

GERMANY AND ALLIES OFFER PEACE TERMS

Would Restore Conditions as They Were Before War With Two Exceptions.

Washington, Dec. 12.—The peace proposals of Germany and her allies to the entente powers are understood to propose the complete restoration of the occupied portions of Belgium and France in return for Germany's captured colonies, and to dispose of the Balkan situation, because of its extremely complicated nature, in the peace conference. Advances from Berlin to the German embassy indicate that Germany's peace terms, in general measure, propose the restoration of the status quo before the war with the exception of the establishment of independent kingdoms of Poland and Lithuania.

KAISER'S TERMS OF PEACE

Berlin, Dec. 12.—(By wireless to Sayville.)—Germany and her allies today proposed to enter forthwith into peace negotiations. The Austrian, Turkish and Bulgarian governments are making similar proposals. These proposals have also been transmitted to the vatican.

The following announcement was given out today by the semi-official Overseas News Agency:

"The chancellor this morning received, one after another, the representatives of the United States of America and Spain and Switzerland, that is, of the states protecting German interests in hostile foreign countries. The chancellor transmitted to them a note and asked them to bring it to the knowledge of the hostile governments. The note will be read today in the reichstag by the chancellor.

"In the note the four allied (central) powers propose to enter forthwith on peace negotiations. The propositions they bring for such negotiations are, according to their firm belief, appropriate for the establishment of a lasting peace.

"The governments at Vienna, Constantinople and Sofia transmitted identical notes and also communicated with the Holy see and all neutral powers."

CABINET TO REMAIN INTACT

Gregory is Only Exception—Vance McCormick Stated for War Job.

Washington, D. C.—Every member of President Wilson's cabinet, with the possible exception of Attorney General Gregory, expects to remain in office after March 4, when the President's second term begins. It was learned definitely Tuesday that all of them have been or will be asked to keep their posts.

Reports concerning possible resignations have centered chiefly around Secretaries McAdoo, Houston and Baker, and the Attorney General. It has been taken for granted that Postmaster Burleson and Secretaries Lansing, Daniels and Wilson will remain, and indefinite rumors that Secretary Redfield might wish to retire to private business life were denied some time ago.

Secretary McAdoo has personally denied that he had any intention of resigning. Regarding Mr. Houston, it became known that the officials of Washington University at St. Louis have extended his leave of absence as chancellor of that institution so that he can continue as head of the department of Agriculture.

Although Secretary Baker has been credited with a desire to leave the cabinet, it is learned that in all likelihood he will remain. It is understood, however, that there is a possibility that he may be shifted to the department of Justice if Mr. Gregory insists on resigning, and that Vance C. McCormack, chairman of the Democratic national committee, may be placed in charge of the War department.

In the Attorney General's reports of his intention to resign have been circumstantial and have been generally accepted as true by officials, although he has given no indication of his intentions.

The President has offered Mr. Gregory a seat on the Supreme court once and should another vacancy occur during the administration it is thought probable that he would be seriously considered again.

Restrict Meals in London.

London.—The board of trade, under the defense of the realm act, has issued an order that after December 18 no meal exceeding three courses be served 6 p. m. and 9:30 p. m. or two courses at any other time may be served in any hotel, restaurant or public place.

The announcement adds that it is proposed to issue an order at an early date forbidding both in public places and in private houses the consumption on certain days of meat, poultry and game.

Women Eject Officers.

Lincoln, Neb.—An attempt of Secretary Whitten, of the Commercial club, to prevent Anna M. Lowry, self-styled ex-man, from speaking in the city auditorium, resulted in a riot in which a constable and two policemen were roughly handled and thrown out of the building by the women. Thirty-five hundred women packed the auditorium when the officers entered and attempted to arrest the woman on a warrant sworn to by Whitten, alleging trespassing. After throwing out the officers the women proceeded with the meeting.

Motion for Peace Lost.

Rome.—A motion introduced by the Socialists in the chamber of deputies urging peace was defeated by a vote of 343 to 47.

Those who voted in the minority were mostly Socialists. Premier Bonelli asked for the rejection of the motion, not, he said, because he wished the Italian parliament to vote against peace, but against an initiative for peace while the country was pledged not to end the war without victory.

NEWS ITEMS Of General Interest About Oregon

Week of Hog School O. A. C. Feature for First of January

Corvallis, Ore.—The place of the hog in Oregon's farming industries is to be made the subject of a week's hog school to be conducted at the Agricultural College January 2 to 6. The work will be in the hands of some of the state's leading producers, buyers and packers, as well as college specialists, who will consider most of the leading problems implied in the successful production of pork.

