



The Flow of Meat

Two-thirds of the live stock in the United States has to be raised in the West.

One-half of the consumers of meat live in the East.

In other words, most of the live stock is one or two thousand miles distant from most of the people who need it in the form of food.

Fifty years ago, when live stock was raised close to every consuming center, the country butcher could handle the job after a fashion.

But the job got too big.

Now millions of animals have to be moved hundreds of miles to millions of people. Somewhere on the way they have to be turned into meat.

The packers solved the problem. They set up plants where the "live haul" and the "meat haul" were in the right balance. They built up distributing systems—refrigerator cars, refrigerating plants, branch houses. They saved time, money and meat everywhere. The stockraiser benefited in better markets and higher prices; the consumer, in better meat and lower prices.

As the country grew, the packers had to grow, or break down. Because of its present size and efficiency, Swift & Company is able to perform its part in this service at a fraction of a cent per pound profit.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Sailor Son's Infrequent Visits.
D. A. D. Parker of Concordia, Kan., received a visit one night from his son, Lieutenant Commander C. F. Parker, being the second visit in the last 25 years. At the age of twelve years this son went to sea. For some years before the war he was sailing on the Pacific and has been captain of the ship Rose City. Last summer he was transferred from the Pacific to the Atlantic and became captain of the West Mount. Just recently he was again transferred to the Pacific ocean and made commander in the naval reserve.

Ran Literal Blind Pig.
John Brandon is charged by the police of Springfield, Ill., with literally operating a blind pig. When arrested for illegally dispensing alcoholic stimulants the authorities confiscated a large quantity of spirituous liquors in a pig pen in the rear of Brandon's home.

Old General Debility.
Here's old General Debility again! Senator Leonard Nord, International Falls, Minn., would make it unlawful to sell or offer for sale horses or mules suffering from general debility or lameness.

FARM AND CITY LOANS
If you are paying a high rate of interest, why not refund your loan at a lower rate and more liberal terms. It is not good business to pay a higher rate of interest than the market demands, nor is it good business to keep your surplus funds on time deposits at 3 to 4 per cent. per annum when 6 per cent can readily be secured on first Farm Mortgages. If you have money to loan or wish to refund or secure a new one, call or write S. H. ELTZEL, Stayton, Oregon.

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THAT ROCKING-CHAIR SHRINE

Place Where Mother Sat Is Forever Sacred in the Memories of Her Children.

By the window in the sitting room stood the old chair. It was "mother's chair"—otherwise it would have been just a chair. With mother in it, however, it became a shrine to which flocked her devoted little worshippers.

In the rocker, as we sat on mother's knee or at her side—for the chair was generously made—the bumped head and the bruised heart were healed, says a writer in the People's Home Journal. Frightened, we found there a safe retreat, a refuge from every harm. At night the bedtime story was told to the rhythm of its soothing swing. Joys, sorrows, all were brought to its encircling arms. Mother's chair, rocking, rocking, rocking by the window.

The old chair, we think, had a hand in the making of character. Maybe it was more effective in this service than we realize. Seated in it, we watched the needle in quick, nimble fingers, glinting in and out among the frayed edges tirelessly; we heard our childish perplexities explained over and over again, with no hint of vexation; we sang the songs which taught us some of the beauty of life; we listened to stories of bravery and truth. Industry, patience, beauty, courage, honesty—they can be traced back through a golden pathway straight to mother's chair.

The old chair has seen valiant service. Old-fashioned, scarred and worn, it still stood in the familiar place by the window. Why is it not refinished—the scars smoothed out, the worn places covered? What! Cover the marks which little hands have made, the worn spot where mother's tired head rested, the scars made by tiny, restless feet? Such a question came from one who did not understand. To him the old chair was mere wood and paint—just a piece of furniture, not a shrine.

We do not say it aloud—our greatest longings are not spoken—but sometimes when life gets tangled we find ourselves going again to the old chair to have the knots untied. When grief comes we sob it out there. When joy comes we run to tell it there. When we fall, when we win, our thoughts take us to the old chair. And at night the little hissing prayers come begging to be said, and we send them, along with our grown-up petitions, up to heaven by way of that sacred shrine.

Censored 100 Per Cent.
German long distance telephone conversations are censored 100 per cent on all calls coming into or going out of our area. This involves no loss of time; the operator puts all such calls through our military telephone censorship office, where competent khaki-clad linguists umpire the flow of Teuton talk, and cut in if anything is said against our interests or those of our allies.

There is also a partial censorship of German telephone conversations confined within the limits of our area of occupation. These internal telephone talks are liable to be cut in on any time by our military telephone censors.

The Germans are also availing themselves of the generous freedom accorded them in the use of the telegraph. As in the case of local and long distance calls confined to the interior of our area of occupation, there is only a partial censorship of German telegrams within the American area. All telegrams coming or going out of the American area are, however, censored 100 per cent. No telegram is held up more than five minutes—if legitimate.

All German mail going out of our area is censored 100 per cent. German mail coming into our area is censored to 20 per cent, which is considered the ideal of necessity supervision. Our mail censorship functions at Coblenz and at Trier—Coblenz, however, doing the bulk of the censorship work.

