CITY NEWS IN BRIEF

OREGONIAN TELEPHONES.

Managing Editor .....Main 7070, A 6095
City Editor .....Main 7070, A 6095
Sunday Editor .....Main 7070, A 6095
Advertising Department ...Main 7070, A 6095
Superintendent of Building .Main 7070, A 6095

AMUSEMENTS.

PANTAGES (Broadway at Alder) — Unequaled vaudeville. Three shows daily, 2:30, 7 and 9:05.

HIPPODROME (Broadway and Yamhill)—Vaudeville and moving pictures, 2 to 5; 6:45 to 11 P. M. Saturday, Sunday, holidays, continuous, 1:15 to 11 P. M.

STRAND (Park, West Park and Stark)—Vaudeville and motion pictures, continuous.

OAKS PARK—Open-air amusement resort on Willamette River.

RIVERSIDE PARK — Open-air amusement resort on Willamette River. Take Oregon City or Milwaukie cars.

COUNCIL CREST PARK—Open-air amusement resort on Council Crest. Take Portland Heights cars.

OREGONIANS AT RESORTS.

Subscribe with the following agents, at your Summer resort, to secure the most prompt delivery of The Oregonian. City rates. Subscriptions by mail are payable in advance:

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Seaview, Wash.....H. E. Perrin
Tillamook, Or.....J. S. Lamar
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BANDAGE WORK TO BE RESUMED.—Central W. C. T. U. has been turning 60 yards of cotton into bandages at their recent meetings. The work will be resumed at the next meeting, Wednesday at 2 P. M. in the Library. All who are interested are invited to bring needles, thread and thimble and make themselves useful. Central Union was among the first to take up this work for soldiers and sailors. Comfort bags, housewives and bandages have been contributed to the supply sent out by the state W. C. T. U. under the direction of Mrs. E. Dalgleish and Mrs. Jennie M. Kemp, state president. Mrs. M. L. T. Hidden is president of Central Union.

EDMUND GURNEY TO LECTURE.—Edmund Gurney, who has been conducting a course at the Oregon Agricultural College, will give a series of free lectures on the science of ladies' tailoring at the Library. These lectures are equally advantageous to the homesewer, the dressmaker and the sewing teacher. The lectures will be as follows: Wednesday, August 22, 2:30 P. M.; Thursday, August 23, 7:30 P. M.; Friday, August 24, 2:30 P. M.; Friday, August 24, 7:30 P. M.; Monday, August 27, 2:30 P. M.; Monday, August 27, 7:30 P. M.

HOME FOR FAMILY WANTED.—The American Red Cross is interested in securing for a soldier's wife with a little girl 2 years old and a boy 14 years, room and board for the three and the care of the little girl. The mother is employed during the day and the boy will attend school. The Portland chapter of the American Red Cross is anxious to place this family in a good home at reasonable rates. Please call Main 4204.

WOMEN TO BE REGISTERED.—A meeting of representatives of all women's and young girl's organizations is called for Wednesday at Library Hall at 2:30 P. M. The meeting is under the auspices of the Portland division of the Oregon branch of the National Council of Defense. Mrs. John F. Beaumont, chairman for the Portland division, has urged that all organizations be represented. Plans for registering all women will be made.

MASS PROTEST MEETING, Sunday, August 19, 8 P. M., at Arion Hall, Second and Oak sts. To protest against the cold-blooded murder of Frank Little in Butte, Mont. The public is invited to attend this meeting and hear the cold facts, also about the deportation of miners from their homes in Arizona, the lumber strike situation will also be discussed, several speakers from different labor bodies will speak. Admission is free.—Adv.

CITY EMPLOYES TO MAKE REPORT.—All city employes will this week be furnished with a supply of cards containing a blank for the filling in of data concerning defects in streets and public places and accidents of which they have knowledge. An ordinance recently effective requires them to report such things to the Commissioner of Public Works, so that prompt action may be taken to avoid accidents.

CAVALRY AUXILIARY TO MEET.—The First Oregon Cavalry Auxiliary will hold its regular meeting in room E, of the Library, Monday evening at 8 o'clock. There will be an election of officers for the nert six months. There will be other matters of importance to be discussed. All members of the families of troops A, B and C not now enrolled in this organization are requested to do so at once.

