

FRENCH REPORT SHOWS GAINS BY ALLIED FORCES

PARIS, March 16.—The events of yesterday on the France-Belgian front are described in a statement from the war office this afternoon. The Belgian army has consolidated its gains of the last few days. The British army, after having retaken St. Eloi, has also recaptured trenches to the southeast of the village and compelled the enemy to evacuate trenches to the southeast of the same point, which have been completely demolished by the artillery.

"In Champagne fresh progress has been made to the south of Soissons. In the forest of Le Pretre we have recaptured from the Germans the remainder of the trenches won by them yesterday morning; or, to be precise the slit of these trenches for defensive work has been completely shattered by mine explosions.

"On the southern slope of great Reich Askerkopf, an attack by the enemy yesterday carried the trench. We have retaken it and made some."

PRIDE OF NAVY, WORLD'S LARGEST WARSHIP LAUNCHED

NEWPORT NEWS, March 16.—The new dreadnaught Pennsylvania was successfully launched here this morning shortly after 10 o'clock.

The largest engine of naval warfare in the world slid down the ways while a prayer was uttered that she might be a messenger of peace rather than a weapon of destruction.

Christened by Miss Elizabeth Kolb of Germantown Pa., as Secretary Daniels gave a signal, the monster hull slid into the James River and the swell tossed the German converted cruiser Prinz Eitel Friedrich less than a hundred yards away.

The Commodore Thierichens, commander of the sea raider, sat in full uniform with the official party on the platform and mingled with American naval officers throughout the ceremonies.

A gray haired woman approached the German commander as he stood under the towering bow of the Pennsylvania and grasped his hand. She was Mrs. M. F. Thomas, of Deacon, N. Y., a member of the Society of Friends.

A TALE OF THE AFRICAN VELDT

Grotesque Experiences in Transvaal "Rain Forest"

Told by Arch Gerhardt
To Jack Jangmeyer.

We were in the gloomy "rain forests" near Victoria Falls, in northern Rhodesia—a weird jungle singularly free of animal and bird life and constantly dripping with the condensed mist sweeping in from the falls near by. There is something inexplicably eerie about it.

I headed a geological survey party, a motley group of whites and native carriers. A turbulent stream had claimed the life of the carrier who packed our razors, and our beads hung long. Languidly in appearance and weighted down by some inexplicable foreboding, we hurried through the forest with increased precautions.

On every side the gigantic lianas, vines as thick as a man's leg, drooped from the mahogany trees, their origin lost in the cathedral dimness of the jungle room. Monkeys would have revelled in those living cables extending from the ground to the tree tops. But the monkeys, we soon found, had abandoned this strip of jungle.

Time after time, as we marched along, spread out in fan shape according to the fast rule I had laid down, that overpowering sense of impending peril—the feeling of some malign presence—lifted the hair on my neck.

Then I'd forget it—thinking about a pretty girl back in Johannesburg.

Suddenly two shots rang out in quick succession off toward my left.

Knocking the Hyphen Out of American Citizenship

By Hegbert Quick

Court is in session. The docket has been called. Some influential person comes forward with two or three rather nervous-looking men in tow. Evidently they are foreigners, and equally evident the judge recognizes the type.

Each foreigner is asked some questions as to his qualifications for citizenship. He is asked if he is well disposed toward the institutions of this country, and he declares that he is. His friends swear that they believe that he will make a good citizen.

Then the foreigner is made to hold up his right hand in token of his appeal to God, and the workman from Marseilles, the first to be admitted to citizenship, takes the following oath:

"I do solemnly swear that I will support the constitution of the United States and of this state, and that I do absolutely and entirely renounce and adjure all allegiance and fidelity to every foreign prince, potentate, state or sovereignty, and particularly to the republic of France, of which I was formerly a citizen."

This man is now no longer a foreigner. He is an American.

A Russian Jew comes next. He renounces all allegiance and fidelity to foreign states, particularly to the czar.

Then comes a German. He renounces all "allegiance" and "fidelity" to all foreign powers and states, and particularly he renounces them so far as the kaiser is concerned.

Every naturalized foreigner in the United States has taken such an

oath. If there is any country whose immigrants into this country cannot or will not take this oath, they cannot become citizens. If they take this oath and still maintain fidelity or allegiance to any foreign prince, power, potentate, state or sovereignty, they are perjurers.

The people of this country have welcomed to its citizenship millions of immigrants. They have required this oath for the purpose of endeavoring to make sure that the man taking it has converted himself into a real American before becoming a citizen. It is a solemn oath. It means much.

The splendid citizenship of our immigrants proves that most of them live up to the oath.

