



1—Wreckage of two German airplanes and bodies of the pilots, brought down on the west front. 2—Gen. Sir Edmund Allenby, commander of the British forces in Palestine, who has taken Beersheba and Gaza. 3—Captured German flamethrower or liquid fire projector. 4—British engineers laying a wire road across the Sinai desert for the advance on Gaza and Jerusalem.

The Forest Grove Express

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THURSDAY, NOV. 22, 1917



"I am sorry that you do not wear a flag every day and I can only ask you if you lose the physical emblem to be sure that you wear it IN YOUR HEART; the heart of America shall interpret the heart of the world."—President Wilson.



NOTES AND COMMENTS

She Draws the Line

I laughed when you called me "Darling."
I smiled when you said "My Pet,"
I've fallen for "Dearie" and "Dimples,"
And everything else. But you bet
There is one thing that's got to differ
From now till this great war is done,
Unless you're prepared for a riot
You've got to quit calling me "Hun."

Do the people of Forest Grove realize that the high school football team has won the only three games played this year—all shut-outs? Some team, that.

When the members of the late congress voted to exempt their salaries from war taxes they put themselves on record as financial slackers, unfit to say what the rest of us should do.

Congress has taxed nearly everybody and everything to carry on the war, but they were sure not to tax their own salaries. And it was a nifty and unpatriotic piece of business in exempting their own salaries, especially in this trying hour.

Wives, poor things, have little enough fun in the world. So, after you have laboriously obtained her consent to stay down town until 11 o'clock, and the game is called off and you get home before 9, you can't blame her for laughing at you.

Mr. Hoover has directed that no turkeys be killed for Thanksgiving this year. We really hadn't expected to kill any, recalling how many storage turkeys the housewives refused to buy last year, and knowing the same turkeys would be waiting this year.

"Shall we be more tender with our dollars than with our sons?" asks President Wilson. We shouldn't be, but the editor of the Express knows an old tight-wad in this city who would tear up ten blocks of our Warrenite pavement

to recover a lost dollar, but refused to give even a dollar to the Army Y. M. C. A. fund, to be used in bringing American soldier boys from Europe as clean as they left home. If there isn't a hell, there ought to be.

What has become of the old fashioned merchant who used to 'throw in' a pair of socks when you bought a pair of shoes? Maybe he has moved over into the block with the other dealer, who used to "throw in" a pair of suspenders with a suit of clothes.

The way some of the moneyed men of the nation act towards the Red Cross and Army "Y" leads the writer to hope that Uncle Sam will, before long, take steps to make some of the tight wads give up. But he may have to start with some of the congressmen.

SAFE AND SANE THANKSGIVING

And maybe war will give us a safe and sane Thanksgiving.

There has been much extraordinary stuffing of ourselves mixed up with our thanking of God, on Thanksgiving Day. We will have, on the coming national day, more than ever to be genuinely thankful to God for, and more than ever will it be sinful and senseless to stuff ourselves. If we continue our usual gastronomic policy, we are likely to waste more in one day than all the campaigning for food conservation can save in a week.

President Wilson, in his proclamation, appeals for unity of spirit and purpose of service to the world. The world as a whole is going to be almighty hungry on Thanksgiving Day, with frightful shortage of food in very many parts. There is no better way of arriving at such unity and performing such service to hungry

humanity than by neglecting our usual Thanksgiving gorging.

Thank God and treat your stomach as if it were a sane part of you, on Thanksgiving Day.—Portland News.

