

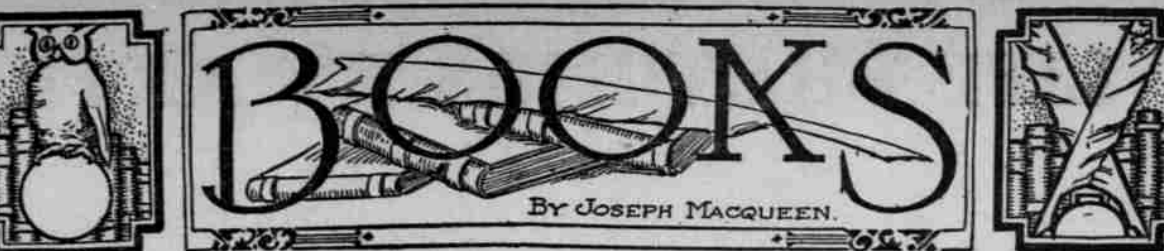
COTTAGE GROVE PAYS LOVING TRIBUTE TO SON WHO DIES IN SERVICE OF HIS FLAG

Mrs. Minnie Monroe, of Portland, is Proud Mother of Two Boys in Service of Their Country—Letters From Overseas Praise Work of the American Y. M. C. A.—Boys Anxious for Battle.



COTTAGE GROVE, Or., April 20.—(Special)—Cottage Grove has its first golden star for its service flag. Although a number of men from this village are on French soil, the first to make the supreme sacrifice in the service of his country was James E. McDole, Sergeant in the 24th Field Artillery, at Camp Lewis, who died March 23, after a severe case of pneumonia and an operation. Sergeant McDole was born in Douglas County, and would have been 24 years of age had he lived until the nineteenth of this month. He was the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. McDole, of Cottage Grove, and was survived by his father, two brothers and two sisters. The funeral was held April 2, and the services were befitting to so memorable a man. They were held at the Christian Church here and the business houses of the town gave an hour of their time in honor of the young man. Interment was made at the Hawley Cemetery, and the body was buried beside that of the mother. Privates Floyd C. Church, son of Captain J. O. Church, 927 Holly street, and William N. Davis, son of Mrs. T. M. Davis, 1778 Fifteenth street, Seaside, are members of Company E, 162d Infantry, somewhere in France. They joined the colors at their country's first call. Before their enlistment, both boys attended the High School of Commerce. Private W. E. Johnson, a member of the 41th Telegraph Battalion, American expeditionary forces in France, sailed from San Francisco through the Panama Canal to New York on the steamship Great Northern, which he says has been rebuilt to a great extent. He was aboard one of the convoys of the Pacific States Telephone Company in this city. Herman Lindquist, a Cathlamet, Wash. boy, has returned to America after two successful trips to France. He is a member of the United States Navy and is aboard one of the convoys of battleships. He recently received promotion to the position of first freeman. Before his enlistment Mr. Lindquist was a student at Oregon Agricultural College. Albert Johnston, a member of Company C, 162d Infantry, with the American expeditionary forces in France, says he is becoming acquainted with the ways of the Frenchmen and that he has a great deal of fun conversing with them. Sergeant Fred G. Wieden, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. Wieden, 335 Cleveland avenue, is aboard one of the convoys of the Red Cross and for the Italian people, who, he says, are looking forward with great enthusiasm to the time when the Americans will come to their country, and aid them in ridding themselves of the Hun. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Frederick, of Hood River. Charles D. Jones, son of C. A. Jones, Beverly Apartments, is a member of Company A, 26th Engineers, and is stationed at Camp American University, Washington, D. C. Jones is a former Oregon Agricultural College student and a graduate of Washington High School. He was before his enlistment with the State Highway Commission. He joined the colors February 26, 1918. Daniel J. Finnucane, of Oregon City, a member of Company A, 162d Infantry,