The idea of the oath is to knock the hyphen out of citizenship. The man who is a British-American, or a French-American, or a Japanese-American, or a German-American, or a Bulgarian-American, should cure himself of it. The hyphen is a bad symptom. It indicates appendicitis of the citizenship. It requires an operation.

This nation which has admitted the naturalized citizen does not care for the hyphenated sort of Americanism. It demands of its citizens pure and simple Americanism.

The naturalized citizen ought to be a better American than the average of us who were born here, for he has chosen his citizenship, while we had ours forced upon us by the fact of birth.

There are some temptations just now toward appendicitis of the citizenship, as indicated by the hyphen. Cut it out, fellow-Americans. Cut it out!

MARY BOYLE O'REILLY IN NORSELAND---FINDS "FORGOTTEN CITY" NOW PORT OF HALF OF EUROPE

ON HER WAY TO THE "NEW RUSSIA" SHE VISITS SCANDINAVIA AND DESCRIBES BERGEN, NOW ONLY EUROPEAN PORT FOR WHOLE RUSSIAN EMPIRE OF 180,000,000 PEOPLE

Mary Boyle O'Reilly, the brilliant daughter of John Boyle O'Reilly, famous Irish patriot and poet, who is on her way to Russia to write a series of articles on that country for the Mail Tribune, stopped over in Norway. This story on the unique city of Bergen is the first of her series, several of which will deal with the Scandinavian countries.—Editor.)

ON LAND THAT IS MOSTLY ROCK NORWEGIANS RAISE CROPS

The sturdy farmers of Norway, on land that is mostly bare rock, manage to raise more grain, hay and potatoes to the acre than most American farmers. They do it by scientific farming and lots of hard work.

Their average yield of wheat is 25½ bushels per acre, while here in America we only raise on an average of 15 bushels to the acre. They also raise 23,000,000 bushels of potatoes a year. This is in a country about the size of New Mexico.

Theirs is the "Land of the Midnight Sun," for nearly a third of the country is north of the line of winter daylight, and in the zone of the summer days whose sun never sets.

Even in Christiania, the capital, which is in the south, there are but six hours of daylight in the middle of winter and in mid-summer there is almost no night.

(By Mary Boyle O'Reilly.)

Staff Correspondence (by mail).

BERGEN, Norway, Feb. 23.—From the snowbound inn parlor in which I was trying to melt away the chill of a North sea passage I watched the burgomaster of Bergen stride down the new paved Strandgaden of his 1000-year-old town.

Three of my fellow guests marched at his heels. They were Andrew McDowell, leather dealer from Liverpool, Abraham Rasmussen, a New York commission merchant, and Abdul Mohammed, shipper of Egyptian maize. And as the quartet advanced solemn citizens of Bergen looked at each other and smiled.

Bergen in Norway is a small city on the North sea, where nothing ever happened. Gottenburg grew, Christiania attained capitalistic size, but Bergen remained—just Bergen.

The Town of Bergen

An absent-minded world forgot the little town buried in a crater of the bleak gray hills. Fish from Bergen was sold at Billingsgate, else the very name had sunk from popular speech.

"Wait," admonished the burgomaster, "just wait. Some day Bergen will come to its own. Nor shall it be found wanting."

This burgomaster of Bergen held office from year to year, and from year to year accumulated funds from his civic economies slowly to develop the port of which he dreamed. Toil-some, cobbled streets became smooth with macadam, are lights supplanted oil, docks grew longer and wider, and the burghers approved.

"Suppose you vote another kroner (26 cents) to the tax levy," suggested the burgomaster.

Feeling more prosperous, they consented to pay.

"We are not big, but we can be busy," said the burgomaster, "and being busy makes one contented. Since we cannot go into the world, the world must come to us. Let Bergen remain wholesome, inexpensive, old-fashioned. Strangers seek quaintness."

Studying Languages

For years which have left no record tourists came and went in Bergen—bringing new ideas, leaving welcome kroner. Parents, no longer hopeless prisoners of poverty, began to dream dreams for their children.

Then someone suggested that Bergen children study modern languages. "Let them study in connection with commercial courses," urged the burgomaster.

"Two hundred commercial course students in Bergen! Absurd!" commented the critics. But the money

AN OVERBURDENED WIFE

If the work that women do and the pains they suffer could be measured in figures, what a terrible array they would present! Through girlhood, wifehood and motherhood woman toils on often suffering with backache, pains in side, headaches and nervousness which are tell-tale symptoms of organic derangements which Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—made from roots and herbs—can undoubtedly correct. Women who suffer should not give up hope until they have given it a trial.

needed was forthcoming and, before the moon dipped from Sogne fjord to Hardanger all the little townships were bent over new lesson books.

