

YANKEE SOLDIER REAL ARISTOCRAT IN FRANCE TODAY

With Storehouses Bulging With Good Things, He Is the Regular Millionaire.

SUPPLIES CLOSELY GUARDED

With Every Luxury in Camp, Boys Are Followed to Trenches With Efficient Kitchens.

By Sterling Hettig
Somewhere in France, July 1. — An agent of the state department, Washington, opened new and permanent offices in Paris, with a number of employees. He bought fine furniture, as was his duty. Then, looking around, he found that he needed, personally, many things which money could scarcely buy in war-restricted Paris—sugar, tobacco, fruit, preserves, biscuits and crackers, white flour, etc.

He applied for permission to buy quartermaster stores from the A. E. F. Yet he refused him, all along the line. Government was an important United States government functionary. "Do you enjoy the army?" "No," they asked. That settled it.

Somewhere in France, an American colonel called a quartermaster lieutenant into his office. "The Duc de So-and-So is a good scout," he said, "a friend of America, and we owe him many courtesies. He needs some coal to boil your rot arrange it." Also, the duchess needed a small weekly supply of sugar, flour and like conveniences. Doubtless, it would be a simple matter to get the cans at the chateau; but the colonel would not give an order. "Could you not arrange it?" That is how he put it. The quartermaster subsisted on his own responsibility, was to "hold the bag." The colonel knew it was not right. "Those stores belong to the army, and no outsider has a right to them," he said.

Attacks Made on Stores
So, from one end of France to the other, American and French civilians and others are trying to burgle the boys' comforts. At an intermediate base, a military clerk took me through the sales commissary. Behind locked doors were endless shelves of true riches which fade not away—Pineapple preserves, Tobasco Pepper sauce, Armour's sliced bacon in glass, Sumatra-Coban-Timor coffee blend.

An accredited newspaper correspondent, in uniform, was trying to prove that he should be "assimilated to the army." "Our boys are millionaires," he said. "More money is distributed here than in down two bottles of Listerine, a pair of elk-hide shoes, a safety-razor, three tins of Cream Mints, 10 pounds of sugar, 100 packs of cigarettes and enough of the beautiful khaki worsted serge at \$4.60 per yard to make me a new uniform!" He was quite earnestly turned down like an ordinary French quartermaster sergeant, trying to buy stuff for Madame la Commandante.

It is the same story everywhere.

Veterans' Q. M. Officers

I have been traveling about France considerably of late; and in the American S. O. S. zone I made the acquaintance of two typical "Q. M. Officers"—veteran quartermaster corps men who have been everywhere and done everything, the Boxer campaign, Cuba, the Philippines, Mexico. Before the war, the public probably knew nothing of these matters. Doubtless, it will be as interesting to you as it was to me to meet Major James T. MacDonald, post quartermaster, and Captain James H. Todd, who are responsible for millions, who disburse millions, yet actually passed many years in the ranks. They are types, I say, of these men who are just fanatics of the army, who know nothing but the interests of the army, and shut their jaws with a snap. Those French quartermaster clerks want to buy everything in sight," says Captain Todd. He is a Pennsylvania man, and about their jaws with a snap. "Those French quartermaster clerks want to buy everything in sight," says Captain Todd. He is a Pennsylvania man, and about their jaws with a snap.

Biscuits by Thousands

"See here!" he took me through the ordinary ration store, the Hawaiian pine-apples, early June peas from Baltimore, red current jelly from Pennsylvania, yellow cling peaches from California, sugar corn from Virginia, Pirica candy chocolates, Horlick's Malted Milk, Sauers' flavoring extracts, Davies' baking powder. Do you know what they're for? Hot biscuits! Fans of hot biscuits—thousands!"

We wandered in the vast warehouse, among cases piled to the roof, of hams and bacon in muslin bags, of raisins in cardboard boxes, cases of Karo maple syrup, mountains of Domino cane sugar, barrels of pickles, boxes of mustard.

6c and 20 Minutes To the Mountain Top

The finest trolley ride in the world takes you 1200 feet above the humid city atmosphere to the pure mountain air on "Portland's Royal Trolley." The varied panorama of rivers and mountains is wonderful, and you will find ample free picnic grounds with plenty to amuse you.