CAMPAIGN STATEMENTS FILED.—J. J. Sayer expended $1949.50 in the recent city campaign for the purpose of defeating the so-called two-platoon bill proposed by firemen, according to a report filed with the City Auditor by him yesterday. A. C. Callan reported that he contributed $259.72 to support the candidacy of John M. Mann for City Commissioner.

VETERANS MOURN COMRADE.—At a meeting of Gordon Granger Post, No. 1, Grand Army of the Republic, department of Oregon, resolutions drawn up by Edwin E. Covey, Isaac B. Self and H. Clay Dutton, committee, were adopted by unanimous vote and forwarded to the family of the late Captain Jeremiah Tawney.

MONSTER PICNIC.

The Modern Woodmen and Royal Neighbors of America will hold their annual picnic and field day at Columbia Park Saturday, August 25. Baseball, races for old and young. Sixty splendid prizes. Everybody invited. —Adv.

DO NOT Miss the trip to Mount Hood by way of the Barlow road. Good fishing and hunting. Road open through to The Dalles.—Adv.

V. KASPER, ladies' tailor, wishes to announce arrival of Fall styles and fabrics, 201 Royal bldg.—Adv.

DRY fir cordwood, prompt delivery. Union Fuel Co. Main 644, A 7356.—Adv.

DR. F. M. BROOKS, 614 Oregonian bldg., has returned.—Adv.

ICE CREAM delivered all parts of the city. Washington Creamery Co.—Adv.

DR. F. O. LEHMAN, chiropractor, has returned.—Adv.

FRENCH LESSONS, private. Main 207. —Adv.

DR. T. H. COFFEN has returned.—Adv.

NIGHT TRAINS ARE ASKED

Fair Board Would Provide for Visitors From Portland.

SALEM, Or., Aug. 18.—(Special.)—For the accommodation of Portland citizens who wish to attend the State Fair Secretary A. H. Lea has asked the Southern Pacific and the Oregon Electric railroad companies to put on special night trains from Salem to Portland during fair week. He hopes to have the trains leave the grounds at 10 o'clock P. M., which would enable visitors to see the day programmes and attend the night entertainments.

Secretary Lea explains that this arrangement would enable Portland people to arrive in Portland early enough to catch streetcars to their homes.

The companies have advised Secretary Lea that they will transport exhibits to and from the fair grounds without cost on condition that they are returned to the originating point within a certain date.

BRITISH RULES STRICT

PORTLAND BOY IN FLYING CORPS DESCRIBES EXPERIENCES.

Albert E. Butterfield, in Camp at Toronto, Compelled to Carry Swagger Stick on Leave.

Albert E. Butterfield, a Portland boy, is enjoying the experiences of a British recruit depot for the Imperial Royal Flying Corps at Toronto, Can. Mr. Butterfield is the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Butterfield, of this city. He has many friends who are interested in his career. Last year Mr. Butterfield was with the machine gun company on the Mexican border. He enlisted in the

A. E. Butterfield, Jr., Portlander, With Flying Corps in Canada, Rejoices When Rain Falls.

flying squadron at Racine, Wis. Was transferred to Fort Jefferson and thence to San Antonio, Tex., and now is with the Seventeenth at Toronto, from where he writes interestingly of his work.

He finds the Canadians friendly and interested in him and his fellows. Mr. Butterfield is in the mechanical department.

Extracts from his recent letter follow:

Things sure looked strange to us when we marched into camp. This is one of the British recruit depot for the Imperial Royal Flying Corps. The recruits get their preliminary training here before they are assigned to squadrons, or 'posted' as they call it.

They sure have odd uniforms in this branch, three different kinds, and they all look like theatrical costumes.

We are here for training and have to learn their drill, and it sure seems funny. Then we are to be temporarily broken up and posted with their mechanical squadron for training. They took each man's experience and now they are examining us to see how much we know.

They have funny rules and regulations here. We have to get up at 5:30 and then we have an hour to shave, fix our equipment for inspection, get a cup of coffee and fall in for morning parade.

We have to shave every morning whether we need it or not. Our blankets have to be folded and put outside our tents with all our equipment and clothing, and tent floors scrubbed.

We have to drill from 6:30 till 7:30. We have breakfast at 8. At 9:30 we drill again till 10:30, then dinner at 12, then drill from 2:30 till 5 o'clock.

