

FORT STEVENS BOYS ON WAY TO FRANCE

Coast Artillery Completes Voyage From Pacific to Atlantic Port.

An Atlantic Port, March 20.—The first great step of the war journey of the 65th artillery, composed largely of the men of the old Oregon coast artillery regiment, has been taken. The men are relaxing in this port after the more or less heavy strain of a protracted voyage on a transport. The next leg of the journey, that across the Atlantic to the place behind the sectors of the great war front will come in a few days—no one knows how many, and would not say if the information were at hand.

The men have seen much and are realizing the vastness of the world, the minuteness of each individual's part in its development and the vastness of the undertaking of the world war. Strange sights and strange countries and strange customs have been seen, but more than one has said:

"As I see the world and know its people, I am more than glad that I live in Oregon."

The trip through Oregon and California by rail was a delightful one for the men, recipients of hospitality and attention in every town through which they passed. Several days were spent in San Francisco loading the transport and examining the men for signs of contagious diseases that might break out during the voyage. Then one sunny afternoon, when the golden haze of California lay over the bay and mellowed the rockiness of Alcatraz and Mount Tamalpais, the great gray vessel slipped down to the sea, through the Golden Gate and out into the Pacific.

Pleasant Voyage on Pacific.
For days the expedition swung to the southward, realizing as it went how well Balboa wrought when he named this sea Pacific, for never a wind or wave or swell marred the even motion of the ship. Strange birds and fish came and went, and every day the rays fell straighter on the heads of the men. Underclothes went first, then blankets, and at last the men took to sleeping on deck, long rows of them lying on their blankets with never a cover over them.

So the voyage went on. In the Southern sky, just at the base of the Milky Way, the Southern Cross came out, and Kipling was quoted. Then Panama and tropical groves of palms and fruits, and great white locks and little sanitary cities that were the first step in building the big canal. It was a wonderful day, and the white locks shone in the tropical sunlight—with the gray ship sliding through. Pennies went over the side to the little girls and negroes by the side of the locks, and magazines and matches and tobacco came back.

Trip Through Canal Short.
It did not take long, that trip

across the isthmus, but it cut the journey short by many a thousand miles. Night saw the 65th in the Caribbean. It was rougher—not the "blue Caribbean" we had dreamed, but a lumpy, choppy sea, blue with an intensely untouched in Maxfield Parish's most flamboyant pictures, and there were more flying fish, but smaller, and much seaweed adrift.

North now turned the vessel's bow, and the Southern Cross and the mercury sank. Heavier clothing came out and few men slept on deck. Thus in the course of a few days we went from cold to hot and then to cold, for this morning the wind has a cruel bite and the papers are predicting zero.

Landing the other day, the men touched footing that did not heave for the first time in weeks. It was a famous town of the old South, and many and wide-eyed the men went up and down the ancient streets, remarking on the size of the negroes' feet, and the fact that all white women wore cameo brooches.

Now the first part of the big trip is done—and all are thankful, for living on a transport is at best—and we have had it at its best if the tales of the Philippines and Cuba are any criterion—is no bed of roses on a languid pleasure trip. We have seen strange lands and stranger sights and should be fully compensated, even if we have had to sleep on deck, and shave in cold salt water, and stand in line for mess and all the little things that cannot be helped where many men ride on one vessel. All this even if we were not going to war—the real purpose.

The men are, and will have further cause to be grateful to Oregon for what she has done, not only to the individual and in an abstract way, but to the regiment as a whole. Portland gave \$400 to the chaplain's fund and furnished Chaplain Mathews with a silken pulpit flag, as well as with hundreds of pounds of chocolate for distribution while crossing the water.

A strict censorship has been imposed and all mail that leaves the vessel must pass through the hands of the regimental censor. At the time of landing in these ports the strain on his blue pencil is particularly heavy because of the men who are writing home. Hundreds of letters are read each day, and details of "military information" extracted before the missives are sent upon their way.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy a Favorite for Colds

J. L. Easley, Macon, Ill., in speaking of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy says: "During the past fifteen years I have been my sister's favorite medicine for colds on the lungs. I myself have taken it a number of times when suffering with a cold and it always relieved me promptly."

NOTICE
Having received a commission in the Medical Reserve Corps of the U. S. Army, I desire all those indebted to me to make arrangement for settlement of their accounts on or before April 12th, 1918.

Sincerely,
W. H. POLLARD, M. D.

WHY WE ARE AT WAR WITH GERMANY

By EPHRAIM DOUGLASS ADAMS
Executive Head, History Department
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"The object of this war is to deliver the free peoples of the world from the menace and the actual power of a vast military establishment controlled by an irresponsible government, which, having secretly planned to dominate the world, proceeded to carry out the plan without regard either to the sacred obligations of treaty or the long-established practices and long-cherished principles of international action and honor. This power is not the German people. It is the ruthless master of the German people. It is our business to see to it that the history of the rest of the world is no longer left to its handling."
—President Wilson, August 27, 1917.

THE GERMANS AS A CHOSEN PEOPLE

The foundation cause of this war is Germany's firm belief that she alone has the right to direct the progress of the world and to exploit its resources. For the last thirty years the military autocracy of Germany has seen to it that this belief was taught in the schools, and today that autocracy is reaping the benefits of a blind obedience to its will. German political writing of recent years is full of the idea that the German people is "God's chosen people, destined to impose its 'Kultur' upon all other peoples."

