EMPTINESS OF THE BATTLEFIELD OF TODAY IMPRESSING FEATURE OF WAR AS IT GOES; KILLING DONE IN PEACEFUL SURROUNDINGS

Trench Warfare Waged by Hidden Riflemen and Artillerymen in Striking Contrast to Conflicts of Days Gone By When Exposed Warriors Charged, Countercharged.

Herbert Corey, war correspondent, has had a rare opportunity of viewing the campaign in western Europe at close range by having been permitted to spend some time with the German army at the front. His observations afford an intimate view of the ways of the war.

By Herbert Corey.

(Copyright, 1915, by Herbert Corey)

WITH the German army in France—Some genius has coined a phrase descriptive of warmaking on the modern plan. He spoke of "the emptiness of the battlefield."

No doubt hundreds of men died the day we watched the great fight in the Champagne country. Perhaps thousands did. They have been dying there every day since the first of October. To our right and left we could hear the distant drum beat of the guns. Now and then a shell passed near us. We shrank from the sound. Shells do not scream. The sound has no such soprano suggestion. It is a roar that is pitched in too high a key. It is brief, angry, shrill. Sometimes shells burst near us. The noise is shocking in its brevity. It is a frightful clamor that is preceded by no warning and that abruptly ends. At all times one heard the thin, wire-like whistling of the bullets.

We sat upon the shoulder of a hill. It was as though we were in a royal box before which it had been planned to enact a superb tragedy. Beneath our feet stretched a good share of those six hundred miles of trenches that lie between Perthes and Cernay. At this point the most desperate fighting of the winter has focused. In the 85 days of battle the French have not relaxed for one moment in their determined assaults upon the German position. The Germans have not yielded an inch. There has not been an hour of any day—perhaps of any night—that the guns have not been hammering. But the battle of Perthes will always be remembered by me as a scene of rural peace. We heard a great deal, but what we saw might have served as the background for a pastoral drama. Of warlike suggestions there was not a trace.

Here the French and German trenches are from 100 to 600 yards distant from each other. Now and then one takes a short stretch of trench. The big guns concentrate their fires upon a given length. Upon a moment they let loose all the flames of perdition on it. It is not that they kill the men alone—they destroy the trench. It is no more. Where it was there are only craters where the huge grenades have exploded. Those of its defenders who remain are mere shreds buried in the shaken ground.

Only Men Are Killed.

But such victories are not victories. Unless a trench is two or three kilometers long it cannot be successfully defended nowadays. A length of but a few hundred meters is simply isolated by telephone. The first holders of that trench "wash out" its new defenders by a concentrated fire. So it is that when a month's fighting is ended, one finds the German line still coiling about the slope of a range of hills. Just in front is the line of French trenches, so near that the men can throw flowers and hand grenades at each other. They did both last winer. Assauits and counter assaults have been continuous, but neither side has gained or lost. Only men have died.

"Twenty thousand French soldiers lie unburied on this portion of the front."

That statement is made by the highest military authority on this part of the German line. Those who have seen this field tell me that the bodies seem—by daylight—to be only tumbled heaps of rags. The brighter tints have faded from the clothing of those who died in October, so that the brilliant reds of the French trousers are mere dull browns and the blues of their coats a whitish gray. It is a spectroscope of death, this field. Where the colors are gayer death has passed more recently. The eye takes in no repulsive suggestion. One is conscious of an excitement—a tremor of the flesh—at looking upon these who have died in battle. But the element of shock is absent. A single shell-torn man would more vividly impress.

"We will go to one of the lookout points of the staff," said the officer who had us in charge.

This story may necessarily be vague in some respects. Names—whether of generals or hills or towns or roads—are under certain conditions barred from use by the censor. We started from one of those anonymous "towns in France," and tore over fairly good roads in our military car. On either side men were plowing, making ready the fields for the spring crop. At first the plowmen were peasants. As we approached the front they began to wear the German uniform and the round, flat cap which is the German soldier's fatigue headgear. Soldiers were at work with big gasoline driven plows. On one farm two soldiers were at work with pitchforks helping the women of the farm load a wagon with fertilizer. The roads had been torn up by the military traffic, but the peasants had been put to work upon them. They were paid 80 pfennig a day and given their food if they worked—and they got no food and were fined if they did not work. By and by we came to an especially muddy spot on an especially muddy road and left the car. We climbed a long and muddy hill.

A Battlefield Where Peace Reigned.

"There is the battlefield," said our chaperon.

We were upon the eastern ridge of hills overlooking the pleasant valley of the Tourbe. Two miles—perhaps three miles—in the distance was the western range. Beyond those hills were the French. Down the Troube at the left was the forest of the Argonne, which has won a bloody fame in this war. At our feet was a pleasant village. The wide, shallow valley was filled with pale, spring sunshine. The snow had disappeared and the brown earth was beginning to be faintly tinted with green. A group of orderlies were seated on the hillside, well down from the crest. One of them spoke to our officer.