B. C. Darnall, who has charge of marketing the livestock products of the Union Meat company of Portland, and A. R. Bohasky, in charge of selection and purchase of meat animals for the same company, will explain and demonstrate to the farmers and producers the technique of selecting and developing the most desirable and profitable market types. Thomas H. Brunk, the noted Salem Poland China breeder, and president of the Oregon Swine Growers association that will meet during the week, will give two demonstrations of judging breeding classes, and Mr. Bohasky will demonstrate judging market classes. Mr. Darnall will point out prevailing conditions of the provision market and show how to take advantage of them. Professors Potter and Nelson, of the college, will give a management demonstration, and Professor Samson will discuss fattening and feeding rations for hogs. Robert Withycombe, of the Eastern Oregon Branch Experiment station at Union, will present the advantages of forage and other home-grown feeds for hogs, including alfalfa, peas and bald barley. The growing of forage crops for swine will be discussed by Professor Hyslop, and Professor Potter will consider how many hogs Oregon can profitably produce.

A pork products exhibit will be held on the afternoon of Friday, the 5th, showing approved methods of handling all products and by-products in the interest of profit. A new feature of the exercise will be the assignment of certain hours during the entire week to consultation with producers on problems of greatest importance to them. Specialists in charge of this work will be Professor Potter, head of the department of animal husbandry, Professors Samson, Nelson and Allen, and some of the Oregon growers.

No activities other than those connected with the hog school will be carried this year by the department, leaving to some other time the special work with cattle, sheep and horses. But the work with swine will be made more complete than ever before, part of the exercises consisting of an inspection of the new and modern swine barns just completed and equipped for effective use.

Bend Sells Rail Bonds.

Bend—Bend is the first Central Oregon city to sell its bond issue for the aid of the Strahorn lines proposed to link up the ends of the several roads which now touch the boundaries of this section.

The Bend bond issue of \$35,000, voted almost unanimously by the people last August, was sold Saturday to Keeler Bros., of Denver, at par. Fred W. Glenn, of Portland, represented the purchasers at the sale. A Toledo, Ohio, firm also bid for the issue.

It is expected that the terminal property, which is intended to be bought with the proceeds of the bonds, will be acquired early in January, ready to turn over to Mr. Strahorn when desired.

Ruling Profits Nimrods.

Salem—Under a ruling from the attorney general's office trappers and hunters of Lake county will be given thousands of dollars. O. C. Gibbs, district attorney for that county, asked the attorney general to decide whether it is necessary to sever the head or scalp of coyotes in taking such scalps and skins before the county clerk to collect the scalp bounty. It was stated that such mutilation of coyote hides depreciated their value by about 50 cents apiece, which amounts into a large aggregate for all of the trappers and hunters during the course of the year. The opinion of the attorney general held that such mutilation is unnecessary.

Portland Banks Growing.

Salem—Great increases in the resources, deposits and cash of the 26 Portland banks and trust companies during the past year was issued Wednesday by S. G. Sergeant, State superintendent of banks.

The statement shows that the total resources of the 26 institutions of Portland on November 17, 1916, were \$110,141,535.80, an increase as compared with November 10, 1915, of \$21,231,429.16, and an increase of \$13,637,464.37 since the last statement of September 12, 1916.

Vetoed Bill to Come Up.

Salem—But one veto coming over from the last session is to be considered by the legislature, which convenes in January.

That veto is on a bill which was aimed to create a new judgeship in the Tenth judicial district, which is composed of Union and Wallowa counties. The veto message of the governor declared that the district could wait at least two years before obtaining an additional judge without serious detriment to its judicial administration.

Escaped Convict Resentenced.

Salem—Word was received at the State penitentiary Wednesday that Eddie Bell, who escaped from the flux camp here last August, has been sentenced to serve six years at San Quentin on a bigamy charge. He was serving a sentence on the same charge here.



UNDER FIRE

CHAPTER XXI—Continued.

That was the worst part of it all—the waiting. Heart-rending reports of happenings in many Belgian villages came to the British, for Courvoisier was only one of many hamlets that had tragically related. And the British were powerless to aid those stricken people.

