

FROCK FOR MISS SIMPLICITY



This is a pretty hand-embroidered empire dress for Miss Simplicity to wear when she goes calling. The belt is caught into bows at the sides and is designed to match the hair ribbon.

TO MAKE RIBBON SWEATERS

From Nine Hundred to One Thousand Yards of Material Required for Sleeveless Garment.

It would seem as though there was any amount of knitting being done for personal adornment besides that which the women are doing for the soldiers. It is hard to understand, writes a fashion correspondent, judging from the amount of work that the women are turning out for patriotic purposes, where they find the time to work for themselves, but there are, nevertheless, all kinds of new designs and stitches being talked about that have no place in the knitting outfits of the soldiers' kits.

You have doubtless seen or heard of the sweaters made of narrow ribbon and if, perchance, you have not seen them you may be interested in knowing that while the ribbon is narrow and of the width usually referred to as baby ribbon the texture of the ribbon does not in the least resemble the satin baby ribbon, but is of a loose weave and crinkled in appearance. I have been told by those who make these sweaters that it requires from 900 to 1,000 yards to make one of the sleeveless ribbon sweaters; thus one must draw the conclusion that these are not inexpensive affairs. Any way, they are lovely to look at and many of us will have to be broadminded enough to be content with looking. It is very seldom that one sees one of these ribbon sweaters that is made entirely of the plain knitting stitch; while part of the sweater may be plain, the design is varied by a border done in plain and purl at the shoulders and the lower part or at the waistline. There is one of these which has been very popular with the entire sweater made by knitting four and purling four. This rule of varying the design of the sweater also holds good for those made of wool.

YOUTHFUL HIGHWAYMAN HELD

COVINGTON, Ky., July 29.—William Nordmeyer, 17, is under arrest here following the discovery of \$7000 in the basement of the home of his sweetheart, Julia Foley. The youth confessed, according to the police that he had held up a bank at Reading, Ohio, July 27, in order to obtain money to pay debts.

BACON IS PLENTY

LONDON, July 26.—John R. Clynes, British food controller, announced the practice of placing people on a bacon ration will be abandoned, due to the plentiful supplies from America.

They Control Shipping to All the Allied Nations



P. A. S. Franklin, president of the International Mercantile Marine; H. H. Raymond, president of the Clyde & Mullory Steamship Company, and Sir Connop Guthrie, special representative of the British ministry, are the members of the Shipping Control Committee who manipulate the movements of all ships carrying supplies to all allied nations. They have more power than all the steamship companies in days before the war.

PAQUIN BLOUSES ARE COPIED

Parisian Bedroom Neglige, Brought Over by War Workers, Finds Favor in America.

The house of Paquin invented a bedroom negligee that was cut like a medieval garment with square sleeves. It was made of satin, trimmed with lace and fur, and slipped on over the head after the fashion of a Chinese tunic. It was far more modest and becoming than the usual negligee which is open in front, and far more protective against chill airs. The war workers, who brought it over from Paris as a novelty have found that it is already copied in our shops and sold at one-third the price paid for it at the house of Paquin. It is the new successor to the room robe that has existed for over a century, and it promises to become the popular garment of the moment.

TURKESTAN IS REPUBLIC

AMSTERDAM, July 26.—The fifth National Congress of Turkestan has proclaimed Turkestan to be a republic in alliance with Russia, according to a Moscow dispatch to the Cologne Gazette.

The republic is composed of the districts of Semiretchinsk-Syr-Darya, Turgai, Samarkland, the Trans-Caspian Province, Khiva and Bokhara.

THE PRODIGAL SON

By AUGUSTUS G. SHERWIN.

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He was a man of whims and impulse apparently, for he was almost childishly engrossed in viewing a pretty picture, of which a bright, attractive-looking girl was the center. She was just inside the fence of a clover field and was daintily picking the luscious red tops. Then she would go to the separating barbed wire fence, reach through and pet, converse with and feed a white-speckled calf, plump, friendly and spotless of grime or brier.

"I've an idea—the fattest calf!" abruptly chuckled the onlooker. "Almost as pretty as the girl," and he approached the fence near which Hilda Strong stood.

"Part of the big farm a bit back where they're selling out?" he asked. The girl, quite startled, flushed and fluttered and gave a confused assent. "I'll take that calf if the figure is right," resumed the stranger.

"But Whitey is not for sale," announced Hilda. "She does not belong to the farm. Mr. Warren gave her to me when she was the tiniest little thing and I have raised her."