"We saw you at daybreak," he said at once. "The French have been shelling this hill within the hour."

It didn't seem possible. In the middle distance a toy railroad engine was emitting a tremendous feather of brilliantly white steam. It was hauling supplies to the front upon a tiny railroad track, just about the gauge of the little yard tracks one sees about sawmills. Somewhat to the left an ammunition train had been parked for the noon rest. We could see the sparkle of the little fire on which the men were heating their midday meal. The horses wore their oat-filled nosebags. In another direction I made out through the glasses a group of men. They were digging a hole in the ground and digging with no more speed than diggers usually do. A bicyclist was pedaling down the road which led into the forest of the Argonne. A lone soldier was walking on an otherwise deserted path.

"There are shell holes made this morning," said an orderly.

It had been very good practice that morning. The holes made by shrapnel were polka-dotted about in a very regular pattern, perhaps fifteen yards from each other. They were something larger than the top of a washtub and a foot or more deep in the wet earth. It was difficult to see how any one could have lived upon that hilltop. By some miracle the French had even dropped their shells just over the crest of the hill so that the rear of the elevation had been pitted. But no one had been hurt. The orderlies said something to each other and pointed and then unobtrusively vanished.

"Looks as though they were again trying for our hill," said an officer, casually. "There were so many of us here that they may have seen us."

A shrapnel cloud—a small solid affair, which seemed too substantial to be merely smoke—appeared in air. The group of diggers and the shrapnel cloud and our hillside were in direct line. We watched with interest. Another shrapnel cloud appeared. Then another.

Watching the Battle.

"They are gunning for the diggers," said our officer.

It was a relief that the unknown gunner on the other side of that distant hill was not gunning for us. We observed the village of shacks on a protected slope in which the men live. Three German aeroplanes were circling overhead at a great distance. Still farther—so far that we could barely see their ungraceful forms—were a French and German captive balloon. They seemed black against the sky. A column of little black objects was moving slowly along the road. It was hard to believe that they were men.

"Got one," said the officer, animatedly.

Through our glasses we saw the diggers stop work in their hole and lift out the body of a man. Apparently the end had been a swift one. It was laid at some little distance from the excavation and the men went back to work. The polished tips of their shovels flashed in the sun with automatic regularity. They did not seem to work a bit faster. The French gunners kept on "feeling" for them with shrapnel, but without success. Apparently the men were building a gun position and the gunners were trying to hinder them.

All around the hills in front the heavy guns kept thumping away. They sounded as though many tired drummers were whacking at the heads of bass drums that had gone a bit slack. Two or three times we heard the "drum roll"—that b-r-r-r- of cannon that tells of concentrated fire. Bear in mind those were not machine guns we heard—no petty little rapid firers. They were the large field pieces. One guessed that they were at work "washing out" an entrenchment somewhere. Now and then the angry rattle of machine guns could be heard. It may be that one side or the other was storming a trench. We could not see.

A cluster of brown tile roofs visible through the glasses was Cernay. From our distance it seemed a quiet, peaceful, little old world village. Its roofs were high gabled and there was the tower of a church and the white walls of what might have been a convent and all embowered in trees. We thought of it as a very pleasant place in which to live. We pictured the old cure pacing along the country roads, his lips moving in prayer; his long, black gown, his shovel hat. We thought of the pretty girls who must live in such a village and of their provoking glances sidewise at the stranger, and of the golden apple orchards that seemed to hem the village in. But no one lives in Cernay now. For a month the French have shelled it every day. Only a guard of German soldiers hold it. The place is being knocked to bits about their ears. There are other villages in the valley. Ote echoes to the rattle of a machine gun as we watch. From another a tall, slender plume of brown smoke rises in the still air. A shell had found its target. In the very center of the valley, quite alone, moving about unconcernedly, head bent, hands held before him, was a man.

A Touch of the Middle Ages.

"I think," said one of the officers, "that he is hunting for water with a divining rod."

One at first refused to believe it. Here, in the very throbbing center of all that 20 centuries have learned in the art of man killing—with telephones humming from every trench and aeroplanes whirring overhead and observers telegraphing from captive balloons; under fire of the best artillery the world had produced, a lone, old man is hunting for water with that hazel twig that was used when men wore steel breastplates and carried short swords over this very ground. But it was true. The German officers laughed at the divining rod and its master, but they believed.

"It is folly, of course," they said. "But he finds good water, and there is very little water in a land like this."

True enough. In this poor Argonne country—for beautiful as it is this valley is barren—a chalk rock underlies the surface at but a few inches deep. It interferes with the burial of the dead, for grave diggers will not work with pick and drill under the enemy's fire. It immensely facilitates the work of killing. As fast as it is exposed to the air, this rock turns white, so that the trench lines are marked out to under the eyes of the watching foe, though they wind as gridiron of a football field. Once the Germans laid a telephone cable and for days the French shelled the white thread that stretched across the valley.

