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GARAGE CLOSING HELD IN DOUBT

Federal Fuel Administration Asked to Rule on Oil Company Action

PORTLAND, Nov. 7.—The method adopted by the oil companies of forcing garages to remain closed from 6 p. m. to 6 a. m. and on Sundays by refusing to sell gasoline or distillate to the dealer until he first agrees not to sell during the prescribed hours, and claiming authority from the United States Fuel Administration for so doing, has been referred by Fred J. Holmes, federal fuel administrator for Oregon, to M. L. Requa, director of the National oil division of the fuel administration at Washington. The state administration will abide by the national decision.

"No order or recommendation for making no sale of oil and gasoline on Sundays and holidays or after 6 p. m. on other days has been issued by any governmental authority or with any governmental approval," reads a ruling issued from Washington under date of August 1. "The fuel administration has urged that wasteful practices in the use of oil and gasoline shall be stopped and all reasonable and proper measures of conservation shall be observed. No limitations, however, have been placed upon the sale of these products."

W. O. Beall, assistant counsel of the oil division of the fuel administration at Washington, states in a letter to Mr. Holmes dated October 23, that "in regard to the question of limitations upon the sale of gasoline, the attitude of the fuel administration remains the same as on August 1."

Some of the companies claim to have received instructions from the Pacific coast oil division, but D. H. Folsom, oil director, has asked only for "voluntary cooperation of dealers."

Watch Your Little One Smile

Cascarets clean the clogged-up places, Bring joy to cross little faces. Sell for a dime—"work" every time.



MOTHERS! You can always bring back the jolly smile of health with Candy Cascarets. When a child's tongue is white or if breath is feverish and stomach sour, remember a Cascaret to rid the liver and bowels of bile, nasty fermentations and constipation poison, is all that is needed. Children love this pleasant candy cathartic which never gripes, never injures. Cascarets never disappoint the worried mother. Give Cascarets to children aged one year old and upwards. Each 10 cent box contains full directions.

REPUBLICANS TO CONTROL SENATE AND THE HOUSE

Party Now Has 48 in Senate With Only Two States Yet to Hear From

WILL WIN ONE MORE

Great Majority for G. O. P. Is Indicated Now in Lower House

WASHINGTON, Nov. 7.—With the Michigan and Idaho senatorial contests still in doubt, late returns from Tuesday's elections tonight give the Republicans a total of 48 senators—just half the membership and lacking one vote necessary to insure control—and 46 to the Democrats. In Michigan the Republican candidate Truman H. Newberry, was reported to have increased his lead to about 6800 votes over Henry Ford, with 125 precincts records missing. In Idaho the Democratic candidate, Senator Nugent, was credited with an increased lead of about 600 votes over former Governor Gooding, the Republican candidate.

Republican control of the house is now beyond all question. With only one district missing—the Second Montana—the returns tonight show: Republicans, 228; Democrats, 195; including one Independent; Socialist, 1; missing, 1.

BOISE, Ida., Nov. 7.—An official count will be necessary to determine whether Senator John F. Nugent, Democrat, has been re-elected in Idaho, or whether Frank R. Gooding, Republican, gets the seat in the United States senate for the short term. With a practically complete count, Nugent leads on unofficial figures by 626.

HELENA, Mont., Nov. 7.—The name of the next representative in congress from the Second Montana district remained in doubt tonight with the votes of Tuesday's election of 687 precincts of the 939 in the district tabulated. Carl Riddick, Republican, received 21,554 votes and Harry B. Mitchell, Democrat of Great Falls, 19,297, giving Riddick a majority of 2,246. Vote of 62 of the 74 precincts in Cascade county were reported tonight. Cascade is Mitchell's home county. No elections were held in at least four of the missing precincts of the county and the eight precincts still to be heard from have only 429 registered voters.

SEATTLE, Wash., Nov. 7.—With four precincts to be heard from in the unofficial count, Howard D. Taylor, Republican, has a lead of only 23 votes over Robert Bridges, Democrat, in the race for the state senate, 30th senatorial district.