lean expeditionary forces, in a letter to his mother from England says: "The more I see of England the better I love America. It is a great and a good place at that." Corporal Randle is a graduate of Jefferson High School. Corporal A. J. Watts, a member of Company B, 162d Infantry, A. E. F., has written a number of interesting letters to a Portland friend. He makes interesting mention of the fact that American books cannot be purchased in France. C. A. Peterson, a former Portland boy, is now executive officer aboard the U. S. S. W-30, a submarine chaser. In a letter to his brother, he describes in present position as seeming quite dangerous but well worth while. John Helmer is a member of the 16th Field Hospital Corps and is now stationed at Camp Lewis. He is a former Portland boy. Corporal Eric Huson, with the American expeditionary forces in France, writes to his mother that he finds life in France very interesting, although he is not particularly fond of America. He says: "It is rather strange, but as soon as a fellow gets over here his views change entirely and he knows for certain that he is not sorry he came, and he sees his duty plainly." Corporal Huson is a member of Company B, 162d Infantry. Before his enlistment he was a student at Washington High School and for a number of years an employe of the Peoples Amusement Company and the Columbia Theaters. Mrs. Minnie Monroe, 529 Linn avenue, is the proud mother of two boys in the service of their country, one in the Navy and one in the Army. Delbert Lee Hamilton is in the electrical division of the United States Army and is on the U. S. S. Oklahoma, and Corporal Lawrence Hamilton is a member of Machine Gun Company, 162d Infantry. Delbert, before his enlistment, was employed by the Foster & Kilezer Sign Company. He enlisted at Boston, Mass. James worked with Local No. 6, cigar handlers, on the docks of this city. Previous to his enlistment, however, he was employed by a Canadian firm, but came to this country to join his brother. Delbert is very enthusiastic over the Navy and says he is very well fed and well cared for. George Arthur Bartel, son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter H. Bartel, 5630 Forty-first avenue Southeast, and a member of the 37th Aero Squadron, is now stationed at Camp Lewis. He is a graduate of the Buckman School, and a former Oregonian route agent. He was also employed as a teller by the Security Savings Trust Co. while in this city. Since his enlistment he has been stationed at San Antonio, Tex., Waco, Tex., and a new writing to "get somewhere" at Long Island. An idea of some of the sights Oregon soldiers in France are seeing is given in a letter received from Wagner J. Muhllander, formerly a fireman at Engine Company No. 2, now a member of Company E, 117th Regiment of Engineers. The letter was written by his mother in Portland along with his picture taken in field uniform. In describing an airplane fight he says: "I saw a pretty fight between a French airplane and the Boche. The Frenchman was the fastest and he ran the Hun all over. He would dive and dip, and then rise and then rear loose with his machine gun. The last I saw of them they disappeared behind some clouds. I used to think a pretty fight in interesting, but they can't compare with the airplanes." In telling of the uniform he wears he says: "The picture shows our new style uniform, which is very interesting. They are all the rage in France and all the boys wear them. The small parcel which looks like a knapsack is a gas mask. They also are very popular." OREGON CITY, Or., March 23.—Among the Clackamas County young men "over there" is a young man named Smith, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Smith, of Parkville. His father enlisted during the Spanish-American War, and his mother, Captain "H" Smith, a well-known Clackamas County pioneer, fought during the Civil War. The old veteran is proud of his grandson. Smith is a tall, athletic young man, weighing when he left this city, 196 pounds. He celebrated his 21st birthday anniversary on St. Patrick's day. He is a member of the Oregon Agricultural College. Harry L. Jaeger, son of J. P. Jaeger, 619 East Tenth street, is now in active service on submarine chaser No. 41. Since his enlistment Mr. Jaeger has taken a six weeks' course at the University of Oregon and has been machinist's mate at New London, Conn. Before joining the colors he was a student at Hill Military Academy and for a time at Oregon Agricultural College. Mrs. Ada J. Farmer, of 321 East Forty-fourth street, has four sons who are enlisted in various branches of the service. The oldest son, Lieutenant H. D. Farmer, is with the 31st Engineers at Vancouver, Wash. He was employed in the radio school there. He is now a member of the United States Navy and has been assigned to a ship. He is 23 years of age and is one of the youngest men in the Navy to receive a commission as ensign. Ensign Higbee has served four years in the Navy. Gifford L. Omerout, a member of Band Headquarters Company, 162d Infantry, with the American Expeditionary Forces in France, has spent more than two months since his arrival in that country at a base hospital. Mr. Omerout has 10 cousins in the American Army over there. He is the son of Mrs. F. E. Osborne, of Newberg, Or., and a former student of Oregon Agricultural College. Edward L. Stafford, son of Mrs. E. E. Stafford, of Sheridan, Or., who came to Portland with 11 other Sheridan boys to enlist in the Navy a year ago, has been transferred to the Aviation Division. Since his enlistment he has attended Harvard University and graduated from the radio school there. He expects to be flying an airplane in France within 10 weeks. Mr. Stafford has a younger brother, Philip, who is a member of Company H, 162d Infantry, and is now in France. Corporal Eugene Doneka, son of Mrs. E. L. Doneka, organizer and president of Company H Auxiliary, in a letter to his mother, says that he is enjoying life in England and that his only regret in being there is that "cigarettes are very scarce. Before his enlistment Corporal Doneka was employed by Max Houser, the grain man. He is a member of Highland Central National Church and of the Multnomah Club. He enlisted April 3, 1917, in Company H, 162d Infantry, and is now at Southampton, England. Lebaby, a small town near Raymond, Wash., was the home of three brothers in the service of their country, one of whom was lost with the Tuscanian. Wesley William Hyatt enlisted December 16, 1917, in the 26th Engineers and went down with the ill-fated troopship. Ira Irving Hyatt enlisted in the 37th Company, Seventh Regiment, United States Marines, and is now stationed at Cuba. Bland Bertram Hyatt enlisted in Company I, 44th United States Infantry, and is now training at Camp Lewis. Corporal Guy A. Rawles, son of Mrs. C. G. Rawles, 864 Rodney avenue, who is with the 28th Aero Squadron, Ameri-