Every precaution is taken by Colonel Williams' section to see that no advantage is taken of our liberal policy regarding the German mails by attempted smuggling in or out in the mail cars.

"Radio-Compass" New Invention.
The naval communication service is perfecting a new and important invention called a "radio-compass."

To illustrate its use: A ship, let us say, is 200 miles out at sea. Owing to persistent bad weather, her navigating officer has not been able for many days to get a sight of the sun. He has lost his bearings, and can only guess at his latitude and longitude.

But he has on board a radio-compass—an instrument otherwise called a "direction-finder." His wireless outfit enables him to receive messages from shore stations. The radio-compass gives him the directions of the stations from which these messages come. Thus he can locate the position of the ship with exactness, and the problem of navigation is safely solved.

SANG REQUIEM OF THE HUN

How the Cannon Roared During the Glorious Offensive of the Forest of Argonne.

It was night in France and the great Argonne offensive was on.

The section chiefs grew hoarse shouting their commands, the gunner corporals manipulated their sights with speed and accuracy and the gun crews eagerly put forth superhuman effort in serving their pieces which were being loaded and fired as quickly as possible. The terrific detonations shook the forest which actually seemed like a live, throbbing, burning monster, who vomited fire and flame, and roared inhumanly with its terrible voice. Every man in the four gun crews was soon rendered temporarily deaf. Lit up by the ghastly flashes from the fire of their own guns, they looked like veritable devils, their faces gleaming with fendish joy as they leaped into the pit to shift the gun trail or sprang to the wheels, at which they tugged and pulled with might and main. It was exceedingly tiresome work for the earnest lads. The rate of fire was so rapid that it was necessary for them to pause occasionally in order to permit the intensely heated pieces to cool.

It presented a thrilling scene to see, in the dim light of the early dawn, a stalwart lad, bareheaded, eyes heavy and red from the burning powder gas, his square jaws grimly set and shirt open at the throat, his arms bare to the elbows and black with grease, standing out there, swabbing out the steaming gun with the slender rammer. A lanyard broke from too constant use on one of the guns. Not hesitating a moment to repair it, the "No. 1" man simply used his fingers to draw back the "striker." A lad fell limp and exhausted into the gun pit, but was quickly pulled out of danger where he lay quite still and was undisturbed by the terrible barrage. Another man quickly took his comrade's place.

So the terrible fight continued. The great iron orchestra played its terrible symphony madly until ten o'clock in the morning, when the tired musketeers began one by one, to lay aside their weary instruments, for the score they had been playing had sent the Fritzies scampering over the hills and far away.

Where Foch Is Second.

Madame la Marechale Foch is commander in chief in her own home. She is said to be a French lady of quiet and calm determination where the order and regularity of her household are concerned. She dislikes being late for luncheon, and she dislikes the marshal being late for luncheon. Fortunately, the marshal dislikes it himself. On one occasion, when after the signing of the armistice Foch was engaged in prolonged conversation with allied representatives and the hour for luncheon had gone by, a message came into the conference room to say that Madame la Marechale could wait no longer for lunch. It may have been impatience on the part of Madame la Marechale, or perhaps Foch expected that message, according to a possible little prearranged stratagem between monsieur and madame. Needless to say that, in times of great pressure, madame makes no demur when the rules of her household are just simply ignored.

Was Great Jap Soldier.

Gen. Baron Fukushima although one of Japan's most notable military men, received but scant notice in the American press on the occasion of his death in Tokyo. He began life as a drummer boy, and in 1892-93 distinguished himself by a trip he made on horseback from Berlin to Vladivostok, through Russia, Siberia, Mongolia and Manchuria, a distance of 9,000 miles. From 1887 up to the time he started on this famous trip he had been military attaché in Berlin. General Fukushima was in command of the Japanese contingent in the war with China until the fall of Tientsin, and was general staff officer during the Boxer troubles. He was staff officer at headquarters of the Manchurian army in the Russo-Japanese war in 1904-05. At different times he represented his country in China, India, Egypt, Turkey, Persia, Caucasus, Arabia, Turkestan, Burma, Siam and Annam.

Hanging Between the Two.

Last summer the Hulman brothers, at Terre Haute, gave the Rose Polytechnic the grounds for the new school. The year before that they gave the land for Calvary cemetery. One of their townsmen recently met Herman, the younger brother, on his way to his farm, which is between the two pieces of ground above mentioned. "Well, Herman, he remarked smilingly, 'I see you've solved that often disputed question of whether we should consider our cemeteries or seminaries of the more importance.'"

Mr. Hulman looked at him, and then his eyes twinkled. "Not exactly solved it," he drawled. "You know where my farm is. Well, you see, I'm still just hanging between the two."—Indianapolis News.

Submarine in Warfare.

In spite of the fact that the British have some steam-driven 2,700-ton submarines, capable of a surface speed of from 20 to 25 knots, the submarine, as a weapon of war, is too slow and too blind when it is submerged to be considered a serious weapon of naval warfare. When it can see, electrically, to a distance of ten to fifteen miles, while it is submerged so deeply as to be invisible to the air scout, and when it can steam 20 knots submerged, it will dominate the naval situation.—Scientific American.

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