From 2:30 till 3:30 there is a lecture. At 5 o'clock we can leave camp. It is also tea time.

We have to be in at 9:30 unless we have a pass, and then we have to be in at 12.

A man is allowed two week-end passes a month from noon Saturday till midnight Sunday, and he is allowed four days' pass a month, but he has to take it in week-ends.

We have to carry a swagger cane when we go out.

The people here sure treat us fine. They can't do too much for us, and when we walk down the street everyone turns around to look at us. Everyone is happy this morning because it is raining.

NO TIME TO DELAY

If you want your Fall suit on time, order now. Good materials, better service—satisfaction. Pay us $10 with order; balance $5 per month. Unique Tailoring Company, 309 Stark street, between Fifth and Sixth.—Adv.

FORMER RAILROAD DIVISION ENGINEER NOW ON HIS WAY TO FRANCE.

First Lieutenant T. W. Saul.

Typical of the men, schooled both in technical and practical experience, who will command the engineering troops in France is First Lieutenant Tom Wynne Saul, of Company E, Eighth Engineers, whose regiment recently left American Lake for France.

For several years Lieutenant Saul had been in the service of the O.-W. R. & N. Company, resigning as division engineer of the first division to serve with the regiment that goes to France. He received his commission in June and went into training at American Lake immediately.

Lieutenant Saul received his technical education at Harvard University and Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He has been engaged on railroad construction and maintenance work for 12 years.

HORRORS OF WAR IN FRANCE RELATED BY AMERICAN SOLDIER

Battles in Air of Daily Occurrence in Full View of Contending Armies.

A LETTER from the front, "somewhere in France," has been received in Portland from one of the boys who was but recently landed on French soil. In it he describes the rapidity with which his contingent was handled over there and a great deal of interest as to details of the situation.

One of the thrilling features of the letter is his statement about the air flights. His description of how the aviators manage their machines and of the ferocity of their battles is intensely interesting.

The letter follows:

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE, 7, 1917.—Dearest Mother: I am writing this at the first opportunity I have had since my arrival at the front. I have just had a night's sleep and feel fine. We certainly landed into work with a capital W. Some of the sections sent out, the one before us, for example, remain two weeks at a central base doing excavation work before being sent to the front. Not so with us. We came almost 200 miles from Paris in two days, 22 cars, two trucks, a kitchen car and two staff cars. We never had an accident. Section 26 smashed three radiators and came 10 miles their first day. We are cantoned in a little village having a total population of 40 people, 200 soldiers. We are exactly a mile from the trenches and the roar of the big guns is loud day and night, except in bad weather, when things grow quiet. We are attached to an army division and move when they move. We have two "posts de secours" and a small hospital to take care of. The hospital is in a little V. The first thing they did when we were placed on duty was to show us the graves of two Americans who were killed among 20 people by a gas attack there a week before. As we had not yet received our gas masks this information did not tend to allay our fears. The first time I went on duty I worked two days and one night without a bit of rest. I carried probably 25 or 26 wounded a total distance of 150 miles. They start you at night (it rained like blazes my first night out), to go to some little hospital you never heard of, probably 10 or 12 miles away. You can't use light and often the roads are terrible. I got scared a bit one night when my radiator cap blew off. The engine got too hot. Fortunately it did not burn out my bearings. We are located not far from Rheims, in the Champagne; that is as much as I can tell you and possibly that will be cut out by the censors.

Aeroplane Fights Fierce and Fatal.

The most interesting thing about this district I am in is the aeroplane fights. There are two French aviation camps fairly near and I have counted as many as 11 planes in the air at one time. They pass right over us every night and morning going to the lines and returning. The Boche don't come over us very often, but when they do come they come like sin and they don't stop for anything. The French are continually over the German lines and seem to have the mastery of this district without question.

I saw a pretty sight while on duty down at the post the other day. Three French planes flew over the Boche line and the Boche turned about 10 anti-aircraft guns on them. If there is anything ineffectual to my mind, it is an anti-aircraft gun. I'll wager the Germans fired 150 or 200 rounds at those three planes and never touched them. It was just like fireworks and about as effective. You could see the three planes come down out of the clouds and wheel about the lines until then suddenly a little puff of white smoke appeared behind one of them; after that a little puff would appear about 30 seconds or oftener. In front, behind, over and below the puffs appeared, but the planes just sailed serenely on and didn't mind in the least. I have made the acquaintance of a French aviator. Sergeant Boyer, of the 204th Esquadrille. He is a fine chap and has asked me to visit the camp, which is only a short way off.

