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IT HAS ALREADY DAWNED

'When will it dawn upon the enemy that continuing this war is fighting for a cause already lost; is heading straight for national suicide; is reaping a harvest of the hatred he has sown, and rendering a grave international boycott more and more inevitable? On the Western front Germany is simply dashing itself against an elastic wall, which it cannot break through. That wall may stretch or bend under pressure, but will not break. None of the German objectives have been accomplished on this last drive; Paris has not fallen; the British have not been separated from the French; nor driven into the sea; and, if they had been, it would simply have added to Germany's list of hollow victories. To capture Calais might delay, but could not decide the issue. There will be but one end; and that is complete victory for the Allies when the American army reaches full power, if not before. American forces are going across to France in increasing numbers; so that henceforth its real strength will be felt with increasing intensity.'

The above is the opening paragraph of the weekly financial letter of Henry Clews, the Wall Street authority.

It has already dawned upon the military autocracy of Germany. It has more than dawned upon them. They see it in the full light of day, and they are playing a desperate game—hoping against hope for advantages that they know are beyond probability.

But it is also dawning on the people of Germany, and when they fully realize the suicidal policy for their nation to which their overlords are committed, there will surely be internal troubles that will help in bringing the war to a close.

The last sentence in the letter above quoted is as follows: 'If Germany fails in a renewal of the recent drive she will have virtually lost the war.' Mr. Clews no doubt means that if she fails either to renew the drive or, having renewed it, fails of her objectives, she will have virtually lost the war.

It is only ten years since the Wright brothers made their first short flight with a heavier-than-air machine on the beach at Kitty Hawk, N. C. Today the skies over the battlefields of Europe are filled with aeroplanes fighting each other and from great heights dropping bombs upon the enemy. And America, having invented the aeroplane, is soon to take the leading part in the mastery of the air over the battlefields.

'The Red Cross and the go across ought to be able to give the iron cross the double cross. Come across!'—Los Angeles Times. We have, up here. And the nation will.

Now that a government airplane mail service has been regularly established this business of dropping a line may mean what it says.

Root, Taft, now Hughes—T. R. may next be invited to take something.—Springfield Republican.

The legislature of Massachusetts is trying to select a state flower. The outside world was under the impression that the lowly bean had long since been adopted.

This is a great time to get members for the Don't Worry Club.

There never was a time when the country needed its school teachers on the job so much as it does now. They should stand by the schools with the military spirit of a soldier on duty. The boys and girls more than ever need education.

UNDER THE ROSE.

'Just now the splendor of California rose gardens fills the eye and specialists admit that they have never seen such a mass of floral effulgence before. One lover of roses tried to take a census of the blooms on a single climber which covers his porch and most of his home. He got up to 28,000 and then the whistle blew for him to go back to work. Each rose was al-

most as big as a door knob, at that. The garish magnificence of the Ulrich Brunner, the splendid proportions of the Paul Neyron and the wonderful fragrance of the La France completely fill our fair land for the season. Almost all of the roses known to the brilliant word painters who create our floral catalogues are found at their best in this Southland and this is the time of their greatest excellence. Small wonder that for the moment California looks like one vast rose garden. The flower of flowers is running wild in the chosen season of love. Our June brides will have some trouble in matching complexions with the rose.'

The above is from the Los Angeles Times.

There are beautiful roses in Los Angeles; but there are and will be, clear into the winter days in the last weeks of the year, still more beautiful rose displays in Salem, Portland and other Oregon cities and towns.

And, in spite of this, Oregon June brides will have no trouble in matching complexions with even the Salem or Portland rose. (For we have also the most beautiful June brides in all the world).

GEE! MACK IS SLOW.

Secretary McAdoo now says the talk of his presidential candidacy is a joke. Which is true. But it took the secretary longer than the rest of us to discover it.—Springfield Union.

THE RULE OF HATE.

