

## PEOPLE ASKED FOR FLOUR DONATIONS

Freewill Offering of Excess Stocks Is Requested.

### MEN OVERSEAS NEED GRAIN

Plan Devised to Save Transportation and Time—Local Donations to Be Resold Locally But Release Equal Amount at Atlantic Seaboard For Immediate Shipment to Allies and Troops.

Opportunity is now offered, through Federal Food Administrator W. B. Ayer, for Oregon families and manufacturing firms using wheat flour, to make a voluntary personal sacrifice for the benefit of Uncle Sam's boys in the Army and Navy. Mr. Ayer has announced that any family, public eating place, or factory using wheat flour, such as bakeries and cracker factories, now has the privilege of directly contributing to the flour bins of the Army and Navy by turning back to the government, at the market price, such portion of their wheat flour allowance as they will patriotically refrain from consuming themselves.

Such gifts of wheat flour, while not going directly to France for the boys overseas, will be turned into the government commissary at the nearest point, and will release an equal quantity of wheat flour on the Atlantic seaboard for immediate shipment "over there." Under this novel plan when a patriotic Oregon family goes on a wheatless diet for a week or a month, or longer period, the wheat flour they save and turn back to the government actually represents an equivalent of wheat flour three thousand miles away, which immediately starts to move forward to the fighting forces. This arrangement has been made in order to save transportation across the continent.

"I am hoping for a splendid wheat-saving record in Oregon," said Mr. Ayer the other day. "For I believe when Oregon families and public eating places in the state know that the flour they save will go direct to the boys of the Army and Navy they will not hesitate to respond in the usual patriotic Oregon way. I had a telegram from Mr. Hoover today in which he asked me for an estimate on what I thought Oregon could be relied upon to save under the new plan. I wished to be conservative, and I replied that my estimate would be 30 to 35 per cent of the normal wheat flour consumption. This is a much lower estimate than other states had made, and I realize that it will probably be unsatisfactory at Washington. I am hoping that the people of the state will exceed this estimate by a generous margin. The county administrators have in hand the full details of the plan for saving wheat in this way for the needs of our fighting men, and any one wishing to personally contribute wheat flour should get in touch at once with the Food Administrator of the county in which he or she lives."

The wheat-saving plan announced by Mr. Ayer is a national one, and it is now operative in all the states. The states of Washington, Idaho and Oregon are now co-operating in an effort to make a big wheat-saving record for the Northwest. Federal Food Administrators R. F. Bicknell of Idaho and Charles Hebbard of Washington join with Federal Food Administrator W. B. Ayer for Oregon in the following announcement, which gives in detail the plan of handling the returned wheat:

"Mr. Hoover has wired all Federal Food Administrators that the excess stocks of flour held by public eating places, bakers, dealers and consumers may be voluntarily surrendered for the use of the Army and Navy and the Allies. This action has been prompted by the many voluntary offerings from different parts of the country.

"The practical method of handling such returned flour will be through the local merchant, who is hereby requested to receive all such flour and pay the holding consumer the actual cost of same, and then re-distribute it without any additional charge to the ultimate consumer. Where merchants accumulate more than their thirty days' supply and all hotels, bakers, etc., that have an excess amount that cannot be disposed of locally, they should immediately communicate with Mr. M. H. Houser, Grain Commissioner of the Food Administration, Board of Trade Building, Portland, and he will arrange for the transportation to the seaboard. All flour returned to the merchant that is resold to the consumer should be reported to Mr. Houser, in order that an equal amount may be released for shipment to the Allies.

"The whole object of the above arrangement is to provide a channel through which all excess quantities of flour may reach the Army and Navy or the Allied armies as a voluntary offering of the people of this country."

If you have a food conservation plan or recipe pass it on to your neighbors and your friends—be "in the service."



## USE POTATOES INSTEAD OF BREAD

Bread Must Be Saved—Potatoes Contain the Same Nutrient.

How many potatoes are you eating? This is a question the Food Administration wants every loyal American to ask himself or herself. Strange as it may seem, the eating of potatoes at this time is a practical war service, according to a recent Food Administration bulletin, which points out that this nation now has a large potato surplus on hand and that this valuable food, unless eaten within the next two months, will be lost through sprouting and rotting. By eating of potatoes liberally, every family can save a substantial amount of other food, particularly of wheat. By eating up the surplus of potatoes the nation will also prevent serious loss to the potato producer, who needs to be encouraged to grow maximum crops during the coming year.

"Domestic science experts have figured that: One ordinary baked potato equals in nourishment one thick slice of wheat bread.

