

OUTSIDER WINS TAVERN STAKE

Prize Loret Carries Off \$3000 Purses at Grand Circuit Races

CLEVELAND, July 11.—Prince Loret, an outsider in the betting, won the \$3000 Tavern stake the feature of the Grand Circuit racing card at North Randall track today, taking the first and third heats from Allan Watts, which ruled an equal favorite with Czar Peter.

The time for the first heat equalled the stake record of 2:06 1/4. A crowd estimated to have been a record breaker attended today's races. Not a favorite won.

Hollywood Bob, a son of Peter The Great, owned by Dodge brothers of Lexington, Ky., trotted the fastest mile ever recorded by a three-year old on the local track by taking the second heat of the third division of the Fasig sweepstakes in 2:04 1/4.

Lu Princeton, second choice in the betting, won the 2:05 trotting sweepstakes from Royal Mac. By trotting the mile in 2:04 1/4, Lu Princeton made the fastest mile of the season. Miss Direct-ed, was beaten only by a stride.

LAUGHLIN IS OUTPOINTED.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., July 11.—Jack Britton outpointed "Knockout" Loughlin of South Bethlehem, Pa., here tonight in a scheduled eight round bout. Britton had the better of all rounds, except the third and fourth.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

At Cincinnati—
Score: R. H. E.
Brooklyn 3 12 2
Cincinnati 7 14 0
Marquard and Wheat; Toney and Allen.

At Pittsburgh—
Score: R. H. E.
New York 4 9 0
Pittsburgh 5 9 4
Smith and McCarty; Mayer and Schmidt.

At St. Louis—
Score: R. H. E.
Philadelphia 5 12 3
St. Louis 2 7 0
Prendergast and Burns; Sherdell, Johnson, Tuero and Gonzales, Brock.

At Chicago, July 11—
First game.
Score: R. H. E.
Boston 3 11 2
Chicago 4 10 2
Nehf and Henry; Tyler, Aldridge, Douglass and Killifer.

Second game.
Score: R. H. E.
Chicago 2 7 0
Chicago 3 6 1
Ragen and Henry; Douglass and Killifer.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

At Washington—
Score: R. H. E.
Detroit 6 11 3
Washington 6 12 1
Cunningham, Kallio, James and Stange; Johnson and Piechick.

At Boston—
Score: R. H. E.
Chicago 0 9 3
Boston 4 9 2
Cleto and Jacobs; Mays and Schang.

At Philadelphia—
Score: R. H. E.
St. Louis 5 10 3
Philadelphia 8 11 2
Houck, Davenport, Gallia, Wright and Seaver; Watson, Adams, Geary and McAvoy.

At New York—
Score: R. H. E.
Cleveland 1 7 0
New York 0 3 2
Coveleskie and O'Neill; Finneran and Walters.

SALEM GIVEN STIFF PROD BY HIBBARD

(Continued from page 1)

the president himself. It co-operates with the Red Cross and all other organizations. It inculcates thrift and conservation in all lines and especially in the matter of man power. It has been a bureau of authentic information as to the causes of the war and the aims of the central powers. It has taken part in many drives in the past, and it will be called upon to deal with another great drive in the future, for sooner or later Germany will start another peace drive, when all the pacifists in this country will be heard from again and must be dealt with. It will be necessary to strengthen this organization through individual efforts of loyal citizens.

Mr. Kollock, commenting upon the lack of organization in Marion county, which he declared should be foremost among all the counties of the state, called attention to Polk county, which he said, is organized down to the last degree. Community meetings are being held at ten different points in the county, and every effort is being made to keep up the efficiency of the committees. He urged that the Salem commercial club take immediate steps to effect a strong organization in this county. Committees composed of the strongest citizens should be appointed to look after the various phases of work in line with the national council. He feels that there is a sad lack of interest as well as lack of information as to the work of the council.

Closing his remarks, he introduced Major Hibbard, who was in the city with a double purpose in view—boosting the military organizations of Oregon and giving a straight-from-the-shoulder talk to the drafted men. He first called the group of draft men

Changes in Railroad Officials Announced

Changes in the officials of the Southern Pacific lines were made yesterday at a meeting of the board of directors in New York, according to a message received last night by the local agent of the line. The dispatch reads as follows: "At a meeting of the board of directors of the Southern Pacific company in New York city today Julius Kruttschnitt was elected president of the company succeeding William Spruille, who resigned to become federal district director for the U. S. railroad administration. Mr. Kruttschnitt will continue also as chairman of the executive board of directors of the Southern Pacific with offices in New York city.