One learned to disregard the storm of sound. It was as though we talked during one of those bombardments from the heavens that sometimes come in summer time. The clouds of smoke were white instead of black, and were almost incandescent in the rays of the sun. Now and then the splitting crash of shrapnel sounded a harsh note. But for the most part the guns thumped and grumbled away as steadily as though they were August thunder. The warfare seemed to have become elemental. Our personalities dwarfed in the distant tumult. Our voices regained almost a normal key. The thought of personal danger was almost absent. In time one wearied of this vacant space and this yammering of unseen guns. We ploughed down the sluicing clay hill and reentered the car. As we watched, although we did not know it, four French companies had been destroyed. A flier had seen them plodding, head down, heavy footed, in the monotony of fatigue, through some fold of the hills. He had signaled their position to the nearest gunner.

In the little village far to the rear, where we stopped for a belated lunch, is a brick church of the Roman faith. It had been quite untouched by shell in all the battles that had raged around it. Candles burned upon its altar. A holy water font was in the porch. German soldiers touched their caps or made the holy sign upon their breasts as they entered. As we watched a file of French soldiers were marched into this church that had become a prison. They were covered with dust and some bore newly tended wounds. They were herded into the pews between one side aisle and the wall and as they sank into their seats each man leaned forward upon the back of the pew ahead, in the attitude of prayer.

They slept. For they were very tired.

AUCTIONS

Auction Sales
Geo. Baker & Co

ESTABLISHED 1892.

WE HAVE BEEN INSTRUCTED BY MR. SHEPHERD TO SELL THE ALMOST NEW MAHOGANY AND WHITE ENAMELED FURNITURE, RUGS, ETC.

WE HAVE MOVED THESE GOODS FOR CONVENIENCE OF SALE TO OUR ROOMS AT 166-168 PARK ST. AND WILL SELL THE SAME AT AUCTION

ON TUESDAY NEXT

Comprising colonial style mahogany library table with desk drawer, arm rockers and tabourettes en suite, parlor cabinet, sectional bookcase in mahogany, Sheraton, Stickley and other good books, arm chair with hand carved back, pictures, Mexican serapas, bric-a-brac, rugs 9x12 and 8x10, portieres, latest style enameled beds, dresser and chiffonier, rocker and chairs, full size brass bed, best steel springs and mattresses, bedding, pillows, mahogany dining room suite and pedestal table, Colonial style serving table and set of leather seated chairs, gas range and many other effects. We shall also sell several choice pieces from another home as follows: Library tables and rockers in quarter-sawed oak, box couch, iron beds, dressers, dining room furniture, rugs, etc.

Auctioneer's Note

The most of the furniture was bought less than three months ago. Call tomorrow and inspect the goods for yourself. You will find them properly displayed, and worthy of your most critical inspection.

AUCTION ON TUESDAY NEXT AT 10 A. M.

ON THURSDAY NEXT

We shall close out the balance of that 15 room apartment house left over from last week's sale.

AUCTION ON THURSDAY, AT 10 A. M.

Note.—If you desire an auction at your home, call us up. We have a system in conducting residence sales.

WE ALSO BUY GOOD SECOND-HAND GOODS AND PAY THE CASH.
Phones Main 3332 and A-2567.

W. C. BAKER and W. H. DEAN, Furniture Dealers and Auctioneers
166-168 Park Street.

Auction Sale

MONDAY, 10 A. M.
30 ROOMS FURNITURE
Gladstone Hotel
in Bankruptcy
N. E. Cor. 13th and Yamhill Streets

Owing to a misunderstanding of the creditors, this sale was postponed from Wednesday last, but will positively be sold on Monday (tomorrow) at 10 a. m. to the highest bidder, piece by piece. If you are in the market for good furniture this will be an excellent opportunity to get it at your own price. You will find a large assortment of good furniture, including such items as quartered oak Windsor folding beds, white curled hair mattresses, large dressers in oak and mahogany, library tables, ladies' desks, lounging chairs, rockers, lace curtains, carpets, rugs, stair and hall carpet, sanitary couches, comforts, blankets, sheets, pillows, hall trees, box couches, dining chairs, silverware, dishes, table linen, refrigerator, and other numerous items.

Dealers Take Notice—This is a nice, clean, desirable lot of furniture, and it will pay you to attend.

E. G. FORD, Auctioneer.
We will sell again at **211 First St.**

On Wednesday and Friday at 2 P. M. Each Day

And we have several very nice lots of good furniture to be sold at these sales.

Ford Auction Co.

AUCTIONS

Auction Sales
AT
Wilson's Auction House
166-8 First St., Nr. Morrison
Regular Sales Days
Monday, Wednesday, Friday
Each Day at 10 A. M.

FOR MONDAY'S SALE we have good rockers, center tables, dining tables, leather seat chairs, portieres, lace curtains, pictures, dishes and utensils, several iron beds complete with springs and mattresses, about 15 good dressers, chiffoniers in golden oak and white maple, wardrobes, cabinet folding beds, pillows and bedding; rugs, carpets, steel range, large gas range and other effects.

WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY will find our salesrooms crowded with good useful furnishings from private homes.

Private Sale Department

LARGEST ASSORTMENT OF GOOD SECOND HAND FURNITURE IN THE CITY, including PIANOS, ORGANS, MAHOGANY, BIRDS' EYE MAPLE AND OAK FURNITURE of all descriptions. RUGS of various makes and sizes. Several good BODY BRUSSELS CARPETS, STEEL RANGES, GAS RANGES, REFRIGERATORS, ETC., in fact, almost anything you need for furnishing an up to date home.

WILSON'S BANKRUPT STOCK STORE
173 2d St. (Corner Yamhill)
(Phone Main 2032)

And get our prices on GROCERIES, HARDWARE, PAINTS, in fact, almost any kind of MERCHANDISE. We buy BANKRUPT STOCKS of all kinds and endeavor to sell goods to the public at the FIRST COST. DON'T BUY until you see what we have.

STORE FIXTURES

INCLUDING CASH REGISTERS, COMPUTING SCALES, CREDIT SYSTEMS, FIREPROOF SAFES and general store equipments.

J. T. WILSON, Proprietor.

CASH paid for FURNITURE, STOCKS of MERCHANDISE, etc. REMEMBER IT PAYS to deal with a RELIABLE FIRM whether BUYING or SELLING. Main 1626.

WORKS MIRACLES IN PLANT KINGDOM

Father Schoener, plant wizard of Brooks, Or., and a view of his rose bed containing 30,000 rose seeds.

By Marshall Dana.

Would you, to prolong the Willamette valley cherry crop until September, borrow money on your watch in order to carry on your experiments?

If you crossed a rose and crab apple what kind of fruit would you expect?

What would you sacrifice in order that strawberries might ripen two weeks earlier than they do in this vicinity?

How would you go about it to increase the fruit of the salmonberry by six times its present size?

Riddles?

No, merely an eccentric way of introducing you to some of the actual work Father Schoener of Brooks, Or., near Salem, is doing.

He is first a parish priest, is Father Schoener.

Or, perhaps, he is first of all one in spirit with those of his own church who are willing to inflict on themselves any sacrifice of personal pleasure or profit to render God and his world of men service.

He is giving to his fruit trees and roses a care that brings response like magic.

He makes the wild rose in a year become a tender, beautiful blossom with all the uncontaminated vigor of the native plant.

He makes the American beauty more delicate of perfume and more hardy so that it can bloom perfectly out of doors in this climate, accomplishing thereby a feat that others have failed in doing.

By his blending of varieties and long experimentation he is producing a rose of blue and purple color.

He is able to cross other varieties so that the bloom is not only more beautiful and perfect but the bush resists diseases that give so many growers trouble.

Some of His Successes on Exhibit.

Some of his successes in rose evolution and culture were exhibited in Portland last week.

None of the famous rose scientists and growers in this country and in Europe (who know Father Schoener's work much better than Oregon people do) speak of Father Schoener as another Luther Burbank.

They regard him as much more of a scientist than Burbank, and also as one of the foremost exponents of the Mendeli theory of evolution.

There is one famous woman explorer who sends him from all over Europe new varieties of wild roses to compare with others and to experiment with them.

An eastern millionaire has paid the duty on some of the plants he has imported, including the cherry tree from Siberia, which he is using in connection with his effort to prolong the cherry crop.

Father Schoener is more than a scientist and plant culturist. He is an architect. He planned the beautiful church in Rochester, Pa., where he once served. His hand is cunning in the use of tools for the carving of wood, and the beautiful work on the pulpit of the Rochester church is his.

You would expect to find Father Schoener, then, surrounded by comforts and perhaps by an admiring assembly of his students.

He knows nothing about comfort.

Brooks is about 11 miles this side of Salem. You could drive through Brooks and never know it. There is but a station, store, a warehouse, two residences and the little church.

Brooks, however, is the metropolis of what has always been known as French Prairie. A good proportion of his parishioners are half-breed Indians and Father Schoener gives his first duty to serving them, their needs of body and soul.

The country is level and frequently the water stands about his shabby home. Over in Minneapolis, in storage, he has a fine library, 7000 volumes, which he has been unable to bring to his present parish which he sought when his health failed in Rochester.

Father Schoener is doing a work which the world is beginning to recognize. Oregon will, of course, be last in giving him recognition, because as you know a "prophet is not without honor save in his own country."

The great extent and variety of his study and activities have been suggested only in the barest way here. He probably would find more immediate honor and profit if he did not attempt to serve a poor parish at Brooks. But it is not honor and profit that he thinks of, but service.

Rose Triumphs on Exhibit.