Prussian sportmanship finds its most rapturous expression in the bombing of a cathedral or a hospital. If the Hohenzollern princes were to stumble upon the Holy Grail they would at once put it up as a cup not to be shot for, but at. Any sacred relic, any thing of great historical interest or architectural splendor, is the chosen target of German guns. They destroy from a trained passion for destruction. Their idea of a world is a vast desert with Germany the only oasis. There shall be no literature that is

not dowered by the German tongue. There shall be no art that is not inspired from Potsdam. The German military overlords have come to love the conception of our word "ruthlessness" and are proud of the fact that the world interprets it as embodying the German character. It is companion for that "efficiency" which is but German expediency—is it for Prussian interests?

The shelling of Amiens and her magnificent cathedral gives no military advantage. The Prussians accomplish nothing save the slaughter of some women, children and non-combatants, but there is a destruction of buildings and objects of priceless value to students of French and English art and literature, and this it is that gives zest to the German gunners. They would eagerly obliterate all things that are held dear and sacred to the rest of the world.

God pity a land ruled by a race to whom ruthlessness is a creed and where vitriol runs instead of the milk of human kindness! Small wonder that nearly a score of nations have combined in a spirit of self-preservation against such monstrous and repellant powers.

A TRIBUTE TO THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

Our navy doesn't figure often in the headlines. It hasn't fought any big engagements for the odd reason that German men-o'-war are largely ornamental. It hasn't led a brilliant raid on any submarine base, like the dashing British that flung themselves into Zeebrugge and Ostend. No. The young officers and husky seamen, the keen-eyed gunners, and muscle-ribbed "black gang" that feeds the fiery-mouthed furnaces, the young 'prentices and skylarking signal boys, lament that they aren't doing anything!

Too bad, their lack of activity! They are only keeping the vigil of the seas, bounding U-boats from the depths of the ocean, keeping the patrol from Newfoundland to Cape Horn, conveying transports, and waiting for the Huns to come out and fight. They don't figure in the headlines?—No. But when you read of nearly a million soldiers in France look deeper into that report and see that our navy tucked them under its protecting arm and safely carried them across. Read of food, munitions, money and men crossing the water; but do not forget that Yankee bluejackets conveyed them. Remember that when Germany talked of America, "amounting to nothing" in this war she neglected to inquire into the strength, gallantry and the readiness of the American navy. If England and France had needed to detach ships to guard our boys and supplies, German raiders would have had a fine time dashing in and out of the blockade, thereby weakened; but instead of our needing naval help, we gave it. When Admiral Sims first reached the English Isles with his fleet, the British admiralty politely inquired how soon he would be ready to fight. "Now!" said Sims, and the polite British admiralty nearly fainted, for it had expected explanations and delays, excuses, repairs and puttering; and out of sheer gratitude and joy it took the American navy to its traditional breast and has never ceased saying generous things of our ships and men who have stood the tests and done the work becoming seamen.

The whole of Europe was very much surprised at our ships and men. Our allies are too polite to tell us what they did expect; but with engaging frankness they have acknowledged that they did not expect the dash and discipline and perpetual readiness to fight. They did not expect a mechanical perfection in many respects superior to their own. They did not realize that an American battleship is typically American, a veritable "industrial center" able to do almost anything in the way of making equipment or repairs without limping into harbor. Gone, gone forever from our navy are the picturesque old ruffians of mighty oaths who swung boarding nets and cutlasses. They were sadly lacking in the "finer sensibilities," had a taste for strong rum and thought the epitome of seafaring was to stand on the main truck. Men of iron they were, in the days when ships were wood; and as the portals of heaven are not closed to gallant men, we may be sure that St. Peter never slammed the pearly gate in their faces. Between the Civil war and that of 1914 the last of "old" navy disappeared and a new, a younger, a wholly different generation swarmed over the gun decks. These youngsters are as fearless, as daring as the men that sailed with Farragut to Mobile Bay, as the sons of Hazard that went with Dewey to what all the prophets of Hong Kong said was certain damnation.