By JOSEPH MACQUEEN. "There Is A Power Behind The Crown Greater Than The Crown Itself" JUNIUS.

My Empress, by Marfa Mouchenow, \$2.50. Illustrated, John Lane Co., New York City. It is almost like a stage play, with its lightning changes of social conditions between each act, to read the swiftly changing life pictures, as narrated in these 256 pages, which illustrate the dramatic life of the unfortunate Alexandra of Russia, for she was Alexandra's first maid-in-waiting for 25 long years. The acquaintance between the Empress and the author began at the former's marriage when she was known as the lovely Princess Alix of Hesse. It was then the custom at the Russian court to allow any Princess marrying into the Imperial family to bring with her maidens from her own country. Marfa Mouchenow was a widow at that time, her husband having been a Colonel in the Russian army. The Empress impressed her critics as possessing a disquieting natural melancholy, and it was noticed even in those early days that her mouth was her most defective feature in an otherwise almost perfectly beautiful face. "The mouth had a determined expression, which even then could be unpleasant, and the chin was decidedly hooked. But the general impression produced was that of a superb woman. The deep mourning which she wore suited her and heightened the natural sadness of her lovely complexion. I remember thinking that I had never yet seen anyone more beautiful than this girl about to become my Empress." Here is one notable quotation: "In the Caar's absence with the armies at the front, the revolution took place. The Caar, surrounded by traitors, was obliged to flee his capital. Two urgent telegrams, dispatched to him by the Emperor, the Duke of Devonshire, and the Emperor also was not informed of the extent of the revolt, and it was only through one of his friends that he got an inkling of the truth. She sent for Count Benckendorff, the head of the household, and asked him to get her all the information possible. The Count, who throughout all the epistolary correspondence had shown loyalty to his sovereign, tried to go to Petrograd, but found it impossible because the railway was already in the hands of the revolutionaries and he had to obtain what news he could by telephone. The Empress, almost mad with anxiety, walked to and fro in her apartments, wringing her hands and repeating over and over again: 'What is to be done? What is to be done? What is to be done?' She was not to be comforted. General Rousky, who was then supposed to be loyal, inquiring after the Emperor. In about two hours he received a telegram that the Caar was on his way to Pskof and was expected to arrive there that night. This moment altered her whole attitude. Soon afterward the Grand Duchess Olga, who had the measles, became suddenly ill with pneumonia and died. The Grand Duchess, who had been removed to another wing of the palace, died in her turn, and the unfortunate Caarina had still another anxiety to fight, which was perhaps the last she was to have. She had to attend to her, since the necessity of attending to her children prevented her from brooding over what was happening. About midnight I left the Empress, who had been persuaded to retire—the Princess Alexandra having pronounced her children—and lay down in a room adjoining the bedchamber of my mistress. At 3 o'clock there was a soft rapping at my door. I got up instantly and found an old groom of the chambers standing outside with a frightened countenance. "Something fearful has happened," he whispered. "The Emperor has been shot." "What?" I asked, not believing my ears. "The Emperor has abdicated," he repeated, and went to sleep. I dropped into a chair and thought that the end of the world had come. And so it was. I was sitting there when I saw Count Benckendorff coming. He had just heard what had taken place at Pskof a few hours before, and was hastening to communicate it to my mistress. "How shall we tell the Empress?" was my first thought. "I went back and found her. She was not sleeping, and got up immediately when told that Count Benckendorff wished to speak to her. She came to me and said: 'What is going to tell her the Caar had been murdered, the loss of her throne seemed a thing that was impossible. She was feeling a sense of relief at finding her apprehensions grounded. But she could not believe that the Caar had not abdicated in favor of his son. "There must be a mistake; it is impossible that the King has abdicated," she kept repeating. At last compelled to believe that such was the case, she gave vent to an expression of anger which showed how thoroughly she despised the weak-minded man to whom she had been bound. "He might as well be in his right hand remembered his son!" she exclaimed. "The Emperor has abdicated," she repeated, and went to sleep. When the Caar and his family left for their Siberian prison-like home in Siberia, the services of the faithful servants who had been with them for so many years were dispersed, and it was then that our author parted company with her Empress. Much tact has been used in preparing this history, and the Russian politics are wisely not touched upon. Seven Leagues Across the Sea, by Samuel Murray, \$2.50. Illustrated, Moffat, Yard & Co., New York City. "I had secured a second-class ticket to Buenos Aires, Argentina, by way of England, this marking the first of several trips to the world over which I had planned to travel. Thirteen hundred and fifty dollars, representing years of economical living, was the sum deemed as necessary to accomplish what I had proposed doing. By trade I am a printer and linotype operator. Since Benjamin Franklin's day it has been a custom with printers to travel from place to place, and as some of the devices of the art preservative have been invented, it is now possible to travel from the world from time to time, I wished to be numbered among those at the top of the list. A union printer in the United States, by reason of the Sunday newspaper editions requiring extra men during the latter part of the week, and by vacancies taking place through the moving spirit of the workers, which has always characterized the printing trade." Such are extracts from a frank introduction to the cheery, racy story of a printer's trip to many portions of the world, South America, South Africa, including Zululand, Transvaal, Kimberly, Australia, South Sea Islands, Portuguese East Africa, German East Africa, Mombasa, Nile River, India, Himalayas, Calcutta, Ceylon, the Orient, Singapore, Canton, etc., Manila, Shanghai, Japan, Hawaii.

