

Meet Famous Strategist.
When the game broke up and we re-entered the headquarters building we were presented to a man whose name is famous the length and breadth of the British front. His keen stratagems and forceful work have won for him the praise and admiration of every Canadian fighting in France and his record as a fighter would fill several books. We were fortunate in having an opportunity of talking with him, for he, like the late General Funston, is keenly interested in newspaper work and it gave us a good start on the right plane. We explained to him our reasons for coming to headquarters and how the car that was to meet us had broken down.

"Well, I'm glad you're here, boys," he said. "I'll just arrange to have a couple of places set for you at dinner. How are things over in the U. S. A.?" We had been talking with him only a few minutes when an officer brought to him word that an S. O. S. signal had been received from a certain point indicating that the Germans were preparing to attack. There was no bluster. The information was given in a low, steady voice and the orders for certain counter-measures were given in

an equally unruffled manner. An hour later it was learned that the Germans had given up their attempt after being unmercifully flayed by the grueling fire which our host had turned loose.

From time to time an officer would appear at the door and report the progress of various movements under way, and throughout the evening there was no letup in the handling of business. The whole procedure of this work of directing armies seemed to operate as smoothly as the service at the dinner table to which we were shown.

When the meal was finished and we were comfortably seated in the main room we heard from the lips of one of the officers a story of the thoughts and feelings of a man directing an offensive.

For the moment we saw a series of pictures thrown on the screen of our imagination. The officer asleep in his room. A servant calls him in the small hours. He dresses and walks slowly to his office, where a number of telegraph and telephone operators sit at keys and switchboards. A cup of coffee is steaming at his desk, a broad, flat table, upon which is spread a great detail map with flags marking the line of attack. He drinks the coffee, lights his pipe and turns to greet his brother officers.

Men Go Over the Top.
The hour of the attack is marked by a general glance at watches and then the phone rings. The men are over the top! Several phones ring. A number of objectives have been reached. An S. O. S. signal from "A" section. All reports are marked upon the big map by flags, and as each objective is reached a new flag is added. As reports of trouble come from different points certain barrages are instructed to cut loose with everything they have.

A "cut-in" shows the men lying by their guns, which are loaded and trained upon certain points. The S. O. S. signal comes to the gunner nearest the string, who reaches out and gives it a yank while the other gunners jump into action. Before the first shell has reached its destination a second is on its way and the big show is on in full swing. We see the men bombing the Germans out of dugouts; fighting hand to hand in the open ground with vicious thrusting of bayonets.

Finally the picture reverts to headquarters, where we see the officer, tired eyed but smiling, reading the congratulations from all along the line and transmitting them to the victorious men out in the shell holes and trenches.

"I don't believe there's a one of us that wouldn't have given a great deal to be right down there with our men," he said. "That's the worst of having a staff job. One must take a distant view of things and stay out of the show, which isn't a pleasant task, especially for that young officer who just handed me this report. I'll venture to say that he'd yell with joy if he got orders to go back to his regiment tonight."

Along toward midnight our disabled car limping up to headquarters for us and our farewells were said outside the door in the inky blackness of a rainy night. We shook hands there in the darkness with these men who had been our hosts. From the distance came the deep-throated growl of heavy guns.

"We never let up on them," said a voice from the steps. "It has been just as you hear it now for months, and we'll keep on until we finish the job. We are going to win." And that is the spirit that pervades not only the headquarters staff but every camp and every dugout on the British front.

Boy, Playing "Movies," Hanged Self.
While imitating an act that he had just seen in a moving picture show, ten-year-old Albert Poplesky of Pottsville, Pa., pretended that he was being lynched for horse stealing. He stuck his head through a noose tied to a tree, then accidentally slipped. While frightened companions fled, the boy strangled.

follows: Two acres for strawberries and raspberries; two acres for wheat for chickens; three acres for alfalfa for cattle, hogs and horses; one acre for corn for chickens and hogs; one-half acre for vegetable gardens; one-half acre for yards for 100 or 200 chickens; one-half acre for home, barns and yards. Apple, plum and cherry trees are planted in the chicken yards and about the fields. Bees also may be kept at a profit, she says.

SURGERY CAN CURE CROOKS

Michigan Judge Declares Half the Criminals in the U. S. Might Be Saved.

Chicago.—"Fifty per cent of the criminals in this country under thirty years of age can be restored to good citizenship under proper surgical attention."

Judge George W. Bridgeman of Benton Harbor, Mich., made that statement at the dinner of the American Association of Official Surgeons in the Hotel La Salle here.

"Seventy-five per cent of the crim-

inals brought into the courts of this country are between the ages of fifteen and twenty-four years and 80 per cent of them suffer from physical disability," said Judge Bridgeman. "In most of these cases this disability is responsible for mental disability, manifested in crime, and it is capable of correction."

34, SHE IS MOTHER OF 20

Mrs. Costanzo's Latest a Boy—New Jersey Woman Had Three Sets of Twins.

Trenton, N. J.—Twenty children at thirty-four years of age is the record of Mrs. Mariette Costanzo of 36 Ringgold street, who gave birth to the twentieth child, Thomas Anthony Costanzo. Mother and infant "are doing nicely."

