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ANOTHER HOWL FOR LOVE OF HOWLING

A Democratic journalistic baiter of Governor Withycombe indulges in another howl about the flax industry at the State Penitentiary, and wants the State Grange to investigate it.

That would be all right. They would find it a going concern; making a profit, and putting this foundation industry on its feet, as was intended.

This howler predicts great things for the flax industry, if only there can be shown a sure ample supply of the raw material.

Well and good. A true prophet. The flax manufacturing industry is bound to be the biggest in all Oregon. The natural conditions are here.

And Governor Withycombe started the foundation industry that is showing the possibilities; even as the baiter and howler professes to wish.

So, what is all the howling about? Just for the sheer love of howling?

Mr. Spence, master of the State Grange, sent a committee to the Statesman yesterday, to find out by what authority was published in the news columns of this paper yesterday some alleged statements of brother Grangers who were opposing him for re-election; or at least such a committee came. The authority was brother Grangers. Now, The Statesman manager has no personal acquaintance with Mr. Spence. Therefore, there could be no prejudice.

Coleridge, the poet, once wrote that there is "nimety in all Germans." What is "nimety?" It is excess; redundancy; too muchness. Coleridge exercised his poetic license in attributing this quality to all Germans. But it does apply to the military autocracy of that country, and it has gone to their heads.

Hope deferred maketh the Hun sick.

"Hold the line, Foch, Uncle Sam is coming." Exchange. He came—and helped hold the line.

Some one remarks that it is now permitted for Uncle Sam to puff out his war chest.

The sultan of Turkey is crying for peace, but nobody is paying any attention to him. Both the Kaiser and himself have started something they cannot either finish, or stop.

If we can hold ourselves awhile we shall soon know all about how the war is coming out and when it will end. The graduating essay will soon be in the land.—Exchange.

The "long chat" which Mr. Taft and Col. Roosevelt had in Chicago is symptomatic of the times in which old differences are forgotten and all hands are being struck for the work which war time lays upon the country.

It has always been a source of surprise that the newspapers published no more lies than they do, seeing that they come into daily contact with so many prevaricators. The self-restraint is worthy of all praise.—Exchange.

Veal is not served in the navy now, by orders from Secretary Daniels. But a friend at the writer's elbow says: "Don't let the boys at sea worry. The fattest calf will be killed when they come home. And we will journey afar and fall on their necks and greet them."

Single tax for the proposed new republic of Palestine having been

indorsed by a convention of Zionists at Philadelphia, it is interesting to note that the single tax is the modern version of a phase of one old Hebrew jubilee, the Jewish custom of a redivision of their lands every half century, to provide for the new landless generations. With the development of modern urban life, the land question becomes more acute. Land values in dense centers of population mount into fabulous sums; the land values of New York city alone are estimated at from five to seven billions of dollars, irrespective of improvements, somewhat about one-fifteenth the total for the entire nation. The contention of single tax advocates is that these site values are the product of population, not due to any service rendered by individuals in their capacity as land owners—in other words, that site values are community values and should be taken by the community in lieu of taxes upon industry, leaving to the individual the values created by the individual. Take away the population of the rest of America, they say, and New York land values would shrink to little or nothing. The Zionists are evidently not to be caught some time with a New York situation in Palestine.

ALL TO THE ALLIES.

Of the 14,600,000 barrels of wheat flour exported during the nine months ended March 31, 1918, 2,550,000, or 17 per cent, went to the countries either neutral or not actively engaged in the war. Cuba got 508,000 barrels, Mexico 363,000, "other Europe," 503,000, "other West Indies" 233,000. It ought all to go to the allies as long as the American public is called upon to forego its use in order to help the war along.—Exchange.

That is easy to say. And it is a natural feeling. But there are some circumstances in connection with the neutrals that we who are not in the listening posts of authority may not fully understand.

Take Switzerland, for instance—a country that wants to remain neutral, but which finds it a hard task, being neighbor to the great international bully, Germany.

Take Holland. But enough. Let's discuss these matters after the war is over, when we will have a better perspective.

FOR MEMORIAL DAY.

(By Clinton Scollard of The Vigilantes).

Burn fires, Upon your hallowed altars! And, winds, attune from all your patriot's psalters Words fitting for our choirs! Today there should be singing, Not only for the dead, And their unyielded lives of sacrifice, But also for the living in whom lies The self-same spirit as was theirs who bled In such unselfish wise Wherever our brave battle-flag was flinging Its folds unto the skies!

And, too, there should be flowers— Flowers for their feet and flowers for their brows, Those who have taken vows To guard the shrine of Freedom over seas, Theirs the dark hours, Theirs the stark agonies; Theirs, it may be, To shed their precious blood for Liberty. So while we hail those gone with high thanksgiving, Let us acclaim the living!