"You wouldn't sell her, then?" "Oh, no! Never! That is—unless I had to. And maybe that may come," said Hilda, a mournful shadow crossing her pretty face. "Mr. Warren is breaking up and I must look for a new home. I am an orphan and have only a few distant relatives."

Her artlessness charmed Bart Miller and her simple ways aroused his sympathy and interest.

"Heigho!" he uttered. "We're pretty near of a kind. I've been an orphan myself for ten years—that is, I ran away from home and haven't seen father or mother since."

"Oh, dear! how could you stay away from them?" chided Hilda. "Well, I got going careless and rough and bad. Then in trouble, and finally I settled down to life among the hardest crowd a ranch ever knew. It was cards, drink and fighting most of the time."

Hilda had shrunk a little at the confession. "You don't look very careless, and rough, and bad," she said. He laughed quite boisterously at her innocence.

"I'm not—now. That's why I'm going back home."

"Oh, are you? Are you?" cried Hilda, sprightly. "How glad your folks will be to see you!"

"Father is dead," said Bart, "but mother is living, and I've sort of spied out the land before I ventured to let her know I was around. As I said, I was a reckless one until a year ago. I had gone to prospecting. Bad as ever, I trained with a hard crowd. One day I took a drop too much, and a tumble. I went into a pit—it must have been over fifty feet. How I escaped being killed I couldn't reckon out. When I landed it was on a soft bed of sand—on my knees."

He spoke the last words solemnly. A strange, spiritual expression came into his eyes and illumined his face, until Hilda was fascinated in an intense, hypnotic way.

"Yes, on my knees," repeated Bart. "There I was—saved by the Almighty. I was, as I had been at my mother's side way back in childhood. All my bad life flashed upon me. The words of 'Now I lay me down to sleep' drifted dreamily through my mind. I couldn't stir for over an hour. All the time some new spirit seemed to come over me. Young lady, I crawled out of that pit weak and broken—a new man."

"Oh, how glad your dear old mother will be when you tell her all this!" cried Hilda.

"With good behavior came good luck," went on Bart tersely. "I struck a rich mine. I saved, instead of squandering, I'm going home a pretty rich man, and my money will do some good, for I found my mother poor and neglected. I'm still queer in my notions, young lady. I know what mother will say when she sees me coming back."

"What?" urged Hilda breathlessly, as absorbed as though listening to some entrancing fairy story.

"Well, mother is biblical, and it would be just like her to say, in her gentle, kindly, forgiving way: 'Prodigal son, you are welcome, and for you shall be killed the fattest calf.' But, you see, poor old soul; she has no fattest calf. And your Whitey struck my fancy. And I thought I'd buy her, lead her to the old home—it's only ten miles across the country—and say, 'Mother, I've brought the fattest calf, and a bag of gold, and my worthless self, all at once back home.'"

"Oh, she won't think you worthless! And what a grand man you have been to stop—stop being rough and careless, and all that, and thinking so much of your dear old mother! And what a blessing you will be to her, and I'm so glad I met you, for you can take Whitey, and you're welcome to her, and it's all like some beautiful story," and overcome by her emotions, Hilda broke down in tears.

It was with a pretty ribbon tied around her neck that Whitey was led away from her devoted young mistress.

Hilda had urged him to tell her the end of the charming story he, she, the old mother and Whitey were acting out. "Mother says she must see you," reported Bart two days later. "Hilda, we haven't known each other very long, but long enough for me to know that I love you, and want you to help me make mother happy."

CHARITY RIGGS WINS DECREE

A decree of foreclosure was entered by Judge Campbell Monday in favor of Charity Riggs and against H. R. Von Wiedner. The property includes Lots 7 and 8 of Block 11 of the Original Townsite of Canby. The mortgage face is \$1268.60.

It is hoped the last half of highway between Salem and Portland will be paved next year. It is most used in the state.

Y. W. C. A. Cares for These Girls



The Ordnance Bureau of the War Department has asked the Young Women's Christian Association to look after the recreation of the girls at work in factories like this one building the wings of an airplane. The organization has taken up the work with energy, and it will care for the recreation and morals of these girl workers.

Girl on the Land Helps Win the War



The girl on the land is going to help win the war, and Miss Mary W. C. A. for farmers. Those who have gone to the farms have proved they can do almost the work of skilled farm hands.

Generals to Lead Japanese Into Siberia



General Akiyama, who commanded the army of the north at the grand maneuver in Japan, will probably share in the command of the Japanese expeditionary force into Siberia.