I have the greatest respect in the world for an aviator, but it is a suicide game in which death always wins. The percentage of the R. A. F. C. of England is 92 per cent! Think of it!

Aviators Have Short Life.

It's fun to watch an air battle, though. Talk about your ball fights and stuff in the Roman arena. All that was tame compared with what we see every day. There is no quarter in the air, you know. When an aviator meets an enemy plane he knows it is either he or the other fellow. There is no wounded aviators—only dead ones. The advantageous position is over the other fellow and they maneuvered for a few minutes and then dash for each other. You can hear the old machine guns start buzzing. They shoot down their propellers by an electrically timed and operated gun and then if one or both of them succeed they start falling, shooting all the while and performing the queerest sorts of spirals and flops all the while until just before they reach the ground they straighten out and separate.

I guess I'll say goodbye for now. With love.

Dante's Inferno Outdone.

The horrors of "No Man's Land" and the deadliness of trench fighting are described in vivid language in the following letter, which was written by a young man to one who had seen service long ago under the Star-Spangled Banner:

Dear Major: Having a moment or two I shall drop you a line. It's surprising how far away Marinette and all my friends seem now. The mail is the only connecting link and that seems rather ineffectual when one realizes that it takes a month and a half for a letter to go and return.

It is about 98 degrees in the shade now. This is a chalky country and the dust is choking, but being an old campaigner, you can appreciate the situation. Very fortunately, we do most of our driving at night when it is cooler. All the attacking is done at night. The strategy of this was war, of course, old when Alexander invented the phalanx. It is simply to masque your movements as much as possible and to surprise the enemy. Nothing in the nature of a total surprise is now possible except in isolated trench raids. Over the trenches at night they use scores of illuminating rockets, star shells, giving off a ghastly greenish light, and numerous others. These are the only harmless things sent up. Search lights play continually over the sky and a blaze of the guns, big and small, give a fitful light of their own. If there is anything hellish in creation, it is the trenches and "No man's land" at night. Dante's Inferno and Milton's hell had souls. This is a cold, gleaming, dispassionate mechanical hell which surpasses description. "No man's land" is one shrieking horror, which singes the brain. I have carried the troops who have returned from the trenches sick, sick, from the stench of the dead lying in that torn waste of barbed wire and shell craters between the opposing lines. They say that in "No man's land" not over half a mile from one of our posts lie 1000 dead. The French have made efforts to fumigate the place, but the Germans forestall such efforts with a machine gun fire.

Heroism Surpasses History.

You wonder here as you gaze upon the war at the heroism and endurance of man. The heroism of this war surpasses anything in history. Tennyson has made immortal the charge of the Light Brigade. They rode on horses down a valley swept by round shot and few returned. Here peaceful farm laborers and factory hands, forced into the ranks of war, move forward on foot through barbed wire and over ground swept, not by round shot, but by every conceivable death-dealing instrument of modern warfare. Shrapnel bursting overhead, a single shell of which may wipe out 50 men, eclats which hits and bursts four shape, riddling anything within 50 yards, gas, deadly poisonous liquid fire, shells by hundreds, machine guns with their rain of death, and then the bayonet and the hand grenade, while underneath mines explode and bombing planes drop explosives and steel spikes from the sky. Last of all, the rifles. And these peaceful peasants move forward through this curtain death resolute and unfaltering to gain 50 feet of ground. Why, the losses of the division to which I am attached is said to be 70 per cent, and this is happening every day. Often whole companies go over and never return, and it isn't because the Boche take them prisoners, either. I tell you the bravery and heroism of these French and British peasants born within the sounds of cathedral chimes is unsurpassed or even approached by any of the troops of the East, fatalists or fanatics. This loss of life is, fortunately, being reduced as a better understanding of trench warfare develops. The entire secret lies in an abundance of artillery. I believe that it was Napoleon who once said that God fights on the side of the heaviest artillery. His truism remains as sound as it did at Austerlitz or in Egypt.

Slaughter Has Been Frightful.