Nelsen's Orchestra

—under the personal direction of Andrew Nelsen, plays in the old orchard from 2 until 10 P. M. today. As a special added attraction, Monte Austin will sing many of the latest song hits, including "My Pavo Real Girl," "K-K-K-Katie" and "Good Morning Mr. Zip."

Admission Free

Council Crest Park

Dancing Every Evening Except Sunday

FOOD AND PLENTY OF IT IS YANKEE SOLDIER'S PRIVILEGE ABROAD



crates of canned tomatoes, Fairdale pears and California asparagus.

"And this is only a little place," he added. "There are 500 warehouses as big as this in France, not to mention the big staples of flour, etc. Why, there's one place, I could tell you, where the stuff is piled higher than the roof of your head."

Best Fed Army in World

Then, Major Mac Donald, the post quartermaster, spoke up. To understand why I bring these men in, you must remember that he spent long years in the ranks, knows what the American soldier wants, knows what is coming to him, and has just one craze—to see that he gets it and that nobody gets it away from him.

"The American soldier is a millionaire, in France today," he said. "These stores are his. And they are real." "Money can't buy them!" I said melancholy.

"The American army is the best-fed army in the world," he mused, now that he got to talking. "It has been thrashed out in all the armies of the world, and we know it ourselves. It is particularly so since the new ration has been varied to what it is today. The system dates from 1909. For 10 years prior to that time, we had what was considered a high grade ration; but for a period just before the Spanish-American war, it could not compare within 20 per cent, with the present ration, in quality, quantity and variety."

Soldiers Well Fed
"Thus, madam, I learned how your soldier boy eats and enjoys food dainties which civilians in France crave for. I do not know where Major MacDonald hails from; but his mother, Mrs. Mary C. MacDonald, lives at 278 Edith avenue, Memphis, Tenn. I saw the order for white carnations go off, in her case, too for Mothers' day, by cablegram from France. Yet, by thunder, he, too, seems to be a grandfather in his leisure moments."

"The old ration did not comprise more than eight or 10 articles of food components," says the major. "But you take, today, the meat component of our ration. Based on the 100 per cent by which all rations are figured, it is 70 per cent beef, 20 per cent canned meats and bacon, and 10 per cent fish. The bread or flour component amounts to 15 ounces per day, which is practically more than any American can consume."

Variety Is Abundant
"Our vegetable ration, based on a pound and a quarter per day per person, is divided up into parts of 70 per cent potatoes, 20 per cent onions and 10 per cent tomatoes."

"Are there no fruits in that?" I asked. "I saw jam."

"There is a fruit ration," he said.

"It is based on 50 per cent jam, 30 per cent prunes, 10 per cent peaches, and 10 per cent apples. Even the soldiers in the field get fresh white bread since 1915, in Paris!" I said.

"The liquid component of our ration," continued the fanatic, "is an allowance of 7 lbs. of coffee per 100 rations, which is abundance and of the very best quality. It is furnished with a proportionate allowance of milk and sugar; and the sugar component is also amply sufficient to permit our efficient cooks to make up pies and puddings. We have, equally, a ration component of butter, extracts, lard, beans, rice and several other articles, in quantities to make the variety of dishes, at all times, to satisfy the needs of all soldiers, among whom tastes and ideas are often widely different."

Well Trained Cooks

"Of course," I said, "it only, depends on the cooks."

"We've got them," he answered. "First class cooks, from our own army schools for cooks and bakers. Each month, for years past, two picked men have been sent to them from each company; and, now, with the war, we've drafted in some of the best hotel cooks in America. They draw their pay and allowance as sergeants."

Even in the open, it seems, these cooks have their well-constructed army field range. Along with it goes what is termed an Almo attachment and boiling plate, constructed to cook for 150 men. If the organization is larger, it has two ranges, and so on. They are particularly easy to put up, and pack like a neat of boxes, with all the utensils of a well-appointed kitchen, boilers, bakers, pans, griddles, fry-pans, sauce-pans, meat-saws, and cleavers, ladles, knives, forks, spoons, with pipes and elbows, the whole thing packed smaller than a trunk.

