

THE OREGON STATESMAN

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OUR SAMMIES MAKING A GOOD SHOWING

The American troops in action, though small in number, as compared with the seasoned forces of the Allies, are making splendid showings every day.

Though our boys are the rookies of this war, they show as splendid dash as any of the veterans.

They are living up to the traditions of their country. What they have taken at Catigny they have held.

What they have taken on the Marne they still possess. The Germans are strengthening their lines around Toul, fearing further raids and perhaps a major attack from the troops fighting under the Stars and Stripes.

The seasoned fighters, who have been in the thick of the carnage for three or four years, stop to witness the dashing work of the Amex troops, as they are called among the soldiers of the Allies.

There are great days ahead of the men from the greatest Republic who are on the field of honor to make the world safe for democracy and honest and decency.

Another commencement week for Old Willamette is on. The honored institution with which Salem was cradled is doing great work, despite the fact that a very large percentage of her young men are with the American troops in France. Willamette has a glorious history, and she may confidently look forward to a great future.

One authority puts it somewhat strong when he says that the Germans in their recent drives have gained just about enough ground to bury their dead soldiers who were killed in making the gains.

Thousands of colored men are going overseas to fight for human freedom. From Hannibal to the defeat of the Tenth cavalry at Carrizal the Negro has held an honored place in the profession of arms.

The government owes it to the men who are swarming overseas to fight the battles of civilization that they be safeguarded by every means at its command. The fathers and mothers of this land will be satisfied with nothing less. Strike down the Hun and his submarines.

Benjamin O. Chapin, the moving-picture actor, who bore a striking likeness to Abraham Lincoln, is dead. But there are a lot of fellows who think they act like the martyred president who are clogging up the scenery. They never would be missed.—Exchange. Oregon people remember Chapin. He was one of the stars of our Chautauqua circuit.

Remember the Armenians, Belgians and Serbs, the Lusitania, the Sussex and hospital ships, Edith Cavell, Captain Fryatt and the curse of Kultur; remember the deportations of Lille and Roubaix, the inventors of poison gas, liquid flames, and the air raids on defenseless cities, the prison camps, the sackings and looting of churches and homes, the Canadians crucified, the girls outraged in France and Belgium, and the slaughter of old men and children to spread the terror of Prussianism.—Los Angeles Times.

EVOLUTION OF "ME UNT GOTT."

(Los Angeles Times). An investigation employed by The Times to look up the antecedents and origin of the Hohenzollern family reports that the first known Hohenzollern was a diseased oyster. He was an indestructible monad who took an anthropocentric view of nature, and when he was wrested from his bed in the North Sea in the year A. D. 1060 and opened and found to be sick he was tossed into the ocean and, along with the vibrations of his invisible atoms, went into the consciousness as well as the stomach of a ferocious Carcharias shark who was following a boat containing shipwrecked sailors with a view of upsetting it and lurching upon them. The shark was defeated by a timely blow of a harpoon, and a passing vulture swooped down and from the

lying carcass of the fish extracted the continuity of its mortal life and went ashore with it. There the vulture made a nest and filled it with eggs which were impregnated with the purposeful equilibrium obtained from the shark. While the vulture was absent a predatory rattlesnake crawled into the nest, sucked the eggs and thus became possessed of the properties of a rotten oyster, a man-eating shark and a carrion bird. The snake was in turn attacked and destroyed by a skunk, and the skunk was killed by two Hun soldiers named Burchard and Wezel Hohenzollern who skinned him and used his carcass to perfume their clothing. Thus there were evolved into the first Hohenzollerns the physical, moral and mental qualities of a diseased oyster, a shark, a vulture, a snake and a polecat and their descendant, Kaiser Wilhelm, exhibits all these qualities in his every action.

WEST POINT AS A MILITARY ASSET.

When the gray-clad cadets of the United States Military Academy line up on the field at West Point tomorrow, for the annual graduation exercises, they will receive their diplomas from the secretary of war under conditions more sober and impressive than have ever before attended a commencement at that far-famed institution.