SHARP REPLY IS ANSWER GIVEN TO MACKENSEN

Seeks to Pass Through Hungary With Army From the Balkans

CONDITION IS IMPOSED Would Be Allowed to Pass Through if Soldiers Laid Down Their Arms

BERNE, Nov. 7.—The German field marshal, Mackensen, on requesting permission for his army to pass through Hungary from the Balkans to Germany, was informed by the Hungarian government that the request would be granted on the condition that the troops lay down arms on entering Hungarian soil. The arms are to be forwarded to Germany later.

A dispatch received here from Innsbruck says the Bavarian war minister has informed the Tyrol authorities that a considerable number of Bavarian troops would march to the northern Tyrol frontier as a guard. The minister added: "We come as friends but will use force if we are resisted." The dispatch adds that it is understood the Bavarian vanguard already has crossed the Bavarian frontier.

Government Airplane Factory Is Destroyed

MARBLEHEAD, Mass., Nov. 7.—Plant No. 2 of the Burgess Aeroplane company, filled with government airplanes, and the plant of Stearns & McKay company, containing more than 40 yachts, were burned tonight with an estimated loss of \$300,000. The fire was caused by spontaneous combustion in the paint shop of the Burgess company, whose plant had been shut down to permit workmen to celebrate what proved false reports of the signing of an armistice by Germany. Before the watchman could reach the scene the flames had gained great headway.

LETTERS FROM Y. M. C. A. MAN

(The Statesman will publish several interesting letters written by Prof. Harold G. Merriam of Reed college, now in Y.M.C.A. war service in France. The letters have reached Prof. Merriam's father, J. H. Merriam of route 3, Salem. The first, which follows, was written to Dr. William T. Foster, president of Reed college.)

BY HAROLD G. MERRIAM. When one's ship is lost in a fog in the Irish sea from its convoy one feels closely in touch with the war; but when one lands in England and begins to realize the shortage of food and in France and begins to understand the losses of our allies and their wonderful courage, the sea experiences seem like phantom worries. And indeed most of them are, for two reasons, namely, that there is no such breeding place on earth for rumor as on the sea, and secondly for a submarine to attack a convoyed fleet is nothing less than suicide.

Our chief rumor was that while lost from our convoy a submarine passed our bows and later caught a merchant ship, to which all one can say is that when our captain found we were lost he certainly did put on the steam, in spite of the fog. One night a soldier caused a near-panic, being frightened by the fall of a life raft onto the deck, by calling out, "All men on board," when hundreds of doughboys packed the hatchway of the quarters they were in so that no movement either way was possible. The submarine had seemed to me fearful and by the presence of his clothes that he did not have off for about two weeks.

My work as a transport secretary was made so difficult by the conditions of the converted freighter we were on and by the strict regulations of the military commander that they were more picturesque than actual. A library of 700 books circulated like wildfire and 20 bundles of magazines seemed to have literally consumed within three days thru much handling. Double the number of both could have been used. The soldiers want maps and atlases and geografies and histories and better fiction. I make this last statement in spite of the fact that George Barr McCutcheon was in greatest demand. These books are used by the soldiers aboard ship, are sent from the point of embarkation to France, and are used in the camps until worn out. People at home should empty their libraries of their good books, not necessarily costly books, sets should not be broken, but good reading. Anyone who sees the eagerness with which books are snatched up and read gives whatever he has that is worth reading. Phonograph records are another priceless boon to soldiers. I have wondered why the Y.M.C.A. had

not asked for the contribution of records. Better ones than the Y.M.C.A. can afford to supply are in earnest demand. One's first impression on landing in either England or France is, I think, that the gratitude of the people for the arrival of the Americans. The Britisher finds it difficult to express gratitude to strangers, and yet by their extreme courtesy to Americans, hitherto not met, and their willingness to credit us with being in the war with generous ideals, they do manage to convey their real inward feeling. The children of England and the grown-ups of the lowland and the grown-ups of the American classes have a superstition that it is good luck to touch an American sailor; and so when a Jacktar walks up a street he is tagged and patted to the point of vexation. In France the people find it easy to pour out gratitude, so that there is danger of the American losing his head and thinking that he has himself been fighting the war the past four long years and is about to win it. A general corps boy and I were standing before Notre Dame last Sunday when four French boys of from five to eight years ran up calling out, "The Americans, the Americans, our friends," and they grasp our hands and held tightly. We walk round the cathedral each of us with a boy at each hand, the eldest explaining in perfect French and without the slightest embarrassment how the Bosch airmen had dropped a bomb in the garden 20 yards behind the cathedral, and how the men on his street filled up the hole, so that, unfortunately, he could not show it to us. We walk and talk for 20 minutes and then I told the boys that we must leave them; they lined up in a row, each one with great dignity shook hands with us and said, "Bon soir, messieurs." Our hearts were deeply touched and the French people about us smiled and were glad. And last evening when I was on Montmartre in hill looking over Paris a group of kiddies clustered about me and played showing off their stunts such as running down hill backwards and calling out joyously, "Un American, un American"—I caught one of the boys about the waist and held him under by arm and said, "Now what are you going to do?" and he replied promptly and winningly, "Nothing, nothing at all." And the grown-ups are as happy with us and as free as the children.

