

THE OREGON STATESMAN

Issued Daily Except Monday by
THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING COMPANY
215 S. Commercial St., Salem, Oregon

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and also the local news published herein.

R. J. Hendricks, Manager
Stephen A. Stone, Managing Editor
Ralph Glover, Cashier
W. C. Squier, Advertising Manager
Frank Jaskoski, Manager Job Dept.

DAILY STATESMAN, served by carrier in Salem and suburbs, 15 cents a week, 50 cents a month.

DAILY STATESMAN, by mail, \$6 a year; \$3 for six months; 50 cents a month. For three months or more, paid in advance, at rate of \$5 a year.

SUNDAY STATESMAN, \$1 a year; 50 cents for six months; 25 cents for three months.

WEEKLY STATESMAN, issued in two six-page sections, Tuesdays and Fridays, \$1 a year (if not paid in advance, \$1.25); 50 cents for six months; 25 cents for three months.

TELEPHONES: Business Office, 23.
Circulation Department, 583.
Job Department, 583.

Entered at the Postoffice in Salem, Oregon, as second class matter.



SALEM MAN HAVING WONDERFUL EXPERIENCES

Lieutenant Colonel Carle Abrams, of Salem, is having some wonderful experiences in England.

There is printed in The Statesman of this morning the account of the Fourth of July celebration at Winchester, England, that appeared in the Hampshire Chronicle of July 6th, telling of an event in England's old capital that will be historical.

As commander, Lieutenant Colonel Abrams presided at the memorable celebration, and it was his duty, as no doubt it was his great pleasure, to introduce the distinguished speakers. In point of numbers participating, as in many other ways, it was a great celebration. Many thousands were present.

The reader will note that in introducing Mr. Hughes of New Zealand, Col. Abrams spoke of a visit to France. That visit was made on Tuesday, the 2nd, and his experiences were very fresh in his mind. He had gone to Havre, France, where he had visited many old friends whom he left there when he relinquished his former command—having been Commandant of that port until he was taken down with pneumonia, and had to remain for a time in a hospital in France, and then after his recovery being sent to England to take charge of the great camp at Winchester; one of the largest if not the most extensive and expansive of the many military camps in that country.

Colonel Abrams had only just returned from his visit in Havre in time to take part in the historical Fourth of July celebration.

The Statesman has several of the letters of Colonel Abrams, written to his people here, and some of them will be referred to later. By virtue of his official position, (and, his Oregon friends will contend, also on account of his ability), Colonel Abrams has been having some wonderful experiences in England. He has met some of the greatest people of that country, and has been entertained in some of the historical homes of England.

The Germans are blaming their defeat upon the amateurish orders of their Crown Prince. However this may be, it will be a good thing for the world if he is made the "goat." And there is no doubt good reason for the complaint, though a Napoleon could not lead the German armies to victory now. It is not in the stars. The clock has struck. The doom of military autocracy in the world has been sounded, and the days of Emperors and Kings and Crown Princes are numbered in all the broad earth.

Is the Kaiser watching "from the retreat of his old army" blowing up of munitions and the headlong retirement of army divisions it must be magnificent. The world awaits with interest the faithful Rosner's chronicle of the event and his analysis of the emotions of the All-Highest.

The soil of France and Belgium is too sacred for the polluting foot of a single representative of the military cutthroats and cut-purses and rapists of the Potsdam gang. So they must go. And they are going.

The French peasants are going back, the third time to their desolated homes. But they will be safe now, forever, from the ravages of the Hun.

The Hun is a hunted animal now in France.

The Sammys are a swift peace army.

There will be no Sunday rest for the Hun.

Germany is being walloped.

Let us not only do our "bit," but our "all," for the prosecution of the war.

She can have all she wants.

Ladies' Pumps

GREATLY REDUCED
IN COST

In order to finish closing out our Pumps we will make these less than present manufacturing cost.

CHOICE

of Fifteen (15) styles of Patent Pumps in values from \$4.50 to \$6.00, to close out at.....\$2.95

Kid Pumps, cloth top in sizes 2½ to 5, to close out.....\$2.65

Kid, 2 strap Military Heels.....\$2.35

Kid, one strap, turn, low heels.....\$2.45

You always save money at

The Bootery

When she has enough she can have peace.

Huns are on the run; with their hands up coming, or with their heads down, going.