"Paul Shoup, president of the Pacific Electric company was elected director and also assistant to the president. Shoup will be the executive representative of the Southern Pacific company on the Pacific coast with headquarters in the Southern Pacific building at San Francisco. He will continue to have general supervision over the Pacific Electric railroad and will succeed Spruille in connection with various corporations in which the Southern Pacific is interested, such as the Associated Oil company and others. He will have nothing to do with the railroad operations which are now under control of the U. S. railroad administration.

"W. R. Scott resigned as director and vice-president of the Southern Pacific company to assume the position as federal manager of the Southern Pacific and Western Pacific lines in the central western region under the government.

to the front where he could look them in the eyes; then turning upon Chairman Robert S. Gill, he declared that he didn't propose to speak in a hall where the American flag was not in view. The chairman immediately volunteered to go after a flag, and in the meantime Major Hibbard paid his respects to the local companies of the Oregon guard which he commended highly and went on to speak emphatically in favor of the state constabulary, whose work in the state he asserted is not fully appreciated.

Speaking especially to the drafted men, he made a strong plea—rather a demand—for a clean life on the part of the soldier. With a boldness and bluntness that made the flesh creep, he dealt with the unmentionable diseases that have played havoc with the morale of soldiers in the war camps. Referring to Camp Lewis, he made the statement that one some degree with disease, and is isolated from the ranks and is being treated. No chance exists for a man in the camps to get past the doctors, for there is the most rigid scrutiny of all soldiers, and he warned the boys solemnly against every form of dissipation that would either unfit them for war service or for association with a woman in future.

COMMANDMENTS FOR WIVES

The late queen of Rumania whose pet name was Carmen Sylva, drew up ten commandments to help young women who had just married. Here they are:

- (1). Never begin a quarrel, but if there is a disagreement, do not give way until the matter has been put right.
- (2). Never forget that you are the wife of a man and not of a god. Do not worry too much over his weak nesses.
- (3). Do not be always asking your husband for money.
- (4). If you discover that your husband has a big heart, remember also that he has a stomach. Look well after his stomach.
- (5). From time to time, but not too often, allow your husband to have the last word. That pleases him and does not harm you.
- (6). Read all the newspapers, not merely the sensational bits. Your husband will willingly discuss with you politics and the day's happenings.
- (7). During a period of sickness do not vex your husband.
- (8). Pay your husband a compliment from time to time. At the same time let him understand that you yourself do not always see clear of mistakes.
- (9). If your husband is good and active, be a comrade to him. If he is heavy and slow, be a friend and adviser to him.
- (10). Above all, show respect to your mother-in-law. Remember that your husband loved her before he loved you.—Tit-Bits.

ALL LETTER PERFECT

"You've been to the altar three times, I believe?"
"Yes."
"And me twice. The minister is an old-timer. I guess we won't have to rehearse."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

DRAFT EVADER KILLS.

DOUGLAS, Ariz., July 11.—Byron E. James, mine superintendent of El Tigre company, with properties situated about 40 miles south of this city, in Sonora, was killed last night by an alleged American draft evader whom James is said to have refused to employ him because he had evaded service in New Mexico. James went to El Tigre from Nevada City, Cal., and the body will be sent there for burial. The slayer has not been apprehended.

DRAFT RESISTER TAKEN

HEBER SPRINGS, Ariz., July 11.—Sam West, an alleged member of the band of draft resisters that has been hiding in the Cleburne county hills since last Sunday, was captured at his home near here today by a posse of deputy sheriffs. According to the authorities, West was at the home of Thomas Atkinson last Sunday when the alleged draft resisters fired upon officers, killing one member of the party.