"Why not," insisted the burgomaster, "forehanded is farsighted. Summer travelers come where they feel at home. Who knows but our Bergen may yet be a winter port for all the world?"

Then, without much explanation, he asked for another kroner on the tax levy. The thrifty Norwegians paid it in ways beyond their insight, day dreams had become real. They no longer felt troubled because dredging plans lay in the burgomaster's safe, beside a surprisingly complete scheme for better railroad facilities. What harm if Bergen was prepared to begin dredging and track building tomorrow? Plans are not so costly. Christiania and Gottenburg might quibble about trifles; Bergen could afford to pay.

Europe at War

Thousands of frightened travelers fled to Bergen—and safety. From his official residence in Christiania the self-forgetting American minister hurried to the rescue. What his excellency said to the burghers of Bergen their children's children probably will repeat. Inns, homes, town institutions opened hospitable doors to homeless strangers. "Welcome, for we have dear ones, alone, but not friendless in your America."

NORWEGIAN WOMEN DO MAN'S WORK ON FARM



Strong and hearty from outdoor life, country women in Norway labor in the fields in the haying season, milk goats and cows and tend the barnyard fowls on farms perched high in the mountains.

For a month the forethoughtful little town hummed with the arrival of strangers.

Then the burgomaster suddenly demanded that three kroner (78 cents) be added to the taxes! The startled burghers assembled for discussion.

"Why must so much be spent?"

"Because we should begin dredging and switchbuilding tomorrow."

Becomes Important Port

Before them a bi-map of northern Europe lay unrolled. "Look you," urged the burgomaster as one who pleads a case already won. "Note that half Europe and half Asia is Russia. One hundred million Russians need food, gold, munitions of war. Yet today Russia is cut off from the world. The Dardanelles are blocked, German and Austrian frontiers deadlocked, the Baltic frozen. Neighbors, there remains only the North sea—and Bergen."

And then they saw.

The oldest burgher of them all

logged out his bulky wallet with an air.

"Man," he said, "I did you wrong. It is we that were the day dreamers. Begin what work you will on the morrow. Now that Bergen is to be the port of all the world, it shall never be said we denied our burgomaster three kroner."

And that is why the burgomaster of Bergen walks the new paved Strandgaden of his 1000-year-old town with Andrew McDowell, leather dealer from Liverpool; Abraham Rasmussen, the New York commission merchant, and Abdul Mohammed, shipper of Egyptian maize, all humbly to heel.

NEW YORK, March 16.—Columbia university has definitely decided against sending a crew to the Panama Pacific exposition at San Francisco. An invitation to compete in the exposition races was received, but the expenses, estimated at \$50,000, was considered prohibitive.

SMYRNA REFUSES TO SURRENDER ON DEMAND OF ALLIES

WASHINGTON, March 16.—The part played by American diplomatic and consular representatives in the negotiations looking to the surrender of Smyrna in Asiatic Turkey, which failed is told in dispatches just received by the state department from the American legation at Athens, Greece. The messages date Sunday stated that the bombardment of Smyrna by the French fleet had continued fiercely from March 5 to March 9th when the American legation was advised by wireless that Admiral Pierce had a communication to deliver to the Ottoman authorities at Smyrna and asked that it be transmitted through the American consular general here. Consul General Horton went to Vourlah, near Smyrna, and boarded the British flagship Eurymachus. He received a statement addressed to the governor general saying that if the dismantling of all the fortifications, no further effort would be made to land the place continue under Turkish control. Money for the relief of war sufferers was also promised.

Consul General Horton reported that the Turkish governor general's was a flat refusal whereupon the bombardment was continued on the 11th.

Climate Failed; Medicine Effective

Sufferers from tuberculosis often think that medicine will not help them. Fresh air, regular habits and good food aid in restoring health, but more is often needed. Many have been restored to health by Eckman's Alternative. Read the following testimonial.

"Gentlemen—Through your instrumentality I have been saved from a premature grave. On December 14, 1904, I was taken with Typhoid Pneumonia, which developed into Tuberculosis (tubercle) were found. In February, 1905, I went to Fort Worth, Texas, and later to Canon City, Colorado. After being there two weeks my physician informed me that my case was hopeless. Three weeks later I returned home, weighing 103 pounds, the doctor having given me an assurance of reaching there alive. On July 14, 1905, I began taking Eckman's wonderful remedy for Lung Trouble. Now I am stout and well and can do any kind of work about my grain elevator." (Abbreviated.)

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