

FAMOUS VIMY RIDGE IS WON BY BRITISH

More Than 100 Big Guns and 11,000 Prisoners Taken.

CANADIANS CAPTURE HEIGHTS

Teutons in Danger of Losing Vast Industrial District Captured Long Ago—Battle Amidst Snow.

London—In the face of heavy snow storms and in places strong resistance by the Germans, the British have pushed their lines as far as Monchy-le-Preux, five miles east of Arras, and made further important gains on Vimy Ridge.

The official statement from British headquarters describing the operations now in progress on the Arras-Lens line reports the capture up to Tuesday evening of 11,000 prisoners, including 235 officers, more than 100 guns, including heavy guns up to eight inches, 60 trench mortars and 163 machine guns.

The Canadians, who had one of the hardest bits of the front to contend with, are now in complete occupation of the famous Vimy Ridge, even its eastern slopes having been cleared of the Germans. The Canadians have also repulsed German counter attacks.

These reactions by the Germans indicate the importance they attach to this position, whence the conquerors look down over the plain of Douai. With Vimy Ridge gone, the whole German line covering the French towns and industrial districts to the north becomes a wavering one and any leisurely retreat the Germans may have planned is made uncertain and precarious.

With the capture of the famous ridge the British made a considerable stride along the road to Douai, while the capture of the high ground northwest of St. Quentin tightens the chain which the Anglo-French forces are drawing around that town.

A German diversion southeast of Ypres, according to General Haig's report, met with no success.

The Germans destroyed great quantities of supplies at the last minute to prevent their capture.

The weather continues bitterly cold, with snow flurries, but the British forces are clad in sheepskins and are kept well fed.

The main feature of the battle thus far, on which attention has been focused, is the capture of Vimy Ridge. The immense value of this series of heights, which dominate the plain from an elevation of from 400 to 500 feet, has been recognized throughout the war and great sacrifices have been regarded as justifiable if they resulted in its possession.

Ways and Means Committee Agree on War Loan Bonds

Washington, D. C.—Democrats and Republicans of the house ways and means committee, at its organization meeting Tuesday, united in approval of the administration's war financial program calling for a \$5,000,000,000 bond issue, of which \$3,000,000,000 will be used as the basis of loans to the allies. Chairman Kitchin, with the authorization of the committee, will report the bill immediately and its passage this week in the house, he thinks, is assured.

Little delay is anticipated in the senate. Within two weeks the measure may be on the statute books.

To prevent any possible financial handicap to the military needs of the country through delay in raising the \$1,750,000,000 proposed as the amount to be obtained by taxation, the ways and means committee decided to embody in the bond issue authorization, authority to the Secretary of the Treasury to issue as needed \$2,000,000,000 in one-year treasury notes to anticipate the tax receipts which will result from the war revenue bill. The latter measure will be considered after the bond issue has been disposed of.

Indications are that considerable time will be required to draft the revenue bill and that both houses will debate it at length after its introduction, which may delay its passage.

Arms Smuggler Taken in Pacific

San Diego, Cal.—A munitions-carrying schooner, bound for a Mexican west coast port, was fired upon and captured by two United States torpedo-boat destroyers, it was learned here Wednesday night from authoritative sources.

Five shots were fired at the vessel when it attempted to escape, it is said, and the ship was then beached. Several thousand rounds of rifle and machine gun ammunition was taken aboard the destroyers and landed at Pacific Coast ports, according to report.

Naval Attack Expected

Kronstadt, via London—Kronstadt is feverishly preparing to repel an expected German naval attack when the Gulf of Finland is free of ice.

A correspondent of the Associated Press reached the famous island fastness by traveling over the vast ice waste which separates it from the mainland and found the garrison working night and day in anticipation of the long predicted assault.

Inland Empire Educational Association Meeting is Successful

"The session of the Inland Empire association held at Spokane last week was one of the most representative and important educational meetings ever held in the Northwest," said Mr. J. A. Churchill, superintendent of public instruction, who returned to his office Wednesday. "The four Northwestern states, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon, took part in this convention. Oregon was well represented and her school men received important recognition."

