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WORLD DOMINANCE IS SHIFTING.

Protection has so long stimulated the diversification of American industries through the utilization of the immense resources of the country, that with the surge forward born of urgent necessity in production of all kinds, the United States is the storehouse of the world.

Great Britain, and the other allies, may never fully realize, or for that matter, know, the great debt they will owe to the United States in helping to win the war—a debt that is colossal only because protection has stimulated and diversified production.

Free trade for over half a century has dominated Great Britain, and during that time Great Britain has dominated the world.

Senator Roche, of Halifax, in a debate in the Dominion senate opposing a bill providing for the identification of traders in German goods, on the chief ground that "after the war Germany should become one of the main customers of Canada."

The end of the war will see the outbreak of a tremendous commercial struggle, and the United States would then control the financial and commercial world.

The United States, under these circumstances, would not want Canadian goods. Nor does England longer hold out the prospect of trade preference.

Of course, one does not have to agree with Senator Roche. What he said was strenuously opposed in the Canadian senate.

"The trident of Neptune is the sceptre of the world?"

"This drive will end like the others."—Los Angeles Times. True prophecy. It did.

There is every indication that German in our schools will ere long be deadlier than the dead languages.

You have been kicking on many of the substitutes; but, honestly, don't you feel just as well as if you had used the original foods?

Colonel George Harvey has congratulated Secretary Daniels on being the best head of the navy department since the days of N. C. Whitney.

Evidence is coming to the surface that, to make the display all the more spectacular, the U-boats from Germany which sneaked under the Atlantic acted in some cases according to the international law and "civilized" warfare.

The example set Americans in their liberal response to the Red Cross fund was first given by Miss Florence Nightingale, who alone established a hospital for the succor

FUTURE DATES: June 3 to 8—Order your Fuel early week; June 4, 5, 6 and 7—State Grange convention in Salem.

June 5 and 6—State Jewelers' convention in Salem.

June 5, Wednesday—Draft registration for young men who have reached their majority during last year.

June 12, Wednesday—Commencement day at Willamette university.

presses the hope that the strife will be over before the William Taft Smiths and Woodrow Wilson Smiths are ripe for the service, but they will be there if the summons comes.

STRIKING THE KEYNOTE.

One of the interesting announcements made by Lloyd George in his Edinburgh speech was that the appeals of certain statesmen of the central powers were politely answered by the British government.

"It was not because the German and Austrian statesmen were deliberately deceiving us," said the premier, "but because those diplomats did not understand how they were being used by their military chiefs."

In that statement lies the key to the whole trouble.

There are doubtless good men in both Germany and Austria, as well as in England and the United States, who desire an honorable peace, but the Prussian military machine does not want peace and has never wanted it.

The Prussian tyrants want war. They are hungry for blood and conquest.

War and blood they shall have, but not conquest—as long as there is left a single nation whose standard is freedom, based upon justice.

Y. M. C. A. ANNIVERSARY.

The Young Men's Christian Association, whose social welfare and relief work among the American soldiers and sailors and their allies is second to that of no other organization of its kind, enters upon the seventy-fifth year of its existence and usefulness, tomorrow.

The founder of the Y. M. C. A. was Sir George Williams, an Englishman, who died in London in 1905, in his 85th year.

Mr. Williams became a Christian in 1837, the year of the coronation of Queen Victoria, who knighted him in 1894.

Mr. Williams lived to see the movement he had organized spread over a large part of the world. In Europe and America, in Australia and Africa, and in the cities of far-off India, China, Japan and other lands are now to be found branches of the Y. M. C. A., actively engaged in spiritual, missionary, educational and social welfare work.

The growth of the movement in North America has been even more marvelous than in the British Isles, where it was given birth.

When America entered the war in the early part of last year the Y. M. C. A. called for \$3,000,000 to launch its program of social service work among the enlisted men.

The rapid increase in the size of the nation's military establishment and the sending of the troops abroad called for a proportional increase in the activities of the association.

To meet the demands for its services and to carry on its work in a systematic manner the Y. M. C. A. decided upon the organization of a national War Work Council.

The other day a French general called this William McKinley Hurley from the ranks of his comrades on a foreign field and pinned the croix de guerre to his youthful breast.

The boys are growing fast. The William McKinley Smiths are joining the Grover Cleveland Smiths in the trenches and may be shortly joined by the Theodore Roosevelt Smiths.