Father Schoener believes that his cross between the Oregon sweet briar and the General Jacqueminot marks the first step in producing a new family of roses from the wild rose native to this soil and climate. He had the result of a year's experimentation on exhibit here last week, a scarlet, double flowering, sweet briar. The habit of growth is changed from single blows to clusters of from two to six but the foliage remains the same and the disease resisting qualities of the sweet briar are the same.

Father Schoener also had on exhibit here, under arrangement made by J. A. Currey, well known Portland rose culturist, several seedlings from the unusually colored Lyons rose, whose tints he is endeavoring to convey to healthier stock. A cross of the Lyons and Mrs. Aaron Ward roses has resulted in a bloom of pink and gold shading to fawn at the tips of the petals. His crossing of the bright yellow Lady Hillingden and the Madam Segond Weber resulted in a brilliant and substantial pink rose.

He exhibited the result of crossing the American Beauty with the Bardow Job, which is a glowing crimson rose, produced first in 1887, of much more vigorous growth than the American Beauty, the result a deep red, beautiful and exquisitely fragrant and velvety flower. Subjected to severe outdoor tests since last autumn by Father Schoener and J. A. Currey, the new rose withstood them successfully, and the blooms this year warrant confidence that it will become a famous outdoor rose, as beautiful a bloomer outdoors here as it is elsewhere in conservatories. Father Schoener's final approval of the new rose will depend upon tests he will give it during the coming year. If it endures its name will probably be "Oregon Beauty."

Produces Fragrant Caroline Testout.

Father Schoener crossed the Countess of Lichester and the La France, '89, producing a large red rose of much substance but of remarkably delicate texture and strong disease resisting tendencies. The plant of this variety tested in Mr. Currey's garden this year had 20 blooms on it.

The general admiration for the Portland rose, the Caroline Testout, has always included regret because of its lack of fragrance. Father Schoener has crossed the Testout with the Mrs. Robert Garrett, so that the new rose has all the appearance of the Testout but with the addition of fine fragrance. The character of bloom is changed so that but one blossom comes to the stem, instead of in clusters. The health of the Testout is retained.

Other crosses exhibited by Father Schoener were: Richmond and George C. Wand, a bright red shading to purple; Anadis and King George, a small rose, purple in color with strong bluish cast; Eve d'Or and Papa Gontier, variegated red and white; Prince of Bulgaria and Mrs. Aaron Ward, a bloom of flesh and yellow color combination; the General McArthur, sailing, single like Irish Elegance, but a bright red in color, which Father Schoener thinks will be very popular. There were also show some eight or 10 others.

STORIES OF STREET AND TOWN

The Truth Will Out.

LEW Knowlton sometimes runs against some embarrassing situations; being city ticket agent of a big railroad, it necessarily follows. The most trying situation he has faced lately, however, was when a young man and a young woman applied to him for reservations on the steamer Northern Pacific for a trip to San Francisco.

After he had filled out the tickets, in the proper form, he dipped a pen in ink and suggested:

"Now if you will sign your name, please. It is necessary because at the validating office in San Francisco you will have to present these and identify yourselves by comparison of signatures.

"Why, er—" began the young man.

"Um, ah—" interjected the young woman.

Not knowing just what caused the reluctance, Knowlton thought he would change the subject for a moment and work back to it later. So he said:

"I can assign you to a most elegant room going down and you can get it again for the return trip."

"That would be all right for the return trip," said the young man.

"But not on the going trip," the young woman snapped.

Knowlton didn't know it, but he was encountering the first stage of a real elopement. As soon as the truth dawned upon him that the young people were not man and wife, he began figuring some more. The signature on the ticket was what bothered most.

"Oh, I could show the validating clerk my marriage license," suddenly exclaimed the bride-elect, who was figuring on getting married at the exposition and return as Mrs. But that wouldn't satisfy the unimaginative and non-romantic validating clerk, Mr. Knowlton thought. So he just left the signature line blank, instructing the elopers to sign the tickets after the knot had been tied. That would be okay, and the signature could be verified at the validating office just as if the two had been wedded for 20 years.

The Mayor Antied.

MAYOR Albee is shy $3. The mayor was down town. Two individuals approached and unfolded their story. The mayor listened. It was a sad, sad story and it ended with the mayor handing them two tickets for beds and meals at Scadding house. He attached his personal card to the tickets writing on it: "Please care for these two men and oblige, H. R. Albee."

The mayor did not recall his experience till yesterday when he received a bill from a hotel for $3 for a night's lodging for two people. Investigation disclosed that the two individuals had detached his card from the tickets.

NEW TODAY

MORTGAGE LOANS
Made on City and Nearby Farm Property—Interest 7 and 8 Per Cent.
No Overcharges. No red tape. Straight Loans On Straight Propositions.
OREGON INV. & MORTG. CO.,
Stock Exchange Building, Third and Yamhill Streets.