Trench 27—the English trench which Streetman had indicated upon his map as being the keystone to the enemy's defense—lay in the first line of the British. All unconscious of any special designs that the Germans might have against their particular position, the Tommies stationed there proceeded to put things in shape for the general action that was bound to come. After completing their grim arrangements, there was little for them to do for the time being, except rest. And that they were glad enough to do, after their herculean exertions of those first days of the war. That there was worse ahead of them they did not doubt. But in the meantime there was no reason why they should not make themselves at home.

It was night—the second night following that fatal day when the Germans descended upon the Lion d'Or and robbed Jeanne Christophe of her father. In Trench 27 four soldiers were playing poker under the shelter of a bombproof hut that they had constructed by digging into a side of the ditch. Dirty, unshaven, begrimed, they were nevertheless enjoying to the full their well-earned repose. And the flickering light of the candle which stood upon their rude table revealed no fear upon the face of any of them.

At either end of the trench two men stood guard, while close at hand a workbench lay upon a makeshift bench, ready for instant use in case the watchers should detect any unusual and suspicious movements in front of them. Out there beneath the stars the first outpost of the enemy had already dug itself in. And in testimony of their alertness the Germans continually played a searchlight upon the British position. That prying shaft of light was never still. Now it swept the top of Trench 27, now flickered upon a tree close by, and then searched the intervening ground between the two lines in an effort to detect some venturesome observer.

To the four privates in the bombproof shelter there came a momentary interruption, in the shape of a lieutenant, who sauntered into their trench from the left. This youthful officer, whom they had already voted "a bit of all-right," observed them pleasantly.

"Hello, boys!" he said.

They sprang up and saluted, murmuring "Good evening, sir!"

"How's the game?" the lieutenant inquired.

"Henry, there, is winning all our cigarettes," one of the men said.

The young officer smiled. And then, drawing a pencil and a postcard from his pocket, he seated himself and proceeded to write a note to a young woman in London. For Guy Falconer had consistently kept his promise to write George every day.

The privates promptly resumed their poker game.

"I raise it one cigarette," one of them said. And again Guy smiled. He was glad that his boys were enjoying themselves.

So engrossed did Lieutenant Falconer become in his note to his lady love that he did not notice when his captives appeared. In the company of a civilian, Captain Montague paused and turned to his guest.

"Now, Mr. Brown," he said, "you're in the first line of the English trenches—Trench 27—and I may say you're the only American correspondent who has had this experience."

Charlie Brown looked about with undisguised interest.

"And I rather butted in," he remarked.

"Well, as long as you stumbled inside our lines, you might as well see something. If you give me your word not to write anything."

"That's a nice thing to say to a newspaper man," Charlie retorted.

"But I have your word?"

"I s'pose so." It cost Mr. Brown some effort to promise that. He saw the makings of a bully scoop before him. And he hated to forego such a wonderful opportunity.

"The closer you are to the front, the less you know of what's happening," Captain Montague resumed, "except on your own very small square of a very large checkerboard. . . . But, technically, you are under fire."

"Am I?" Mr. Brown was surprised at that. "Somehow, I don't feel any different," he said.

"You would if you stuck your head over that trench and they happened to see it," the captain told him grimly.

"Well—believe me, I'm not going to," said Charlie. "Aren't they unusually quiet tonight?"

"Yes, rather! But always before the evening's over they give us a bit of fireworks and go for some of our men with a lucky shrapnel or two. You see they try to get our range in the daytime, and then at night they shoot at the same range."

Charlie Brown and his escort had not talked long before Guy Falconer came out of his abstraction. He raised his head all at once and looked inquiringly at the civilian. Then he jumped up and approached Charlie with outstretched hand.

"I thought I recognized that voice!" he exclaimed. "Do you remember me, Charlie Brown?"

"Hello, Guy!" the delighted American cried. "So you did come over to the front, after all! Didn't I say you would?"

"Yes! I came over with the first batch—brided the recruiting sergeant! And here I am! . . . But what are you doing at the front?"

Charlie explained how he had fallen into the hands of the Germans, how they had set him free and started him toward Brussels. But his rebellious nature had revolted; and having hidden by day and traveled by night, he had made straight for the place where he understood the British to be entrenched.

Mr. Brown had scarcely finished his brief recital when there followed an ominous whistle, which seemed to come from over his head. Off in the distance there was a flash and an explosion.

"What's that?" the American asked.

"Oh, just one of our shells traveling somewhere to our friends, the enemy," the captain informed him.

"That will probably start their evening song," Guy remarked.

"They needn't hurry on my account," Charlie said.

For a few minutes they stood there, discussing the war.