"Potatoes at one and one-half to two cents a pound have more food value than bread at ten cents a loaf. "Potatoes are healthful. They improve the general tone of the system, by their wholesome action on the digestive organs. They are easiest on the stomach of all vegetable foods. They are easy on the kidneys because of the minimum of nitrogen they contain. They are easy on the intestines because of the tenderness and small proportion of their cellulose and the fine division of starch.

"Potatoes are valuable in the diet of the sick. They can be eaten with benefit by people suffering from dyspepsia, anemia, diabetes, Bright's disease, cardiac affections, intestinal troubles, constipation, hyperacidity, arthritis, gout, liver complaints, etc. "Always serve potatoes with meat," concludes the Food Administration bulletin. "Never serve bread and potatoes."



By Mrs. Robt. J. Burdette.

The firing line is now in your kitchen.

Knock out the breadline at your table.

It has been said that the Revolutionary War was won by men fed on hearty pudding, in other words, corn meal mush. Let it be written in history that the winning of the present war was made possible by the United States eating potatoes.

The manner of eating, the time of eating and even the kind of foodstuffs eaten are largely a matter of habit. We do not desire to break ourselves entirely of the habit of eating or life would not prove worth living, but it can be made to prove better worth living if we change some of the habits. Suppose we cure ourselves of the hand-eating habit and see if we do not consume less bread. If you were to put your bread and butter on your plate and eat it with a knife and fork it would reduce the amount of bread eaten at once. In some of the Oriental countries men carry strings of bright red wooden beads that are known as "Conversation beads," and they seem unable to talk unless they have them in their hands to play with and pass from one hand to the other. We seem to need something in our hands at table or we feel the meal is incomplete and that something is usually bread. Forget this habit and save wheat. If you must continue the hand-eating habit, hold a hot potato.

### How to Increase World's Food Ration

With famine creeping through Europe, and every nation struggling to produce enough food to sustain life, the American farmer has a duty that he can not shirk. America must ship food to Europe for our soldiers. America must supply bread to starving peoples. No matter what other crops are raised, more acres should be devoted to bread grains. "Do your bit, Mr. Farmer," says a Food Administration bulletin. "Success depends upon you in this world war."

West Point is on a food-conservation basis, and the health of the cadet corps is better than ever. All bread used is composed of 45 per cent wheat flour, 45 rye, and 10 per cent white bolted grain flour; and many cadets consider it superior to the former white bread. Sugar consumption has been cut down, meatless days and meals are rigidly observed, and the reduced amount of meat has been beneficial to health. A lesson from a reliable source.

### Taking It From Babies.

"Every ounce of wheat products in excess of six pounds per month that you eat, Mr. American Citizen, is that much literally taken from the mouths of the starving women and children of France," says a Food Administration bulletin. "The armed allies may go without wheat, but these innocents will actually die unless we give them of ours in generous proportion."

Victory bread is received with hearty approval. But don't be satisfied to use it on a wheatless day or at a wheatless meal, because it isn't wheatless.



## WHAT YOUR DOLLARS DO

One Hundred Cents' Worth of Mercy and Relief for Every War Fund Dollar.

Your Red Cross dollars—every cent of every Red Cross dollar—actually relieves suffering—actually goes as you give it, for war relief. Not one cent of any contribution goes into Red Cross administration expenses—the overhead of War Fund administration is more than covered by the interest accruing from the banking of the funds. All relief work not pertaining to the war is amply covered by the normal revenues of the Red Cross through membership dues.

Your answer to humanity's cry—your donation to war relief—includes not only the care and restoration of the wounded. It is a mission of mercy to the famished, the homeless and helpless, the lame, the halt, and the blind—all the victims of war that appeal to the heart of mankind.

The relief of invalided soldiers, relief of the mutilated and blind, training of crippled soldiers for useful pursuits—relief service for the care and revival of soldiers on furlough from the front—relief of children throughout devastated territory—relief of dependent families of soldiers—relief to prisoners in Germany—relief among children's refugees and hospitals—these are among the divisions of organized work that carries practical aid to its every object in a wide field of activity. Its scope embraces Russia, Roumania, Serbia, Italy and Armenia—besides the great field of France.

Your donation makes this great mission of mercy your own.

The Red Cross carries 100 cents' worth of aid for every dollar donated.

## THIS IS THE TRUE RED CROSS SPIRIT

A Little Story With a Big Thought in It.