"In the field, even, no American soldier in France goes hungry for a plain hot meal," he said firmly. "The field range can be set up and food be in a state of preparation inside 20 minutes."

Proud of Emergency Ration

"Can supplies always follow them?" he asked. "There are always truck trains following up. Normal organizations are issued 10 days' rations in advance; and in certain sectors, troops are known to carry 30 days' rations," he answered. "Mind you, a ration is not a meal, as some people think, which a man can consume at a sitting. A ration is the substance of one man for one day—three meals. Besides, each soldier has in his personal possession what is known as the emergency ration, which is easily prepared and will suffice him, in an extreme adventure, for one day and even longer. It is concentrated nourishment, put up by specialists, inspected, withdrawn and released, according to the best principles. But only to be eaten in some great emergency."

With all our rapid fighting in France, the emergency ration still remains a mystery to our men. Few, indeed, have ever tasted this scientific life-saver, which the army boards are so proud of. It looks like ground oat meal; but, according to the proud conviction of the boys, it is the last word in calories, protein and nourishment, containing every juice and sustaining part of all meats and vegetables known to man, with a little of the sweetest thing known in. But most "Biddies" have not dared to taste it. It's court martial to eat the emergency ration unnecessarily—and almost never, has anyone found it necessary, yet in France. Hot meat, tastier, from rolling kitchens, follow up behind each bunch.

The rolling kitchens. Hot Food in Trenches
"They're brand new for this war!" exclaims the friend of the boys. "They deliver the goods! They are ranges on wheels, and when moving, never stopping. They can go wherever two wheels can take them, by tractor, mule or man power. When the boys have time to eat, the hot meal is right there. It has a big special compartment for coffee."

These rolling kitchens, it seems, are so numerous that they are the most advanced lines, in all the changes and chances of battle in the open as distinguished from trench-warfare. (They have hot doughnuts with powdered sugar, in the trenches!) "We aim to do it," says the seasoned quartermaster. "We aim to do it and we do do it. We do it with our particular point in view—that the well-fed soldier is the best fighting soldier!" I asked him what would be the

skimpiest possible meal he could imagine in the army.

"Suppose," I said, "a rolling kitchen should upset in a ditch, and its contents be lost. Imagine anything."

Hard Tack and Grease

"Hard-tack and bacon grease," he replied promptly. "It is like a National biscuit soda cracker, only thicker and harder; yet I never knew an old soldier who would not pick up one and eat it. They dip it in coffee and gravy. I don't know anything better than hard-tack and bacon grease. I have been 20 years in the army; and that's how it tastes to a hungry man in the open. I would like to eat some, right now!"

"And what," I asked, "is the most popular dish?" "Hot corned-beef hash and sweet-apple pie with cinnamon and raisins in it," he chuckled. "Our cooks make more elegant dishes. They doll up canned lobster and salmon. But the mass of the boys would vote for what I tell you."

It seemed a propitious moment. "Hot corned-beef hash and some cream mint candies. Quite exceptional. I only want to taste them."

He answered dreamily, with half closed eyes: "When we first made white bread at

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Above, left to right—American soldiers eating in the open in France; Major James T. MacDonald, who brings to his assignment as post quartermaster in France years of experience in the ranks. Below, left to right—Army food warehouse in France; Captain James H. Todd of the quartermaster corps, who also served long in the ranks.

DR. CARL G. DONEY TO TELL OF EXPERIENCE WITH BOYS IN FRANCE

Head of Willamette University, Who Has Just Returned, Will Speak at Auditorium Tonight.

Thrilling details of how he was shelled by the Germans while performing his duties as a Y. M. C. A. secretary, and of how he was forced to flee a certain city for his life, will be but one feature of an address to be given tonight at 7:30 o'clock in The Auditorium by Dr. Carl G. Doney. Having just reached his home at Salem fresh from France, he carries a late personal message from the Oregon boys at the front, and will tell of the situation as he saw it.

