

MIGHTY SISKIYOU TO BE CONQUERED THIS SUMMER BY FLEET OF AIRPLANES

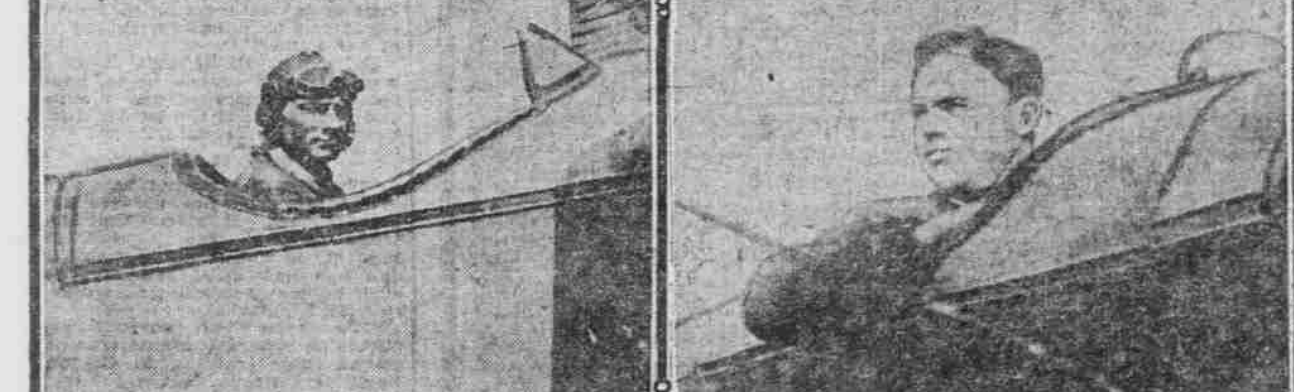
Squadron Will Fly From Mather Field, Sacramento, to Portland, to Participate in Aerial Circus at Rose Festival.



Lt. Col. Henry L. Watson.



Lt. William A. Bevan and Lt. William McR Beck.



Lt. Charles W. Schwartz.



Lt. James S. Krull.

FOR the first time in history, the mighty Siskiyou are to be conquered by a fleet of not less than seven Government airplanes, flying from Mather field, Sacramento, to Portland to participate in the aerial circus here during the Victory Rose Festival, June 11, 12 and 13.

The squadron will be under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Henry L. Watson, commanding Mather field since January 23, 1918, and with a brilliant military career, and in the personnel is First Lieutenant William A. Bevan, assistant professor of physics at Oregon Agricultural college until the war broke out and widely known throughout the state.

By consent of the council last week, the Municipal golf links at East Moreland have been turned over to the Government for the jump-off and mechanical field of the aerial circus will be seen both at the links and over the business district of the city, the planes bombing the city with roses.

Under the tentative schedule mapped out by Colonel Watson and forwarded to President Ira L. Higgins of the Victory Rose Festival, the squadron will leave Mather field early June 8 and land at Redding, Chico and Yreka, Cal. the first day. The second day will see stops at Medford, Glendale and Roseburg and the third will bring the fleet to Eugene, Salem, Albany and Portland, arriving here late June 10. The stops en route will be for the purpose of getting oil and gasoline and to advertise the festival.

When the planes arrive, arrangements will be made to carry civilian passengers and applications are being received by the festival committee.

Some of the foremost aviators in the Government service are included in the group bringing the planes to Portland, according to information received by Walter E. Conklin, secretary of the festival, from Colonel Watson yesterday. In addition to the colonel who is a West Point graduate, and who saw service with the regular cavalry until the war broke out when he entered the air service, Lieutenant William A. Bevan is a former Iowa National Guard aviator and he has studied aeronautics in the leading schools of the United States.

CORNWALL LAND OF PLENTY, WHERE THIN PEOPLE GET FAT

Forests of England Have Been Depleted by Necessities of War, All Available Timber Having Been Shipped Across the Channel to France.

BY EDITH E. LANTON.

IN A CORNISH VILLAGE, May 10—

Once more I am in the dear old county of Cornwall, the land of pasties, pixies and clotted cream (with side lines of fish, tin and copper). Feasting on yellow butter, cream and eggs galore. I regret to say I am getting fat; we all are since food became more plentiful. The tailors are busy letting out the tucks we took in our waist bands in 1917 and 1918.

I know I shall never get anyone to believe that once upon a time I was thin!