A month ago the Red Cross chapter in Bay City, Mich., received a hurry-up call for 150 damage bags. Troops were about to move, and through an oversight their equipment was not complete. The bags had to be made and sent within 48 hours. A request for help was sent over the town, and the stores were searched successfully for the right materials. Among those who quickly responded and came to the chapter workrooms to help were two little girls, sisters, about ten and twelve years of age, each eager to lend a hand and do something for the boys who were going to the front. All day long the fingers of the women and the little girls were fairly flying. Bag after bag received the last stitch until scores were piled up ready for shipment. Closing time came, and the woman superintending the making of the bags counted those completed and announced that if every one of the workers could come early the next morning and work all day, the bags would surely be finished in time for shipping by evening. Two crestfallen little girls, the little sisters, were waiting for her at the door as she departed.

### Red Cross Damage Bags.

"We are awfully sorry, ma'am," said the older of the two, "but we can't come back tomorrow. You see tomorrow we have to go. And, without finishing the sentence, she looked back wistfully at the pile of bags.

"It is too bad you can't come back," said the superintendent, "but I want to thank you, and we all thank you, for the work you've done today. You two have been a wonderful help, and that pile of bags wouldn't be nearly so big if you hadn't been here. Good night."

The next morning when the superintendent came down to unlock the workrooms for the day she was astonished to see the two little girls standing in the cold by the locked door.

"Oh, I'm so glad to see you!" she said. "I thought you said you couldn't come?"

"Oh, we knew those Red Cross bags just had to be finished for the soldiers," exclaimed the little one, with glistening eyes, "and we got up at three o'clock this morning and got the washing done early!"

### SUPPLYING FRENCH HOSPITALS.

The Red Cross hospital supply service in France has 16 warehouses filled with drugs, medicines, surgical instruments and dressings. It serves 3,423 French military hospitals.

## LONG SPRING COAT

Silk and Wool Fabrics Are Often Used in Combination.

Full-Length Garment Will Vie With Short Sports or "Chappie," Popular With Young Women.

The accepted rule for the long spring coat is 45 to 48 inches. This 3-inch leeway is due to the fact that fashion has decreed that at least 3 inches of the underneath garment, whether it be frock or separate skirt, shall be visible.

There is a very determined leaning, when wool is used, to straight, scant lines, but where silks are employed more generous use of material is permissible, and the silk coats are generally rather full.

Two-fabric combinations are noted in some of the coats, and, of course, silk and wool fabrics are often combined.

The coat shown in the sketch is a good example of the two-fabric long coat developed for spring. As designed here, the coat proper is made of navy satin, with waist and sleeves of plaid serge or other wool fabric. The back of the garment is cut on the same general lines as the front, and the deep shawl or cape collar is so arranged that it may be drawn high about the throat if desired.

Double-faced satins are in high favor in the development of spring coats, and the two sides of these satins are usually in contrasting colors. They



Smart Long Coat for Spring.

are favored for two-fabric or two-color garments. Some charming little mantles or capes made for evening or dressy afternoon wear are finished so that either side may be worn out—that is, the cape may be turned at will and its owner then to all intents and purposes has two garments.

The short sports coat, christened the "Chappie" coat, will undoubtedly be very popular with young women and those who possess slight, youthful figures; but regardless of the fabric conservation demand, full-length coats will have their adherents.

### NARROW BELTS THIS SUMMER

Hatbands Also Made of Materials to Match, Fastening on One Side With a Large Button.

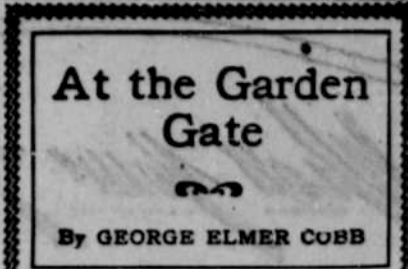
Belts are to have an important place in the summer wardrobe. One firm is showing no sweaters without belts and many of the latter are of leather. The newest are extremely narrow, scarcely an inch wide, and have long, narrow buckles of brass or steel, flaring a little at the end. Initial buckles are again in vogue and are worn on black or tan leather belts.

A new wash belt for the white pique, poplin or linen skirt appears with a fascinating wool stitchery, hand-made, in bright Japanese colors, coral, blues, purple, green, tans, delightfully intermingled. The belts are of cotton poplin and are long enough to encircle the waist twice and to be knotted at the side, where they fall in saah ends fringed deeply with the bright colored wools.

Hatbands of the same sort are made to go with these, fastening on one side with a huge button, repeating the bright stitches and ready to slip over the crown of the sport sailor. Hand-some collars are also made from this stitchery. The belts and collars can be worn with sweaters.