Instead of receiving the customary assignments to this or that regiment of infantry or cavalry or artillery, to be stationed at a military post in the United States or one of its insular possessions, the members of the West Point class of 1918 will, in all probability, pass from the academy routine of study and drill into the real work of war, with the chances that a few months hence will find the most of the graduates of today actively "doing their bit" somewhere in France.

Military critics and historians are agreed that efficiency of an army depends fully as much upon its officers as it does upon its fighting men. If this be true, the value of the United States Military Academy as a military asset, in the present critical period of the nation's history, can not be overestimated, for there is no institution of its kind in the world where a man can attain to a higher degree of military education and efficiency than at West Point.

West Point has been for upwards of half a century the leading military academy in the world. Its methods have been in several instances adopted as a whole by foreign schools. The standard at the United States Military Academy has been, it is said, that toward which other schools have aimed. The history of the institution is a record of continual, unceasing, improvement in this respect.

On more than one occasion in the past history of the United States the highly beneficial effect of the comparatively few but well trained men from the West Point academy has been observed. General Winfield

Scott said: "I give it as my fixed opinion that but for our graduated cadets the war between the United States and Mexico might, and probably would, have lasted some four or five years. Within its first half more defeats than victories fell into our share, whereas in less than two campaigns we conquered a great country and a peace without the loss of a single battle or skirmish."

Elihu Root, when secretary of war, said: "Since the declaration of the war with Spain the faithful and efficient services of the graduates of the military academy at West Point have more than repaid the cost of the institution since its foundation." Brigadier General Henry Knox in 1776 was the first to suggest a military school for the United States at the present site. His proposals were seconded by Alexander Hamilton and approved by George Washington, but they were not adopted in the form suggested until, by an act of congress, approved in 1802, the president was authorized to establish a military academy, which was formally opened July 4 of that year.

By the act of 1802 fixing the military peace establishment, forty cadets were attached to the artillery and ten to the corps of engineers, and that corps was constituted a military academy and stationed at West Point, the senior officer of engineers present being the superintendent thereof.

This was the beginning of the present military academy, which is now one of the finest and most complete in the world, and which has turned out such masters of the military art as Ulysses S. Grant, Robert E. Lee, Phil Sheridan, William T. Sherman, and a long list of others whose abilities and achievements as soldiers have won world-wide fame.

The success and development of the West Point academy owes much to General Sylvester Thayer, who was superintendent of the institution during the early period of its development, and whose statue now holds a prominent place in the West Point grounds. General Thayer administered affairs at the academy for sixteen years and historians unite in asserting that to him more than to any other one man is due the present prestige of the academy.

A WOMAN OF MILLIONS AND MATRIMONY.

When Mrs. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, widow of the widely known young millionaire and sportsman who went down with the Lusitania, becomes the bride tomorrow of Raymond T. Baker, director of the U. S. mint, it will be the third time she has passed up the rose-strewn path to the altar.

Since Margaret Emerson-McKim Vanderbilt burst into national society, as a girl not yet out of her teens, her career has comprised all the high lights that one woman could possibly crowd into a comparatively short life.

As Miss Margaret Emerson, daughter of a wealthy drug manufacturer of Baltimore, the young woman who is to take her third plunge into matrimony tomorrow was popular among the younger set of Baltimore, Washington, New York and Newport. She met her first husband, Dr. Smith Hollis McKim, a young physician of a prominent Baltimore family, when he accompanied the Emersons as guest, physician and surgeon to the party, on a yacht tour of the world.

Upon the return of the yacht to this country their engagement was announced. The Emerson-McKim wedding in December, 1902, was one of the events of the year in Baltimore, more than 1500 persons of social prominence from all parts of the country attending.

In 1908 there came reports of their having separated, and Mrs. McKim went with her father to Reno in the latter part of October, 1909. The following August she received her decree. On the same day it was reported in Newport that she would marry Mr. Vanderbilt, who some time before had been divorced by his first wife, who was Miss Elsie French.