There are 404 pages in this interesting book, and on page 404 we learn that Mr. Murray left New York City February 9, 1914, and returned there May 1, 1913, a period of 1776 days. He had \$1350 in savings when he started on his trip, his earnings as printer in New York City were \$1000, and he borrowed \$2475, and he borrowed \$50, making a total revenue of \$3875 for a distance traveled of 73,859 miles. Mr. Murray's adventures are many, and his free and easy conversational style in relating them is charming. His book is well described as "the story of a printer's trip around the world, with little more than the clothes on his back and his union card." Film Fata, by Robert Wagner, \$2. Illustrations, The Century Co., New York City. How often as we view moving pictures and grow enthusiastic over their glories do we wonder what are the private lives of these "actors of the films." Where do they live? What are their real names? Do they eat, dress, and pay their taxes, as other beings do? Here is a bright, witty story that peeps behind the scenes in the moving-picture world, and tells the real secrets. It is also well reading. There are eight chapters, and in each the author tells of different characters in the film world, and of the handsome film actor whose beauty is fatal to his comfort; of the child wonder; of the studio mother; the camera man who "shoots" the films; the scenario writer; the "extra" man and woman, whose numbers are as the sands of the sea; the publicity man, who "rings the bells," etc., etc. All the stories are located in or near Los Angeles, Cal., a section more densely populated with makers of films than any other section on earth. The author gives us a glimpse into the lives of these "actors of the films." In the first story, "The Film Fortune," the hero is a spoiled darling of fortune, who tried to be an actor, and was hoodwinked. So he angred for the world, and got up a studio, and his store windows he sees pictures of himself as "America's Favorite Film Actor." His "lovely hair and cow eyes" fitted him admirably for heroic roles, and his piping voice was no longer a handicap. He didn't have to act. If so he would have failed miserably, which goes to show why glory and honor await the young man with long, curly hair and "cow eyes," provided he be ambitious. He thus describes his first experience in love-making before the camera: "I went through the regular formula for love at first sight, which consists in enlarging the eyes to indicate wonder, then a smile, suffusing the face, to register satisfaction, ending, however, in the pointed brow, the sign by which one interrogates. The next spasm is the heaving chest, to indicate that the heart has been stirred to its netmost depths. Now 'determination to win her at any cost' must be shown. This is accomplished by a cough, the head, a forward thrust of the chin and a tense clutching of the fists." He apologizes for "pulling this sort of stuff," knowing it to be idiotic, but it is what the great American public wants, and the great American public must have, etc., etc. We are informed next that the "moving-picture world are the kindest people on earth": "We kiss letters, lockets, flowers, fans, fur coats and any other props that happens to be lying around or are concealed beneath the bosom of the sentimental lad or lass. And when we arrive at the happy end of the 'film,' it is technically known as the 'clinch,' and ends the film in a slow motion. The action begins by a cough, the head, a forward thrust of the chin and a tense clutching of the fists." 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