We let out where we took in because at peace prices we cannot afford new garments. The strain on the seams of our old ones has not been great during the war. The sun is actually working overtime and it is gloriously warm, indeed.

"It's a 'dunsome day," as I heard

an old woman describe it this morning. In Cornwall we drop our accents because we all have Norman blood in our veins and everybody knows that in France the accent is silent.

We can all boast pedigrees as long as ourselves.

Cornwall often makes a specialty of damp moist air which savors of salt. The sea really dominates the scenery. It is not in the foreground taking up all one's attention it is hovering as a distant blue line on the horizon.

Trees Are Scarce.

Trees are noticeably scarce after the well wooded hills of Exmoor. This county is only 17 miles wide and the sea breezes and Atlantic gales blow straight across. We are a sturdy, hefty folk or we should all have been blown to France long ago.

The few trees that survive dig their roots firmly into the ground like claws

and concentrate all their energies onto hanging on. They are stunted and bowed down before the wind, rudely turning their backs on America.

In the valleys and sheltered spots, though, trees have a happier time. The feathery tamarisks cheerfully in the breeze in any old spot—the rougher the better—absorb the salt from the air and flourish on it. Our last big gale wilted the violets in the hedgerows and blighted the blossom on the side bushes.

The Exmoor forests have been sadly depleted of late to provide pit props for the trenches and other war necessities. All the woods of England have been stripped because of the war.

Forestry experts rallied to help us from all parts of the world.

One realizes down here that there have been other wars. From my window I can see ancient redoubts, now all grown over with golden furze. In olden times men hid behind these earthworks and shot arrows at the enemy. In the distance are several ancient British barrows. They contain the ashes of Britons of long ago, chieftains who perished in the big fight and probably also the bones of Danish would-be conquerors who never went home any more.

Whoever they were may their ashes and bones rest in peace, Cornwall is

also the home of the pixies, the "good little people" of Ireland.

Some people call them fairies.

In our village we have a soldier who won the V. C. and we are very proud of him. The king himself pinned on his medal. We intended to give him a grand welcome home with a band and cheering crowds, but he slipped home quietly and unostentatiously one evening in the dimly (twilight) and we never knew he was here.

Next morning he got up early and went back to work as usual just as though the years from 1914 to 1918 had never happened.

He is a most man, like most heroes, and nothing will induce him to tell us of his valiant deeds. We hear officially that he killed four single-handed and captured three German machine guns, turned a fourth upon the enemy and came back with a hundred prisoners in tow.

No wonder they gave him the Victoria cross.

Here is Given Vatches.

His admiring friends gave him a gold watch every now and then. He already has three. There were great doings in the village in his honor. They held a reception for him and presented him with a gold watch. Everybody yelled "Speech, speech," of course, but he was too timid to say more than a few words. He just said:

"I will try to tell you all about it when the other boys come back," so we are living in hopes.

New Member of Committee.

I was made an honorary member of the village war committee two years ago so I also can help to welcome back the soldiers. It will be the pleasantest duty the committee has ever had. War's awfully nice when it's over! Twenty-two of our men are already demobilized.

It is sad for the mothers who have lost their sons.

One dear woman was crying silently to herself because both her boys were killed.

She told me afterwards that just a few months ago the second one came home on leave. His father met him, grasped him by the hand and said, "I'm glad to see you, my boy, but your brother can never come back. He is killed."

The boy turned to his mother and said, "It is the same with thousands, mother. If I go back and am killed it doesn't matter because we must win. Never grieve for me."

Almost immediately after returning to France he was killed by a sniper.

She ended up bravely by saying, "These are happy times for those whose boys come home and I try to do as he told me."

These mothers are the English women who have most nobly done their duty. Making munitions, working on the land and nursing is nothing.

I was interested to read an article in an American magazine for April on the War Work of Englishwomen.

It pleased me and was both kind and complimentary to us all. At the same time we deserve no laurels. Whilst the men are of fighting the women have to do the work at home as a matter of course.

Yesterday I went into town and shopped for the Portland parcels. I came back laden with new magazines, books, cigarettes and chocolates. I intended to go out to Germany to help relieve the boredom of our armies of occupation.

The village is not a great shopping center. We can buy postage stamps and a few groceries, but such luxuries as daily papers have to be imported.

The coming of the letters is our morning excitement.

Eggs of Water Monitor Are Highly Prized.

Species of Lizard Able to Overtake Speediest of Mammals.

THE water monitor is one of the standbys of the natives of India, Ceylon and the Malay peninsula and the eggs of this species of lizard are most highly prized than hen's eggs.

