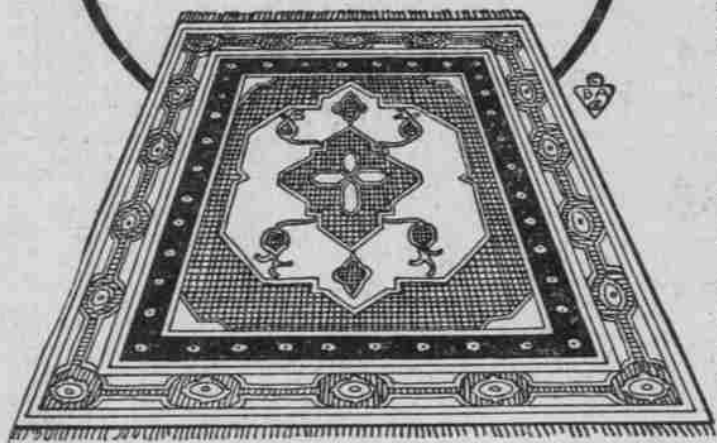


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With a Stock That Justifies Our Enthusiasm We
Announce That a Wonderful Line of

New Rugs Are Ready

Come and see the new designs—new colors—the fine quality of these new rugs. The best-known makes are included in the showing—and the best of the best-known makes—long-nap rugs that you nearly have to "wade" through. Gorgeously colored ones and quieter ones. High-priced ones and low-priced ones, but only HIGH-quality rugs for the price. Come prepared to buy rugs, for when you see the great confusion of beautiful rugs you will want one. Come whether you are ready now to purchase a rug or not. The wonderful showing will give you an idea of the kinds and colors that are in greatest demand.

A Splendid Assortment of High-Quality Rugs Such as
Herati, Royal Kashan, Karnak and Others

- 8x12 WILTON RUGS, in wonderful patterns, the best we have ever shown... **\$82.50**
- 4-6x7-6 WILTON RUGS—In all the wonderful new colors... **\$28.25**
- 6-8x10-6 WILTON RUGS—Appropriate for most any room in the home, at... **\$74.75**
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Special 9x12 Axminster Rugs... **\$32.85** | \$1.50 Inlaid Linoleum on your floor... **\$1.23** | \$1.75 Inlaid Linoleum on your floor... **\$1.45**

Dining Chairs

Four Special Items for Thanksgiving

Other Excellent Patterns at Lowered Prices in the Various Grades.

- \$3.55 Long-Post Saddle-Seat Diner, wide three-slat back, for... **\$1.95**
- \$4.40 Box-Frame Diner, with saddle wood seat, shaped top and back panel... **\$3.65**
- \$4.95 Slip Leather-Seat Diner in panel-back effect, for... **\$3.90**
- \$7.50 High-Back William and Mary Leather-Seat Diner for... **\$6.15**



Your Victrola on Credit

Better select the Christmas Victrola now and have it laid aside for later delivery. Every Victrola pattern is shown here; also many excellent combinations that you will find most pleasing.

**Victrola X
Outfit
\$93.75**

VICTROLA X, TEN-INCH ALBUM, 200 NEEDLES, TEN TEN-INCH DOUBLE-FACED RECORDS (20 SELECTIONS), RECORD CLEANER.

**Victrola XI
Outfit
\$120.25**

VICTROLA XI, TWELVE TEN-INCH DOUBLE-FACED RECORDS (24 SELECTIONS), TEN-INCH ALBUM, 200 NEEDLES, RECORD CLEANER.



Our \$119.00 Eight-Piece Suite in Jacobean Design, now... **\$89.25**

This splendid Jacobean Suite which we have featured at so low a price for Thanksgiving includes six genuine leather slip-seat chairs, a large buffet and a massive base dining table. The china closet is not included at the suite price. All pieces are built of selected quarters oak, richly finished. The buffet is broad and roomy and the dining table has an unusual pedestal and leg base.

4-Piece Queen Anne Suite in American Walnut Finish **\$129.50**

All the four pieces are exact reproductions of famous masterpieces. The buffet, which is a beautiful example of cabinet work, is 54 inches in width; the china closet also a most artistically designed piece, measures 48 inches. The dining table, which is a true reproduction of the Queen Anne, is 48 inches in diameter. Chairs to match this suite can be furnished at prices up from \$9.75, and all chairs are covered in genuine Spanish leather.