By a reduction of the loss of life, I mean a reduction in the cost of an offensive to the French and British, not in the general cost of war. An artillery attack of at least three hours is necessary if the cost of taking a position is not to be out of proportion to its value. The difficulty in the earlier allied offensive was that they were sadly lacking in artillery supports. Often troops were sent over without a barbed wire being cut with a horrible loss of life resulting. Of course, I don't mean to say that the death toll in any offensive will be anything but frightful. Sherman's saying remains as unquestionably true as does Napoleon's. But proper training can eliminate much useless slaughter. In the slight and short glimpse I have had at the "mise en scene" of war I have come to feel that our troops cannot operate at high efficiency without long and thorough training here in France. Modern warfare is so different from anything we have known. I don't think a great deal of training in America is necessary; just enough to make discipline inherent. Then about two or three months here learning the sapper's game and the bombing game, and perfecting the diverse training necessary for the trenches. Then let them be placed in the trenches in a quiet sector. Let them get used to trench warfare, get used to defending positions, build up a morale which a shell can't shake. Then, and not until then, will you have an American army ready for the great offensive for a drive which would go further than any previous allied drive, and really justify America in the eyes of France.

While the training is going on, actual training in the trenches, America can be prepared for the great push. Turning out all the thousands of things necessary for an offensive on a larger scale. We will need observation balloons, sausages, of which I wager we haven't a dozen. On a front of five miles now I can count eleven of them. They are the eyes of the artillery discovering enemy batteries and directing fire. We will need thousands of aeroplanes, which are the most effective instruments of the intelligence department, useful in reporting the movement of enemy troops and in making maps. We will need thousands of rounds of ammunition and about 20 times as much artillery as we now have.

Mistakes Should Teach.

We, however, can and have already profited by England's mistakes. We have no such shortage of men, arms, ammunition and other equipment as had England. At least we have the means of rapidly obtaining them.

I have talked to many British and Canadian officers in Paris. This shortage of equipment in Kitchener's army was terrible. The Boche have 40 machine guns to a regiment. The English one. Imagine the success of an offensive attempted under those conditions. I have heard a Canadian Captain of artillery say that he actually saw at Somme the heavy artillery placed in front of the field pieces because of the lack of lighter ammunition. There were guns shooting at a range of 30 or 40 kilos or less when they should have been behind the first trenches. They were the only supporting artillery they had, so they had to bring them up. Of course it meant a great loss and a great waste.

I don't know where they will put the Americans when they arrive, but I hope it will be between the Canadians and English. Flanked by English-speaking fighting units, they will be much more effective. The organization of a great army is an intricate and marvelous thing. The English have been rubbing elbows with the French long enough to learn their ways and language. A large percentage of the French officers speak English. The organizations have been interlocked with the least friction by this time and work together. But if you shoved the Americans in with the French there would be confusion. The smooth working transport system would be clogged. We have too few interpreters, and even if we had we couldn't supply every truck driver and non-com with one. It takes time for two armies speaking different languages to dovetail, and seeing that England has accomplished it, it would save us labor and confusion as well as the French to benefit by it. There must be no confusion when a drive is launched. Precision must be the watchword. I hope I have not bored you with my rambling about what I think as if I had any right to express my opinion. But we are old friends and I think you will understand that I want you to see things as I do and you can accept my judgment for what the opinion of a boy is worth.

Officers' Responsibility Terrifies.

I came over for two reasons: From a sense of duty to civilization and my country and to be of service. To see and learn all I could. When my enlistment expires I shall return and go into officers' training for a commission. I feel that what I have learned of modern warfare and my slight knowledge of French will be of more use to my Government than if I had not come or if I had gone from school into officers' training. I tell you from what I have learned that I shudder to lead a command of troops, of being responsible for their lives with a knowledge of the thousand of things essential to an officer. This hell on earth, for such it is, is a great thing to make a boy mature in judgment. I have begun to realize the requirements of an officer. I can go into training with my eyes open and not blindly. I have no idea of going back to a citizen's life. I would do anything in my power to drive Germans from French soil, and until the war is ended my duty is plain as is every loyal American citizen. But I shall like to go back home for a moment to enter the American Army, where I think I can do more and be of greater service.