There is no peace saith the Lord, unto the wicked.—Isaiah 48:22. Kaiser, take notice.

The war has served to call attention in a most abrupt fashion to the fact that the world is a mighty poor place for the mollycoddle.

The Sammy boys were with the British, too. And a Berlin dude, when he handed Ambassador Gerard his passports, said the "Americans would not fight."

Noon-day prayer is not intended to interfere with work; a combination of the two has always been very efficacious. It is a form of attack very hard for the kaiser to skin.

Are you praying for the khaki men who are fighting for you and me on the bloody fields of Picardy and Flanders? The prayers of the righteous availeth much, we are told in Holy Writ.

Remember the old days back East when, if there was a large company for dinner, the children were compelled to wait for the second table. If that was the rule these days the children would kick over the table. And yet some folks claim that we are growing in the plane of social, moral and general excellence.—Los Angeles Times. And we are, nevertheless. Children and women have become people, in the general progress of the world.

THE FIRST CITIZEN.

With a bridge at Lyons and a boulevard in Paris named after him and with honors of citizenship conferred in France and Italy, President Wilson has been recognized as a leading figure in any world federation.

As a general proposition it is not safe to name any great public works after the living, but the American executive has gone so far in the demonstration of his world policies that the democracy of France is pleasantly warranted in honoring him.

Were there a parliament of men with the ruler of each nation as its representative, President Wilson would doubtless be chosen as chief of the whole works, with Lloyd George the second outstanding figure.

Time and circumstances have added immensely to the stature of the Princeton professor.

While wrecking millions of lives the Kaiser has brought majesty and renown to the few. Let the president so live that his laurels may not fade.

BITS FOR BREAKFAST

Rhineward goes the Hun.

And the Rhine is "only a river."

And what is a river to a Sammy who can fly or swim or carry with him the "makings" of a pontoon bridge?

The bridges in and around Peronne are being destroyed.

Look on your map, and you will see that a few more days of housecleaning will sweep the Hun from all the territory he took in all his five drives, beginning in March.

And then it will not be very many more jumps to get him outside of France entirely.

The Sammys are the Old Dutch Cleansers that are leading in the housecleaning job for France.

The German reserves now being used are old men and boys. That tells the story of the depletion of the man-power of the Huns. There are some Bavarians yet in reserve who are fine fighters, it is thought; being saved for an emergency. But the Sammys will help "welcome them with hospitable hands to bloody graves," or convenient prison camps.

New York Music Teacher

Says "Vinol Cures Chronic Coughs." New York City, 121 Nicholas avenue.—"I teach piano and singing and when suffering from chronic coughs, colds and bronchitis, I use Vinol as I find it cures when other remedies fail."—Henry Albers. The reason Vinol is so successful in such conditions, is because it is a constitutional remedy containing beef and cod liver peptones, iron and manganese peptones and glycerophosphates. It strengthens and revitalizes the entire system and assists nature to expel the disease. We know of many such cases. Emil A. Schaefer and drug stores everywhere.

In Petrograd a goose costs \$20. Ain't that a bit high for one of the Bolsheviks?

FUTURE DATES.

August 17, Saturday—Annual Iowa picnic.
August 19, Monday—National convention of Women's Relief Corps in Portland.
August 20, Tuesday—Special meeting of Commercial club.
August 27, Wednesday—Annual Wisconsin picnic at Fair grounds.
August 26, 27 and 28—Western Walnut Growers' association to tour nut groves of Willamette valley.
September 23 to 28—Oregon State Fair.



Furniture of Quality AT LESS MONEY



To You Than Asked by Other Stores

BIG REDUCTIONS On All Summer Furniture

We must close out all Summer Furniture, Hammocks, Refrigerators, Porch Shades, Porch Furniture, etc., to make room for our Enormous Stock of the Latest Creations in Furniture that we have bought. In Buying Furniture this Store always keep their Customers in Mind and Buy in Such a way that they will get the Highest Quality Furniture at the Lowest Possible Cost to them.

YOU GET MORE
FOR YOUR
MONEY AT
MOORE'S

W. W. Moore
FURNITURE STORE

Look Around—Get Others' Prices—We Will Sell You The Furniture.

REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

The Story of a Honeymoon

A Wonderful Romance of Married Life Wonderfully Told by
ADELE GARRISON

CHAPTER LIV

Dicky at The Chafing Dish

"Don't forget the lemon juice, Dicky. You haven't put it in yet." "Are you sure you haven't too much butter for that number of oysters?"