These reports were denied at the time, and the denials were given substance by the departure of Mrs. McKim for Japan immediately after se-

Be Careful in Using Soap on Your Hair

Most soaps and prepared shampoos contain too much alkali, which is very injurious, as it dries the scalp and makes the hair brittle. The best thing to use is just plain mulsified cocoanut oil, for it is pure and entirely greaseless. It's very cheap, and beats the most expensive soaps or anything else all to pieces. You can get this at any drug store, and a few ounces will last the whole family for months.

Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in, about a teaspoonful in all that is required. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, cleanses thoroughly, and rinses out easily. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and is left fresh looking, bright, fluffy, wavy, and easy to handle. Besides, it loosens and takes out every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

curring her divorce. After her return from Japan she lived in Reno for a while, but in October, 1910, she went to New York. On the same day that she left Reno Mr. Vanderbilt started for New York from Louisville, and the gossip started up afresh. Both stayed at the Plaza hotel in New York, and they were much in each other's company. The following May both were in London, and it was again reported they were about to wed. In the following fall, when both had returned to New York, there were again rumors of a wedding.

After all the reports that had been circulated about them the gossips were caught napping when Mr. Vanderbilt and Mrs. McKim, on December 17, 1911, quietly slipped away from London and were married at Reigate, in Surrey.

When Alfred G. Vanderbilt fell a victim to the German program of "ruthless warfare," in 1915, his death left his young widow with an immense fortune at her disposal. Mr. Vanderbilt had inherited the greater portion of the estate of his father, Cornelius Vanderbilt. When the will of the younger Vanderbilt was probated it was found that he had left an estate amounting to upwards of \$50,000,000. The will made provision for the widow by leaving her \$3,000,000 and the income of \$5,000,000 in trust, together with the Vanderbilt estates in the Adirondacks, and Gloucester House in London. The bulk of the remainder of the vast estate was divided equally between the two infant sons by his second marriage. To William H. Vanderbilt, his son by his first wife, Mr. Vanderbilt left a trust fund of \$5,000,000, and his country place near Newport.

Raymond T. Baker, who is to become the third husband of Mrs. Emerson-McKim-Vanderbilt, is a resident of Nevada. He was made director of the mint by President Wilson about a year ago. Previously he had served several years as secretary of the American embassy at Petrograd.

The wedding is to take place at Hopwood, the country home of the bride-elect at Lenox, in the heart of the Berkshires. While simplicity will be the keynote of the wedding, it will be attended by a number of guests of high station in social and public life. Mr. Baker has selected Key Pittman, United States senator from Nevada, to serve as his best man.

BITS FOR BREAKFAST

Wanted, badly, rain. Great days at Old Willamette.

There are nine rural mail carriers out of Salem postoffice. Seven of them are now using automobiles.

After the first of July, the rural carriers will have an increase of 20 per cent in their pay, and those who have routes over the regulation length of twenty-five miles will have something for the extra miles. The pay is now \$190 a month for twenty-five mile routes and over. The carriers have to furnish their own means of transportation.

The Germans have taken some ground from the French in the latest phase of their great drive; but they have paid for it recklessly with the lives of their soldiers.

But the American and French fighters have gained more ground, and taken prisoners and thirty machine guns. And the British have straightened their lines.

In a magazine article, General Foch has committed himself in favor of offensive warfare for victory. But he has not given his hand away as to time and place.

Nick Romanoff has moved his quarters again in Tobolsk. Possibly the rent was due.