WANT AD RATES
In effect October 1, 1914.
ALL PREVIOUS RATES CANCELLED
CHARGE ADVERTISEMENTS
Daily or Sunday.
1½ cents per word per insertion.
This charge is for all classifications, excepting "For Rent in Private Family," "Room and Board in Private Family," "Situation Wanted," and "Wanted to Rent" ads, which are 1¼ cents per word per insertion.
No ad charged for less than 15 cents.
CASH ADVERTISEMENTS
1¼ cents per word for all classifications, excepting "For Rent in Private Family," "Room and Board in Private Family," "Situation Wanted" and "Wanted to Rent" ads, which are 1¼ cents per word. Consecutive insertion of cash want ads:
3 insertions for the price of 2.
7 insertions for the price of 5.

MEETING NOTICES 41

SPECIAL NOTICE

Operative classes International Cement Finishers are hereby notified to attend the funeral of Charles Wetzler, Monday at 2:30 o'clock, Finley's Undertaking Parlors. W. H. Lawson, financial secretary.

MARGUERITE CAMP, NO. 1440, ROYAL NEIGHBORS OF AMERICA—Members are hereby notified that the ecterie club to be held at Mrs. Gray's, has been postponed until further notice, also the team dance on June 29. NELLIE H. CULPAN, Recorder.

SPECIAL Sunday, June 13, at 1:30 p. m., to act as escort at the funeral of Henry May. Your assistance will be appreciated. C. F. WIEGAND, Recorder.

PORTLAND Council No. 2, Modern Foresters will give 500 party Tuesday evening, June 15, 1915, in Hall No. 400, Alisky bldg. 24 hands. Good prizes. Admission 15c.

MEETING NOTICES 41 (Continued)

KIRKPATRICK COUNCIL 2287 KNIGHTS AND LADIES OF SECURITY—Big open meeting next Friday, June 18, 8:30 p. m. sharp, Moose hall, Morrison and Broadway. Cards "500." Entertainment, dancing. Best union music. Good prizes. Admission 15 cents. Come for a good time.

PORTLAND STAR HOMESTEAD NO. 42, B. A. Y. meets every Thursday evening in the Moose Hall, 346½ Morrison street. Visitors welcome.
FRANCES FRY, 406 SIMPSON ST.
Phone Woodlawn 94. Correspondent.

CAMP NO. 5466, Modern Woodmen of America. Funeral Neighbor A. M. Butler from St. Marys church, Williams ave. and Stanton st., Sunday, 2:30 p. m. F. J. DARLINGTON, Clerk.

SONS and Daughters of the Ark will give card party and dance Monday evening, June 14. Cards, 24 hands, 8:30, dancing 9 to 12. Admission 25 cents. At 129 4th st.

ORPHIA Temple 15, Pythian Sisters, meets on Thursday evenings of each week in K. of P. hall, 11th and Alder. Helen M. Lamar, M. of R. & C.

Vital Statistics
Marriages, Births, Deaths.

MARRIAGE LICENSES

John Ross, 763 Rodney ave., 24, and Caroline Sutton, 763 Rodney ave., 20.
David R. DeGross, Tigard, Or., 31, and Caroline S. Weinman, 404 Marguerite ave., 20.
Edwin Long, 576 Kirby st., legal, and Arietta Soper, 407 Jefferson st., legal.
John F. Wilson, Walla Walla, Wash., 28, and Clio S. Booth, Imperial hotel, 26.
George Wesley Robinson, 864 E. Davis st., 22, and Irene Redick, 790 E. 21st st., 20.
Willard C. Toppin, 939 E. Morrison st., legal, and Ada Garber, 107½ Gilsan st., legal.

W. G. Smith & Co. Wedding and Visiting cards. Third floor, Morgan bldg.

DRESS suits for rent, all sizes. Unique Tailoring Co., 309 Stark st.

BIRTHS

SAUNDERS—To Mr. and Mrs. Milton S. Saunders, 256 East Seventy-seventh street, June 8, a daughter.
WHITE—To Mr. and Mrs. Harry White, 1196 Thirtieth street, N. E., June 3, a daughter.
LAWLOR—To Mr. and Mrs. Ralph W. Lawlor, 241 Grant street, June 1, a daughter.
BEGICH—To Mr. and Mrs. Mike Begich, Bridal Veil, Or., June 1, a son.
PARKER—To Mr. and Mrs. Roy E. Parker, Multnomah Station, June 3, a daughter.
HICKS—To Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hicks, 1123 Hawthorne avenue, June 1, a daughter.
HILTUNEN—To Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Hiltunen, 146 Beech street, June 1, a son.
DEALE—To Mr. and Mrs. Truman H. Drake, Ninety-fourth street, Lents, June 2, a son.
PEDERSON—To Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Pederson, 355 North Fourteenth street, June 9, a daughter.
BARMATOFF—To Mr. and Mrs. Carl Barmatoff, 1705 East Eighth street, June 8, a son.
HACKETT—To Mr. and Mrs. Henry N. Hackett, 540 East Forty-first street, June 4, a daughter.
BEATTY—To Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Beatty, 240 Fifth street, June 9, a daughter.
HENKE—To Mr. and Mrs. Albert Henke, 705 East Seventh street, North, May 28, a daughter.
SMITH—To Mr. and Mrs. George Kirkham Smith, Fork and Madison streets, June 1, a daughter.

