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Give it the hardest test—serve it on hot rolls, or toast. This will tell you how sweet or how rank it may be.

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For general real estate business, mortgages and insurance see C. W. Niemeier, 544 State street, Phone 1000.

The spectacle of the German peace commissioners sending copies of the armistice back to Berlin by a courier recalls the great lines of Robert Browning in his war poem, "How they brought the good news from Ghent to Aix." It was then that "I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris and he: I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three," etc.

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 Professor Merriam's father, J. H. Merriam, of route 3, Salem.)

By HAROLD G. MERRIAM.

I am writing so frequently and so lengthily that when I arrive chez vous I shall have nothing left to say concerning my foreign sojourn. You see, it is either preserve these impressions in a diary or in letters, and it seems to me that you may be interested in most of what is happening to my eye, mind and feelings. I am using the letter method of preservation. And, besides, you don't know how good it seems to sit down for a typed chat with all of you!

Sunday I think I told you something about the Y fete in the Tuilleries. Here follows more. I was standing apart from the crowds when an American major of infantry came up to me and said, "That's the first vaudeville sketch I have seen in four months." Margaret Mayo and others had been putting on some very poor stuff. "But it certainly seems fine. Little nonsense, you know. Been isolated on the front for four months. Haven't seen an American woman in that time or heard one talk English. I heard an English woman speak to her husband on the depot platform on the way down here to Paris, and I stepped up to her and said, 'I beg your pardon for breaking rules of etiquette, but I must tell you how good it seems to hear English spoken by a woman once again.'" The major was in the late forties; he chattered tobacco and spat between sentences. "Can't stand being away from things. My boys had a hard time. At the end of three months we got into a town where there was a band and God, how the boys went wild over it. Music of the right sort, lively; none of this sober stuff; brings me back to normal." The major left me later. We were listening to an infantry band that Walter Damrosch had been training four or five weeks to find the band that is playing jazz music: "That's the stuff I want now." On an open air stage under the greatest difficulties, slight-of-hand men and vaudeville performers were trying to please a huge crowd of soldiers of all nationalities and hundreds of Parisian civilians. The audience was so eager for something that anything drew a laugh and round applause. I know you have heard all this; I had heard it before leaving; possibly some of the freshness of realization that I experience may come to you thru one affectionately close to you.

I was on my way to the American embassy to see Mr. Sharp the other day. He is away on his vacation and I of course did not see him; when an English colonel riding in a taxi stopped his vehicle and asked me if I didn't wish to ride. Knowing the English of old, I knew that something was weighing on his mind that he wanted unloaded, so I waited through the opening pleasantries or two, after we were jogging down the street, and he soon burst out with his request, "I say, do you know where this damned German gun is that the Australians captured and is now on view?"

"Yes, it's on the Champs de Mars." "Yes, I know, and I've been telling this damned foot of a coachman all morning to take me there and he has been driving all over the blighty town. I even have the name on paper and have shown him it but I can't get there. Do you think you can get me there?"

"Surely." "Well, tell him to take you to the embassy first and then get me there!" So I instructed the coachman where to go and he "Oui, monsieur" me, and we settled back for conversation. "I say, things look well on the front, don't they? But we shan't be ready to take advantage of our gains. I know them, the English, they never have any foresight, and they won't in this instance have the adequate organization, I'm afraid. In this instance, to make a real victory. It's rather a pity they don't know how to

organize an advance. The Germans when they advance have everything ready, and when they have advanced in a very short time they have ways running, but we shan't have even a single provision wagon with our advanced troops, I know them," etc., etc.

Thoroughly English; knocking the English as is an Englishman's prerogative. I know enough not to say a single critical word of the English by a single commendatory one; I praised the French and Australians. This is a national trait and it illustrates another trait, that of leaving the thing to be done to the other fellow to do.

I did not allow the cocher to take me to the embassy, but descended at my street. The last words of the colonel were, "Now are you sure I am being taken along the right streets?" I assured him he was and redirected the cocher and told him to go straight to the Champs de Mars at once. He smiled, cracked his whip over the back of his sorry horse, and my colonel was taken out of sight.