"Two movements of particular educational interest were organized at this meeting. Plans were made to have research and survey work undertaken by the association on questions affecting the educational interest of the four states. There was also organized the Northwest Association of High Schools and Higher Educational Institutions. Three Oregon men were elected as members of the committee to adopt standards for the high schools and colleges of the Northwest states, and to inspect and pass upon the qualifications of the schools seeking admission into this association. They are Mr. W. R. Rutherford, city superintendent of Eugene; Mr. George W. Hug, city superintendent of McMinnville, and Mr. E. P. Carleton, assistant state superintendent of schools. Mr. Linden McCullough, city superintendent of La Grande, was made second vice president and a member of the executive committee. J. H. Ackerman, president of the Oregon Normal school, was made a member of the council for the Inland Empire association, and Mr. O. M. Plummer, of Portland, was made chairman of the School Board department. On the program for the association from Oregon was Superintendent J. W. Todd, of Salem; Mrs. G. W. McMath, of Portland; Superintendent Hug, of McMinnville; Superintendent Rutherford, of Eugene; President J. H. Ackerman, of Monmouth; Miss Hallie C. Thomas and Miss Anna Johnson, of Portland; Mrs. M. L. Fulkerson, of Salem, and Prof. E. D. Kessler, of Corvallis.

Superintendent J. A. Churchill was made president of the association for the coming year. He was also chairman of the committee on resolutions for the meeting this year. When Mr. Churchill read the resolution relative to pledging the loyalty of the teachers and their schools to this country in this time of the present crisis, the entire assembly rose to their feet applauding and sang the Star Spangled Banner.

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Farmers Meeting War Demands

Olympia—Advising that the farmers of the state use all available ground for barley and oats and declaring that the wheat crop of the state for the coming season would be a record-breaker, P. J. Sweeney, recently appointed hay and grain inspector for the state, issued a formal statement.

"The farmers are complying with the request of the government and are planting their crops in a way that will, unless a failure in those crops occurs, assure the state of a bumper crop," said Mr. Sweeney.

NORTHWEST MARKET REPORT

Portland—Cattle—Steers, prime, \$9.35 @ 10.00; good, \$8.90 @ 9.25; medium, \$8.25 @ 8.75; cows, choice, \$8.00 @ 8.50; medium to good, \$7.00 @ 7.75; ordinary to fair, \$6.25 @ 6.75; heifers, \$6.50 @ 8.50; bulls, \$5.00 @ 7.25; calves, \$8.00 @ 10.00.

Hogs—Light and heavy packing, \$14.30 @ 14.65; rough heavies, \$13.00 @ 13.50; pigs and skips, \$12.75 @ 13.00; stock hogs, \$11.50 @ 12.75.

Sheep—Wethers, \$9.75 @ 12.00; ewes, \$9.00 @ 10.75; lambs, \$10.25 @ 13.50.

Wheat—Bluestem, \$1.83; fortyfold, \$1.78 1/2; club, \$1.78 1/2; red Russian, \$1.78.

Oats—No. 1 white feed, \$45.25.

Flour—No. 1 white feed, \$44.50.

Flour—Patents, \$9.40; straights, \$8.40 @ 8.80; valley, \$8.60; whole wheat, \$9.60; graham, \$9.40.

Millfeed—Spot prices: Bran, \$34 per ton; shorts, \$37 per ton; rolled barley, \$47 @ 48.

Corn—Whole, \$59 per ton; cracked, \$60.

Hay—Producers' prices: Timothy, Eastern Oregon, \$20 @ 22 per ton; alfalfa, \$17 @ 20; grain hay, \$13 @ 15.

Butter—Cubes, extras, 41c; prime firsts, 40c. Jobbing prices: Prints, extras, 44c; cartons, 1c extra; butterfat, No. 1, 44c; No. 2, 42c.

Eggs—Oregon ranch, current receipts, 29 1/2 @ 30c per dozen; Oregon ranch, selects, 31c.