TO HAVE MANY OFFICERS OF HIGH RANK.

Before the end of the present year the United States Army Register will contain, in all probability, the names of more officers of high rank than ever before in the history of the nation's military service. There is likely to be a list of generals, lieutenant-generals, major-generals and brigadiers that will tax the powers of memory of any who attempt to keep tab on the names and ranks of the high officers who are leading our armies against the enemy or directing military affairs on this side.

Already we have two officers of the full grade of a general, a title that has not been borne by any officer of the United States army in thirty years, until revived soon after the commencement of the present war and bestowed upon John J. Pershing, the commander of the American forces in France, and Tasker H. Bliss, chief of the general staff, and now American representative in the Versailles conference. To these two has now been added a third general in the person of Peyton C. March, who succeeds General Bliss as chief of the general staff.

There are now no lieutenant-generals in the active army of the United States, but as soon as General Pershing recommends the formation of American army corps abroad it will be necessary to promote certain major-generals to the rank of lieutenant-generals to take command of these corps. There has been no lieutenant-general on the active list since Lieutenant-General John C. Bates retired in 1906, though there are three officers of that grade now on the retired list—General Nelson A. Miles, General S. B. M. Young and General Bates.

The revival of the grades of general and lieutenant-general recalls the fact that, from the beginning of its history, the United States has been chary of the bestowal of high military honors. The nation has never before, in like circumstances, conferred such honors as those now held by General Pershing, General Bliss and General March.

During the American revolution the Continental congress made no attempt to grade the commanding officers. It simply accepted as their titles those conferred by the different states. George Washington was designated commander-in-chief of the Continental armies. Not until 1798, when our differences with France threatened to lead us into war, was the title of lieutenant-general created and conferred upon him. The following year a law was enacted which declared that "a commander of the army of the United States shall be appointed and commissioned by the style of 'General of the Armies of the United States.'" This abolished the office and title of lieutenant-general and gave Washington the higher rank.

After Washington, there was a decided reaction from militarism. The act of March 16, 1802, made provision only for a single general officer of the army, and that one a brigadier-general. During the second war with Great Britain numerous general officers were necessarily appointed, but none was made to rank above a major-general.

An act of congress in 1821 provided for one major-general and two brigadier-generals. There was little change from this until the Mexican war, when the president was authorized to add one major-general, Zachary Taylor, to the single incumbent of that rank. Major-General Winfield Scott. In 1855 General Scott was made lieutenant-general by brevet in recognition of his services in the war with Mexico.

The Civil war naturally resulted in the making of many general officers. Near the close of the war the grade of lieutenant-general, never before conferred upon any Amer-

ican officer save Washington, was voted to General Grant. Two years later, when the nation had settled down to peace, Grant was given the full title of general. This rank he held until he became president, when the title passed to General William T. Sherman. The title passed to General Sheridan on June 1, 1888, and on August 5 of the same year it went out of existence. Lieutenant-generalships continued longer, and major-generalships, with a short intermission have continued down to the present day.

ONLY A VOLUNTEER. It must have been great to be drafted. And hear the cheers of the throngs, And march away from home and friends, 'Midst laughter, kisses and songs. It must have been great to say goodbye To mothers and sweethearts dear, But I joined the colors, and no one I knew went as a Volunteer.

They pay the highest tribute To those who were forced to go, And share the burdens of Uncle Sam, in the hour of strife and woe. They gave them bouquets and suppers, And said they went without fear, But never a thought did they give To the man who went as a Volunteer.

oft times I've talked with my bunkie, And heard him speak of his home, Of his wife and kiddies now left alone, While he with the regulars roams, He sighs as he thinks of his loved ones, And brushes away a tear, Yet he's proud of the day he enlisted, As only a Volunteer.

Again I try to figure out, When the guns have ceased to roar, How much of the glory will go, To those who were forced to enter the war. No doubt they'll come back, With glory mid't many a shout and cheer, But after all I'm satisfied, I'm only a Volunteer.

One thing I know is certain, We'll all fight side by side, And show the world we're Sammies, Whatever the odds may be, And when I tell the story, To those who care to hear, I'll tell them all went and came, As only a Volunteer.

The above poem was written by Sergeant Titus D. Batt, Eleventh Field Artillery now stationed on the Mexican border and was seen to E. C. Derrick, of Salem by his sons, George and Ralph, Derrick, who belong to the same artillery corps.

BITS FOR BREAKFAST

Real summer weather. A little more of it, then a rain, will make Oregon farmers happy.

Of course, the U-boats or boats operating on the Atlantic coast just could not resist the temptation to take a crack at a Norwegian ship. Norway has no friends. She is too all-fired neutral.

Nowhere is the enemy making progress. This is the gist of the news from the western front.

