

Sunday, Oct. 1, Open Season for Pheasants

And shooting season will be in full swing. How is your gun, clothes, ammunition, Etc.



Here are a Few Reminders

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NOMINEE HUGHES IS NOW IN NEW JERSEY Is About Worn Out--Opens Campaign in New York Tonight

By Jerry Arnold. (United Press staff correspondent.) Trenton, N. J., Sept. 28.—Nominee Hughes made his first appearance in New Jersey as the republican candidate here today—in the state capital which gave to fame his opponent in the presidential sweepstakes, Woodrow Wilson. The day's program for the G. O. P. leader contemplated a speech in the town where Wilson formerly ruled as governor—and rest for the remainder of the day. Hughes needs the rest. He was nearly worn out by yesterday's program; his voice was husky and worn out and his face was lined with fatigue. Pittsburgh's coal dust was still in his vocal chords, despite efforts by Dr. L. Alexander, Jr., to spray it out. But if Hughes tired out it didn't show in his speech here today. The crowd that greeted him stimulated and revived him. Dr. Alexander said today he had never known another man who responded to purely mental effort, which Hughes does. The nominee is impatient of physicians' treatment and supremely confident of his own ability to withstand every effort—and this makes Mrs. Hughes' efforts to have him save himself almost futile. Mrs. Hughes, however, did get him to promise that he would sleep most of the afternoon. Tonight the candidate was due to address the New York state republican conference at Saratoga and in this speech he planned to make a "keynote" address for the Empire state campaign. In his address the former governor of New York expected to go over his entire program of criticism of the Wilson administration.

COMPLETE KNOCKOUT

(Continued from Page One.)

the spectators or a referee to stop the fight on the ground that it was brutal, nor did he ask to have the rules changed. He took his punishment. Even when beaten like a dog, he was a game dog. When forced to take refuge in a trench, when too badly used up to carry the fighting to the enemy, he hung on without whining, fought off every attack, bided his time, enduring without winning, worked without flagging.

Lloyd-George's eyes snapped as sitting at his desk in the war office, he tilted back his chair and studied the ceiling as if seeing there a picture and Tommy's game fight in the early stages of the contest.

Germany re-Mapping World "And at this time, under these conditions, what was the winning German going to do?" he asked. "Was he worrying over the terrible slaughter? No. He was talking of annexing Belgium and Poland as a result of his victory and while he was remaking the map of Europe without the slightest regard for the wishes of its people, the British people were preparing to pay the price we knew must be paid for the time to get the army ready.

"It is one thing to look back on the pounding the British soldier took the first two years of the war, but a different thing to look forward as he did and know the beating couldn't be avoided during these months when it seemed the finish of the British army might come quickly.

"Germany elected to make it a finish fight with England. The British soldier was ridiculed, held in contempt. Now we intend to see that Germany has her way. The fight must be to the finish—to a knockout."

Dropping his colloquialisms, the half-smile fading from his face, Lloyd-George continued in a more serious vein:

Can Be No Interference "The whole world, including neutrals of the highest purposes and humanitarians with the best motives, must know that there can be no outside interference at this stage. Britain asked no intervention when she was not prepared to fight. She will tolerate none now that she is prepared, until Prussian military despotism is broken beyond repair. There was no regret voiced in Germany over the useless slaughter. There were no tears by German sympathizers when the few thousand British citizens who never expected to be soldiers, whose military education started only a few months previously, went out to be battered, bombed and gassed, to receive ten shells for every one they could fire—went out, fought like sportsmen without a grumble. I repeat that there was no whimpering then, and the people who are now moved to tears at the thought of what is to come, watched the early rounds of the unequal contest dry-eyed. None of the carnage and suffering which is to come can be worse than the sufferings of those allied dead who stood the full shock of the Prussian war machine before it began to falter.

Fighting for Lasting Peace "But in the British determination to carry the fight to a decisive finish there is something more than the natural demand for vengeance. The inhu-

manity, the pitilessness of fighting that must come before a lasting peace is possible, is not comparable with the cruelty that will be involved in stopping the war while there remains a possibility of civilization again being menaced from the same quarter. Peace now, or any time before the final and complete elimination of this menace, is unthinkable. No man and no nation with the slightest understanding of the temper of this citizen army of Britons which took the terrible hammering without a whine or grumble will attempt to call a halt now."