DEATHS AND FUNERALS 75

SCHEELAND—At her home, 435 Eleventh street, at 7:30 a. m., Mrs. H. Scheeland, beloved mother of Mrs. A. D. Gardemyr, of Oakland, Cal.; Mrs. Joseph Peroni of Eugene; Mrs. Joseph Natman of Gervais, Or., Mrs. E. J. Prell, Mrs. F. Barber, Messrs. Frank, John and Joseph Scheeland of this city. Funeral Monday, June 14, at St. Francis, at 9 a. m.
KIRKWOOD—At Seattle, Wash., June 11, W. W. Kirkwood, aged 80 years, beloved husband of Isabella Kirkwood. Friends invited to attend funeral service, which will be held at Holman's funeral parlors at 3:30 p. m. tomorrow (Monday), June 14. Interment Greenwood cemetery.
STAYTON—The funeral services of William Henry Stayton, son of Capitola and Mrs. Henry F. Stayton, will be held today (Sunday) at 4 o'clock p. m., at the residence establishment of J. P. Finley & Son, Montgomery at 5th. Friends invited. Interment at River View cemetery.
BUTLER—Friends are invited to attend the funeral services at St. Mary's church, Willamette ave. and Shaver st., tomorrow (Monday), June 13, at 2:30 p. m., of the late A. M. Butler. Friends wishing to view remains can do so at his late home, 843 East 11th st. N. Interment at Mount Calvary cemetery.
WETZLER—In this city, June 12, at his late residence, 249½ Front st., Charles Wetzler, aged 57 years. The funeral services will be held Monday, June 14, at 2:30 o'clock p. m., at the residence establishment of J. P. Finley & Son, Montgomery at 5th. Friends invited. Interment at Milwaukie cemetery.
PURSEL—The funeral service of the late Ernest W. Pursel will be held today (Sunday) at 2:30 o'clock p. m., at the residence establishment of J. P. Finley & Son. Monteomery at 5th. Friends invited. Interment at River View cemetery.
STITES—Died, in this city, June 12, at his late residence, 1077 E. 20th st. N., Hervey Greenlee Stites, aged 71 years, husband of Mrs. Sarah Ann Stites, and father of Ada E. Stites, who is the wife of C. M. Stites of Mulley, Or. Funeral notice in a later issue.
SILL—In this city, June 12, Helen G. Sill, age 68 years, wife of Hampton B. Sill. Funeral services will be held Tuesday, June 15, at 2 p. m., from Ericson's chapel, 12th and Morrison sts. Friends invited. Interment Rose City cemetery.
CARLSON—In this city, June 12, Elmer Carlson, age 28 years. Funeral services will be held Sunday, June 13, at 2 p. m., from Ericson's chapel, 12th and Morrison sts. Friends invited. Interment Rose City cemetery.
ACKLEY—The funeral service of the late Ingram B. Ackley will be held at F. P. Lerch undertaking parlors, E. 11th and Clay sts. Sunday, at 2 p. m. Friends invited.
AVERY—Elijah Bangston Avery, 269½ East Twenty-fifth street, June 10, 58 years; valvular disease of the heart.
BALBRERA—Megel Balbrera, Morningside hospital, June 10, 20 years; pulmonary tuberculosis.
BEARDSLEY—Helen Beardsley, 1415½ East Gilsan, June 9, 30 years; mitral lesion of the heart.
POPE—William H. Pope, Sellwood hospital, June 9, 74 years; carcinoma.
MAY—Henry May, city, June 8, 42 years; railroad accident.

MARTIN & FORBES CO., florists, 347 Wash. Main 269, A-1269. Flowers for all occasions artistically arranged.

CLARKE BROS., florists, 287 Morrison st. Main or A-1805. Fine flowers and floral designs. No branch stores.

FUNERAL DIRECTORS

MR. EDWARD HOLMAN, the leading funeral director, 220 3d st., corner Salmon. Lady assistant. Phones A-1511, Main 507.

F. S. Dunning, Inc.
East Side Funeral Directors, 414 East Alder st. East 52, B-2525.

Chambers Co. Killingsworth ave. and Kerby, Woodlawn. 2306, C-1133. Lady embalmer.

A. R. Zeller Co. 592 Williams ave. East 1088, C-1088. Lady attendant. Day and Night Service.

MILLER & TRACY, independent funeral directors. Prices low as $20, $40, $60. Wash. and Ella. M. 2691. A-7685.

A. D. KENWORTHY & CO. Calls promptly answered in all parts of city. I. O. O. F bldg., Lents. Tabor 5267.

Walter C. Kenworthy
1532-1534 E. 13th. Sellwood 71, B-1192.