I can't tell much about our life here. Work, work 48 hours and then rest 48. When there is an attack we work all the time, and rest when we can. At night we are under shell fire practically all the time. We are running over the same route as our English ambulance section and yesterday they decorated three of them with D. S. O. for bravery under fire. I have not had any narrow escape, but several of the boys have come pretty close. Danger from smashing up by running into new shell holes or over trees across the road is greater than being hit by fire, however. You see we never drive with lights at the front.

Please let me hear from you.

Your old friend. JIM.

Y. W. C. A. Notes.

MISS MARY BLANCHE JACOBS, Y. W. C. A. physical director, has just returned from her Summer vacation, which was spent with relatives and friends in Los Angeles and at the California beaches.

Miss Grace Tiffany is enjoying life on the McKenzie River. Following her vacation, Miss Tiffany will go to North Yakima to assume charge of the physical department of the Yakima Y. W. C. A.

Miss Louise Botkin, teacher of domestic science, is summering at Hotel Warren, Cannon Beach.

Miss Helena Saxton has returned from an outing at Ocean Park.

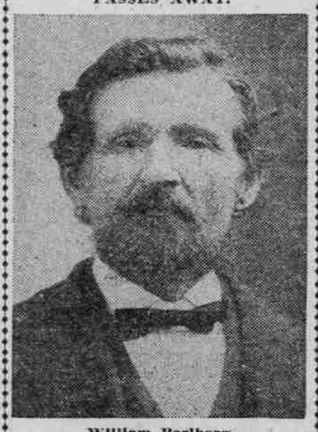
Miss Bertha Brainard, head of the commercial department, is in Glacier National Park.

Mrs. Herman S. Gile, known to Y. W. C. A. folks as Miss May Chapler, former membership secretary, passed through the city the early part of the week with her husband, bound for Alaska.

Miss Mary Irwin is at Gearhart Park.

Miss Selma Flodine, Y. W. C. A. house-mother, is recovering from a month's illness and hopes to be back at her post by September.

VETERAN OF CIVIL WAR PASSES AWAY.



William Perlberg.

William Perlberg, a Civil War veteran of Gresham and member of the Grand Army post there, died last Sunday at the age of 83 years. He was born in Germany in 1834 and, although he arrived in the United States in 1864, enlisted with the One Hundred and Fifth New York Regiment in December of the same year.

He came West after the war, arriving by the California route in 1870, and that year he took up a claim near La Center, Wash. He made his home there and married Emilie Polzin at that place. Mrs. Perlberg died 19 years ago. The following children survive: Mrs. Ned Munger, Mrs. F. Wellman, Mrs. R. Heiser and Albert Perlberg.

FLAG CHEERS WOUNDED

AMERICAN EMBLEM FLOATS AT HEAD OF HOSPITAL BED.

Soldier Fighting With Canadians Is Made Happy When Newspaper and Banner Are Given Him.

The following extract from a letter from England, which arrived yesterday to a woman in this city, gives a thrilling picture of how American troops love the flag under which they have rallied across the ocean:

"One of the newspapers (The Oregonian) you sent to me came at a particularly good time. I had been hunting everywhere for an American newspaper, and I could not come on one anywhere. I wanted it for an American soldier who was in a hospital at Woolwich.

"When I was there one day I talked a good deal to that poor man, who had been wounded in nine places, and was naturally very ill.

"I asked him if there was anything he would like me to bring to him, and he said the only thing he was craving for was a real American paper.

"He was from the states, and had come over with the Canadians; this time in the hospital being the first he had seen of England.

"I said, 'Aren't you glad to hear that America has now joined us?'

"He said he was glad, but that, now they had come in, he would rather fight under his own American flag.

"So, before I went again, I hunted around and found a small American flag, about the size of this envelope, and took that for him to fasten above his bed.

"Oh, the delight of that poor man! He said it was that he had been longing and longing for. He waved it over his head and the tears ran down his cheeks. He was very happy with that little flag. The nurse fixed it over his bed and he was just like a happy child.

"He is now very much better, and has been removed to another hospital. Last week, when I was there, another man occupied Private Howland's bed, and the little American flag had gone away with him."

NEW HIGH SCHOOL READY

Estacada Will Open Modern Building on September 17.

ESTACADA, Or., Aug. 18.—(Special.)—The Estacada schools will open September 17, at which time the new $25,000 high school building will be ready. The structure is modern in every detail and is fireproof throughout.