But the German soldiers are still being hurled to death by their overlords.

The Germans are fearful of what may be coming to them in the Lunenburg sector, where the Sammies are. Hence they are wasting a lot of ammunition there.

Unofficial reports credit the Russians with a victory over the Turks in the Kars district of Trans-Caucasia. But it is added that the retiring forces are massacring the population. That sounds official, and natural.

Statistics show that the third liberty loan was sold, not underwritten—that is, the people put up the money, not the banks. Glory be.

And now the food conservators declare that seaweed is palatable and its use as a food ought to be encouraged. This will be easy for the folk who have heretofore doted on spaghetti.

It is now claimed that baldness is caused from trouble with the teeth. According to that, if one's hair begins to come out, he ought to have his teeth pulled. It sounds like an advertisement for a dentist.

An appropriation of \$33,000,000 is wanted for medicine for the army. Hope some of it will be "bad medicine" and that it will be administered to the Kaiser.

A coffin, supposed to contain a corpse, was seized in a South Dakota city and, when opened, was found to contain twenty gallons of whisky. The bootlegger had ordered a grave dug to receive the "remains." Had the funeral taken place it would have been a symbol of the real fate to which Kink Alcohol is doomed.

People who aid in circulating scandalous stories about Red Cross nurses are to be prosecuted under the Espionage act. No punishment could be too severe for those found guilty of such unthinkable conduct.

It has been suggested back East that all of the dogs of the country ought to be killed in order to conserve the meat supply. We should like to see the photograph of the man who would seriously propose it.—Los Angeles Times.

Many housekeepers go all through life without finding out that the first principle of housekeeping is never to remove a towel until there is one to put in its place. So important is this principle that at the fount of wisdom (the newspaper office) the towel never is removed.—Los Angeles Times.

SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes and sprinkled in the foot-bath. The Plattsburg Camp Manual advises men in training to use Foot-Ease in their shoes each morning. It prevents blisters, keeps spots and relieves painful, swollen feet and takes the aches out of corns and bunions. A certain relief for sweating, callous, tired, aching feet. Always use Allen's Foot-Ease to break in new shoes. Sold everywhere, 25c.

JUNE WHITE SALE Profuse Assemblages of Dainty UNDERMUSLIN Dainty Snow White Garments Beautifully designed, nicely trimmed and finished. A glance at the items will give you a good idea of what these displays include and how economically selections made from them can be secured. Gowns, 59c, 75c, 98c, \$1.50, \$2.00 Underskirts, 59c to \$2.50 Envelopes, 59c, 75c, 98c, \$1.25 Corset Covers, 25c to \$1.50 Bloomers, .85c and 39 Drawers, 35c, 49c, 65c, 75c Brassiers, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00 A full line of Silk Underwear at reduced prices SEND US YOUR MAIL ORDERS-WE PAY POSTAGE Kajowry Bros THE STORE FOR THE PEOPLE 416 STATE ST. SALEM-OREGON

IN A SOCIAL WAY

By Florence Elizabeth Nichols

Mr. and Mrs. J. William Chambers and their daughter, Dorothy, of State street, will leave today for their country home near Newberg, where they will join Mr. and Mrs. L. Reed Chambers who have been at the attractive rural place since their marriage some months ago. The J. William Chambers family will remain in Newberg for some weeks.

Miss Della Mabel Gantz was married to Ralph Fraser Burroughs at the country home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Gantz, near Covalla, Monday, with Rev. Edwin T. Sherman officiating. The groom is the son of Mrs. T. S. Burroughs, 366 North Commercial street. A brother of the groom, Julian Burroughs, attended the wedding. The young couple visited in Salem yesterday leaving on an afternoon train to make their home in Portland.

Following their engagement announcement, the marriage of Miss Pearl Dalton of Portland and Lieut. N. Paul Bennett, the son of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Bennett, 1030 Chemeketa street, will take place Saturday night. The ceremony will have the bride's home in Portland, 1734 Talbot road, as the setting. Miss Dalton is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Dalton and a popular Portland girl. She is the secretary of the field hospital auxiliary at Camp Lewis and much

Revelations of a Wife The Story of a Honeymoon A Wonderful Romance of Married Life Wonderfully Told by ADELE GARRISON

THE RECONCILIATION.

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I thought it out carefully. I could see that Dicky was accustomed to having his own way unquestioned. He had told me once that his mother and sister had spoiled him, and I reflected that he evidently expected me to go in the same way.

On the other hand, I had been absolutely my own mistress for years, the little mother in a way being more my child than I hers. Accustomed to decide for myself every question of my life, I had no desire, neither had I intention of doing, any clinging vine act with Dicky posing as the strong oak.