Poultry—Hens, 21 @ 22c per pound; broilers, 30 @ 40c; turkeys, 20 @ 24c; ducks, 22 @ 23c; geese, 12 @ 14c.

Veal—Fancy, 14 @ 14 1/2c per pound.

Pork—Fancy, 18 @ 18 1/2c per pound.

Vegetables—Tomatoes, \$3.75 per crate; cabbage, 4 1/2 @ 6 1/2c per pound; eggplant, 25c; lettuce, \$2.75 @ 3.50 per box; cucumbers, \$1.25 @ 1.75 per dozen; celery, \$1 @ 1.25 per dozen, \$6 @ 7 per crate; cauliflower, \$2; peppers, 45 @ 50c per pound; rhubarb, 4 @ 5c; peas, 11 @ 12c; asparagus, 10 @ 17c; spinach, 8 1/2 @ 9c; sprouts, 12 1/2c.

Potatoes—Oregon buying prices, \$3 @ 3.25 per hundred.

Onions—Oregon jobbing prices: No. 1, \$12.50 per sack.

Green Fruits—Strawberries, \$3.75 per crate; apples, 85c @ 82.35 per box; cranberries, \$8 per barrel.

Hops—1916 crop, 4 @ 7c per pound; 1917 contracts, nominal.

Wool—Eastern Oregon, fine, 30 @ 35c per pound; coarse, 40c; valley, 40c; mohair, nominal, 60c.

Casaca Bark—Old and new, 6 1/2 @ 7c per pound.

STATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

The 44th convention of Oregon State Grange is to be held May 8 to 12, 1917 at Astoria. Prominent lecturers from all over the state will discuss farming and agricultural subjects.

While French draft horses were ruled out by the judges at the State Fair last year from participating in the percheron classes, the State Fair board has adopted a rule this year, allowing such horses to participate in the percheron class at coming fairs.

Attorney General Brown is in receipt of a copy of the act of congress of March 3, which makes it unlawful, on and after July 1 of this year, to transport into any dry state any intoxicating liquors except for scientific, sacramental, medicinal or mechanical purposes.

Contractor P. M. Tully, of North Bend, has been awarded the Standard Oil company construction, which involves the erection of a waterfront oil depot, office buildings and docks, half way between that city and Marshfield. The site was purchased from the Southern Oregon company. Several large tanks will be placed there.

The food preparedness campaign to be waged for the next two weeks by the O.-W. R. & N. company under the auspices of the Oregon Agricultural College extension service, begun at Hood River Monday afternoon, when lectures and demonstrations were given on poultry raising, vegetable growing, food preparation and home canning.

The huge 150-ton stack of flax which was stacked and roofed over last October by the Gaston Gardens company at Gaston, has come through the winter in good shape, according to the local manager. Stacking flax over winter is unusual in this country. This experiment has been watched with interest by the flax industry in Oregon.

Although the legislature adopted a resolution urging that the United States Geological Survey and the state engineer, in preparing topographic maps do the work as early as possible on certain quadrangles, the same legislature failed to make any appropriation for any topographic map work whatsoever, and consequently no attention will be paid to the resolution.

H. G. Rich, a mechanical and electrical engineer, of Marshfield, has invented what he believes to be an improved submarine net which he is offering to the United States government without price. Mr. Rich has also drawn and planned a submarine chaser which, he says, has great merit, and this is also being offered to the government gratis.

The first two weeks the rural credits amendment has been actually in operation show that 67 applications have been made for loans from that fund, and out of this number 44 have been approved. The loans asked for average about \$2000, although some run as high as \$5000 and others as low as \$300. Approximately \$90,000 worth of loans have been approved out of the \$140,000 worth applied for.

All Albany participated Monday night in a large and enthusiastic patriotic rally. At least 3500 persons crowded into the Albany armory, and many were unable to gain admittance.

The financial statement of the Industrial Accident Commission, issued Monday for the close of business on March 31, this year, shows a total balance with the state treasurer of \$992,931.99. Receipts from November 5, 1914, to March 31, 1917, totaled \$2,002,395.76, and disbursements \$262,477.58.

