

It's up to you says Sandy to Jock MacPherson



"If it's thick, heavy sweetening you want stick to your ordinary plug. But for real tobacco satisfaction, you've got to come to good old Gravely."

Good taste, smaller chew, longer life is what makes Genuine Gravely cost less to chew than ordinary plug.

Write to: GENUINE GRAVELY DANVILLE, VA. for booklet on chewing plug.

Peyton Brand REAL CHEWING PLUG Plug packed in pouch

Box Manufacturers Are Investigated by Agent

Fred P. Downing, representing the standard container department of the department of agriculture, while at the office of Deputy Sealer of Weights and Measures W. A. Dalsfel yesterday stated that Oregon laws relative to the manufacture of fruit containers are in conformity with the federal laws.

Later he will go to Seattle on a similar mission. Mr. Downing has come from California where he assisted in formulating a law that would not conflict with the federal requirements.

Theban—Individual chocolates 5 cents. For sale everywhere.

All babies in Siam receive the same name at birth. This name is Dang, which means red.

SOMME FIELD IS DESCRIBED BY MR. HARRIS

Search for Grave Leads Oregon Men Across Gruesome Battleground

BODIES BEING REMOVED

Leave from Headquarters Brings Most Interesting Day of Sojourn

(BY R. A. HARRIS)

AMIENS, France, March 23.—This has been my most interesting day in France. My friend, W. R. Bridges, of the Oregonian, desired to visit the great Somme battlefield to try to locate the grave of his brother-in-law and we both succeeded in getting permission to come. We found the cemetery and the grave which was plainly marked and beautifully decorated. The man was evidently held in high esteem. We took two pictures of the grave with Mr. B. standing by the cross at the head.

We came to this city by train two hours from Paris. Did not think we could get farther than here by only chance as we were almost compelled to be back in Paris ready for work tomorrow morning. But we told our mission to the captain in charge of the American headquarters here and he detailed a couple of soldier boys and I proceeded in a car to take us to the front. There was some light or rain. The battlefield which was fought over repeatedly during the war.

This city, Amiens, came near being taken by the Germans and had many gruesome evidences of the conflict. But as we traveled northwest the signs of the struggle grew rapidly worse and the scenes of devastation we saw simply beggar description.

A few miles out a line went up and while the boys replaced the inner tube we strolled around. I stepped on the brink of a shell hole which we estimated to be 20 feet deep and from its brink I picked up two splinters of shell. This hole was large one. Smaller ones dotted the landscape in every direction. We stopped at a little bridge spanning a cut through which ran a railroad. In the banks of the cut were numerous dugouts.

We had seen other dugouts and many trenches but these were the largest we had seen as yet and had seen service. The road led on between two rows of trees. As we proceeded the scenes of war increased. Trenches wound across the landscape in every direction. Shell holes were seen everywhere. The trees were shattered, some shot entirely off, others with great gaps in their sides and still others pierced through the center. Every little way there were great piles of war material apparently collected for salvage. There were heaps of barbed wire. (During the trip we saw many long stretches of barbed wire entanglements still in position as placed by the army.) There were great piles of sheet iron used in the construction of dugouts and other means of shelter, ricks of unused shells and other ammunition. But the most impressive of all was the devastated villages. We must have passed through five or six. Every one we passed after leaving this city was not merely partially, but entirely ruined. It seems that in this part of the country the farmers as well as others, live in these little villages which appear to be built largely on a continuous street formed by the main highway. The devastation

Little Bunkies Did as Much Damage to the Huns as He Did, Says Giant Doughboy



John Finney of Birmingham, Ala., the tall soldier seen in this photograph, says being big doesn't make a doughboy any more dangerous to the Hun or any other enemy. In fact he says that his two little bunkies did just as much damage to the Germans as he did. They are Corporal Patrick Colangelo of 445 Federal street, Youngstown, O., (on the right) and John Gerthoffer of 164 Meadow street, Pittsburgh, Pa. Finney measures six feet three inches; Colangelo fifty-nine inches, and Gerthoffer fifty-eight and one-half inches. They are members of the Company M, 147th Infantry, that went through all the fighting in France and Flanders with the thirty-seventh division.

In this region has apparently been complete. Every sign of farming for the winter is a mass of ruins. God only knows where the former inhabitants are. Scattered hither and yon. In one or two places we saw shacks constructed from scraps of sheet iron and such wooden framework as could be found and in these families were attempting to live. Once or twice we saw forlorn women standing by the shell-torn buildings as though they might be using them again for homes and probably as often we saw equally forlorn men.