GLADSTONE BOY IN PHILIPPINES

Percy Wilson Writes of Army Life In Far Away Manila

The following is a letter received by Miss Anna Rinearson, from Percy Wilson, a well known Gladstone boy, and son of Mr. and Mrs. Wilson of that city:

Cavite, P. I., June 14, 1918. Dear Friend Anna: I thought I would write you again and let you know how I am getting along. I am well as ever in spite of the rainy weather which we are now having. The old Oregon mist has nothing on this place, and thunder and lightning storms are awful. One will hear a loud roar and then a blinding flash of light. This will keep up for hours and then rain by the tons. This usually happens after a hot, sultry day.

"I am still working every day as usual filing letters and re-addressing the mail. I expect to transfer to the quartermaster depot soon, where I will have a better chance for promotion than I have here. Perhaps you would like to know how I spent Mother's Day and Decoration Day, so I will tell you about it.

"Mother's Day came on Sunday, May 12. I went to church in Manila to the Christian Science church. The preacher was an army officer and the sermon was about the error Adam made when he ate the apple in the Garden of Eden. The building was nicely decorated with lilies and native flowers. They did not have a choir. It was nice and quiet and I enjoyed it very much. In the afternoon I visited the zoo and aquarium, where there are many kinds of animals, birds and fishes of many kinds and colors. They have bears, monkeys, a kangaroo, ostriches, wild pigs, water buffalo, alligators, tiger, leopard, parrots, cranes, pelicans, peacock, eagles and several other kinds that I did not know the names of. The fish are of all shapes and sizes with many brilliant colorings of stripes and spots. They look a whole lot like the fish I saw in Honolulu when I was there. Later that same afternoon I took a car ride out to Fort McKinley, where the soldiers have their big station. The road winds in and around the hills and through the rice paddies, which show green on both sides of the track. I made the trip as the sun was setting, which made the hills appear very beautiful, as the shadows crept over them. I talked to many of the soldiers at the Fort and saw much of interest there. I returned to Manila and took the 11 o'clock boat back to Cavite, rather tired but glad to have seen so much in one day of this wonderful city of the Orient.

"On Decoration Day I followed the parade to the cemetery and saw the exercises there. They had several speeches and addresses, fired salutes, blew taps and decorated the graves. The Marines furnished the flowers and flags. The cemetery was nicely decorated and the weather was ideal. I did have a program but I must have lost it somewhere. I went to Manila again in the afternoon and visited the zoo again. I like to watch the monkeys and bears do tricks, and the park is the coolest place around here and the one beauty spot in Manila. I go over quite often with the basketball team to the Y. M. C. A. Our team has won all the games they have played in the last two months. Our bowling team beat the Columbia club by 67 points in the tournament last week. We have a good baseball team but have a hard time to get games here.

"I don't go out much during the rainy weather but for the last two weeks I have been going to the show to see the Red Ace, a serial which is quite exciting. I am going tonight and I also want to go to the bowling alley as the club is coming over with a band and have a big time and a game tonight.

"We have some new books in the library but I am too busy to read much. I was reading one of my papers about the Gladstone ladies' Red Cross sewing club and the work they have done. They surely have made a fine showing and I hope they continue to do so. While we in the tropics are not in need of any of those things, I feel for all the time, so it won't be long now till I will be on my way home again.

"I suppose all the class of the Endeavor society are in good health and enjoying their vacations. I think Evelyn graduated this year. I have not received her letters yet but she had high hopes of passing with high grades. I got two letters yesterday telling me that my father was very sick and to come back if I could, but how can I? That is something I have always dreaded would happen, but then there are many surprises in life the boys in France, and only wish for the chance to be over there with them and it is up to the people to help them in every way possible.

"Oregon made a fine showing in the Liberty Loan, and in fact took the lead in everything so far. Good old state, how I have looked forward so long to June, as I had expected to be back then, but the order came that only men with four months to do would be sent so I think I will be here about eight months more yet. The time goes by fast when one is busy and one must make the best of it I suppose.

"What do you think of the Marines in France? Wasn't that fine work they did driving back the Germans and never lost a prisoner? It is better to die fighting than to be tortured to death or starved in some prison camp. I don't see how they can hold much longer with so many against them. When the United States gets in with her full strength then things will begin to happen. I hope it is soon finished myself.

"Well it is almost supper time so I will close for this time. Give my regards to all my friends and be sure and answer soon.