The personnel of the Industrial Accident commission will depend upon what action Governor Withycombe takes in the near future, a member of that commission announced Monday. Carle Abrams, chairman of the commission, is now in the active military service as lieutenant-colonel of the Third Oregon Infantry.

Secretary Olcott has given his final approval as to form on the referendum petition directed against the bill of the last legislature which reduces the terms of school directors from five to three years.

The Industrial Accident commission received reports of 277 accidents during the week between March 31 and April 5 inclusive. One of the accidents reported was fatal, the victim being Joseph Francis, of Baker, a railroad employe.

M. S. Woodcock, president of the First National Bank of Corvallis, has been appointed by Governor Withycombe as a member of the board of regents of the Oregon Agricultural College to succeed John T. Apperson, of Oregon City, who recently died.

Before another week has passed Sheridan will have sent more than 50 boys to the ranks of the army and navy. It seems quite probable that the total number will exceed 60. Thus far 35 of Sheridan's young men have enlisted, 24 going to the army and 15 to the navy.

"PEACE?" WE SHALL FIGHT UNTIL FRANCE IS SAFE!

Point of View of the French Poilu as Reported by E. Phillips Oppenheim, Writing From "Somewhere in France"—"It Is Belgium Who Shall Make Peace When It Comes; Who Has a Better Right?"

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

(In the New York World.)

Somewhere in France—It was a slow and tedious crawl in the long French train away from the battle-scarred country. There was nothing particular going on at the front, yet we seemed to be continually shunted for the passing of huge supply trains, moving eternally in the other direction. When the morning twilight rolled slowly away from the face of the country, leaving at first little clouds of white mist hovering over the freshly plowed fields, the sound of the guns was still in our ears. The face of the country, however, had changed. There were farmhouses to be seen, some of them intact and apparently prosperous, a chateau or two on the hillsides, old men and women and young girls at work in the fields.

We stopped at the station of some small town and stretched out our eager hands for the cups of hot coffee and the rolls and butter wheeled along the length of the platform. The warmth of the coffee was like a talisman. My two companions thawed, as I did, under its genial influence. Monsieur Poilu accepted a sip from my flask and a cigarette with a grateful little ejaculation. Madame, elderly, in deep mourning, a little shabby but wonderfully neat, beamed content upon us. The smoke did not incommodate her. As for the flask—ah, well, she took only coffee and a little wine and water herself, but nothing in the world was too good for the brave soldiers.

A German Peace.

Conversation blossomed out between the two and flourished. At first I barely listened. We were passing through a marshy district which reminded me of home, little pools of water, tall rushes moving in the morning breeze, sedgy places from which, at the sound of the shrill whistle of our locomotive, a flight of ducks rose hastily. Then I heard a word behind me which in these days inevitably stirs the blood. The word was "Peace." I turned away from the window and listened.

"But, my son, have patience," the old woman was saying. "I speak who may speak, for I have lost a husband and two sons. Yet I have others fighting, and it is of them I think. If indeed these Boches are weary of fighting, if indeed it is peace they offer, why should not one at least listen?"

The Poilu turned toward her. His haversack, with its queer collection of miscellaneous articles, was on the seat by his side. The mud of the trenches was thick upon his clothes. There was a week's beard bristling upon his chin. Yet his voice suddenly proclaimed him a man of some education.

"Madame," he demanded, "who are they to offer peace as a gift, they who deliberately brought this war upon the world? And what sort of a peace do you suppose is in their minds? You have read the boastful, arrogant words of their emperor's declaration? Is there anything there of the humility of the wrongdoer, of the man who wishes to restore what he has stolen, to repair the greatest wrongs which have ever stained the pages of history? Peace, indeed, mother! There is no peace in their hearts."

"It Shall Be a Belgian Peace."

Madame sighed. She felt herself no match for this man in whom her words had kindled a sudden eloquence. But in her heart there was the longing.