You might shudder when you suddenly confronted a water monitor in the jungle. Not so the native, hunting its eggs and rejoicing to get near such treasures.

The monitor is equipped with a long forked tongue, extending from a sheath like a snake's. It is one of the largest of existing lizards, reaching a length of seven feet, although its nearest relative, the gigantic Australian monitor, grows from 12 to 16 feet long. The monitor lays 30 or more white, soft-shelled eggs in hollow trees and in Burma these bring a much higher price than hen's eggs.

The monitor is well fitted for its life. It is a swift runner, able to overtake the speediest of mammals, frogs, turtles and snakes, on which it feeds. It often startles hunters by crashing through the jungle, making as much noise as a large snake. It climbs trees for squirrels, birds and their eggs. At other times it may be found digging along stream banks for the eggs of crocodiles or other water animals.

Either in running or swimming it can leave its enemies far behind. If surprised while up a tree, it drops into the water, swimming with powerful strokes of its flattened tail, which acts as oars and rudder. When in the water it fights with teeth, claws and tail.

The natives term the monitor "Kabara-Goya." Although it is harmless to humans, it is used to produce deadly poisons. The Singalese are experts in brewing a deadly poison termed "kabaratel."

The monitor attracts poisons from venomous snakes, adding arsenic and other drugs, boiling the combination in human skulls. And here the monitor comes in as a "doctor" and cures the snake bite.

They tie three monitors on three sides facing the fire. Then they torment them with whips and blows until they hiss and cause the smoke to blow up. The natives believe that the hiss of the monitors adds to the poisonous quality of the deadly brew.

TALK WITH CUBA POSSIBLE

Submarine Telephone Cable to Be Laid Within Next Few Months.

SAN JUAN, Porto Rico, May 22.—(Correspondence of The Associated Press).—Direct telephone service between Key West, Fla., and Havana, Cuba, will be a reality by December, according to Colonel Sothenes Behn, who announces that the submarine telephone cable connecting the two islands will be laid within the next few months.

A present, the only means of communication between the American and Cuban islands is by cable, and the laying of the cable will be a great improvement.

The submarine telephone from Cuba to Key West, according to Colonel Behn, but the first leg of a cable to Key West is not yet laid.

The development of the telephone cable system is a project of the United States navy, which has been working on the scheme, according to Colonel Behn and the laying of the cable will be completed this summer.

The submarine telephone from Cuba to Key West, according to Colonel Behn, but the first leg of a cable to Key West is not yet laid.

Mr. Behn was president of the Cuban Telephone company when the United States entered the war. He volunteered and was commissioned a captain in the army signal corps. He is connected with banking interests in Cuba.

NATURE'S PROCESSIONAL



Fig. 2. Wild Lupine.

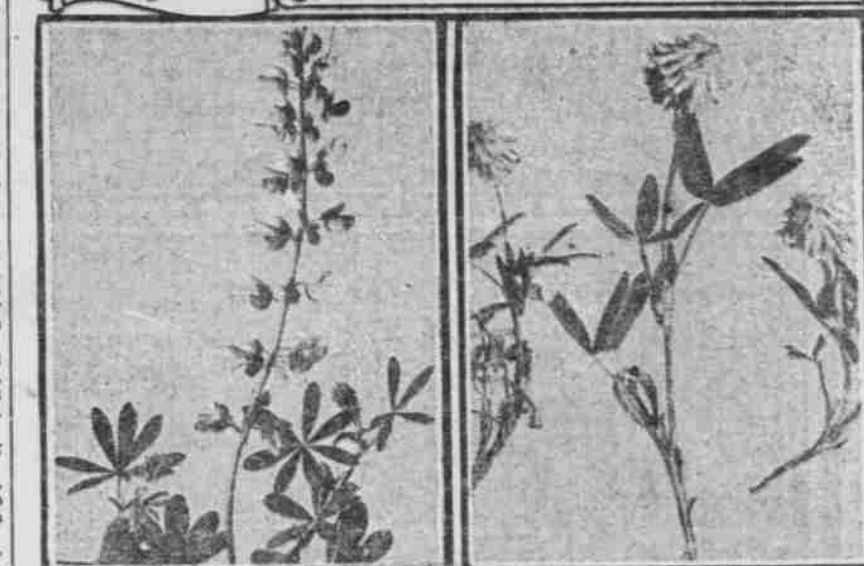


Fig. 3. Lupine.