"Sincerely, your friend,
"PERCY WILSON."

BEST LOVED ENGLISH POET

Thomas Hood Made His Reputation as Humorist—Wrote Clever Verse.

Thomas Hood was probably one of the best loved of the English poets and humorists, though often classed among the "minor English poets." But every one knows his "Song of the Shirt," which brought out forcibly, though poetically, the wasted life and early death of the overworked women, the unfortunates of the poorer classes. His "Bridge of Sighs" is equally effective. These are named as his best works, yet his reputation was made as a humorist. He was the son of a bookseller, born in London. His father died when he was young and his mother moved to Islington, where Thomas studied under a delightful old vicar. He tried to become a clerk, but such work disagreed with him—so much so, indeed, that he had to go to the country to recuperate. While away he began contributing light humorous sketches to magazines and papers, and after his return to his beloved London he was made subeditor of the London Magazine.

This position brought him in contact with all the brilliant men of his time. DeQuincy, Charles Lamb and others. Later he started the Comic Annual, in which he caricatured the people and events of the day—satire done so delicately and cleverly that the events he made fun of will live solely because he made them of importance.

The last of his life was spent on a sick bed, and it was during this period that he wrote his two famous serious poems above mentioned.

Soldering Iron and Steel. For soldering iron with steel, use a flux composed of equal parts of cast-iron filings and calcined borax. Pulverize this black, glassy mixture, and spread the powder on the seam.

For soldering steel, melt in an earthen vessel three parts of borax, two parts of colophony, one part of carbonate of potash, one part powdered hard soap, to which three parts pulverized glass and two parts of steel filings have been added. Run the melted mass on cold sheet iron. When completely cooled break in pieces and grind fine. Apply to the surface to be joined a few minutes before unflitting them.

THIRTEEN DIE FROM HEAT

NEW YORK, July 29.—New York's heat wave has claimed 13 lives in the last 24 hours. Three died directly from effects of the heat and 10 lost their lives while seeking relief in swimming. Although the mercury only ascended to 85 yesterday, it was the hottest July 28 in eight years.

GRACE SNOOK HEADS GROUP ORGANIZATION AT MONMOUTH SCHOOL

MONMOUTH, Or., July 27.—The four hundred students of the Oregon Normal School are divided into groups according to their respective counties. Group III, is composed of Clackamas, Columbia, Clatsop, Yamhill, Washington and Tillamook counties. The officers are: president, Grace A. Snook, of Oregon City; secretary, Grace Schuebel, of Mulino; treasurer, Maybelle Wagner, of McMinnville.

The groups assisted in giving a patriotic program last week. The proceeds of ninety dollars were given for Canteen Work in France.

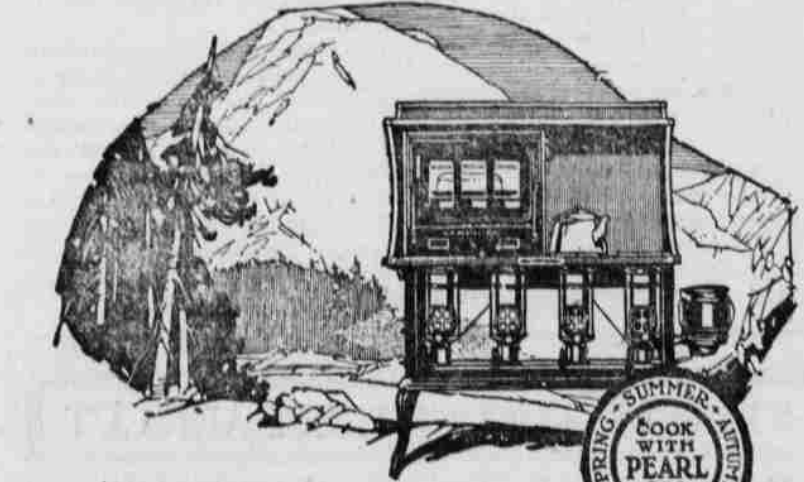
The "Clawaymooks" have set next Monday night as the time of their picnic and it will be held on the banks of the Willamette river near Independence.

Grace A. Snook is a graduate of the June class of the Oregon Normal School and is back for special methods this summer school. She has accepted a position in the Junior High school of McMinnville for next winter. Miss Snook has had four years' experience, all of which were in Clackamas county.

SHEEP REGISTERED RAMS FORSALE

Hampshire Downs Oxford Downs and Shropshires. Also good Coltswoold Rams.

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