"They are brutes and savages, my son," she admitted, "and our people would do well never to clasp again in

WIFE OF A NEW SENATOR



Mrs. Frank B. Kellogg, wife of the new senator from Minnesota, has been for some years a familiar figure in Washington society. Her husband was the "trust buster" of the Roosevelt administration. Mrs. Kellogg was socially popular then, and has kept in touch with the capital ever since.

friendship the hand of one of them, but behold, I have two sons left. I have lost much and suffered much. Day by day I have seen the losses of those about me increasing. I am fifty-eight years old, and peace would give me back my two sons. There are so many like me."

"Madame," the soldier answered—and this time he seemed to include me in the argument—"peace will not give back to the many hundreds of thousands of French mothers the sons and husbands they have lost. Peace would only dishonor their memories, would bring the cruellest of all bitterness into their lives. Look you, they fought for their homes and their womankind, they fought for a sacred cause, they fought for others besides themselves. See how it is today with those others! Belgium! Can one speak of it! It is Belgium who shall make peace when it comes. Who has a better right? What will she ask for, I wonder? Fifty thousand German men and women to make slaves of them? The maidenhood of Germany to be debauched? No, they are not Boches. But strict justice would give them all that, and more."

Madame shook her head. She, too, was moved.

"One must forget," she muttered. "I had a niece myself at Lille—but one must not speak of those horrors. God alone can punish such crimes."

The Poilu rolled another cigarette victoriously.

"Monsieur," he said, glancing across at me, "I appeal to you. You are English, are you not?"

"I am English," I told him; "but with your permission I will be silent. Even our friends call us a somewhat obstinate nation. They say that we find difficulty in seeing any side of these great issues save our own. Let me hear you speak more of the peace."

The Poilu lit his cigarette. Madame leaned forward.

"There is the Trap."

"Listen," she intervened. "I have heard it said that the Boches now are willing to restore all Belgium, that they will give back the whole of their conquered territory."

"If we leave their military machine, their great engine of tyranny, autocracy, aggression and destruction, with all the power in it that made them begin the war," the Poilu interrupted vigorously. "Ah, madame, there is the trap. We trusted once to German treaties and German faith. See how they regarded them! Treaties! It was Germany who dismissed them with the immortal phrase, 'Mere scraps of paper!' Precauses! Listen, madame. Their own chancellor, he stood up in their parliament and he pleaded guilty to a great broken faith. Necessity, he declared, demanded it. And I tell you this, when necessity, which with them means German ambition, demands anything, then a German promise and a German treaty are worth just a snap of the fingers—no more. That is why I say—I and those others who have lived and fought through these desolate years—that with an unconquered Germany—there can be no peace."

One Who Had Thought Much.

"My son," the old lady declared, looking at him with interest, "you speak like one who has thought much."

The Poilu glanced down at his mud-stained clothes.

"I was an advocate's clerk before the war," he said grimly. "What I am now God only knows; but up there in the front it is not all fighting. There are long, lonely hours when the rain works, hours of solitude when one sees the truth."

Madame sighed.

"It is not often," she confessed, "that I read the journals. My eyesight is failing, and my daughter—well, we will not speak of her. I lost her. Therefore it is a new thing for me to talk to one like yourself. Remember now, if you please, that I speak only in the language of the village. They say—I have heard it said—that Germany hungers for peace; that therefore it is better for us to give peace now and so spare needless suffering."

A little cloud of smoke surrounded the soldier's head. His clinched fist struck the knapsack by his side. His eyes—hot and red they were with fatigue—flashed.

Forty Years of Preparation.

"They talk like cattle, madame," he declared vigorously. "Where are Germany's conquests? Belgium, with odds against her of ten to one in men and fifty to one in artillery! Montenegro, a mountain tribe! Serbia? Well, it took them eighteen months and cost them a good many army corps to drive the Serbians from their country, and the end of them is not yet! Roumania! Victims of a foolish campaign, if you will, but even then overpowered with the war machine which it has taken Germany thirty-five years to evolve. Where are her victories against France, or Russia, or England? Her victories, I say, when you come to consider that for forty years she was slowly preparing while we refused to believe. Man for man, gun for gun, we are the better race. England is the better race; Russia is the better race! Therefore I say to you, madame, wait! Germany's last hour of triumph has struck. England has gathered strength beyond all that was

GROCER'S SIGN OFFERS ORANGE FOR POTATO

Portland, Ore.—"We Will Trade You an Orange for a Potato."