Now Actual Conditions
Dr. Doney, who is president of Willamette university, spent six months as a "Y" secretary in various capacities, and among other things delivered speeches in camps from the Spanish border on the south, to Verdun, on the north, and saw conditions as they actually exist along the great battle fronts, now so much in the public eye.

Barclay Acheson, in charge of the local Y. M. C. A. service department, will preside, and Mayor Baker will introduce Dr. Doney.

Mrs. Lulu Dahl Miller, familiarly known as "The Songbird of the Portland shipyards," will sing, accompanied on the pipe organ by Mrs. Warren E. Thomas. A special invitation has been extended to men in the shipbuilding plants to be present and join Mrs. Miller at The Auditorium in popular wartime songs, as they have done so many times in the yards.

Program Begins at 7:30 o'clock
Promptly at 7:30 o'clock, Gladys Morgan Farmer will render a selection on the great organ. Dr. Doney will speak at 8 o'clock, and Mr. Acheson last night appealed to Portlanders to be at The Auditorium in popular wartime songs, as the crowds will be so large it will be difficult to seat all who may wish to hear Dr. Doney's story.

Methodist Episcopal churches throughout the city will close for the evening service in honor of Dr. Doney, because of his position as head of their denominational school, and great throngs from all churches are to be in attendance, special invitations having been extended them.

want, at wholesale rates. I had not seen a gingermap since the French government, a year ago, forbade the sale and manufacture of cakes, biscuits, crackers and candy.

I tasted Maple syrup for the last time in November, 1915. In July, 1918 I hoarded two jars of those golden peaches. Today, if I had not wisely eaten them, Rothchild would sue me for them. There is a French lady at this hotel who hides a jar of pin-money pickles in her trunk. When she eats one, she hides a towel over the keyhole of the door.

There is plenty of plain food in France; but we civilians crave comforts. The American Expeditionary forces have a patent on them, and everyone, in France, is wishful to break the patent. We American civilians (there are thousands of us) think that we have a moral claim to glide into the green pastures; but the French—did you ever hear of such a thing?—They're hungry, too, for fruit cake, ginger-snaps, canned corn, tomato catsup, quaker oats, and Climax chewing tobacco.

It cannot be done. No outsider has the combination. So, I meditated: "A measure of wheat for a penny a measure of barley for a penny, and see that thou hurt not the wise and the fool." And I meditated more. "What's money?" I meditated. "Here's true riches. Our boys are millionaires, for sure, by all rational standards of Europe, at this hour!"

Marriage License Issued
Oregon City, July 20.—A marriage license was issued today to Lillian E. Averill, aged 27, and George A. Ten Eyck, aged 30, both of Sandy.

FRIENDS ORGANIZE J. S. SMITH CLUB



John S. Smith

Marking the opening of the headquarters of the John S. Smith for Congress club, 150 of Mr. Smith's friends, regardless of politics, gathered at 601 Steek building and formally organized.

Miss Leona Larrabee was unanimously chosen president of the club. Mrs. G. A. Henderson secretary, and C. L. McKenna, treasurer.

Mr. Smith struck the keynote of the evening and of his campaign in his remarks on "What I Do Not Stand For." Mrs. Louis Palmer Weber spoke on the theme, "We Depend Upon You," and Mr. Vaughn's subject was "I Know Mr. Smith." Dr. Hudson had many fine things to say of Mr. Smith as a friend and neighbor. Miss Larrabee, in accepting the presidency of the club, spoke on "What We Expect of Dr. Smith."

Hun Rail System Is About to Collapse

Washington, July 20.—Collapse of the German military railway system is hinted at in semi-official dispatches received today at the French embassy. It is pointed out that no more serious blow could be dealt the German war party than such a happening.

14TH YEAR IN PORTLAND DR. E. G. AUSFLEND, M.D. My Practice Is Limited to High-Class Dentistry Only

Diluted patriotism is a thing of the past. We've banished the hyphen with its 50-50 allegiance; we've wiped out the Mason and Dixon line; united the East and West; watched the banker's son in khaki marching side by side with the bootblack; capital and labor have agreed to arbitrate their differences in order that the safety of America need not be jeopardized in internal strife; and a unified, united, liberty-loving people have but one thought—BEAT THE HUN NOW AND FOR ALL TIME.