"What's it for?" the newspaper man asked. "There's no individual hatred—no great, soul-stirring emotional crisis behind it all."

"But England was forced into it," Captain Montague interposed.

"And I dare say France and Russia and Austria all feel they were forced into it, too," Charlie replied. "That's the whole trouble. Each nation believes honestly that it's in the right, and in some way I suppose each of them is. . . . I don't know—I'm not a big enough man to attempt to say. . . . And what good is it all?"

"It is that military shall cease—that never again can there be another war like this," the English captain told him.

privates caught the limp figure just before it struck the ground, and they laid him tenderly upon the dirt floor of Trench 27.

"They've got him. . . . He's not dead, though." . . . Captain Montague knelt beside the lad and bent over him. And a corporal with some knowledge of first-aid procedure attempted to stop Guy's bleeding. He was seriously wounded—that much was clear. And he was unconscious.

"Beastly dull!"—so Guy had been writing George Wagstaff. "Awfully hot—not too exciting. Haven't seen a German or any decent folk. But that doesn't matter. Tell mother I'm being careful."

"Poor kid!" Charlie Brown exclaimed. It was a grim business—war!

"Sad—very sad!" the captain agreed. "But perhaps he'll pull through; and if he doesn't—well! forgive me, Mr. Brown, if I seem heartless—but remember! this is new to you and he's only one, and I've seen so many!"

Captain Montague noticed that the American correspondent was white and somewhat unsteady.

"I feel a bit shaken. Do you mind if I go back now?" Charlie asked.

"Certainly not!"

"If I come across the surgeon or any of the Red Cross, you don't mind if I send them back, do you?" Charlie wanted to do what he could to help his friend.

The captain readily gave his assent. "I'm through with war," Charlie Brown said as he shook hands with Montague. "I'm off to London. I'll see his mother there, and that kid girl of his—and then go to New York, where there's no war, thank God! And you know, Cap, when I'm home, sitting at my desk, looking down over Broadway where war only means some more headlines on the front page about some unpronounceable places, and you turn over the paper to see how stocks closed, or who won the game—when I'm back there and the war stuff comes over the wire, I'll be thinking of you fellows over here under fire, and I'll be wishing you luck, old man, the best of luck!"

The captain thanked him; and they said good-by.

Charlie lingered for one last look at the wounded Guy.

"I hope you pull through, old boy!" he said; he knew, though, that Guy could not hear him. "Do what you can for him, won't you?" he asked the captain. "I know his mother. . . . This whole business is hell, isn't it?"

CHAPTER XXII.

A Meeting in the Trenches.

Charlie Brown had gone, and Captain Montague had ordered his men to place Guy upon a heap of straw, where he must lie until the doctor came. In Trench 27 an atmosphere of sadness had succeeded the air of light-hearted carelessness that Charlie Brown had found when he arrived there. The candle still flickered upon the table round which the poker players had lately sat. But all thought of that frivolous game had vanished from their minds. It was not that they had not already seen many of their men shot down. But Guy Falconer had quickly endeared himself to all—officers and enlisted men alike. And now that he had received his billet, in the German bullet, there was not one soul in Trench 27 that was not both sobered and sad.

But they had little time to bestow upon a contemplation of war's horrors. Five minutes had scarcely elapsed after Charlie Brown's departure when a sergeant appeared, holding a prisoner by the arm.

It was Streetman—that prisoner. And he was far from presenting the jaunty figure that usually distinguished him. His clothing—civilian clothing—was badly torn, his face was scratched and dirty, and his right arm was in a sling. The man's hat was gone, too.

The sergeant reported to his captain that while on patrol duty he had caught the fellow skulking around.

"He came from the German lines," he said.

Captain Montague held the candle to Streetman's face.

"And in civilian's clothes! A spy, eh?" he exclaimed.

"No, no, captain! An Englishman—a loyal Englishman!" Streetman protested.

They searched him; but found nothing of importance.

"He's got some kind of cock-and-bull story about being wounded and then—" the sergeant started to say, when Streetman interrupted him.

"Never mind that! I tell you I've information that's vital to England," he insisted.

But the captain was still suspicious of him.

"My name's Lee—Walter Lee," Streetman asserted, "formerly of the British army. I've been in business in Belgium—the automobile business. My papers there will prove what I say. The Germans took my factory—kept me prisoner all night in the cellar. That's when I learned their plans from some major—Major von Brenig and a Captain Karl. I could listen to them talking—there were holes in the floor from that shell fire. I realized what it would mean to England if I could bring word to the British army of this secret plan of the Germans. During the night I managed to escape through the cellar window. They followed me, and I got one of their bayonets in the shoulder. They left me for dead; but it was only a flesh wound. And for the last twenty hours I've been seeking the British position somewhere near Trench 27—for that's the vital spot—when your sergeant caught me."