### Silk Replaces Wool.

The deprivations and hardships of war, in so far as they apply to clothes for womankind, may be regarded as purely imaginary as long as designers offer styles as attractive as those for the coming spring and summer. The rigid economy necessary in the use of wool fabrics has not been found an inconvenience worth speaking of, as dealers in silks quickly come to the rescue, and in the variety of weaves offered suitable materials for all lines of garments may be found.



By GEORGE ELMER COBB

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Bruce Tyrrell and Aida Wrenn were acting out a sweet little love story all by themselves. So far they were only friends they told themselves, but their inner consciousness revealed to them that they were fast drifting into that delightful phase of super-existence where life is one rose-tinted, delicious whirl of ecstatic joy.

Aida was a schoolteacher. So was her sister, Marcia, in a rural district fifty miles distant. The family was a pleasant one, the mother of the old-fashioned, fast-disappearing type, indulgent and sympathetic, the father a storekeeper of the town with trade enough to keep things comfortable. He was content, and not willing to covet business expansion at the cost of risking his little capital and passing sleepless nights worrying over it.

It was by mere chance that Bruce had become acquainted with Aida. The biggest rainstorm Hillsboro had ever known was on the program in active display, one warm spring afternoon, when he was absolutely marooned upon a rise of ground near the roadside, with no shelter except an open stock shed. He was rather glad of the company of two horses which crowded out of the drenching rain with him. They were docile and friendly. It had begun raining just after the bell of the little crossroads schoolhouse called in the odd two dozen scholars from the playground. There was no afternoon recess, for the rain never let up until four o'clock. By that time the roadway was a rushing torrent and the water was up over the steps of the little frame building. At its open doorway stood the pretty schoolteacher, with a dismayed face noting the grewsome prospect, while at the windows the pupils crowded generally, very much entertained by the novelty of their situation.

Conditions were less discouraging at the roof shelter. The water had been over shoe tops for an hour, but a run of a hundred feet in knee-deep water would have landed Bruce on the higher level. A sturdy framework of planks, apparently used as a bridge across some creek or ditch, had been swept from its moorings and had landed directly against the side of the shelter shed. There came a final fearful downpour, resembling a cloud-burst, Bruce saw that the water had come up clear over the threshold of the little schoolhouse and was pouring in over the floor.

"Something ought to be done for those refugees. They'll begin to get frightened soon. There may be no danger, but there will be some walling among those little tots when it begins to get dark."

Bruce studied the watery waste between the shed and the schoolhouse, and then tried to calculate how far the floating, but stalled platform might be utilized as a raft. When he waded around to it the water was up to his knees, and he doubted not that it was waist high farther down the slant in the direction of the marooned pupils and their teacher. Across one side of the shed was stretched a long pole beyond which a food trough had been placed to contain fodder for the horses. It was thick, staunch and secured by nails at both ends.

"The very thing," decided Bruce, tore it loose, waded to the platform and got upon it. Then using the pole as a dolly he had manipulated it when a lad playing the castaway afloat on a home pool, he started his bulky bark in the direction of the beleaguered ones caged within the little schoolhouse.

He was inspired mightily to diligent effort as the schoolmistress appeared at its door, waving her handkerchief encouragingly. The little ones clustered about her and at the windows, keeping up a babel of excited cries and cheers. The experiment was a rare success, and as, for the first time close at hand, the eyes of Bruce rested on the lovely face of Aida Wrenn, he felt all his trouble well recompensed. In the three groups the little ones were rafted across the expanse to where Miss Wrenn, fully familiar with the topography of the vicinity, pointed out a rising bluff path. Dry shod and fluttering with rare excitement, the little ones dispersed, able to reach their homes in safety. Miss Wrenn insisted on remaining behind until the last of her charges were safely delivered from peril and discomfort.

"How can we ever thank you for your wonderful work?" she fluttered, as she stepped upon the raft. "What is that?" she added, with a quick backward glance. Then she shuddered. A grinding creak had sounded out; the underpinning of one end of the schoolhouse had given way. Lopsided, the structure toppled and rested four feet deep in the water, crushing the door and windows out of shape, a wreck.

Bruce Tyrrell found himself quite a hero in the eyes of the little community after that. But, still better to his method of appreciation, he became a welcome visitor at the Wrenn home. Aida's face was radiant whenever he appeared and all the world seemed sunshine to Bruce, subject of a first attack of that incurable disease—love.

