

## MAINE BOY SOLDIER SAW HIS OWN GRAVE

Wilford Oakes, With Jaw Shot  
Away, Couldn't Protest, So  
They Buried Wrong Man.

Wilford G. Oakes of Patten, who returned to Bangor, Me., recently after a remarkable record of service in the war as a member of a Canadian artillery regiment, had the experience, near Cambrai, of viewing his own grave, or that which was so designated, with his name inscribed on a rude slab over the last resting place. He took a snapshot of the grave as a souvenir.

Oakes was severely wounded several times, and passed through experiences of the most hazardous nature, but returned without apparent disfigurement, owing to surgical operations in British army hospitals. In one battle when he was wounded he lost his identification card and was hustled to a hospital more dead than alive. His jaws were shot away, making it impossible for him to communicate his identity, and as he was missing from his company his death was finally reported. Some soldier was buried under his name.

A surgical operation gave to him new jaw bones, his tongue was sewed up and other disfigurements remedied, and today one has to examine his face carefully to find the scars.

When young Oakes enlisted in 1914 he was seventeen years old, but his discharge papers give his age as twenty-five years. This is, however, explained on learning that he was so anxious to enlist that he raised his age to gain admission. Oakes has been cited for bravery, and has received a medal of honor.

## CAUGHT BIG TURTLE

It Was an Old One and Was Set  
Free.

A turtle measuring 6 feet from head to tail and 5 feet across its shell, the head being 15 inches in circumference, was caught recently by Japanese fishermen off Yokohama and released by Ah Long, Chinaman, who paid \$55 for the privilege of giving the turtle its freedom. The turtle weighed 600 pounds, and its age was estimated at 1,000 years.

Probably the reason for the purchase and the freedom given to the turtle is that the reptile is a sort of sacred emblem and the Chinaman who can set one free in the ocean considers himself especially blessed.

An interesting ceremony followed the financial transaction. Ah Long fed the turtle with several bowls of sake, the favorite alcoholic drink of the Japanese (prohibition having made little inroads there), and accompanied by as many friends as could be accommodated in two sampans sailed out to sea, and after many prayers were said the turtle was released.

## ADVERTISING PAYS

Man Is Convinced of the Power of  
Printers' Ink.

Does it pay to advertise? George C. Wine, age fifty-nine, of Hartford City, Ind., is convinced of the power of printers' ink. Wine recently advertised for a housekeeper and got a wife. Now he's happy.

The marriage took place in the clerk's office, Elisha Pierce, justice of the peace, tied the matrimonial knot. The bride formerly was Mrs. Martha J. Jones, age fifty-five, of Montpelier. She admitted to the license clerk that she had known her husband only four days.

"He had the advantage of me," she said. "I answered his advertisement and he came to Montpelier and made inquiries about me, while I didn't have a chance to look him up."

Wine has been active in Salvation Army work here.

## FARMER COULDN'T MARRY

Couple Told by License Man That  
This Was Not Russia.

A Hungarian girl and a Russian applied for a marriage license in the Franklin county probate court at Columbus, Ohio, and everything went smooth until it came to filling in the name of the officiating minister.

"Who will marry you?" asked the marriage license clerk.

"Him," said the groom-to-be, pointing to another Russian who had accompanied the couple.

"Who's him?" asked the clerk.

"Him a Russian farmer," was the reply.

"This isn't Russia, and 'Him' won't do," said the clerk. "You will have to get a preacher or a justice of the peace to do the splicing in this country."

## Got Old Wedding Fee.

Forty years ago Rev. J. A. Sutton of La Rue, O., performed a marriage and the bridegroom forgot to hand over the customary fee. Through the mail Rev. Sutton has received a \$10 bill and a note accompanying says it is from a "stricken conscience." As Reverend Sutton has performed 714 marriage ceremonies, he does not remember the man who "forgot."

## Alas and Alack.

"Dry" upper Michigan's stomach aches have been cured. The epidemic, which began several weeks ago, was immediately followed by an influx of hot-water bottles—but, alas, one bottle leaked, and the officials won't let 'em have any more.

# HAPPENINGS in the CITIES

## Marriage Joke That Has Gone Entirely Too Far

CHICAGO.—This is a story about a man who accepted the congratulations and wedding presents of his friends—and then went out and got a wife. The wife, who is Mrs. Harriet L. Stille, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter T. Wilcox, 2014 Waveland avenue, has announced that the joke has gone quite far enough by filing a bill "for divorce."