But I also had the common sense to see that there would be real issues in our lives without wasting our ammunition over a cat. Then, too, the remembrance of Dick's happy face when he thought he was surprising me, tugged at my heart.

"If he wants a cat, a cat he shall have," I said to myself, and calling my unweelcome guest to do my duty resolute determination to do my duty by the best, no matter how distasteful the task, I was just putting a saucer of milk in front of her when the door opened and Dicky came in like a whirlwind.

"How do you wear sackcloth and ashes?" He caught me in his arms as he made the query. "If you've got any in the house bring 'em along and I'll put them on. Seriously, girl, I'm awfully sorry I let my temper out of its little cage. No nice thing getting angry at your bride, because she doesn't like cats. I'll take the beast back tomorrow."

"Indeed, you'll do no such thing," I protested. "You're not the only one who is sorry. I made up my mind before you came back not only to keep this cat, but to learn to like her."

interested in war relief activities.

The groom to be is a graduate of the North Pacific Dental college in Portland, where he was a member of the Delta Sigma Delta fraternity. He also formerly attended Willamette university and is a graduate of the Salem high school. He is stationed at Vancouver barracks as a member of the dental surgery service.

Mrs. O. C. Locke and Mrs. H. H. Olinger are expected home from Portland today where they have been since Tuesday as the guests of Mrs. William Northrup. Mrs. Northrup is a golf enthusiast and Mrs. Locke and Mrs. Olinger were her guests at the Portland Golf club.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Cusick, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Cusick and Percy Young, all of Albany formed a party of golf players Sunday at the Illahee links. They returned from Albany to Salem.

Miss Dorothy Buchner has arrived home from Corvallis and will pass the summer with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter F. Buchner, in Salem. Miss Buchner expects to return to the Oregon Agricultural college next term as a third year student.

Miss Opal McDaniel will leave Saturday for a vacation visit in California and southern Oregon.

The Misses Mary Graham and Pauline Liska have been in Portland where they passed a short visit.

The Rosedale Red Cross auxiliary will meet this evening at Oak chapel in Rosedale. A program of magic and illusion will be in charge of E. Cooke Patton. Ice cream, cake and strawberries will be served.

The Mother's club of the Highland school will meet its afternoon in the

Cocoon Oil Fine For Washing Hair

If you want to keep your hair in good condition, be careful when you wash it with.

Most soaps and prepared shampoos contain too much alkali. This dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle, and is very harmful. Just plain mulified cocoon oil (which is pure and entirely greaseless), is much better than the most expensive soap or anything else you can use for shampooing, as this can't possibly injure the hair.

Simply moisten your hair with water and rub it in. One or two teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather, and cleanses the hair and scalp thoroughly. The lather rinses out easily, and removes every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excessive oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and it leaves it fine and silky, bright, fluffy and easy to manage.

You can get mulified cocoon oil at most any drug store. It is very cheap, and a few ounces is enough to last everyone in the family for months.

share I am afraid—of my savings upon my wedding outfit.

The foundation of the dress is Charmeuse, in Dick's favorite color, the green of the first tender leaves of the spring, and it is veiled with chiffon crepe of the latest rose tint, with sprays of apple blossoms running riot over it.

I am tall and slender, and my skin has the fairness which generally goes with hair like mine, so the dress is very becoming to me. As I fastened it that night I was quite pleased with my own reflection in the mirror.

"The taxi's here," Madge. "And so am I." I opened the door. "Just fasten this, and I have only my gloves and cape. I'll put on my gloves in the machine."

"This," was Dicky's wedding gift to me, an immense black opal quantity set with tiny diamonds in a lavalliere by a craftsman friend of Dicky's. Opals are my birthstone, and I am quite mad about them, so as neither Dicky nor I have an iota of superstition in our composition, his gift will not cause us any uneasiness. The shifting changes of the stone as the light struck it made it just the finishing note to be desired in my costume.

Dick obediently fastened the ornament, then bent and kissed my shoulder.

"Won't be a woman there who can hold a candle to my bride," he said extravagantly as he put my cape around me. "Of course not," I returned gayly. "You'll see all the women in the boxes coming down to ask me where I had these clothes made."

"I don't mean the clothes," Dick returned, snatching an umbrella from the rack as he opened the door. "Gather up your frills. There is no carriage entrance to this building, you know, but I'll guard your finery with my life and my trusty umbrella."

school building. It will be the last meeting of the year and points will be brought up of special interest to mothers. Special entertainment will be accorded to the teachers.

Eighty-three thousand women are now employed in the various offices of the British government.

Queen Wilhelmina of Holland is a practical dairymaid. She can milk a cow, churn butter and make excellent bread.

An aggressive campaign to Americanize women of foreign birth has been opened in Buffalo by the Civic Education society of that city.

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(To be continued.)