England seems to be hard pressed for food, their diet consisting of ham and bacon, of which they have great quantities, bread, eggs and potatoes, not to mention the inevitable steamed puddings. Fruit cannot be eaten—a single peach sold for 37 cents, and grapes for one dollar a pound. No sugar is to be had, except moist brown sugar. Vegetables are surprisingly scarce and expensive. In France there seems to be plenty of everything except sugar, and one can not half the time obtain even that. All kinds of meats are plentiful, likewise peaches, Raisins, however, are a dollar a pound. I priced some sweet cookies, something like our vanilla wafers, and found them one dollar and forty cents a pound. Eggs are cheap, bread is little higher than before the war, and vegetables are very little more expensive.

The signs on the streets and the number of women in mourning sadden one. Shop after shop will have closed in its window reading, "Mourning provided in 24 hours" or "Mourning supplied at once." Shop after shop is closed, many not to open until after the war, and many bearing a sign reading, "Reopening the middle of September," or "Closed provisionally." The papers say that hundreds of shopkeepers have closed their shops and gone into the country to help with the harvest. The old men who 11 years ago when I was here sat in front of stores and wine shops are now at work pushing carts or driving autos or waiting on trade. There seems to be nothing women have not undertaken. The terribly wounded on the street are numerous. Last evening a discharged soldier asked us for a cigarette, offering to pay for it. (Tobacco, I should state, is hard to get and very expensive as well as very scarce.) I was talking with pulled out his government allowance, extracted the sticks that were unsmokable, and dramatically said to me, not without a fine display of the French native dramatic ability, "Voila, monsieur, what is there left?" This wounded soldier rolled up his trousers and showed us how his artificial leg worked. It had been amputated at the thigh. "Voila, there is the Boche," he said, "lost one eye. "For me," he said, "the war is ended; I am no good." He had a cane that he had cut out of a stick taken from the place on the field where he had been wounded; "Here, see," he said, pointing to the head of the cane, and there was a remarkable likeness of "Papa Joffre" carved in the wood. "I did it myself." On the train coming from Havre was a French sergeant who had seen three and a half years of service, a poilu who was ending his first year, an auxiliary soldier (one totally unfit for line servs but fit for clerical work), and a Frenchman who was in the headquarters division. They discovered that I could speak a little French and therefore all of us were kept busy saying "oui" in praise of the French. He had a sense that I understood everything. The various soldiers of the different nationalities were discussed as reliable fighters. The preference, Americans being left out of consideration, fell to the Scotch or the Canadians. The poilu sang Tiperary, the English of which he had learned in the trenches last winter. He drew out of his knapsack two 75 shells that he had obtained thru "Systeme" (the Frenchman's term for foraging and supplying oneself with what one needs and wants) and had hammered into really beautiful vases with running floral designs. "You, I will make you one this winter"—but I am not really expecting one, cherishing the impulse more than the thing itself. Numerous battles were dramatically explained. We all rose and sang the Marseillaise in French, then America in English. About 6

o'clock I remark that I was hungry, not having eaten since 11; the poilu opened his knapsack again, took out a loaf of war bread, cut into two pieces and insisted on my trying one. It was good, made better by the sincere generosity.

As we came thru Ronen, a city of a hundred thousand full of beautiful buildings and possesser of three exquisitely beautiful cathedrals, one of the Frenchmen told of the air raids that had come four nights in succession. One night a house had been hit, blown to pieces and its four occupants killed; another forsaken factory; a third a large tank of petrol had been hit sending up flames 20 meters high and the fourth a German internment camp had been struck. Three Frenchmen and 10 Germans being wounded. Some weeks ago a bomb fell just beyond the steps of the splendid church of the Madeleine it dug a hole in the pavement and scattered its pieces, one of which flew directly for a statue of St. Luke and severed his head as neatly as an axe could have done it, leaving the rest of the body unscathed.