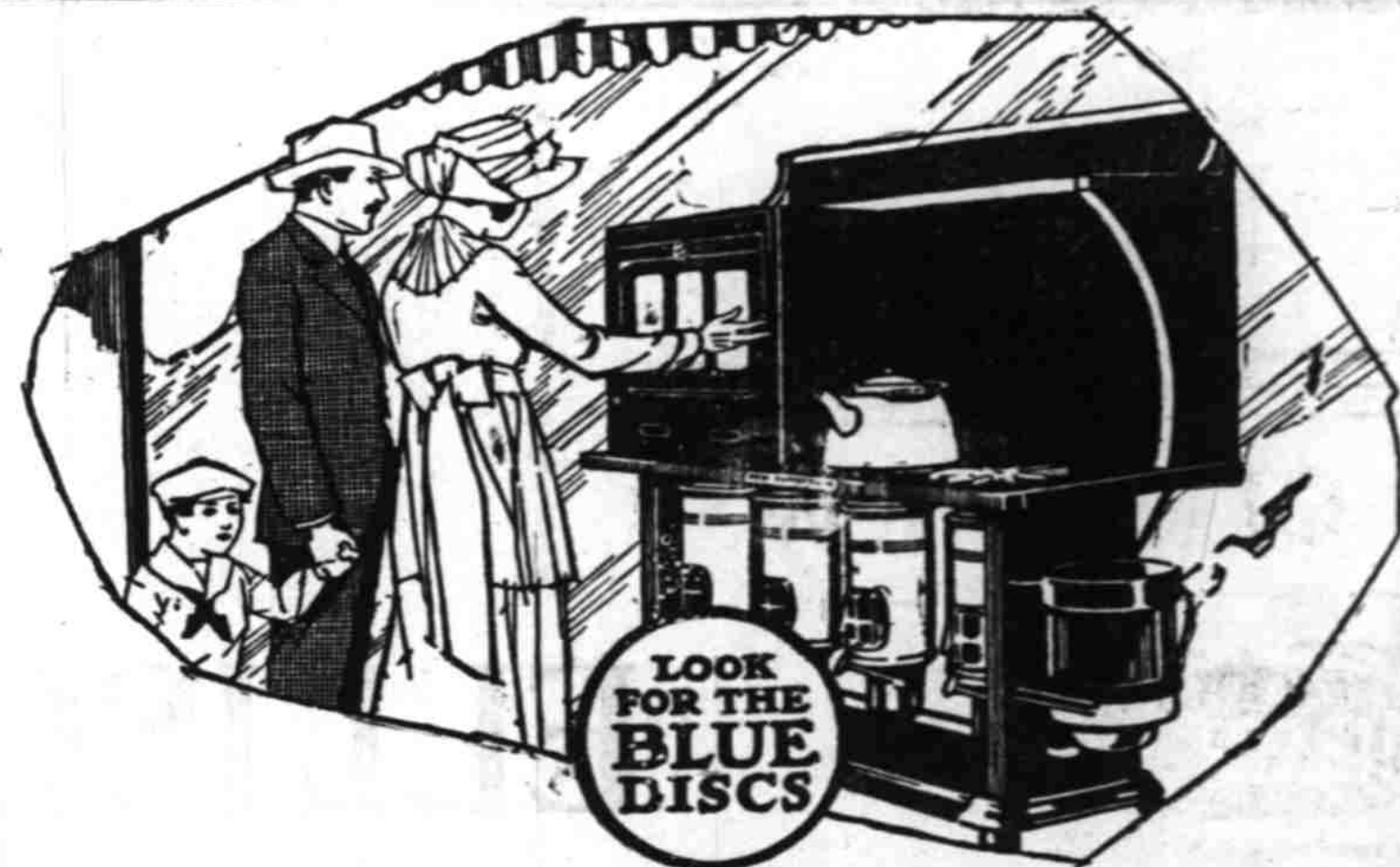
Just imagine the noise in Austria if that country, with its seventeen different languages, embarks on a real revolution.

A woman up-stae claims to have in her possession an egg that is more than fifty years old. We thought we bought it last summer.—Los Angeles Times.

There must this be said in favor of the kaiser: he is taking good care of his six lusty boys. They must be hidden under the ammunition wagons.—Exchange.

Now a monk is blamed for the letter imputed to the Emperor of Austria. There have been "goats" in the world from the beginning of time, and they are not confined to the field of international diplomacy. There are a few in the newspaper game.

Anna Held, gayest of comedienne, is dying in New York of "multiple myeloma," or, being freely translated, from the effect of trolley lagging. It doesn't pay to imitate the "hour-glass" figure in women.