Your business and mine are insignificant issues while the flower of American manhood is giving its life blood for democracy and the home.

Dollars hidden in vaults or hoarded in "stockings" are disloyal, selfish dollars and should call for the internment of their owners.

Keep money circulating, but avoid extravagance. Economize in foodstuffs, coal, metals, clothing—because extravagance in these things interferes with the war needs of the government, but don't neglect health, don't stint on necessities, and, above all, don't pay a cent for reputation, prestige or graft.

Although several of my valued operators and some of my laboratory experts have already joined the colors, and more are ready to go; although dental materials cost much more than ever before, and general expense of conducting a large office continually increases, I have no word of complaint. I still guarantee that only solid gold is used here in crown and bridgework, and that only high-class, experienced dentists are permitted to operate in my office.

The promise which I made years ago of "better dentistry for less money" is being kept, regardless of the war and the fact that other dentists are charging double my prices for work no better and often inferior.

FIRE RAZES LANDMARK IN PENDLETON AS OLD CHOP MILL IS BURNED

Star Blacksmith Shop and Garage Burn With \$3500 Loss; Fire Starts at 3:30.

Pendleton, Or., July 20.—The Star blacksmith shop and garage, corner of West Alta and Lillith streets, was completely destroyed by fire early this morning, the alarm being turned in at 3:30. The loss is estimated at between \$2500 and \$4000. The building, valued at about \$1500, belonged to John F. Temple, Jr. The contents, belonging to Frank Taylor, Weston for \$500, the value being placed at \$2000.

The burned building was better known as the old Dutch Henry chop mill. It was one of the land marks of the west end of Pendleton, having been built for a feed mill by the late Henry Kopitzke and operated as such for many years.

Stockmen Plan Organization
Pendleton, July 20.—A central association of all users of the Wenatchee forest for grazing of cattle will be formed in the immediate future by the consolidation of the livestock breeders' associations recently formed by stockmen at Dayton, Pomeroy, Cleveland, Troy, Summerville and Gibbon under the supervision of L. E. McDaniel, supervisor of the Wenatchee forest. Mr. McDaniel, accompanied by M. S. Shrock, county agent; C. L. Jamison, agriculturist at the Walla Walla Savings bank, and R. A. Botcher, forest ranger, left today for Weston to form the local organization there, and it will join the large association. At present no name has been decided upon for the association. However, under its auspices, a livestock exhibit of range beef will be given at the Walla Walla fair, September 9 to 14, and each of the branch associations will send 10 head of yearlings and 10 head of 2-year-olds.

Barn and Contents Burn
Pendleton, July 20.—The big barn and contents, together with three cows, one heifer and some wagons were destroyed by fire on the George Tierney ranch in Stage gulch, 15 miles northwest of Pendleton. The fire was discovered between 12 and 1 o'clock this morning. Insurance was \$1200. Mr. Tierney, while he believed the fire was incendiary, has no idea who could have done the deed.

Bank Begins Foreclosure
Oregon City, July 20.—The Laid & Tilton bank of Portland began suit in the circuit court today to recover judgment from Fred W. Sinclair and wife upon a promissory note in the sum of \$6000, past due, and upon which the plaintiff holds a mortgage on 25 acres in the Jessa Bullock donation claim in sections 10, 11, 14, 15 and 16, township 2 south, range 1 east, as security.

NOTHING IMPORTANT BUT VICTORY

This War Is for "The World's Championship" and Is Going to Be Won by the Great American "Punch."

A LANG RANGE

will save more than it costs. Burns fuel from the top on closed grate.



HERE IS THE PROOF

Bremerton, Wash., July 20, 1917.
E. S. Lang Mfg. Co.
The range 18x38 Pacific arrived O. K. and we are beginning to get comfortably established. Mrs. is proud of the LANG RANGE and has done wondrous baking with it. As to fuel consumption, we are both agreeably surprised. It is no more like our old range than day is like night. The difference in the consumption of fuel alone would pay for it in a year's time.

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