SNIPING HUNS BEATS HUNTING FOR CHICKENS

Fennell Tells of Satisfied Feeling That Comes When He Gets 'Em

GOES OVER THE TOP

Better Days Await Wounded Men When They Are Sent to "Blighty"

Sniping for Huns is a lot more fun than chicken shooting, says a letter received by Merton R. DeLong, former assistant in the office of Attorney General Crawford, from his cousin, Raymond L. Fennell, who is with a scout section of the twenty-seventh battalion, Canadians. Fennell went over the top a number of times, is familiar with bayonet fighting and gives some good descriptions of it in his letter. He became ill from a sniff of gas and was sent to "Blighty" and the letter is written from Manor war hospital, Epsom, Surrey, England. He writes as follows:

"No doubt you will have heard before this that I am in England and, believe me, it has France beat forty ways.

"Along about the end of January, I got a sniff of gas which brought on bronchitis. I didn't feel very sick but was so badly bunged up that I had to stop and get my breath about four times when coming up the stairs out of our dugout. I went to see the doctor and he sent me to hospital and after being in about four small ones, I finally landed in No. 1 Canadian General hospital at Etaples, France. Of course, I figured that was as far as I would ever get and I felt fine. At nights when the sister would go out we used to be running around the ward upsetting beds, having pillow fights, and carrying on in general. Then we always had a feed of fried eggs, cocoa and toast before going back to bed. You can figure from that just about how sick I was and how surprised I was when the nurse told me I was marked 'Blighty.' I don't know whether they had orders to clear the hospital or not. Perhaps the doctor thought I needed a rest, anyway about four days after that I was in England coming via Calais and Dover. Then began the best three weeks' fun I've had since I joined the army—at least I appreciated it more than I did in France. I got into a V. A. D. hospital quite close to London, nothing military about it, even the doctors were civilians and they only kept me in bed three days so you will know I wasn't very sick. It was just before the rationing started and the people around the hospital seemed to take great enjoyment in giving us a good time. Every afternoon we were invited out for tea and to spend the evening often going into town as a theater party. I didn't have a very good opinion of English people before I left Canada but I changed it in those three weeks. It sure was nice to come right from the front line and drop into such a good time.

"However, the good time came to a sudden end when I was sent to the Canadian Convalescent camp at Epsom. I had a pretty good time there. It is only seventeen miles from London with buses running every half hour. They take about an hour to make the trip and although the big town was supposed to be 'out of bounds' we used to go up on an average of three or four times a week. The limit at this camp is eight weeks so, of course, I expected to be marked 'out' in about three as I was feeling fine and fit in every way. My good luck still stuck with me though and the first week I was there the M. O. had a lot of clerical work that had piled up on him and he asked me if I would do it. I started on it and of course made it last as long as possible. In fact my eight weeks were up and I was on my ninth when I got a touch of influenza. My temperature was a pretty good one and the M. O. sent me over to this hospital. They kept me in bed about a week and I have been up about five days now and expect to go back to the convalescent camp again soon. The M. O. told me when I left that my job would be waiting for me when I came back so I expect to put in another two months there.

"Am in no hurry to get back to France for a while yet. I had fifteen months of it and never missed a trip in the line except when I came on leave in December so am sticking here as long as I can. While in France, I went over the top in four big attacks. April 9 the Vimy Ridge show; May 3 Fresnoy which is about three miles further on than the Ridge and which, by the way, was the worst scrap of them all as Fritz opened up his barrage thirty seconds before we did and got us lying out in No Man's Land with no protection. We went in with 600 men and came out with 235; in our platoon of forty-five we had thirty left and in my section of thirteen there were two left (another fellow and myself). On August 21 we went over on Hill 70 and that was another bad egg. Fritz was just ready to attack with his Prussian guards. In fact, the battalion on our right met him in No Man's Land. He hadn't jumped off on our front yet but his trenches were simply packed with men and say, Merton you talk about a scrap, that was a real one. They were the only bunch of Germans I've ever seen who would fight when our fellows got close to them. The German is usually very brave as long as he has you about 200 yards away and he is behind a machine gun but the minute