Paronne, the principal town we visited, was quite an important place. We could have reached it by rail by waiting another day. Like all the others, it is a mass of ruins and practically deserted. We took a couple of pictures here. Our camera with only six plates, was rather an aggravation. If the pictures we took prove good, however, we will appreciate them very much indeed.

At the end of our journey, where we found the cemetery and the grave, we were right on what was a bloody battleground.

Souvenirs of the struggle are still to be found in almost unlimited numbers and variety. We picked up, for example, German, American and English gas masks in a good state of preservation, German helmets, German canteens, shells of practice ally all descriptions and there were hand grenades, unexploded shells, parts of machine guns, parts of aero bombs and many other gruesome relics.

If we are permitted to bring home what we have brought with us this far, we shall be able to supply all demands (or should I say requests) so far made and with relics we have personally picked up from one of the greatest battlefields of the war. The fact that we personally gathered them from the battleground makes them much more valuable than if we had bought them from the curio vendors. There is said to be some difficulty in sending any of the brass shells and I do not know whether we can bring them or not. Curio seekers (or relic seekers) are regarded by many as a little "off" as war junk is so common that a fellow lugging it about appears much as would somebody in Salem loading up with tin cans from a garbage pile. At a distance on a hillside we saw three huge English tanks which our driver-sergeant told us were standing right where they were put out of business by enemy shells. We could imagine them, not many months ago, moving ponderously forward in advance of great lines of British infantry, spitting fire and death when struck by a great shell, and, with every innards probably killed, their engines and gears shattered, they stopped, never to go again.

Another most suggestive series of testimonials was the many crumps of wooden crosses each marking the grave of a soldier. It is possible we were not always in sight of one on this trip, but very brief scanning of the landscape would soon disclose one or more. Groups of from a dozen or so to hundreds were frequently to be seen, while ever and anon, now by the roadside and again at a distance, a lonely cross stood a silent sentinel. (A regular department of the military organization is now removing the bodies from these lonely graves to the cemeteries or group burial places where they are carefully marked and registered. Many, however, fill unmarked and unknown graves while many others were blown to atoms too minute for identification. Extra heads, arms and legs were often buried in the grave of an already more or less complete body.)

In the cemetery we visited there were interred British, American and German dead. It was called a German communal cemetery. It was adjoining a former cemetery where grave stones, monuments and numerous small tombs remained in a

remarkable state of preservation by comparison to the surrounding landscape. Manifest care had been taken in marking all these soldier graves and the markings will undoubtedly endure amply long for identification purposes—several years at least.

Not knowing what conditions we would find outside of Paris we had brought some sandwiches along, but here at Amiens we were invited to lunch at the officers quarters and on our way back tonight we dined sumptuously with the lieutenant commander of a unit of the Graves Registration Bureau, of which I spoke—the branch of service registering graves. Near this camp we had stopped to greet some American doughboys, and through the kindness of a young Georgia captain who accompanied us on the trip, we were presented to the lieutenant in charge who insisted that we dine with him which invitation we accepted.

At the officers mess in Amiens, where we lunched at noon we were served by a young colored son of Georgia. Our captain friend from the same state asked him several questions.

"What part of the south are you from?"

"I'm from Jawzy, Capt'n."

"What's your home city in Georgia?"

"Atlanta, captain."

To a query concerning several presumably prominent people in Atlanta, he replied:

"Yuh see, capt'n, ah ain't so well acquainted in Atlanta; ah lived on a farm."

"When you goin' back to Georgia?"

"Ah suah doan know, capt'n."

"Want to go back?"

"Ah suah do, capt'n."

"What would you give now for a good big Georgia watermelon?"

"Ah doan habbly know, capt'n, but ah bleve ah'd give ten francs of ah had it."

It was the consensus of opinion that others in the company would give as much or more.

One of our drivers who had seen active fighting in some of the hardest contested fronts, told us of a colored soldier who was just about to be ordered to charge with his comrades. He had been presumably reassured by the statement that seventy-five thousand Americans were just behind to back his regiment up, and was thereupon asked:

"Mose, what will the headlines say tomorrow morning?"

"Boss," answered Mose, "dat headlines'll say: Seventy-five thousand and white folks trampled to death."