There came a cloud over the spirit of his dreams one day. As he was passing through a little park square, he diverted his course, but his gaze was fixed on Aida, seated on a bench beside a young man, a stranger. They

were so very close together that he seemed to whisper to her at times. Then as they arose to separate, Aida seized both hands of the handsome young fellow and held in a fervent clasp, meanwhile looking earnestly into his eyes.

"Who can he be? And she?" reflected Bruce in a troubled way. "Can it be possible that her heart is already engaged and that I am blindly hoping for a love that can never be mine?"

Bruce grew depressed and was half minded to cease his visits to the Wrenn home. He was magnanimous concerning Aida, for although their relations had been friendly she had really never given him any definite encouragement as a suitor. She was no coquette, he was sure of that, and he blamed his own sanguine nature for the daring presumption that Aida's handclasp had at times been lingering and tender, and that her eyes responded sympathetically to his own ardent glances.

"I can hardly break the engagement for this evening," meditated Bruce, "but tomorrow!"

Aida and himself were to attend a party at Wildwood, a few miles distant on the trolley line. Bruce called for her that evening. Never had she looked so beautiful. A pretty locket and chain he had never noticed before were her only jewelry adornments. Bruce sighed as he recalled that but for his discovery of the day, he intended to present her with a friendship ring he carried in his pocket. Her acceptance of it would have decided him as to the fact that there was some real depth to the interest she had manifested in him.

And, further, never had she been more charming in the kindly, pleasant way in which she received his attentions. He partly took heart of hope that he might be entertaining a suspicion without foundation. Still, he was constrained and unhappy all the evening.

As they left the trolley car on the return trip and proceeded towards Aida's home, the latter paused abruptly with a little cry of dismay.

"Oh, dear!" she exclaimed, her hand to her throat, "I have lost the locket."

"Are you sure?" questioned Bruce solemnly.

"Oh, yes, I had it when I got aboard the car."

She shook her dress and they retraced their way to the trolley station. It was bright moonlight, but their searching eyes discovered no trace of the missing article of jewelry.

"You had better let me see you home," suggested Bruce. "Then I will return and wait till the car comes back on its return trip. It may be that you lost the locket on the car."

"I shall wait up for your report," said Aida. "I am very anxious about the locket."

Bruce signaled and halted the car as it returned. At his first question regarding the locket and chain the conductor produced the lost article.

"Just found it under a seat," he explained, and Bruce hastened to impart the glad news to Aida. He turned the locket over and over in his hand. Its upper case came open.

"It is as I feared!" he half groaned, and well he might, for a bright ray of moonlight revealed a circular photograph within the case. It was that of the man he had seen with Aida that afternoon. Oh, there was no doubt now of the existence of a rival! Bruce had one thought only in his mind—to return the locket to Aida and forget her.

"Just a minute, please," spoke a voice behind him as he neared the Wrenn home, and Bruce faced a new, astounding circumstance. Turning, he confronted the original of the photograph.

"You are Mr. Tyrrell," spoke the other. "I have heard Aida—that is, Miss Wrenn—speak of you and have seen you once or twice before this. I also know you are her close friend. Will you do me a great favor? Are you going to her home?"

"Yes," answered Bruce, and gruffly, and darkly suspicious.

"Will you hand her this note?" and the other tendered a folded paper.

"Why should I?" resented Bruce, drawing back coldly.

"Must I tell you?" questioned his companion. "Yes, I will. Aida says you are a man to trust. Well, then, I am secretly married to Aida's sister, and the note tells her that Marcia will be here in the morning to break the news to her parents."

"Oh!"

It was passed by as a mere commonplace aspiration by Aida's brother-in-law. For Bruce it expressed relief, and hope and joy. With alacrity he accepted the commission and with delight. He listened later to Aida's explanation that her sister had left the locket at home on her last visit, and Aida had borrowed it for the occasion of the party.

And then Bruce felt that he should also unburden his heart, which he did, and graciously Aida listened to him, and the white moonlight irradiated two glowing, happy faces as Bruce kissed his fiancée good night at the garden gate.

### Too Familiar.

A country hotel, a good deal frequented by motorists, took in a showman and his performing bear, and one morning the bear escaped from the stable. Everybody fled before the animal. The hotel man, however, pursued it courageously. It entered the hotel, mounted the stairway, pushed open a bedroom door and vanished. The hotel man, close behind, heard from the bedroom an angry exclamation in a feminine voice and the words: "George, dear, how often have I forbidden you to come into my room without knocking—and in your automobile coat, too!"