A friend at the writer's elbow ex-

C. A., this fall, will be for a hundred million dollars.

GLANCES BACKWARD.

At the commencement of the war with Mexico the whole number of American troops of the line was 7244.

The first gun ever rifled in America was done at the celebrated Albor iron foundry in South Boston, in 1834.

On the eve of the beginning of the second war with Great Britain, the entire regular army of the United States consisted of 6744 men, exclusive of the staff.

The Enfield rifle, long the standard weapon of the British army, was transplanted to England by a son of Vermont, under whose superintendence the arms were made.

When hostilities began with Great Britain in 1812, there were but 65 West Point graduates in the United States service, and the few regulars had scarce ever seen a battlefield.

During the Revolution, having but few educated officers, America was very frequently dependent upon European soldiers of fortune, who were eagerly employed with high rank and extravagant pay.

The first muskets ever manufactured in America are believed to have been five hundred stand of arms made by Hugh Orr, a gunsmith of Bridgewater, for the province of Massachusetts Bay, about the year 1748.

The provincial congress of New York, at the commencement of the Revolution, offered premiums of \$500, \$375 and \$250, for the first three powder mills, capable of making 1000 pounds per week, erected in the state.

The earliest reference to the manufacture of gunpowder in America is found in an order of the general court of Massachusetts, dated June 6, 1639, when Edward Rawson was granted 500 acres of land, "so as he goes on with the powder, if the salt-petre comes."

One of the most useful men of the American Revolution was General Thomas Mifflin, who served as quartermaster-general at the siege of Boston, and when barely 30 years of age was appointed a brigadier-general and placed in charge of the construction of the works at Fort Washington and Kingsbridge.

In the war with Mexico the United States army, in less than a year and a half, though opposed to a quadruple force of the enemy, won thirty victories, captured 40,000 soldiers, carried ten fortified places, including the capital of the enemy, and extended its conquests over the immense territory of Mexico and California.

Although there were no Y. M. C. A. or similar social welfare agencies at work during the American Revolution, the commanding officers of that period were not unmindful of the advantages to be gained by providing wholesome recreation for the soldiers and protecting their morals.

"I'll give you three guesses, Madge. Dicky stood just inside the door of the living room, holding an immense parcel carefully wrapped. His hat was on the back of his head, his eyes shining, his whole face aglow with boyish mischief."

"It's for my first housekeeping present, that is needed in every well regulated family," he burlesqued boastfully, "but you are not to see it until we have something to eat, and you have guessed what it is."

"I know it is something lovely, dear," I replied sedately, "but come to your dinner. It is getting cold."

Dicky looked a trifle hurt as he followed me to the dining room. I knew what he expected—enthusiastic curiosity and a demand for the immediate opening of the parcel. I can imagine the pretty enthusiasm, the caresses with which almost any other woman would have greeted a bridegroom of two weeks with his first present.

"But it is simply impossible for me to gush. I cannot express emotion of any kind with the facility of most women. I worshipped my mother, but I rarely kissed her or expressed my love for her in words. My love for Dicky terrifies me sometimes, it is so strong, but I cannot go up to him and offer him an unsolicited kiss or caress. Respond to his caresses, yes; but offer them of my own volition, never! There is something inside me that makes it an absolute impossibility."

"What's the menu, Madge? The beef again?" Dicky's tone was mildly quizzical, his smile mischievous, but I flushed hotly. He had touched a sore spot. The butcher had brought me a huge slab of meat for my first dinner when I had timidly ordered "rib roast," and with the aid of my mother's cook book and my own smattering of cooking, I had housewifely accomplished it for subsequent meals.

"This is positively its last appearance on any stage," I assured him, trying to be gay. "Besides it's a casserole, with rice, and I defy you to detect whether the chief ingredient be fish, flesh or fowl."

"Casserole is usually my pet aversion," Dicky said solemnly. "Look not on the casserole when it is table d'hote, is one of the pet little verbs in my immediate set. Too much like Spanish steak and the

BIG BARGAINS AT THE CLOSING OUT SALE

Table with 4 columns: LACES, LINEN WAISTS, One assortment of LINGERIE WAISTS, COTTON COLORED PETTICOATS. Includes prices like Values to \$1.50, now per yard .35c.

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continue a few weeks visit in Salem and then with her husband will leave for their home in Tacoma. Mr. and Mrs. Clancey have been with their son, Clyde B. Clancey, of North Liberty street, for several months.