CHRISTIAN HOME SHOWS INCREASE

Miss Louise Godfrey Tells Society of Progress Being Made in India

Miss Louise Godfrey, returned missionary from India, addressed the women of the Foreign Missionary society of the Jason Lee Methodist church Saturday afternoon at the home of Mrs. W. F. Campbell, 1850 North Summer street.

For five years Miss Godfrey has been an instructor in the Boroda school in the Bombay conference in West India but upon her return in October will enter evangelistic work. She left India last April and arrived in this country in July.

"The greatest testimony to Christianity is the way the Christian homes are springing up," said Miss Godfrey. "Although less than 2 per cent of the women can read or write at all now, there is a remarkable increase in the number who are becoming educated. Formerly women have been accorded no privileges but



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Wrapped to insure its perfect condition in all climates and seasons. Sealed tight—kept right. The perfect gum in the perfect package.



After every meal The flavor lasts

wherever the Christian influence is felt homes resemble our own very much.

"During the recent influenza scourge thousands of people died, including many of the Christian workers. The lack of hospitals is largely responsible for the great number of lives lost, for until recently there has not been one hospital for women, although very good ones are maintained for cows, dogs and other animals. The establishment of one at Boroda has been successful in that it saves the lives of so many of the women and children who would otherwise have died. One-tenth of the Christian community was lost during the few months of the disease.

"The widows are also among the mistreated in India and to help them there is being established a home to be known as the Helen Robinson home for widows, in honor of one of the missionaries who died this winter. It was her greatest ambition to be able to have a place in which to protect the widows and so in honor of the noble work she did, her companions have thought it fitting to erect such a memorial to her memory.

"The missionaries do not try to teach the Indians the customs and methods of Europeans and Ameri-

cans. It is not their desire to change the habits to which they have been accustomed for so long, but to improve those with which they are already familiar.

HOW MILK IS USED.

According to experts, the 1917 milk production of our country is \$9,547,590,000 pounds of milk, from 22,788,000 cows—4000 pounds of milk per cow. We use that milk in these ways: 39,600,000,000 for butter making, yielding 1,650,000,000 pounds of butter; 36,500,000,000 for drinking; 4,200,000,000 for cheese, making 420,000,000 pounds of cheese; 3,150,000,000 for ice cream, making 210,000,000 gallons of ice cream; 2,437,500,000 for condensed milk, making 975,000,000 pounds of condensed milk.

Many School Children Are Sickly

Mothers who value their own comfort and the welfare of their children, should never be without a box of Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children. For use throughout the season. They break up colds, relieve feverishness, constipation, itching disorders, headache and stomach troubles. Used by mothers for over 30 years. These powders give satisfaction. All drug stores. Don't accept any substitutes.

House Furnishing AUCTION SALE

433 Union Street—1:30 p. m. Sharp Tuesday, April 15

Consisting of 1 Toledo 6-hole range with water coil, extra good; 1 large air tight heater, like new; 1 2-burner Perfection Oil Stove; 1 Perfection Oil Heater; 1 Congoleum rug 9x12; 1 Axminster rug, 9x12, floral design; 3 Ingrain carpets; 1 kitchen linoleum; 1 White Drop head sewing machine, like new; 1 Oak Davenport bed; like new; 1 square oak 10-ft. extension table; 1 fir library table; 1 combination oak bookcase and writing desk; 1 waxed oak leather seat-rocker; 2 cane rockers; 1 magazine rack; 1 8-day clock; 1 linoleum, 6x6 good; 1 Bee Electric carpet sweeper; 1 fir library table; 1 fir dresser; 1 fir stand table; 1 stair carpet; 1 sewing rocker; 1 oak footstool; 1 pair portiers; 1 good washing machine and wringer; 1 baby's bath tub; 50 ft. garden hose; 1 patent ironing board, new; 1 2-inch post brass bed, steel spring and silk floor mattress; 2 white enamel beds, springs and mattresses; 5 dining chairs; 1 high chair; 1 jardiniere and plant; 1 plate glass mirror, 2x3 ft.; 1 white enamel kitchen table; 10 electric light globes; 10 doz. fruit jars; some wood, scythe, hoe, sprinkler, stone jar, and iron, cobble outfit, 5 gal. oil cans, 2 window screens, 2 shovels, broom, meat chopper, jelly glasses, alarm clocks, kitchen utensils, dishes, window blinds and many other things. Don't miss this sale if you are wanting anything. Everything goes to the highest bidder.

F. E. BODENHAMMER Owner, 433 Union Street F. N. WOODRY, The Auctioneer, Phone 510 or 511

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