The ship's company of a modern man-o'-war are a crew of mechanical and scientific experts. Excepting the merest kids, apprentices; every man is a specialist or studying to become one. The navy maintains an

electrical school, an artificer school for shipwrights, carpenters, blacksmiths, a yeoman school for stenographers and bookkeepers, a commissary school for cooks, stewards and bakers, a hospital training school, a musicians' school, a machinist school, a gunner school, a school for diving and torpedoes, and hundreds, thousands, of sailors take technical correspondence courses and are aided in instruction by officers, to say nothing of the general classes held on board ship. All these schools are not thrown open to all comers. Some are open only to "second cruise" (re-enlisted) men with good records. Our navy specializes in brain.

That is an intimation of what our navy is like today. Clean-bodied and studious, healthy and hard-working and God-fearing. The inventions and courage of that navy have done much to sweep the U-boats from the ocean channels; and it has the remarkable record of safely conveying almost a million men some 3000 miles, together with food, munitions and supplies.

"ON REPOSE."

(By Ruth Wright Kauffman of The Vigilantes).

Oh, we're sitting on the world Out here, While we're waiting for our next turn "in"; And you know this hill of ours— Looks like peace and birds and flowers— Sort of ancient, with these towers, Well, we're safe from shrapnel-showers— Bang!—d'you see that steeple spire? But the joke is we're A bit too near.

Oh, we're sitting on the world Out here, And they sweat and try to get the range, And their avions use their wiles— Foxy—you know, smash some tiles;

But we loaf here looking miles— Miles through France to home and you;

Thinking things you'd want us to Kind of seeing all your smiles. Do they scare us 'cause we're strange?

Why, the joke is that we've Got too near!

Oh, we're sitting on the world Out here, As they waste their big shells on a cloud— Think they're sounding our death-knell, When they drop their bombs here. Well,

We're just resting for a spell— Then—the Boches can go to Hell. They shoot half again too loud, And the joke is we're a Mile too near.

Don't get worried; we're all right— We go back again tonight; But we're sitting on the world Out here.

BITS FOR BREAKFAST

Still Hindenburg hesitates.

There are many guesses why.

And you are probably as good a guesser as any one.

In the meantime, the American air men are getting into the fighting in large numbers.

And the American forces in all other departments are preparing to take a larger and larger part in the war to make the world safe for democracy.

The coming eclipse of the sun will occur on June 8. What a happy coincidence if the Kaiser and all his works should go into eclipse on that same day!

The gambling tables at Monte Carlo are piled high with Red Cross goods. So some splendid results can come out of a gaming joint.

Today the decision of the great war rests in the hands of the American people. Let not one of us think his duty done until he has pledged his all. The test of Americanism is the test of service.—Los Angeles Times.

You Can't Brush Or Wash Out Dandruff

The only sure way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it, then you destroy it entirely. To do this, get about four ounces of ordinary liquid arvon; apply it at night when retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

Do this tonight, and by morning, most if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications will completely dissolve and jeffirely 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 stop at once, and your hair will be fluffy, lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and thick and feel a hundred times better.

You can get liquid arvon at any drug store. It is inexpensive and never fails to do the work.

BIG BARGAINS

AT THE

Closing Out Sale

People come in and say "Oh! if we had only realized the bargains you WERE GIVING US ON LINES OF MERCHANDISE THAT ARE NOW SOLD OUT."

But there are hundreds of other Bargains.

TAKE ADVANTAGE

while you can. When any line is gone it is GONE for good and YOU WILL GET NO MORE VALUES AS LONG AS THE WAR LASTS.

Closing Out Prices Throughout this store. All merchandise up to the usual Stockton reliability as to quality. Stockton CORNER COURT AND COM'L STREET, SALEM.

IN A SOCIAL WAY By Florence Elizabeth Nichols

Mrs. Mamie M. Hayden is entertaining as her guests, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Saubert of Spokane who arrived yesterday for a short stay. The visitors formerly lived in Salem where Mr. Saubert was connected with the Statesman. He is now with the mechanical department of the Spokesman-Review. They have been visiting in San Francisco where their son, Frederick Saubert is stationed as a soldier.