Fig. 4. Flame White Clover.



Fig. 5. Wild Pea.

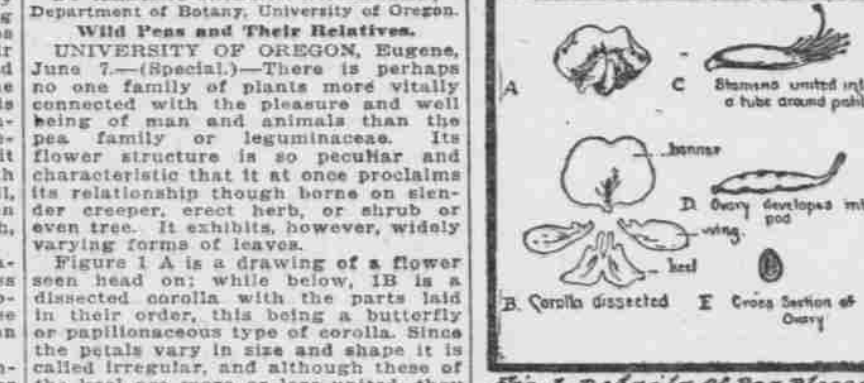


Fig. 6. Br-colored Lotus.

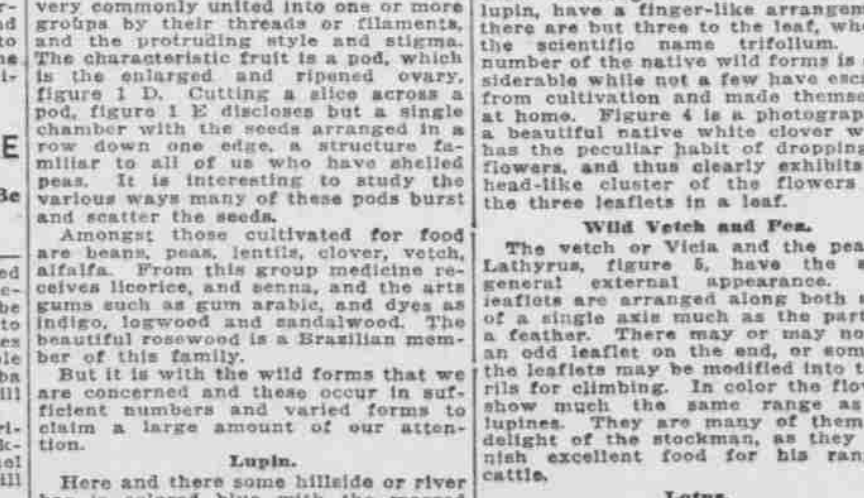


Fig. 7. Gorse.

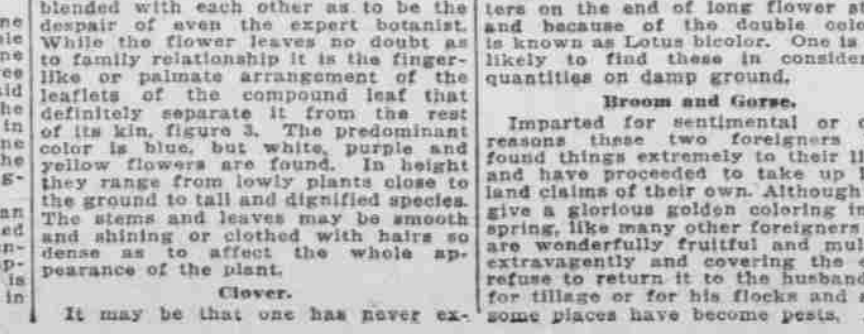


Fig. 8. Fawn Oak.

distance they look much alike but the gorse, figure 7, repels all familiarity with stiff sharp spines to the very edges to form an impenetrable protection. It is said that in Ireland the young shoots are ground and fed to cattle, making a very nutritious food, but there are whole fields along the Southern Oregon coast entirely taken by this plant and it seems impossible to stay its onward progress. The Scotch broom shows much the same habit and one needs to think well before he plants either of these on his grounds, whether he can and will hold them in check.

One of the most wonderful things in connection with this family was the discovery by the Mendel through experiments performed with garden peas, of what promises to be one of the most important biological laws, namely, the physical basis of heredity. It is known from his discoverer as Mendel's law, and has revolutionized our breeding of plants and animals by substituting certainty for chance, and given a new starting point for the discussion of inheritance. Upon crossing two varieties differing only in stature, and planting the seed in the next generation he obtained all tall plants. If these were crossed with themselves and the seeds planted the next generation consisted of three tall to one short. By carefully selecting parents it is possible to breed true to line without waste.