Mrs. Clara P. Olson of Portland was the guest of her cousins, Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Pogue, 454 Marion street.

Musical circles are chocked by the announcement of the passing of Evan Williams the renowned Welsh tenor, May 24, at his home in Akron, Ohio. Mr Williams sang in Salem at a concert about four years ago. He was 50 years old. During the past year he contributed much of his time in singing for soldiers at cantonments.

The graduating exercises of the Sacred Heart academy of St. Jo-

soph's Catholic church will be held Thursday night, June 13, in the auditorium of Salem high school. The exercises will open at 8:15 o'clock. Invitations have been issued by the faculty of the class of 1918 of the academy.

The great battle of battles has deteriorated, on the part of the Germans, to isolated attacks.

They just cannot break through. They are headed straight for defeat. The principal attacks of yesterday were shot to smithereens by the Americans, alone in one case and working with the French in the other.

The supreme council of the allies met yesterday, and found that they are going to lick Germany, without the question of a doubt.

BITS FOR BREAKFAST

A real summer day. That ought to kill the bugs: the aphides. Then we will need rain. But eastern Oregon needs it worse.

Put this down to the credit of the Indians: Every male student of the United States Indian Training school at Chemawa, in the northern suburbs

Revelations of a Wife

The Story of a Honeymoon

A Wonderful Romance of Married Life Wonderfully Told by ADELE GARRISON

THE FIRST QUARREL

"I'll give you three guesses, Madge. Dicky stood just inside the door of the living room, holding an immense parcel carefully wrapped. His hat was on the back of his head, his eyes shining, his whole face aglow with boyish mischief."

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other good chances for ptomaines. But if you made it I'll tackle it. If you have to call the ambulance in the next half-hour."

"Dicky, you surely do not think I would use meat that was doubtful, do you?" I asked, horror-stricken. Don't eat it. Wait and I'll fix up some eggs for you."

Dicky rose stiffly, walked slowly around to my side of the table, and gravely tapped my head in imitation of a phrenologist.

"Absolutely depression where the bump called 'sense of humor' ought to be. Too bad! Pretty creature, too. Cause her lots of trouble in the days to come," he chanted solemnly.

Then he bent and kissed me. "Don't be a goose, Madge," he admonished, "and never, never take me seriously. I don't know the meaning of the word. Come on, let's eat the thing-um bob. I'll bet it's delicious."

He uncovered the casserole and regarded the steaming contents critically. "Smells scrumptious," he announced. "What's in the other? Potatoes au gratin?" as he took off the cover of the other serving dish. "Good. One of my favorites."

He piled a liberal portion on my plate and helped himself as generously, ignoring or not noticing that I scarcely touched either dish.

For I was fast lapsing into one of the moods which my little mother used to call my "morbid streaks" and which she has vainly tried to cure ever since I was a tiny girl.

as Dick lifted the lid and revealed a big Angora cat. Then my voice changed. "Why, Dick, you don't mean—" But Dick was absorbed in lifting the cat out.

"Isn't she a beauty?" he said admiringly. But I was almost into the dining room.

"I suppose she is," I replied faintly, "but surely you don't intend her for me?"

"Why not?" Dick's tone was sharper than I had ever heard it. He set the cat down on the floor and she walked over to me. I pushed her away gently with my foot as I replied:

"Because I dislike cats—intensely. Besides, you know cats are so unsanitary, always carrying diseases—"

"Oh, get out of it, Madge," Dick interrupted. "Forget that scientific foolishness you absorbed when you were school ma'am. Besides, this cat is a thoroughbred, never been outside the home where she was born till now. Do you happen to know what this gift you are tossing aside so nonchalantly would have cost if it hadn't been given me by a dear friend? A cool two hundred, that's all. It seems to me you might try to get over your prejudices, especially when I tell you that I am very fond of cats and like to see them around."

Dicky's voice held a note of appeal, but I chose to ignore it. My particular little devil must have sat at my elbow.

"I am sorry," I said coldly, "but really, I do not see why it is any more incumbent upon me to try to overcome my very real aversion to cats than it is on you to try to do without their society."

"Very well. If you feel that way about it, there is nothing more to be said." Dicky slammed the living room door behind him to emphasize his words and ran down the steps. His soft hat was pulled down to his eyebrows and any one who ran might read that he was in a rage.

Back in the living room, huddled up in the big chair which is the chief pride of the woman who rents us the furnished apartment, I sat, as angry as Dick, and heart sick besides. Our first quarrel had come!