WHAT STARTED THE WAR

In the first place a Servian Socialist got drunk and killed an Austrian Nobleman and his escort (or maybe it was his consort,) anyway it was some sort. Austria then got hot under the collar over the incident and said to Servia: "See here, we don't want any of that rough stuff I want to be a father to you. Come into the woodshed." Russia was peeping thru the fence when she heard the conversation, and seeing what was going on said to Austria: "Don't you dare touch that child. He's my kid and, anyhow, you'd make a hell of a looking daddy." "You've got another think coming" answered Austria "I don't like the color of your eyes, anyhow, and your feet don't track besides, and I can lick you with one hand tied." "Bully Boy," says Wilhelm of Germany. "If you can't lick him, I can, and bygosh, I'll do it. I can lick anybody; I can lick eve ybody. We'll take him on together." So Germany slips on to France when she ain't looking and lands with both feet in the middle of Belgium. "Get off my Belly" says Belgium. "or I'll bite your leg off." "Ouch," says Germany, "I'll get off when I get ready." "That's not fair," says France. "Take that you snob," handing Germany a hot one in the snoot. "I hate a scrap" says England, "but I can smash the jaw of the guy that slaps my friend" "You don't hate it worse than I do," says Japan as she squares off for a hand in the game. "Well, I guess you started it anyhow," says William to Nick. Just then everybody begins to yell! "You started it yourself;" and each one sticks out his tongue at the other fellow and they clinch and the little fellows begin to dance around watching for a chance to get in a punch and run, and there you are.—N. Y. Sun.

A Hooverized Thanksgiving Dinner

Remember your Food Administration pledge card when you plan the Thanksgiving dinner. It would not be in keeping with the spirit of the day to serve a needlessly bountiful and extravagant feast to our own families and

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friends when so many thousands of starving women and children in the lands of our allies will starve unless America can send them food. Patriotic housewives will take pleasure in confining the national feast to "made in America" foods, nor will they make the mistake of crowding the table with more delicacies than can possibly be eaten at one meal. A suggestive menu is given here:

Baked Chicken Potato Stuffing
Boston Brownbread
Candied Sweet Potatoes Mashed Turnips
Pickles Jelly
Cabbage and Apple Salad
Pumpkin Pudding Coffee

This dinner comes near to being a wheatless one, and yet none of the guests will be likely to miss that grain so badly needed in Europe. Pumpkin pudding is really only the time-honored pumpkin pie of early New England dinners with the crust omitted so as to save wheat. Make it as you do the filling for pie, baking it in buttered molds set in a pan of hot water in the oven, and serve cold with slightly sweetened and flavored whipped cream topped by a bit of red plum jelly.

Recipes for potato stuffing and Boston brownbread come from Miss C. Ruch of University Place, Neb. For the stuffing, place 1-4 cup of finely chopped salt pork in a small frying pan, add 1 small sliced onion and fry for 10 minutes. Strain and add to the grease 2 cups of hot mashed po-

tatoes, 1 1/4 cups of soft, stale bread crumbs, 2 tablespoons of butter, 1/2 cup of chopped celery, 1/2 cup of walnut meats and 1 egg well beaten. Add enough hot water to make of the right consistency and season with salt, pepper and sage.

Make the brownbread of 1 cup each of rye flour, cornmeal and graham flour, 1 teaspoon of salt and 1 rounded teaspoon of soda. Sift together and add 3/4 cup of molasses and 2 cups of sour milk. Stir until well mixed, then pour the batter into buttered molds—clean baking powder cans are excellent—put on the covers and steam 3 1/2 hours.

If one does not care for the pumpkin pudding, a cornmeal pudding suggested by the Department of Agriculture will be found delicious. Cook 1 cup of cornmeal in 4 cups of milk in a double boiler until the mixture is thick, then add 1 cup finely chopped figs or 1 pint of finely chopped sweet apples, as preferred, 1 cup of molasses and 1 teaspoon of salt. When the mixture cools, add 2 well beaten eggs, pour into a buttered pudding dish and bake in a moderate oven 3 hours or more. When partly cooked add 2 more cups of milk without stirring the pudding. Serve with cream or sauce.—Missouri Valley Farmer.

You can get the Portland Oregonian six days a week, by mail, and the Forest Grove Express, for only \$6.00 per year, if paid in advance. For Oregonian seven days a week, add \$2.00.

Thanksgiving FARES

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