Yesterday I went to visit a biscuit factory the output of which the Y had contracted for. My friend Curran from New York had to check up on the output (and he finds the Frenchmen very witty) and to insist that the factories be decently clean and the products palatably eatable. To illustrate, he found one factory getting dirtier and dirtier; he finally found that flour was being dumped on the floor and the employees walking in on it as they scooped it up; he gave the managers two days to get thoroughly clean; two days passed and the factory had not been touched; he canceled the Y contract with them; and then he discovered that that was just what the management wished, for it found that the French government would pay more for its product than the Y—tho of course it was under contract with the Y to deliver its total output during the war. Also, he found that the men packing the railway cars were handing out boxes of cookies to the people round the yards who ask for something to eat. No amount of tact or insistence seems to keep the product up to specifications. Now he demands samples of all products delivered every month.

As a result of this ruling I came home from my visit loaded with packages of cookies and raisins and chocolate, not to mention the canned figs and other fruits I tested in the office—and these were my first real sweets since I left New York. (How one does miss sweets!) Thru these fourteen factories the Y is able to keep its canteens partially supplied with cookies, dried fruits, chocolate, jams (occasionally), and sirups. The army is asking the Y to serve all sorts of soft drinks.

The factory visited turns out about a carload—an American carload—which is about four French carloads daily, and will soon increase its products. Most of the work is done by hand, tho very skillfully and quickly. In the railroad yard I talked with the truck drivers and car loaders. They all very friendly showed me their wounds—one with his arm muscles shot away (he served twenty-two months in active service, fourteen months in the barracks, sixteen months in a prison in Belgium; he escaped and walked all the way from Charleroi to Provins and back to Verdun, where he was finally put out of the active service; but now he is gaining control of his arm and he is about to be taken back into active work); another who had a Boche bayonet run thru his cheek (you could hardly know it now) and a thrust thru the right lung—when he was left by the enemy as dead; another had half his foot cut away (he was told by the surgeons that he would die unless he had both his legs amputated; he said he would run chances and keep his legs if he should prove lucky; he is now re-registered); another was shot thru the head and came out of the hospital only after many months (he, too, is re-registered). These little stories picked up as it were accidentally help Americans to realize what these countries over here have stood for four years.

On the way out to the factory I ran onto an English jockey of some 50 years of age or more. We were on the Metro together, and he singled me out for his interest. He was well boozed, but still held his head and feet. He had lived in France more than thirty years, had been round the Chantilly race course "hundreds of times," and ridden for this lord and that. He had just returned from delivering a horse his master had sold and he had his saddle with him.

"Aye, when the war is over there'll be some murder, eh?" "How's that?" "Aye, half the men what returns won't be able to find their wives, eh, nor no 'omes, eh? Aye, there'll be lots of murder"—then, after considerable consideration, "The women is sitting at 'ome and drinking like cows, they are—aye, there'll be murder." All the thoroughbred horses have been taken for the war; only a few of the best stallions left and a very few brood mares. "It'll be a long time when the racing is wot it was, sir." Then some pause. "You don't 'appen to 'ave any cigarets or baccy about you? I can't pay you, for I haven't any money—aven't 'ad any 'or a good many months. Eatniz blooming 'orse meat half the time." I am ashamed to state that I didn't tip him when he said "au revoir, monsieur."

An extension of my list of high prices may interest you. Razor blades now cost me 18 cents apiece—in America 10; macaroons sell at the one or two bakeries that sell them at 47 cents the dozen; I paid 63 cents for a glass jar of jam, a little more than a tumbler full, and I went to many shops before I could obtain it—the army commissary sells cans of it for 29 cents. Chocolate cannot be purchased. It is on the Frenchman's monthly food card, and for the ration allowed people will line up in queues four abreast and



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Pepperell or Mohawk Sheetting, 81 inches wide, bleached.....	64c Yard
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33 inches wide.....	33c Yard
36 inches wide.....	36c Yard
Hope Muslin, bleached, best quality, yard wide.....	25c Yard
Lonsdale Muslin, bleached, best quality, yard wide.....	28c Yard
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Crash Toweling.....	15c Yard
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Winchester, Va.—I am a farmer's wife, 75 years of age, and pneumonia left me in a weak, run-down condition; so I could hardly keep about and do my work. A neighbor brought me Vinol and it has built up my strength so fast that I think it is the best medicine I have ever taken.—Mrs. Jennie Chapman.