This sign displayed in a Portland grocery store is attracting wide attention and the grocer has proved his keenness for grasping a peculiar trade condition. The merchant is really getting the best of the bargain, for the potato is worth more here than the citrus fruit from California.

expected. France stands firm and undismayed, ready to spring when the hour comes. And Russia—Russia has shown what she can do. Wait till the mountain snows have gone! Germany has scattered her men, sacrificed them on every battlefield, the pawns of the game. It is not forever she can do this. In the end it is the pawns who count.

The woman's eyes were filled with tears.

"Brave Talk, My Son."

"It is brave talk," she cried; "brave talk, my son. I shall speak to them in the village of you."

"Not of me, madame," he begged. "Look at me, I speak for what I represent. I am the common soldier of France. I am the man who bids good morning to Death, day by day, and will continue to do so until the end comes rather than leave our beloved land to face the dread of mutilation again."

There was no sound of guns here. The train clanked across the streets of an old country town and drew up at the platform. Madame laid down her basket and embraced the Poilu.

"Son of my country," she exclaimed, "the good God guard you!"

She kissed his cheeks and departed. The Poilu handed down her basket and waved his hand. He was once more gay.

"One is tempted, perhaps, to talk overmuch, monsieur," he ventured, turning to me.

"One can never say too much in the language you speak," I assured him. He accepted more of my cigarettes and our journey was resumed.

Presently he leaned out of the window and looked forward, shading his eyes with his hand.

"What Did M. le President Mean?"

"Soon," he announced, "I reach my home. For a week I shall rest. Monsieur is English?" he asked, turning suddenly toward me, "not American?" "I am English," I told him once more.

"America," he said thoughtfully, "is a great country. America has been the good friend of yourselves and of France. I would not say a word which might seem lacking in courtesy, and yet—there is this note which started this peace babble, the note which, they say, Monsieur le President wrote."

"It has been answered," I reminded him.

"It has been answered with great words," the Poilu assented, "and of that no more. But always this puzzles me—what did Monsieur le President mean when, in black and white, he set it down as an accepted thing that Germany, that our enemies, were fighting for the same cause as we, the cause of the smaller nations? Have they heard of Belgium over there, monsieur? Have they heard of the many thousands of slaves being dragged weekly from that country? Have they heard of Serbia and Montenegro? They were small countries, monsieur. Germany is very great, indeed, in her care for the small nations, but it is her way of caring, not ours. What did he mean, do you think, monsieur?"

I shook my head.

"The ways of diplomacy are not always so easy as they may seem," I replied. "Besides, there is much which remains behind all that is said in print."

"That is Why We Fight."

The man's attention had wandered. He was gazing ecstatically out of the window. He beckoned me to his side. About a little wood-crested slope a space had been cut. A white farmhouse stood there, and near by a few cottages, and a church with a quaint tower.

"My home," he pointed out with a little catch in his throat. "You see the hills yonder, monsieur? It was there that the Boches swung round. A few more miles and I might have been homeless, wifeless—and the children—"

He stooped and picked up his haversack. His eyes were curiously bright.

"You see," he concluded, "that is why we fight, that is why the word 'peace' today stinks in our nostrils. We shall fight until France is safe."

Feared Papa Would Worry.

New York.—Seventy-eight-year-old Patrick Hughes begged the judge to let him go home because he feared "Papa" might be worried.

His father is ninety-nine and works as a lather every day supporting the family.

Solves One Labor Problem.

New Brunswick, N. J.—Free rubbers and umbrellas for girl employes have solved the labor problem of a manufacturing concern here. The company is installing a special umbrella and overshoe department for employes.