Mrs. Hayden and Mrs. Saubert are girlhood friends, who have not seen each other for many years. Mrs. Saubert visited in California with a sister, while her husband was in the east on business. They met in San Francisco and are en route to their home in Spokane.

Mrs. L. N. Roney of Eugene is passing a visit in Salem as a house-guest at the home of Judge and Mrs. George Burnett.

The dance at the Illihee Country club will be the most interesting social affair of the night and although it is an informal assembly, gala preparations have been made for the event. No invitations have been sent to the members, a large group of additional guests have been invited, as it will be "guest night."

Mrs. J. E. Doran left Tuesday for Kansas City, where she has been called by the illness of a relative. The Dorans, who are newcomers in Salem, make their home on Church street.

Miss Eugenia Belle has returned from Portland, where she has been enjoying an extended stay.

Mme. Galli-Curci's program last night in Portland at the Heilig theater attracted a large number of Salem people. Thousands of people have acclaimed Galli-Curci the greatest coloratura soprano they have ever heard. Among the Salem people who attended the concert were Miss Minnetta Magers, Mr. and Mrs. Asahel Bush, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Livesley, Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Plimpton, Mr. and Mrs. John J. Roberts, Mrs. George Pearce, Miss Helen Pearce, Miss Lena Belle Tartar, Miss Gertrude Eakin, Miss Frances Ward, Miss Hilda Amsler, Miss Alice Judd, Miss Maye Hunter, Mrs. J. S. Austin, Mrs. J. A. Curtiss, Miss Dorothy Hubbs and Miss Clover D. Miller of Silverton.

Mrs. John Paul Jones of Portland is the guest of Salem friends. Mrs. Jones formerly lived in this city and in compliment to her, Mrs. J. A. Wilson was an informal hostess, Monday night for a group of friends. Knitting was the diversion.

Mrs. A. N. Moores is in Astoria, where she will remain for several weeks with her daughter, Mrs. Robert Kinney (Althea Moores).

Mr. and Mrs. William Staiger left yesterday for Portland. They will pass the summer at the country home of Mrs. J. J. Murphy, near the metropolis. During their absence, Miss Marie Knight of McMinnville will occupy the Staiger home, 277 North Liberty street.

War Risk Insurance Charts Put on Display

New enlarged war risk insurance charts containing information graphically set forth for the benefit of soldiers, sailors and dependent families of men in the service are now on display at the home service headquarters of the Red Cross in the Commercial club rooms. These charts, enable them to thoroughly understand how their allotments should be made, placing all dependents in a position to receive their allowances without delay. They contain free information explaining dependability, allotments, family allowances, government allowances, compensation for disability, compensation for death, war risk insurance, how paid and all the essential details.

The chief financial responsibility for the families of the men in service rests upon the government. It pays monthly allowances to them, insures the soldiers and sailors, against death, and compensates them on their return to civil life if they are disabled by sickness, wounds, or other injury incurred in the service. In doing this, however, the government is necessarily guided by certain definite rules and regulations, all of which are pointed out on the charts.

HELPS TO KEEP FIT. When the digestion is out of order, it throws the whole physical being out of gear. B. B. Hayward Unadilla, Ga., writes: "Foley's Cathartic Tablets give me quicker relief than anything I have ever tried. They relieve biliousness, bad breath, bloating, gas, indigestion and constipation. No griping or nausea. J. C. Perry.

ELEVEN CHILDREN NO EXCUSE. LONDON, April 30.—Exemption from military service has been refused a man with eleven children, one of whom is with the colors. The drafted man has four brothers in the British army.

Fashion's Favorites in \$2.00 Blouses One of the New Welworth models Fresh and dainty and as pretty as the flowers of Spring are these new Welworth Blouses that we are still privileged to sell at \$2.00. AND RARE INDEED ARE THE VALUES—made so because they represent the result of the greatest Blouse buying power of America—the co-operative effort of 2000 progressive stores. SEND US YOUR MAIL ORDERS—WE PAY POSTAGE Kafoury Bros THE STORE FOR THE PEOPLE 416 STATE ST. SALEM-OREGON.