There is no secret about Vinol. It owes its success to beef and cod liver phosphates, iron and manganese phosphates and glycerophosphates, the oldest and most famous body-building and strength creating tonics. Emil A. Schaefer and druggists everywhere.

P. S.—For children's eczema Saxon Salve, guaranteed truly wonderful.

Major and Minor Leagues Threaten to Have War

PEORIA, Ill., Nov. 14.—War between major and minor leagues threatens to develop from action taken at the annual meeting of the National Association of Professional Baseball Leagues here today protesting against the privileges of the major leagues to draft star players from the minors.

The protest was embodied in a resolution drawn by C. R. Tearney of Chicago, president of the Three I League, and presented by Jack Holland, owner of the St. Joseph, Mo., club of the Western league. The resolution demanded that the American and National leagues relinquish the right of the draft and also the practice of "farming out" players under the optional agreement. It was adopted without a dissenting vote.

Thomas J. Hickey, president of the American association, urged the minor league organization to withdraw from the national agreement with the majors if the demand is refused. A committee consisting of Holland, Tearney and Joe Tinker, owner of the Columbus club of the American association, was appointed to present the protest to the National Baseball commission at its first meeting.

"We shall demand the right to dispose of our young stars to whom we see fit instead of having them drafted by the major league clubs at prices ranging from \$2500 down to \$750 as prevails under existing conditions," President Tearney said.

The minor leagues, however, desire to reserve the privilege of drafting players within their own organization. Steps will be taken to readjust the draft prices to conform with the new legislation.

The classification of the new leagues to be organized after the war will be determined by the aggregate population of cities comprising the circuits. Class AA leagues must have an aggregate population of 1,750,000; Class A, 1,000,000; Class B, 400,000 to 1,000,000; Class C,

200,000 to 400,000; Class D, and 200,000.

John H. Farrell, secretary of the National association, ruled that the territory formerly claimed by the Three I league, Central league and Central association was now open.

After adopting half a dozen resolutions to protect their rights and privileges in territory and played against possible further suspension in 1919, the club owners adjourned to meet in special session in Chicago soon after the first of the year. The next annual meeting, however, was scheduled for Springfield, Mass.

Edward Bok, editor of the Ladies Home Journal, who has recently returned from England with the group of American editors, made himself conspicuous while in London by his sharp criticism of British authorities for permitting the soliciting of young men by women on the London streets. Mr. Bok had a letter in the Times, and was interviewed by the Daily Mail, and succeeded in starting a public discussion. Some English people rather resented Mr. Bok's criticism as being based on hasty observation and as not taking into account all that has been done to lessen the evil.

Hooray for Banana Peel "Gets-It"

Only Real Way to Get Rid of Corns



Why hump yourself up on the floor and with your jaws set and eyes staring from pain, jerk and gouge and cut your corns? Why irritate your toes with some saline or wrap your foot into a big painful bundle with sticky tape or plaster? Life is so short. Use "Gets-It"—it takes a few seconds to apply and there's no stinging. Corn-pains go. Wear new shoes if you want. Peel off your corns with your fingers—the whole thing's over. Only "Gets-It" can do this. Take your chances. "Gets-It" the guaranteed, corn-remover, the only sure way, costs but a trifle at any drug store. Mfg. by E. Lawrence & Co., Chicago, Ill. Sold in Salem and recommended by the world's best corn remedy by J. J. Perry, D. J. Fry.

Tired Nervous Mothers.

Should Profit by the Experience of These Two Women



Buffalo, N. Y.—"I am the mother of four children, and for nearly three years I suffered from a female trouble with pains in my back and side, and a general weakness. I had professional attendance most of that time but did not seem to get well. As a last resort I decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound which I had seen advertised in the newspapers, and in two weeks noticed a marked improvement. I continued its use and am now free from pain and able to do all my household work."—Mrs. B. B. ZIELINSKA, 202 Weiss Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Portland, Ind.—"I had a displacement and suffered so badly from it at times I could not be on my feet at all. I was all run down and so weak I could not do my household work, was nervous and could not lie down at night. I took treatments from a physician but they did not help me. My Aunt recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I tried it and now I am strong and well again and do my own work and I give Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound the credit."—Mrs. JOSEPHINE KIMBLE, 935 West Race Street, Portland, Ind.

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