Gift Suggestions for Christmas Have One Laid Aside

- 27-in. Mahogany-Finish Smoker, complete with glass ash and cigar tray... **\$1.95**
- Gate-Leg Tables, Very Special... **\$12.45**
- Oak Phone Set... **\$3.95**

SAVE FOOD Systematize Your Kitchen Through the HOOSIER Kitchen Cabinet

Room for Over 500 Different Articles. **\$1 Week**



Our Special Opal Wood Heater for... \$12.85

We just want you to compare it with other heaters of equal size and appearance, then we want you to examine the interior. You will find the firebox in the Opal is designed for Western fuel. This one item means a great saving in your fuel consumption.

ART CIRCLES STILL STIRRED OVER INCIDENT OF DR. MUCK AND "STAR-SPANGLED BANNER"

Abolition of German Opera Would Be Great Opportunity for French School if Representatives Were More Reasonable in Their Demands—Americans Chided for Lack of Patriotism in View of Denouement.

BY EMILIE FRANCES BAUER.
NEW YORK, Nov. 24.—(Special.)—No subject since war has been declared has seemed to create so much excitement as the question of "The Star-Spangled Banner." First, the public was confronted with Dr. Muck's reported attitude, which brought in its wake the cancellation of the Baltimore Boston Symphony concert. This was not because he refused to

comply with the insistence of the public, but because the Southern city felt that his presence was not compatible with its sense of patriotism. Carnegie Hall was a tense place on Thursday night, when curiosity seemed to be the dominant note, although it had already been announced that in all other cities lying along the line of travel "The Star-Spangled Banner" had opened Dr. Muck's programme. True, the eminent conductor offered his resignation to

Major Higginson before yielding to the pressure, and, naturally enough, taking into consideration the devotion shown Dr. Muck by the great music patron who has made the Boston Symphony Orchestra possible, said resignation was not accepted, at least not before this series of concerts. It is not unlikely that the hurrah about playing the American National anthem, and the tendering of his resignation before playing it was necessary

to Dr. Muck in order to preserve his standing in his own country. Surely, no one better than Dr. Muck should know that when "The Star-Spangled Banner" is offered as a number on any programme it has no relation to art or to the over-worked word "culture." It is there in its pristine elements, just as it sprang into being. It does not suffer from juxtaposition with Brahms, Beethoven, Berlioz or anybody else, because it has no relation to anything else, and the excuse of any conductor that it is not artistically fit to be on a symphony programme is a ruler unworthy of any intelligent being. That a conductor, particularly a German, should set forth this point of view at this time is within comprehension, but that any concert-goers should reveal themselves snobs to that extent is an insult to the flag. Much nonsense is written and spoken in relation to music and art in normal times, but the drive

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TRAINING CAMP PHOTOGRAPHS LIKELY TO STIR MEMORY IN YEARS TO COME

"First Sons" Caught by Camera as They Do Kitchen Police or Otherwise Engage in Work Shorn of Military Glitter—Boys Take to Tasks With Fine Grace, Realizing Principle at Bottom of Programme.



1—Photograph Sent Home by MacCormac Snow, Showing How the Men "Saved" Rations Upset While on Hike. Mr. Snow is Fourth From Left, Standing. 2—Photograph Sent by Robert McMurray, Showing "K. P." Squad; (Left to Right) Gerlach, Britton, Martin, Bredehagen. 3—"Fetters" Bryan and McMurray. 4—At Rest (Left to Right), Robert McMurray, Frank Korrell and Mr. Starr.

WHEN the stern present of the Second Reserve Officers' Training Camp at the Presidio shall have been forgotten—in a few weeks, or perhaps after the war—there will be hundreds of memories and notes not to mention bits of experience, that will bring back the three months' grind like a flash. Photographs will be one of the most fertile agencies of reminiscence and a collection of pictures has recently been received in Portland showing some of the "first sons" in poses that illustrate how thoroughly the military training of the Second Camp went in its various ramifications. Sons who hadn't dried the dinner dishes at home "since Hector was a pup" were scouring pans and otherwise doing "hard labor."