you get close to him up go his hands. It doesn't usually do him much good, though, as our fellows have got the idea pretty well drilled into them by this time that the only good Hun is a dead one. These fellows put up an awful fight. I saw the bayonet used more than I ever did before. It was a hand to hand fight from 6 o'clock in the morning till about 2 p. m. By this time we were consolidated, but the battalion on our right had been held up and on our left Fritz was getting the best of it and driving the other battalions over on to us. We held out until about 4 p. m., and then our ammunition gave out and they couldn't get any up to us although they had been trying all day. This may sound funny, but the boys actually were throwing bricks. We were just in the outskirts of Lens and there were lots of them. It was a heart breaker to have to retire but Fritz poured the men in by thousands and we had nothing to fight with. I was with the sniping section at this time and another fellow and I went over with 440 rounds between us and when we came back all we had was what were in our magazines and we had saved them in case we got cornered. The next day as if by mutual consent both sides ceased firing and the stretcher bearers went out. Our boys went right over to his front and got wounded men; his stretcher bearers were a little scared though and didn't come quite so close. There wasn't a shot fired until dusk and all the stretcher parties were in.

"The next time over was on November 6 at Passchendaele. I thought I knew a little mud and shelling fire before but I found out that I didn't. For five miles back from our battalion headquarters we had to walk on duck boards or trench mats and woe betide the man who stepped off. He went up to his neck in mud and water. I never could understand how the men took that ground; where we went over was bad enough but that was five times as bad. From post H 2 up to our jumping off trench was about 3000 yards and it was just plain slogging through the mud. They couldn't use trench mats as Fritz could see them. Our battalion had the honor of taking the town of Passchendaele itself, the very peak of the ridge and the way we went over sure surprised me. We expected all kinds of opposition but didn't meet any worth speaking of. We had orders to take no prisoners and believe me the Huns caught it that morning. We got two colonels in a pill box and I think they were the only ones who got out alive. Went right through the town and dug in on the other side. Stayed two days and then were relieved. Fritz shelled the back territory around Battalion H 2 and in the town a something awful but we had dug in about 150 yards outside the town and although his planes came over in swarms they didn't seem to be able to locate us. I was mighty glad to get out of that hole though as we were in a very sharp salient and since then the line has been pulled back a lot. When we got back to Ypres and on the train, I felt a lot safer.

"This is getting to be a mighty long letter but I want to tell you a little about my work. I think that a sniper has the best job in the army, although sometimes he has to take risks and very, very seldom gets promotion. There is a fascination about the work and once a fellow takes it up he doesn't want to do anything else. A sniper is his own boss and fixing it up, then the next anybody while he is on duty except the intelligence officer and he very rarely sees him. Usually when we go into the line we spend the first day and night in picking out a good post and fixing it up, then the next morning before daylight, we go out to it and wait. It is very, very seldom that there is not a working party out or some Hun who thinks he can't be seen and the fun starts. We have special rifles and glasses and if we get a proper sight it's goodbye Mary Ann to Mr. Fritz. You can't imagine the feeling of satisfaction you have when you know you are getting your own back. It beats chicken shooting all hollow. Of course, there is the chance that some Fritz sniper is waiting for you and it is a case of your brains against his; if you can build your post so that he can't see it and get to and from it without being seen, why you have the clinch on him, and, of course, if you can get a German sniper it is better than getting five ordinary men. Some of our posts are built so that a person can get to them in daylight and others so far out in front that we have to go out before daylight, stay out all day and come in after dark. If Fritz ever locates us in one of the latter, it's about good night, Nurse, but so far I have never been in one when he did locate it. Of course, at all times we have a roving commission and can go wherever we like, but particularly when we go over the top then we wander around just wherever we please and get some fine snort.

"Soon after we came back from Passchendaele I got my leave and had two good weeks in Blighty. Up to that time I had been pretty well satisfied with my lot in France but after I went back I was always longing to get over here again. When I got back to the battalion they were out on a month's rest so that wasn't so bad. It was much better than going back into the line. As soon as the month was up, we went back to the line and the very first trip. I got my sniff of gas and away to Blighty, so was pretty lucky."

ADVERTISED LETTERS

Brack, Mr. Norris
Bridgwater, Dr.
Brown, Dr. Charles Wesley
Tiksen, Mr. Henry
Gibson, Mrs. F. E.
DeJehmann, Mrs. Anna
Hancock, Mrs. Jesse A.
Heimbaum, Ph. C. F.
Loach, George
Methy, Miss Nellie
Minty, J. H.
Noah, Mr. W. A.
Payree, J. B.
Schwartz, Jos. A.
Sweeney, Frank
Small, Mrs. Blanche
Gilling, Mrs. Nellie
Thurnher, Alice
West, Burt
Woodward, Mr. M. C.
—August Huckestein, PM.