I had a visit of nearly two days at Oxford, but it was by no means the Oxford I left 11 years ago. Last year my college, which usually enrolls 30 students, enrolled 7, three being three cripples, and one on military leave. Its rooms and its dining-hall have been taken over by the military, 110 cadets now occupying the space ordinarily used by 30 students. I lunched with a young lieutenant, who had been enlisted before finishing college course, had served on the front a year and a few months, had been gassed, and had spent the last seven months in hospital. As any time of the day one may look into the sky and see a half dozen airplanes flying. The parks are full of tents, garages, and practice trenches. I met several Americans on the ancient street of the Cornmarket, among them a friend of our own Carl Phetyplice.

I have written to our Reed men over here but as yet have not got into touch with any of them; likewise with Dr. Stuart. I hope to do some part of Paris with her. I am assigned to work with the French troops, but where has not as yet been decided. It seems to me that where ever I turn I run into a Y.M.C.A. man from Oregon. I already have track of some 18 or 20. Oregon is more than holding her own. And several of her sons are in very responsible positions. I had anticipated that Reed college and Portland might seem very far removed from me, but both seem very near. America seems well on her way to France, now that so heartily she has lined up with the sturdy sons of the indomitable country. The fact that our whole nation is behind this war, that millions of men come over eager for fight brings America close to all here in France. It is an astounding fact, this concentration of energies of a great nation wholeheartedly devoted to an ideal worth fighting for, never equalled in history. One over here looks on with admiration, and deep pride. One only holds his breath that some American is going to say, "Hey, I told you, as soon as America got in we won the war; it took us to do it!" Every patriot ought to work to preserve our ideal from such desecration. Here one realizes something of what the last four years of fighting have meant, as well as what the coming of America into the war with new enthusiasm means. The French today are as determined as ever and the British have set their teeth. There is no lack of enthusiasm after even these terrible four years.

Armistice May Mean Cut In Cost of Running War

WASHINGTON, Nov. 7.—Senator Martin of Virginia, Democratic leader in the senate, said today department will call on the executive departments of the government to curtail war expenses immediately on the signing of an armistice by Germany. He also said that the war department will be asked to stop calling men

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- Men's Extra Quality Felt Hats, each \$1.98
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- Men's Shoes, for work or dress, the best values in town, per pair \$2.98 to \$5.00
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into the military service as soon as the war ends.

Senator Martin declared appropriations for war purposes in the two years aggregated fifty-seven billion dollars and that he is deeply concerned over the effect the expenditures are having on the country.

Leaders of both parties share his views, he said, and added the president would have something to say in the senate on necessity for curtailing government expenses after the armistice is signed.

Stirling Albert Mize Victim of Influenza

Stirling Albert Mize, 22 years old, died of influenza at his home at Liberty last night. The body is at the Webb & Clough undertaking establishment and funeral arrangements are to be made later. He leaves a wife, who is ill with influenza, and four children, the youngest of whom is three weeks old. The children are Harriet, Helen, Eugene and Estelle. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Mize, and two sisters, Lena E. and Katie O. Mize, are residents of Liberty.

McCOURT DEFEATED

CHICAGO, Nov. 7.—Judge Kieckhefer of Chicago, defeated Charles McCourt of Cleveland in the second block of their world's cushion billiard champion match last night by a score of 50 to 28 in ten innings. The score for the "ten nights" play: Kieckhefer, 194; McCourt, 42.

FIVE DIE AT SEATTLE

SEATTLE, Nov. 7.—Five deaths from Spanish influenza and 174 cases of the disease were reported today.

Sure Way to Get Rid of Dandruff

There is one sure way that fails to remove dandruff completely and that is to dissolve it. This does not destroy it entirely. To do this, just get about four ounces of plain, ordinary liquid arvon; apply it at night, retiring; use enough to moisten scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning most if not all of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching and digging of the scalp will instantly, and your hair will be soft, lustrous, glossy, silky and will look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get liquid arvon at any drug store. It is inexpensive, and four ounces is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

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