"The plaintiff at the time she was induced to marry Walter T. Stille believed that he loved her," the bill recites. In the spring of 1918, the bill asserts, Stille, who was employed in a loop office, secured a two-day vacation to attend the wedding of a brother. Upon returning to his office after the wedding the other clerks suspected him of being a principal rather than an accessory. These suspicions, if not confirmed, were at least not disproved, the bill says, and soon Walter's back was the recipient of many a hearty congratulatory smash.

A day or two later the friends in the office presented Walter with a cut-glass water set. You know how they do these things—everybody antes up, and the office boy goes out to buy whatever he sees and likes.

"I would like to have you come out and see my wife," the "bridegroom" said. He was playing the game and having a perfectly lovely time.

The whole office force accepted the invitation, and Walter's smile immediately fled. There was a jam—now where was Walter going to get a wife—ah! He had it.

That same night, according to the bill, the little rose light in Harriet Wilcox's parlor blinked softly under the barrage of love Walter was sprinkling. On April 11, 1918, Harriet and Walter were married and the "bunch" gave a nice little house warming for them.

Things went along pretty smoothly for a while, the bill says, and then Walter started to neglect his wife and later turned to cruelty.

## Congress Shoes Come Back.

There has been a very decided revival of the old "congress gaiter," with its elastic insert at the sides, which were very generally worn more than a quarter of a century ago. The explanation rests in the fact that American shoes are now being extensively worn by the natives of Japan. The more rapid adoption of the western styles of lace and button shoes is made difficult by the native custom that requires that shoes be removed before a parson enters a home or inn. In some cases it is even required that the shoes be removed or at least covered with cloth protectors before entering shops, theaters and similar public buildings. This custom has led to the quite general adoption of the old-fashioned but convenient "congress" boot by those who wear occidental footwear during business hours.

## Hen Letters Her Egg.

James Albert Pigg of Terre Haute has a hen. The rooster's name is Tom. Now Pigg says when he lifted the hen recently he found "she had laid an egg with a monogram initial 'T' in raised shell at one end."

## Bird Brings Wild Mates to Owner's Cornfield.

Last August Simon Tixel of Platt Center, N. Y., while working in the woods, caught a young crow. He brought it home and it became very tame and a great pet, but its life is now in jeopardy, Tixel declares.

For the past few weeks, he says, his farm has been overrun with wild crows. His tame crow flies into the woods, perched itself upon a limb of a tree, caws a few times, and soon the tree is full of crows. Then the tame crow flies home, followed by the wild ones. Tixel says he has no objection to the crow bringing home its brothers, but when he coaxes them into his barn and they begin to banquet on his oats, corn and wheat, it is more than he can stand. He will give the crow one more chance, and if it does not stop its performance off goes its head.

Tixel says he has shot close to 100 crows in his barn, but it does not deplete the ranks. They have eaten at least ten bushels of grain, he declares.

## GASSED THE TURKEY

The Germans Did It and the Yankees  
Ate the Bird.

Wounded, gassed and shell shocked, and after having been at 14 different hospitals, Sergt. Benjamin C. Schill has returned to his home in Columbus, O., wearing the Croix de Guerre and red and green citation cords with the honor of having received 14 citations with his regiment. "I want to tell you about last Thanksgiving," he laughed. "Our turkey was gassed, but we ate him. Yep, we washed Mr. Gobbler off with chloride of lime and, say, he was some bird."

## Fox Farm.

After two years' operations, starting with eight pairs of blue and two pairs of black foxes, Claude Green of Petersburg, Alaska, now has between 250 and 275 blue and 17 black foxes on his farm in the Tongass National forest. The farm is on Sukoll island, which has been leased from the government. A fish house holding 10,000 dry fish has been constructed on the farm.

## "Personal Liberty" Hit.

Spoozers, beware! "Personal Liberty" is due for another rap in Kansas City. Superintendent Dunn has announced his intention of making Swope park "light as day" with a new lighting system.

## Some "Clean Up."

It was some "clean up!" Chris Christanson flashed a \$100 roll in a washroom in Boston. Two men saw it, and after one minute's cleaning they left—with the \$100.



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