CITY NEWS

And State House Briefs.

Called by Aviation Corps—

Ronald Jones, son of Mr. and Mrs. Madison L. Jones of Lake Labish, left last night on a 10 o'clock train where he will enter Berkeley college for an aviate's training. Although he will not be of age until next October, he enlisted last February.

Is with the Marines—

Leland Austin, a former Williamette University student is enjoying life at Mare Island where he went last month for service with the marines.

Marriage License Held Up—

Looking over the records of the "Joy book" at the county clerk's office one may discover several affidavits of marriage licenses marked "cancelled." One of several reasons for this occurrence is the fact that the contracting parties overlooked the fact that the license must be issued from the county seat of the county in which the woman in the case has her residence. This oversight caused one couple to make a fruitless trip to Salem yesterday. They were F. D. Hukel and Pearl Thrasher, both residents of Albany, who for reasons of their own decided to have the matrimonial knot tied in Salem. The regular blanks were filled out to the point where the residence of the bride was called for, and there the record stopped and the couple informed that they would be obliged to secure a license in Linn county before they could be united.

Department Called Out—

A fire alarm called the department to Winter and D streets last night, but the blaze proved only to be a grass fire which was extinguished without doing any damage.

CIVILIANS APPLY AT WASHINGTON

Admission to Officers' Training Camp Granted by Adjutant General

CAMP LEWIS, TACOMA, Wash., July 11.—Civilian officers for the central officers' training camp should make written application to the adjutant of the army, according to camp executive officers. Since the announcement that civilians are eligible, have been flooded with letters asking for further information. It was said today that those who desire to enter the camp should write to the adjutant general of the army in Washington, D. C., who will send them blanks on which to make formal application.

No less than 100 letters have been received by the camp adjutant in the past two days from civilians who wish to attend the course and fit themselves for commissions in the national army. Replies have been sent to them directing the proper course to pursue.

Must Be Over 20

In a general way requirements for admission to the camp by civilians are the same as for the reserve officers training camps, the fourth of which is now in session here. Applicants must be citizens of the United States, no younger than 20 years and eight months and not older than 40 years. If born in a country with which the United States or its allies are at war, the applicant must have removed from there before he was five years of age. Educational requirements are the successful completion of a high school course or its equivalent. The bulletins received here do not tell when the camp will open, how long it will run nor where it will be held. How many civilian applicants will receive appointment is not known here.

Two hundred and ninety-five enlisted men were certified to the war department today as being eligible for appointment at camp. One hundred and ten were for the infantry school, 35 for the artillery and 50 for the machine gun.

Friday-Saturday



"The Matri-Maniac"

Ben Turpin In

"Two Tough Tenderfoot"

Comedy

HEARST WEEKLY

"The Matri-Maniac"

OREGON

PERSONALS

Mrs. S. R. Vail, who has been visiting friends and relatives in Portland the past week, returned to this city yesterday.

The following Portland people were registered at the High hotel: John Farrior, W. C. Taylor, Leonard Underwood, W. W. Shaw.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Serfling, of Sanjay, Cal., A. B. Serfling and wife, and Byron A. Serfling of Eugene, made up a family party stopping at the Capitol hotel last night.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Crum, of Boardman were transient visitors in the city yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Messenger, of Portland, were among the guests at the Marion hotel last night.

Mrs. V. L. Hamilton, and Miss Ollie Phillips, of Coquille, were among the recent visitors in Salem. Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Bailey of Whitefish, Mont., visited briefly in Salem yesterday.

Manager Robert S. Gill, of the Commercial club, returned yesterday from an important business trip to Portland.

The Hayward-Dickson Meetings

TONIGHT Hear DICKSON in that LECTURE

"This Generation Shall Not Pass"

Tomorrow Night HAYWARD opens the Question Box.

You Are Invited

Wanted

75 Men for sawmill and yard work at Salem, July 15. \$3.25 for eight hour day. Spaulding Logging Company. Phone 1830.