One of the most valuable traits of this family is its ability to abstract nitrogen from nature's great aerial storehouse and fix it in the soil whence it is taken up by the roots of the growing plants. This is brought about through the agency of the bacteria contained in the little bumps or tubercles found on the roots of the plants. If one pulls a plant, especially a seedling, of any member of this family and carefully washes off the dirt, he will readily discover these tubercles. A microscopic examination of the contents shows an innumerable number of very tiny bacteria which, in some mysterious way, enable the plant to get the nitrogen.

A Plant of Ill Repute.

Hiding its evil ways under a cloak of beauty, attracting the unwary by its glossy leaves and lovely flower clusters, the poison oak may sting the hand which touches it, and in some cases its very presence is disastrous to the superstitious. In autumn, with even more diabolical determination, it flames gorgeous colors, inveigling the gatherer of autumn leaves to pick it. Its effects and treatment vary with the individual; some handle it with impunity while others are infected almost by the thought of it. What palliates or cures in one case may entirely fail in others. The use of strong cooking soda, or common salt, or ammonia as a wash immediately on returning from a trip will often prevent infection.

To some, the plant is only a name of something to be shunned, and for such its description will be of service. It is a shrub, or sometimes a climbing vine, but it is to the leaves that we are to look for its identification. This consists of three parts, each leaflet looking something like an oak leaf, whence the name, but always to be distinguished by the three parts, fig. 8.

Oregon's Standing Is High Among Soldiers in France.

Private Fitzgerald Writes Men Remember State's Hospitality.

OREGON and Portland have made a wonderful reputation among the soldiers overseas first through the hospitality shown during the war to the men passing through the city and, secondly, through its undivided support of all war endeavors. This information reached Portland in a letter from Private Charles S. Fitzgerald of the 8th supply train. Private Fitzgerald received his first training at Benson Polytechnic Institute and is one of the comparatively few men who received training there who managed to "get across the pond" before hostilities ceased.

The Portland boy is now in Germany, having driven a motor truck more than 300 miles from France to a point near Coblenz, Germany. He writes that the hills in this section of Germany are similar to those in "dear old Oregon" that the people there seem to be both happy and prosperous, and that they are showing every possible courtesy to the American soldiers.

During his travels in Germany Private Fitzgerald found the 11th engineers, a unit that was trained at Vancouver barracks, Washington. When he mentioned Portland, one of the boys said: "Portland, the finest city in the world."

Private Fitzgerald did not see active service, having been placed into replacements and ready to enter the fray when the armistice was signed. In his letter he says that every boy over there is awaiting the word which will send him home.

BEAVERTON CLASS SMALL

High Scholarship Attained by Graduates of Current Year.

BEAVERTON, Or., June 7.—(Special).—Graduation exercises for the 1919 class of the Beaverton high school were held in the local high school auditorium last night. The class address was given by Mr. J. A. Churchill of Salem. Presentation of diplomas was by Archie A. Pike, chairman of the local school board.

Charles W. Trachsel, having attained to the highest scholarship, gave the salutatory address and was elected class valedictorian. The other members of the class are: Edith Verna Weed, Irma Viola Harris, Charles William Trachsel, Herman Julius Schlottman and Edwin Albert Lechner.

Finds Corn Silk

Extract Combined With Simple Drugs, Makes Wonderful Kidney and Bladder Treatment.

How simply nature provides! Even in corn silk is found a most potent remedy, properly used, has proven a boon to mankind, suffering from urinary disturbances.

When kidney and bladder trouble occur there is usually inflammation and congestion, and experience shows that the concentrated extract of corn silk, combined with other simple drugs, will quickly correct such conditions and restore the normal action of kidneys and bladder before more serious conditions arrive.

Corn silk extract is found in Balmwort Tablets, a modern and highly successful medicine that has become popularly used throughout the United States. Men and women everywhere now rely on Balmwort Tablets whenever any kidney or bladder trouble affects them.

"I have been taking your Balmwort Tablets for a very bad case of kidney trouble and am glad to say they have done me a great amount of good. I had to get up six or seven times a night, but since taking them I can sleep peacefully all night and do not have any more trouble. Thanking you."

A trial will convince. Ask any leading druggist for Balmwort Tablets. Price, \$1.00—Adv.