"Let me put in the red pepper. You got too much in the last time."

Dicky looked around at his tormentors in exasperation.

"If you say another word I'll pitch these oysters into the sink."

We were seated around my table in the dining room, which Lillian Gale and I had arranged in the afternoon. The spring flowers in the old earthen jar which Dicky had brought from the kitchen in spite of my protest, really were very pretty in the center of the table. The piles of sandwiches which I had made looked extremely appetizing, flanked as they were with dishes of olives, and of the salted almonds Lillian and I had prepared with so much pains.

Dicky stood at the head of the table, the chafing dish before him. It was connected to one of the electric light sockets and the water beneath the blazer was bubbling merrily. He held in his hand a large spoon, with which he was stirring some butter which he had put into the blazer.

At his right little Mrs. Lester watched the proceedings with much interest. Next to her Harry Underwood lolled idly against the table. I came next not having been able to escape from this arrangement of seats any more than I had from his companionship during the evening. Mr. Lester sat upon my other side, while Mrs. Underwood between Mr. Lester and Dicky, completed the circle.

"Hush!" Harry Underwood lifted his hand. We forgot that Dicky can only cook these oysters properly when there is complete harmony in the circle. Who will lead in prayer?"

I suppose my face reflected the distaste I felt for his remark. Anything approaching irreverence displeases me intensely, for Lillian Gale quickly came to the rescue.

"Shut up, Harry," she said forcibly, if inelegantly. "Mrs. Graham is not used to that bar-room brand of conversation you are handing out."

"All right, sweetie," her husband grinned provokingly at her across the table.

"Madge," Dicky's voice was quick impatient. Where's the oyster juice?"

I looked at the dishes flanking the chafing dish.

Butter—Dicky had that in the chafing dish, stirring it. Lemon juice—it was ready to his hand in a pet cut glass of mine. The oysters, drained and ready for cooking, were in a large dish at his right, but the bowl of oyster juice, which I had seen Katie drain with much care under Dicky's direction, was nowhere to be seen.

I touched the bell with a feeling of nervousness I could not conquer. I was afraid something might have happened to the oyster juice, but more than anything else I feared what Katie might do or say when

she came into the room and saw Frank Lester. She had promised to control herself, but I knew her impulsive temperament, and I trembled as I heard her footsteps. As she came into the room, Mrs. Underwood asked Mrs. Lester something about her baby, thus diverting her attention. I stole a glance at Frank Lester. He was bantering Dicky, seemingly oblivious to Katie's presence, but I noticed that his face was red.

"Will you bring the oyster juice, please, Katie?" I asked quietly.

I was proud of Katie in that moment. Not a flicker of an eyelash, not a glance betraying anything but the correct attitude of a well trained maid. She vanished without a word and returned in a moment bearing the bowl of oyster juice.

"A-ah!" Harry Underwood heaved a deep sigh. "The country is saved, Dicky. I warn you that if you don't pull that oyster stunt pretty soon I shall begin on Mrs. Lester."

Nobody paid any attention to him, however, for Dicky had added the lemon juice to the butter, and was stirring it with the air of a Druid performing one of his rites.

He finished the blending and then picked up the bowl of oyster juice and poured its contents slowly into the mixture already in the chafing dish, stirring carefully as he did so.

When he had stirred it till it was bubbling, he relaxed his intent look, and turning to us said:

"Who was kicking about the red pepper? Do you really think I had too much in the last time?"

"That was only Harry, Dicky," Lillian Gale said soothingly. "Fix it up the way you always do, only hurry for we are starving."

"Why don't you begin on the sandwiches, then?"

"No, Dicky-bird," Lillian Gale returned with an affected air of martyrdom. "Not a morsel shall pass our parched lips until you are ready to eat too. Perhaps that will hurry him up a bit," she added with a wink to the rest of us.

"Ready in a minute now," said Dicky encouragingly putting in the system after he had carefully seasoned the mixture in the chafing dish with salt, black pepper, paprika, and just a dash of cayenne.

"Are the hot dishes ready, Madge?" I touched the bell again for Katie and at a signal from me she brought the soup plates, the only suitable dishes I had in the apartment, and placed them before Dicky.