"But how long do you figure this can and must go on?" Lloyd-George was asked. "There's neither clock nor calendar in the British army today," was his quick reply. "Time is the least vital factor. Only the result counts—not the time consumed in achieving it.

"It took England twenty years to defeat Napoleon and the first fifteen of those years were black with British defeat. It will not take twenty years to win this war but whatever time is required it will be done and I say this recognizing that we have only begun to win. There is no disposition on our side to finish the hour of ultimate victory after the first success. We have no delusion that the war is nearing an end. We haven't the slightest doubt as to how it is to end."

"But what of France; is there the same determination there to stick to the end, the same idea of fighting until peace terms can be dictated by Germany's enemies?" Lloyd-George was asked.

The war secretary carefully matched each finger of one hand with each finger of the other, and as he turned his chair slowly to gaze out over the khaki dotted throng in Whitehall, it seemed the interruption had stemmed the flow of conversation. There was a full moment's pause and as the chair swung round again, the reply came in a voice and manner impressively grave.

The Nobility of France "The world at large has not yet begun to appreciate the magnitude, the nobility, the wonder of France," he said.

"I had the answer to your inquiry given me a few days ago by a noble French woman. She had given four sons—she had one left to be given to France. In the course of my talk with her, I asked if she didn't think the struggle had gone far enough. Her reply, without a moment's hesitation was 'the fight will never have gone far enough until we have made a reputation of this horror impossible.' That mother was voicing the spirit of France.

"Yes, France will stick to the end. I suppose America's conception of France and the French soldier—the motive of the war was as erroneous as the British idea. I suppose you, too, regard the French soldier as excitable, brilliant in attack, but lacking dogged staying qualities.

"Nothing was more unwarranted than the popular idea of the Frenchman as a poor defensive fighter. History never justified this idea, but there will be a new appraisal, a new appreciation when the real heroism, nobility and genius of the defense of Verdun is fully understood. France has fought the longest wars of any nation of Europe and her history itself is assurance enough that she will hold to the end.

Russia Will Stay "With the British it will be the fighting spirit that will animate the arms to the last, fair play the motive—fair fight the method. With the French it will be that fiercely burning patriotism that will sustain the army to the end, regardless of when the end may come."

"And Russia—t'll go through to the death," interrupted Lloyd-George. "Russia has been slow to arouse but she will be equally slow to quiet. The resentment of the Russian against having been forced into war is deep. He has neither forgotten nor forgiven the fact that this happened when he was ill prepared and unsuspecting. No, there are, and will be, no quitters among the allies.

"Never again" has become our battle cry.

"At home the suffering and sorrow is great and is growing. As to the war-

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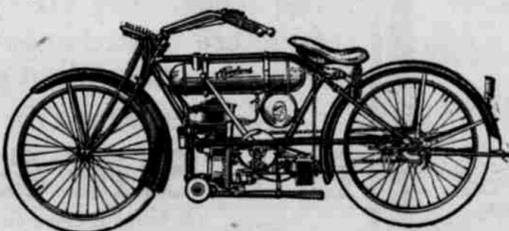
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zone, its terrors are indescribable. I have just visited the battle fields of France, I stood, as it were, at the door of hell. I saw myriads marching into the furnace, I saw some coming out of it, scorched and mutilated. "This ghastliness must never be reenacted on the earth and one method at least of assuring that end is the infliction of such punishment upon the perpetrators of this outrage against humanity that the temptation to emulate their exploits will be eliminated from the hearts of the evil minded amongst the rulers of men."

MILES—To Mr. and Mrs. Fred T. Miles of Portland, Sunday, September 24, 1916, a daughter, she has been named Barbara Marian. Mr. Miles was formerly agent for the Wells Fargo express company in Salem and is now with the company in Portland.

GUYER, at their home on Richmond avenue, Salem, Oregon, September 28, 1916, a son. Glass that will not splinter when broken is being made in France by pressing together under heat two sheets of glass with a sheet of celluloid between them. First Young Thing—I started reading "Les Miserables" last night. It is very interesting. Second Young Thing—Isn't it! I think it is Victor Herbert's masterpiece.