"The German soul is the world's soul, God and Germany belong to one another." "Germany is the center of God's plans for the world." "We hope that a great mission will be allotted to us Germans . . . and this German mission is: to look after the world." "Germany is chosen, for her own good and that of other nations, to undertake their guidance. Providence has placed the appointed people, at the appointed moment, ready for the appointed task."

"The German people is always right, because it is the German people, and numbers 87,000,000 souls." "Kultur is best promoted when the strongest individual Kultur, that of a given nation, enlarges its field of activity at the expense of the other national Kulturs." "The attempt of Napoleon to graft the Kultur of Western Europe upon the empire of the Muscovite ended in failure. Today history has made us Germans the inheritors of the Napoleonic idea." "The further we carry our Kultur into the East, the more and the more profitable outlets shall we find for our wares. Economic profit is of course not the main motive of our Kultur-activity, but it is no unwelcome by-product." "Our belief is that the salvation of the whole Kultur of Europe depends upon the victory which German 'Militarism' is about to achieve."

These quotations are but a few of hundreds of like expression, and the last one cited is from a manifesto signed by thirty-five hundred German professors and lecturers. Reduced to simple terms, the German belief at the beginning of this war was: "God directs Germany. Civilization advances only by combats between Kulturs in which the stronger and God-directed one has the right to prevail and must prevail. The immediate and present object is to make our Kultur prevail in the East (in 'Muscovy'), and in accomplishing this we shall also gain economic advantages. This is the first step in our world domination."

Where does America stand in this theory of a "chosen people"? America denies that theory; she denies that God has chosen any one people as His own; she asserts rather that there are many civilizations, each with its own merits and defects, and that to each must be left the working out of its own problems.

We Americans are unable to understand, or sympathize with, a people who conceive of themselves as a chosen people, chosen of God—a people to whom all things and actions, however inhuman or brutal, are regarded as permissible, even holy, because of a faith in their superior mission and civilization. To us such a belief is direct evidence, not of a leading, but of a lagging civilization.

This German ideal, when expressed merely in theory, even though taught in Germany for the last thirty years, stirred but indifferent interest in other European nations. In this war Germany has revealed in the application of her theory a lust for world power at the expense of other peoples, a lack of good faith, a brutality that have stamped her theory as involving a return to barbarism.

By the application of German theory we were forced, unwillingly, to go to war. But today we know that there was no escape from a war between two contradictory ideals. Germany's economic objects are many and large (they will be pointed out), but the basic cause of this war was the German ideal of a dominant nation. That ideal, by Germany's own challenge, is on trial in arms. Against it we must prevail, or we shall perish.

This is the first of a series of ten articles by Professor Adams.

BANKS WILL OPEN 10 A. M.
Conforming to the generally adopted plan of all banks throughout the country, the banks of Springfield will open, on and after April 1st, at 10 a. m. and close for the day at 3 p. m.
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How to Make Oatmeal Bread

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1 1/2 cups corn meal	oats
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2 tablespoons sugar	No eggs

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FOOD WILL WIN THE WAR

ONE MUTE STORY OF THE WAR

Sunny Nieuport on the Yser, a Little City of 4,000, Among Others Wiped Out of Existence.

Nieuport lies upon the Yser, the tidal stream that stopped the German rush for Calais, writes William Townsend Porter in the Atlantic Monthly. That June before the world went mad, the peaceful town drowned in the sun—the pearly Belgian sun that painters love. The men went down to the sea in their fishing boats, or worked their fields; old women, their lace upon their knees, sat in a patch of shade before the door and piled their bobbins; children, with shrill sweet voices, darted about like birds; the creaking wain went to and fro piled high with the harvest.

Four thousand simple folk! Not one remains. Their houses, too, are gone. Their ancient church, their historic tower, are mounds of ruin. And still the hissing shells, hour by hour, day by day, tear down the crumbling walls, adding fresh ruin to a scene most desolate.

The people of the sun are gone. Another race inhabits there. They live in holes beneath the ground. They come not forth except to kill.

WHEN HE'S GONE.

I'll be awfully, awfully lonesome
When my sweetheart goes away.
He's going right straight to dear old France
To fight for the U. S. A.

He came last night with head up high
And with shoulders back so straight
Wearing his khaki uniform,
Gee, but we did sit up late.

He said that he was going away
To protect his home and me
From Germans who are mean and cruel
That live far across the sea.

I sat so still without a word,
And my mouth was so hot and dry,
A gush of tears—I tho't I'd choke,
I'll never forget that cry.

He slipped a strong arm about me,
And wiped my sad tears away,
Then murmured softly in my ear,
"I'll come back to you some day."

Then somehow before I could speak,
He was gone without a word,
A light step and click of a door
Was the last of him I heard.
HAPPY.

Organizer Speaks Here.

Rev. Martin of Portland, member of the American Sunday School Union, spoke Sunday morning to the classes of the Methodist Sunday School. He is working for organized Sunday Schools and organized classes, and was here looking for Sunday School missionaries to help this work. He will be here the first Sunday in July and will speak at the Methodist Church.

Mass Meeting.

Don't forget the big mass meeting on "Our Relations to the War and War Work" in the Methodist Church on Sunday evening, April 7th. The address will be by Prof. Gilbert of the university.

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