Dicky put a liberal portion on each plate, and Katie passed them to the guests. Then she passed around the crackers and we all were "valiant trencher men" for several minutes.

I had never eaten oyster prepared in that manner, and I had to admit that Dicky was justified in his boasts to me on his culinary prowess. They were delicious, and the plates were quickly emptied.

"More," said Harry Underwood lazily holding up his plate.

"Down in front, Oliver Twist," returned Dicky. "Don't you know any rule yet? Only one helping of oyster or otherwise you wouldn't enjoy the rarebit. You will observe that

the chafing dish is going. But it will be returned again presently, and you can put in your time at those sandwiches, if anybody takes too many of them I'll take the plates away."

"Stingy, stingy," mocked little Mrs. Lester. "Still the rarebit is worth it. I never used to like them until I ate Mr. Graham's."

Katie had removed the chafing dish and now she brought it back again and connected it with the electric light socket while the water was coming to a boil. Dicky took up a cup into which the yolks of two eggs had been placed and stirred slowly into it two teaspoons of dry mustard, two of Worcestershire sauce, two scant ones of butter, a few drops of tabasco, a dash of cayenne, another of black pepper and a liberal sprinkling of salt and paprika. These were the proportions for two pounds of cheese.

Katie set at his elbow a bottle of ale which Dicky had uncorked in the afternoon, so that it would be of the exact flavor he wanted. He finished the blending of the mixture in the cup, set it aside and put into the blazer a heaping teaspoonful of butter. When it had sizzled he added the cheese. Then for a few minutes nobody spoke, for Dicky acted as if the settlement of the war depended upon his success in blending the melting cheese with the ale which he poured on from time to time almost drop by drop.

As he picked up the cup containing the mixture he had prepared with such care I summoned Katie to bring some heated plates, for I knew the stuff was nearly done. As Dicky stirred the mixture in the cup into the mass in the chafing dish I tried to summon my courage, for I knew I must eat some of Dicky's concoction. I have tried faithfully to like it for Dicky's sake but I hate the sight of it.

(To be continued)

The Passenger Car A Utility Vehicle

"The automobile, the right bower to the railroad."

Thus the Ray L. Farmer Hardware Co., local dealer in Racine Country Food and Multi-Mile Cord Fires, characterizes the motor car, and nutshell the countless utility features of the automobile so widely in evidence these days.

He takes the position that the automobile has come into its own as a result of the excessive demands made on rail transportation growing from America's entry into the war. Not that its functions, prior to the declaration of war were other than utilitarian. But, it took the declaration of war, and the resultant conditions to awaken the nation to a full realization of the motor car's real worth.

"The term, 'pleasure-car' as applied to the automobile," Mr. Farmer asserted, "is certainly a misnomer—a positive libel. Of the 5,000,000 or more automobiles in this country today, the vast majority of them are, in one way or another, serving Uncle Sam. They have eased the strain on the railroads—eased it to the extent that those who are in position to know have termed the automobile the railroads' greatest aid."

"The automobile—the motor truck and the passenger car alike—are really America's great secondary system of transportation. Long and short hauls, of merchandise and persons, in an ever growing degree, are

being made swiftly and economically by the motor propelled vehicle."

TRAINING CAMP HAS 300.

EUGENE, Aug. 8.—Some 300 men are hard at work in the second civilian training camp at the University of Oregon. Regular classes and drill have been inaugurated and the students are kept busy from 6 a. m. to 8:50 p. m. Special attention is given to physical work, but class instruction and lectures also have a prominent part in each day's activities.

Shoes for the Kiddies

BOYS' MOCCASINS, SIZES 11

to 2.....95c

BOYS' CALF SHOES, SIZES 9

to 13.....\$2.35

BOYS' ELK SCOUT SHOES,

SIZES 1 to 5.....\$2.45

CHILDREN'S BLACK KID BUT-

TON, SIZES 5 to 8.....\$1.95

SIZES 8 to 11.....\$2.65

SIZES 11 to 2.....\$2.95

CHILDREN'S ELK PLAY

SHOES, EXTRA WEAR, SIZES

5 to 8.....\$2.35

SIZES 8 to 11.....\$2.95

SIZES 11 to 2.....\$3.35

BABY'S KID BUTTON SHOES,

SIZES 2 to 5.....95c

ALSO FINE DRESS SHOES AT

REASONABLE PRICES

The Bootery