Nine of the 20 children are living. The dead children include three sets of twins. The oldest living child is sixteen. Mrs. Costanzo was married in Italy, when seventeen years of age, to Thomas Costanzo, now thirty-eight, a laborer at Camp Dix.

APPEAL TO SHIPPERS

Public Service Commission Acknowledges Help and Asks Suggestions and More Aid From Public.

Shippers of the Northwest have been addressed by the Washington state public service commission, asking for a further effort to facilitate the loading, movement and unloading of all classes of cars. The commission acknowledges the hearty response of shippers to its previous request, but asks both co-operation and suggestions in pushing for greater shipping efficiency.

First, load cars to full capacity, even to the extent of 10 per cent above marked carrying capacity, and disregard all published tariff minimums.

Second, load and unload cars the day received, if possible, regardless of the 48-hour, free-time limit.

Third, give immediate notice to railroad companies when cars are empty, or, telephone them in advance of the approximate time when the cars will be emptied.

Fourth, under no circumstances use cars as warehouses.

Fifth, the practice of consigning to any given destination without a bona fide sale, thereby affording prompt disposition or release of cars, should be discontinued.

Sixth, anticipate your needs as far in advance as possible.

Seventh, co-operate with customers in arranging orders so that any available equipment can be used, regardless of carrying capacity.

Eighth, advise the commission promptly of any delay on the part of the carriers in setting cars for unloading, moving cars when unloaded, or the prompt switching of empties when released.

NORTHWEST MARKET REPORT

Wheat—Bulk basis for No. 1 grade: Hard white—Bluestem, Early Bart, Allen, Galgalus, Martin Amber, \$2.05. Soft white—Palouse bluestem, fortyfold, White valley, Gold Coin, White Russian, \$2.03. White club—Little club, Jenkins club, white hybrids, Sonora, \$2.01. Red Walla Walla—Red Russian, red hybrids, Jones Five, copee, \$1.98. No. 2 grade, 3c less. No. 3 grade, 6c less. Other grades handled by sample.

Flour—Patents, \$10. Millfeed—Spot prices: Bran, \$32 per ton; shorts, \$35; middlings, \$43; rolled barley, \$56@58; rolled oats, \$56.

Corn—Whole, \$83 ton; cracked, \$84. 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, \$8.

Butter—Cubes, extras, 43@43c per pound; prime firsts, 42c. Jobbing prices: Prints, extras, 45@48c; cartons, 1c extra; butterfat, No. 1, 51c shipping point; 52c delivered.

Eggs—Oregon ranch, current receipts, 51@52c per dozen; candled, 53@55c; select, 57@58c.

Poultry—Hens, large, 20c per pound; small, 17@18c; springs, 19@20c; ducks, 17@20c; geese, 14c; turkeys, live, 23@24c; dressed, 30c.

Veal—Fancy, 14@15c per pound. Pork—Fancy, 20@20c per pound.

Vegetables—Tomatoes, \$1.10@2 per crate; cabbage, 1@2c per pound; lettuce, \$2@2.25 per crate; cucumbers, \$1.25@1.65 per dozen; peppers, 10c per pound; cauliflower, \$1@1.35; sprouts, 10c per pound; artichokes, \$1 per dozen; horseradish, 9@12c per pound; garlic, 6@8c; squash, 1c.

Potatoes—\$1.50 per hundred; sweet potatoes, 3@3c.

Onions—Buying prices, \$2.65 country points. Green Fruits—Apples, \$1@2.25 per box; pears, \$1.75@2.25; grapes, 6@7c per pound; casabas, 2@2c; cranberries, \$14.50@16.50 per barrel.

Hops—1917 crop, 20@23c per pound; 1916 crop, 16c.

Wool—Extra fine, 50@60c pound; coarse, 55@60c; valley, 55@60c; mohair, long staple, 55c.

December 3, 1917.

Cattle—Med. to choice steers... \$ 9.50@10.00 Good to med. steers... 8.75@ 9.50 Com. to good steers... 7.25@ 8.25 Choice cows and heifers... 7.00@ 7.75 Com. to good cows and hf... 5.50@ 7.25 Canners... 3.00@ 5.25 Bulls... 4.50@ 6.75 Calves... 7.00@ 9.50 Stockers and feeders... 4.00@ 7.50

Hogs—Prime light hogs... \$16.00@16.25 Prime heavy hogs... 16.20@16.35 Pigs... 13.75@16.25 Bulk... 16.00

Sheep—Western lambs... \$13.50@14.00 Valley lambs... 13.00@13.50 Yearlings... 12.00@12.50 Wethers... 11.75@12.25 Ewes... 8.00@10.00

IGNORANT NATION IS AT WAR

Recruit Says His Home Town in Arizona Also in Dark About World Affairs.

El Paso, Tex.—At least one American did not know there was a war in progress in which the United States is participating until he appeared at the local navy recruiting office to enlist. He is from Pinedale, Ariz., and gave his name as Hyrum Smith Hancock. He had been in Pinedale, a small mountain town, for five years, and said no one there knew there was a war in progress when he left. He was accepted for the navy.

TEN ACRES FOR ONE FAMILY

Montana Woman Says It Is Sufficient, and She Has Tried It Also.

Billings, Mont.—Ten acres is enough to support a family, according to Miss Mattie Johnson, who has tried it. She has divided her ten acres as