Hamilton E. 50th and Gilsan. Funeral services. Tabor 4513.

R. T. Byrne Williams and Knott. East 1125, C-1943.

PEARSON Undertakers. East 1050. 369-371 Russell st.

ERICSON RESIDENCE UND. PLS. M. 6133, A-2235. 445 Mor.

SKEWES Undertaking Co. Main 4152 A-2321. Cor. 3d and Clay.

BREEZE & Snook, B-1253, T. 1253. 1036 Belmont, at 34th. Lady attendant.

FUNERAL DIRECTORS (Continued)

A splendid residence undertaking establishment, with private driveway. J. P. FINLEY & SON, Montgomery at Fifth.

Dunning & McEntee Undertakers. Modern in every detail. Broadway and Pine sts. Broadway 480, A-4588. Lady assistant.

F. L. LERCH, leading east side undertaker. E. 11th & Clay. B. 1888, E. 781.

MONUMENTS

Schanen-Blair Co.
MARBLE AND GRANITE WORKS.
Largest stock of fine marble and granite in Portland. Beautiful granite from our Oregon quarry. 387 Hawthorne ave. East 5566.

BLAESING GRANITE CO
267-3RD ST. COR. MADISON.
PORTLAND MARBLE WKS. 284-286 4th st., opp. city hall. M. 5564, A-1516

BUSINESS PROPERTY 66

UNION AVE. properties. Corner now paying 10 per cent on purchase price. House and lot 50x100 feet. Price $2750. Street improvements all paid. 245½ Wash. st.

TO LEASE 63

FOR RENT—Best located warehouse in Portland, two story with elevator. East Second and Alder; cheap. Main 8820.

FOR SALE—HOUSES 61

Snap This Up
Corner lot, east front, with 7 room double construction modern house, large rooms, concrete basement, electric lights, gas, fireplace, etc., built about 2 years, one block to good car service. Priced right. See this place by calling at 1121 East 39th st. N.

$300 Cash
New modern 5 room bungalow, Rose City Park, hardwood floors, fireplace and all built-in conveniences. Price $3600, balance easy payments. Owner, E-6525. Call 10 to 12.

Rose Festival Over
Come out and see my bungalow in Rose City Park, 5 rooms, modern, several trees on lot, improved neighborhood. Worth $3500. Will take $3900 for immediate sale. Terms easy. Owner, 692 E. 59th, near Sandy blvd.

BARGAIN IN 4 ROOM COTTAGE ONLY $850.
5 room plastered cottage, level lot, good small barn, 6 blocks from 3 carlines; $100 down and balance on payments at 8 per cent. Can you beat it? J. L. FARLEY CO., 928 Chamber of Commerce.

NO CASH REQUIRED.
Just $15 per month buys neat 4 room modern cottage at Whitwood Court, on improved st. Beautiful view a chance to get a home with your rent money.
PRICE $1000. OWNER.
Phone East 2013 for appointment.

A Snap in Small Home
4 room house, lot 50x100, good location, close in; $100 down, and extra easy terms on rest.
HOAGLIN & SIMMS,
667 Williams ave.
Phone East 2595.

$200 DOWN, balance like rent, $1375, lot 100x90, 5 room house, near Ainsworth and Concord sts., 18 bearing fruit trees, sidewalks and curbs and paid. This property is worth $2500. Might take $1250 for cash or first payment. (B) Dorr E. Keasey & Co., 2d floor Chamber of Commerce.

INSTEAD of hunting all over and then having to come to us after all, save yourself the trouble and let us show you the greatest bargain in Rose City Park from $2500 to $5000, on easy terms. Realty Dept. of —HARTMAN & THOMPSON— Fourth and Stark.

OWNER must sell this 5 room bungalow near Piedmont, No. 1312 Rodney ave. North; this place is modern and up to date, has 5 rooms, hardwood floors, fireplace, full cement basement, Dutch kitchen. If you want a home it will suit you. Price $2250. Phone Woodlawn 4173.

BEST cash offer takes $1800 equity in a $3600 modern 5 room bungalow, lot 50 by 100 feet, berries, fruit and shade trees, berries, garden, chickens and yard. See owner at 69th and Morris, Rose City Park car to 68th, go 2 blocks south, east.

A SNAP if taken at once—$1950, modern 6 room house, well furnished, including good piano, lot 50x125, on fine corner in Montavilla, 1½ blocks from school, 1 block from car, $1000 down, balance terms. Phone D-1171. No agents.

A DANDY new 5 room bungalow, oak floors, fireplace, all kinds built-in work, Dutch kitchen with breakfast nook. Small payment down, bal. like rent. Hawthorne car to 60th and Division, west to 55th, south to 36th, 58th. Owner.

4 ROOMS AND A GARAGE.
Neat little 4 room modern bungalow with fireplace, nice garage, price $1350, $50 down, $15 monthly.
FRED GERMAN CO.,
914 Chamber of Commerce.

BEAUTIFUL view property