A photograph just received by Mrs. Robert McMurray, 175 North Twenty-fourth street, shows Mr. McMurray and a group of other candidates at the camp, in the attire of Army cooks. Mr. McMurray, who is a son of Mr. and Mrs. William McMurray, of Portland, wrote that the embryonic Lieutenants and Captains "hardly took the part of officers" when doing kitchen police. Along with five others Mr. McMurray was detailed as cook for several days and the photograph he sent home indicated that the lot was a happy one. The men performed the tasks with fine grace, he wrote, "realizing what the basic principle meant."

Another photograph shows Mr. McMurray, Frank Korrell, ex-candidate for the State Legislature, and a Mr. Starr, a friend of Mr. McMurray's father, "at rest" after drilling. It is much in contrast, but is one likely to call up fond recollections in years to come. Another photograph showing the men making the best of a bad lot is that received from MacCormac Snow, son of Mr. and Mrs. Zera Snow. In some way not accounted for, the day's ration had been upset while the men were on a hike. Resorting to the most primitive of eating equipment, the men used their fingers and reclaimed enough from the ground to sustain them for the remainder of the march. Numerous other photographs show the men getting military training in its various forms and remove considerable of the glitter and gleam that characterizes the public conception of official military life.

VICISSITUDES OF HOSPITAL LIFE ARE DESCRIBED BY NURSE

Great Range Seen in Patients With Varying Degrees of Interest—Little Boy Brings Tin Gun to Shoot Nurse He Didn't Like.

BY EDITH E. LANYON.
SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND, Oct. 20.—I am trying to improve my mind a little by attending lectures on "Nursing" and "First Aid to the Wounded" at the Technical College. The doctor who gives them, unfortunately believes in plenty of home work, and I was rather taken aback to find that I had 11 pages to write in answer to the questions given us last week. It would seem rather foolish to have to take an extra day off from real nursing to answer questions on nursing. The matron of the infirmary is rather amused at my endeavors to mingle theory with practice. I was greatly honored last week by being invited to assist the house surgeon at an operation (for hernia) whilst the staff of nurses gave the anesthetic. I got on all right and did not suffer much from stage fright. To tell the truth I felt somewhat important as "the leading lady," professionally arrayed in a sterilized gown and cap and boiled rubber gloves. As a chocolate artist, V. A. D., that ever gets such an opportunity. Am glad to say our patient is doing well. The house surgeon very politely thanked me for my assistance afterwards. We are as busy as ever at the hospital. I am usually with the out-patients and get very fond of them. Burns seem to have been our specialty this last week. One girl scalded her arm so badly by upsetting a pan of boiling water over it that we had to use wax to coat the wounds where the outer skin had been destroyed. Poor girl, the dressing was very painful, but she recovered afterwards enough to smile at nurse and me and offer us some chocolates. As chocolates are as scarce as strawberries in December, we accepted them as a form of curio. A woman leaned down to rake some cinders from under her kitchen grate. She had a celluloid comb in her hair, which promptly burst into flames and

burnt her head. In trying to snatch it out she burnt both her hands badly, poor thing. She comes up every day to have her wounds dressed. She told me one day that she was losing 30 shillings a week, as she couldn't go to work, "but," she remarked, "I've got my Lloyd George"—and undoubtedly retreating her accident insurance. "You won't be popular with the people," one poor mother dressed in black comes up every day to have her burned hands dressed and bandaged. She is very sad because her little girl was burned to death. She got hurt trying to extinguish the flames. Her husband is a soldier at the front. The poor child was unfortunately dressed in a nightgown made of that inflammable stuff, flannelette. She was all ready for bed and sitting on her little chair near the kitchen fire reading a story. Her mother heard a scream and rushed in to find her "just a pillar of fire, nurse." She was too late to save the child. The unhappy mother told me with tears in her eyes that it was the first time this year that her little girl had worn a flannelette nightgown. "You see, nurse, I thought there might be an air raid and the little thing would take cold if I took her up out of her warm bed in a thin nightgown—" The pity of it.

We have our usual assortment of missing fingertips, a boy who tells me, "another boy's clogs hit me in the face" and a variety of odds and ends in the way of wounds. One boy with a badly injured face and ear loudly proclaimed the fact that he was going to have the Red Cross nurse and no other. "Because she doesn't hurt." Four-Year-Old Would Shoot Nurse. I felt uncommonly flattered, especially when his admiring aunt informed me that he had brought a gun to shoot the other nurse if she interfered. Nurse did laugh. This enterprising youth is about 4 years old. His little tin gun was very awe-

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