The principal features of the structure are its brick, tile and cement construction, the use of incline instead of stairways; an auditorium with seating capacity of 550, stage, shower baths, equipment for moving-picture machine, lectures and well-lighted and ventilated laboratories, including dining-rooms, kitchens, manual training and science laboratories.

Ellwyn Rutherford, an Oregon graduate, will teach the sciences and coach in athletics. H. C. McCormick, of Corvallis, will teach manual training and agriculture. The balance of the faculty, aside from the new principal, T. E. Wilson, will be the same as last year.

WHAT'S WAR TO THIS BOY?

Harold Nash Joins Navy to Be Safe, After Harrowing Experiences.

OREGON CITY, Or., Aug. 18.—(Special.)—Word has been received in this city from Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Nash, who left Oregon City early this Summer for Michigan, where they are now making their home, to the effect that their son, Harold, had joined the Navy. He took his preliminary examination at Muskegon, Mich., and the final examination at Detroit, Mich. Nash will be 21 years old in September.

While a resident of this city young Nash has met with more accidents than any young man here. He has sustained a broken leg several times, a broken nose, arm and several ribs, suffered from smallpox, typhoid fever, was operated upon for appendicitis and just before departing for Michigan met with an accident in which he almost severed his foot with a sharp ax. Harold concluded that the Navy has no terrors for him after this.

CEDAR MILL HAS RED CROSS

Auxiliary Fills One Box With Hospital Equipment and Raises $53.

The people of Cedar Mill have formed an auxiliary to the Portland Chapter of the American Red Cross and are earnestly engaged in all lines of Red Cross work. This auxiliary has a membership of 51. The chairman is Mrs. A. M. Thorne, an old Red Cross worker.

A benefit dance was given recently and with the aid of the Larson Orchestra, which donated its services, $53 was added to the treasury.

The members have established headquarters and workroom just opposite the Cedar Mill store, and will be glad to welcome anyone who would like to join the auxiliary and assist in the making of garments. They have nearly filled one box containing equipment for nine hospital patients. This equipment includes sheets, pillow cases, hospital bed shirts, socks, bed socks, towels, bath towels, wash rags, slippers, etc. The work is in charge of Mrs. Elizabeth Sammons.

The entertainment committee, with Mrs. Churchley as chairman, is planning a musicale to be given at Grange Hall.

SALMON RUN IS LIGHT

Cowlitz Fishermen Prepare for Heavy Fall Season.

KELSO, Wash., Aug. 18.—(Special.)—Cowlitz County fishermen have about given up hopes of any heavy run of salmon during the Spring fishing season, which closes August 25, and many of them have ceased fishing and are getting their gear in shape for the Fall season, which starts September 10.

The big run of fish, which is now at the mouth of the Columbia, has held off so late that there should be an abundance of fish in the streams after the opening of the Fall season, it is believed. Catches have been light for the past few months, although some of the fishermen have had an average season. Traps and nets are now being overhauled and seining grounds cleared for the expected heavy run after September 10.

FREEWATER GRAIN IS GOOD

Wheat Averages Better Than Usual but Barley Is Not Up to Mark.

FREEWATER, Or., Aug. 18.—(Special.)—Harvesting in the vicinity of Umapine, seven miles west of this city, is in full swing, and good yields are being reported for that section. Wheat is averaging from 20 to 25 bushels to the acre, and is reported as being A1 for milling purposes.

This land is producing above normal in wheat this year, the average crops being 20 bushels an acre. Barley in some instances is below normal, an average of from 60 to 70 bushels being threshed on a number of ranches which usually produce from 85 to 90 bushels an acre.

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Commerce Safe Deposit Vaults.

91 Third street. Both phones.—Adv.

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MRS. J. ACKER AND
MRS. W. W. LAURIE.
Adv.

CARD OF THANKS.

I wish to thank the many friends for their kindness to me and for the beautiful flowers; also the Woodmen of the World for their untiring efforts during my recent bereavement.

CLARA COYAN.
Adv.

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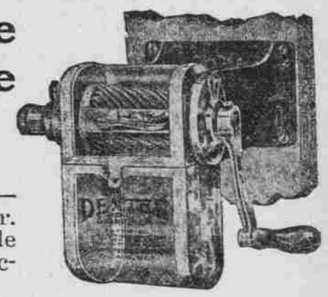

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