"Trench 27, eh?" the captain asked.

"Yes!" Streetman answered eagerly. "Is it near here?"

"Remember, sir, you are not questioning me," Captain Montague replied. "So you won't believe me? Well, you've looked at my papers. Don't they convince you?"

"Papers are easily forged," Montague told him. Still, he was somewhat impressed by the other's gib tale, and he allowed the captive to proceed with his story.

"The Germans are to attack tonight in force at your Trench 27, in the hope of cutting through the British lines," Streetman continued. "Your only chance is to bring up every possible man to protect that trench. Otherwise we'll be beaten. You see what it

means. . . . Ah! There's your field telephone! . . . Let me communicate with headquarters! They'll understand!" He started for the telephone.

But Captain Montague sprang in front of him.

"Keep away from that instrument!" he commanded. And, turning to the sergeant, he ordered him to take the prisoner to headquarters. "You can explain to them," he informed Streetman.

"By then it may be too late," the fellow replied. "Their attack was to be at midnight."

"Indeed!" the English officer exclaimed dryly. "It's past midnight now." And straightway he became more doubtful than ever of the stranger's story.

"Then they're likely to charge any minute," the spy declared with well-simulated alarm. "I've got to telephone. It's for England! I beg of you to believe me! Let me inform headquarters—let them decide! Do you dare take the responsibility?"

One of the privates on guard suddenly called out.

"Somebody crawl in out there, captain! Looks like a man!"

The sergeant faced to the front, with gun ready for action.

"He's comin' this way!" another soldier cried.

Streetman saw another chance for his plan to succeed, and he quickly seized it.

"You see, captain, it's the start of their attack!" he said excitedly. "For



"An Englishman—a loyal Englishman!" Streetman protested.

God's sake let me telephone!" he begged.

At last Captain Montague was convinced.

"Quickly then—telephone!" he said. And while Streetman sprang to the instrument, the British officer ordered his men to their stations. "Keep your eyes open—and give 'em the best we've got!" he urged them.

Meanwhile, out there in the moonlight between the two lines of trenches, that dark figure crawled nearer. Rifle fire crackled out from the German watchers, and the skulker broke into a stumbling run.

"They're tryin' to pot him from the other side!" one of the Britishers cried.

"Another trick to fool us!" Captain Montague observed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WHERE THE SEARCH CEASES

Demand for the First-Rate Man, So Marked in Commerce and Industry, Not Extended to Politics.

In recent years our periodical literature has devoted much space to discussions of problems of efficiency, writes Meredith Nicholson in the Atlantic. We have heard repeatedly of the demand, not for two-thousand-dollar men, but for ten and twenty and fifty-thousand-dollar men in the great industries. The efficiency engineer has sprung into being; in my own city several hundred employees of an automobile company are organized into a class of which a professor of psychology is the leader, the purpose being the promotion of individual and corporate efficiency. The first-rate man is in demand, as a buyer, a salesman, a foreman, a manager. One of the largest corporations in America pays its employees bonuses apportioned on a basis of their value as displayed from month to month. The minutest economies are a matter of daily study in every manufacturing and commercial house; the hunt for the first-rate man is unceasing. Executive ability, a special genius for buying and selling, need never go unrecognized. Recently a New York bank spent months searching for a bondseller, and finally chose an obscure young man from a western town who fell by chance under the eye of a 'scout' sent out to look for talent. But this eager search for the first-rate man, so marked in commerce and industry, only rarely touches our politics. It is only in politics that the second-rate man finds the broadest field for the exercise of his talents.

Quakers Once Warlike.

Conscientious objectors in the past have sometimes modified their anti-war views to meet the circumstances of the times—as, for example, in Pennsylvania, in the middle of the eighteenth century, says "The London Chronicle." Here a long line of cannon defended the old Quaker capital against French and Spanish Privateers on the principle that a "defensive war" was justifiable. "The Pennsylvania Assembly," says Lecky, "in which the Quakers predominated, repeatedly voted military aids to the Crown during the French wars, disavowing their act by voting the money only for the king's use, and on one occasion for the purchase of bread, flour, wheat or other grain." The latter being understood to be gunpow-