THIS IS THE WEEK

And now is the time to learn how to cook in comfort all the year round. It is New Perfection Oil Cook Stove Week. An oil cook stove assures that your kitchen will stay cool even in the hottest summer weather, because the heat of the stove is concentrated on the cooking. There is no smoke or odor; no dust or dirt. And you have all the convenience of gas. Lights at the touch of a match and heats in a jiffy. More convenient than coal or wood. Better and more economical cooking all the year round. Look for the Big Blue Discs in your dealer's window. Go in and ask about oil cook-stove comfort and convenience.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (CALIFORNIA)

NEW PERFECTION OIL COOK STOVE

R. H. CAMPBELL, Special Agent, Standard Oil Co., Salem.

THESE STOVES FOR SALE BY FOLLOWING SALEM DEALERS: Spencer Hardware Company, Salem, Oregon; W. W. Moore Furniture Co., Salem, Oregon; Ray L. Farmer Hardware Co., Salem, Oregon; Imperial Furniture Company, Salem, Oregon; E. L. Stiff & Son, Salem, Oregon; Max O. Buren, Salem, Oregon; C. S. Hamilton, Salem, Oregon.

IN A SOCIAL WAY

By Florence Elizabeth Nichols

Mrs. E. S. Lamport returned from Portland last night following a week end visit in Portland where she went to bid good bye to her son, Frederick Lamport, who will leave today for Bremerton following his recent enlistment in the navy. Mrs. Frederick Lamport (Eleanor Rodgers) will remain with her husband in Portland until the time of his leaving. Mr. Lamport expects to be in Bremerton for several months. His wife will join him there at frequent week ends. However, she will keep open her Salem home. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bensett will remain with her for an indefinite time at Ben Lomand park.

Mrs. L. May Baker of Eugene, Oregon, is the house guest of her daughter, Mrs. J. Frank Hughes.

Mr. and Mrs. John Farrar and Mrs. Abie Farrar have returned from a several months stay in California.

Accompanied by her sister, Miss Genevieve Cooper of Independence, Mrs. John Kraus (Frances Cooper) and her little son were recent visitors in Salem. Mrs. Kraus has also been visiting with her parents, Mr.

and Mrs. J. N. Cooper, of Independence. The Misses Elma and Norma Hendricks and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Chambers have been visiting in Salem.

En route to their home in Buffalo, N. Y., from touring California and Oregon, Mrs. Thomas H. Reading and Mrs. Millard F. Woodard have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Underhill. The travelers are both aunts of Mrs. Underhill. The guests were accompanied by Mrs. L. D. Waterman of Lyons.

In compliment to Mrs. David Hill of Pendleton, Mrs. Will Bennett was a hostess at a knitting bee recently at her home, 155 North Fourteenth street. Mrs. Hill has been the house guest of Mrs. W. H. Lytle for the past fortnight. This is the first visit in Salem of this charming guest and she will remain for about ten days longer.

An artistic array of bachelor buttons decked the rooms on Thursday. Those who were bidden to meet Mrs. Hill, besides Mrs. Lytle, were Mrs. William S. Walton, Mrs. John Calhoun, Mrs. O. C. Locke, Mrs. J. O. Wilson, Mrs. H. H. Olinger and Mrs. C. Locke.

Miss Dorothy Kezar was a delightful hostess for a merry group of her school friends, Saturday at the home of her mother, Mrs. L. A. Kezar 1930 North Commercial street. A lawn party was the diversion and the young folks frolicked in games. Those present were Marcet Dabney, Pearl Hill, Wilma Cursey, Edith Wilson, Juanita Williams, Mineta

Williams, Esther Cooper, Leolyn Barnett, Clarice Ritchie, Gladys Bewley, Lois Hockett, Juanita Hockett, Dorothy Kezar, Rhea McCoy, Miss Thelma Owen, Miss Florence Pope and Miss Vera Kezar.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

The first normal school for women teachers was opened at Lexington, Mass., in 1839. McGill University, Montreal, has decided to admit women to the study of medicine and dentistry. The Indian women of Bolivia are usually superior to their lords in both energy and intelligence.

STOMACH DEAD MAN STILL LIVES

People who suffer from sour stomach, fermentation of food, distress after eating and indigestion, and seek relief in large chunks of artificial digestors, are killing their stomachs by inaction just as surely as the victim of morphine is deadening and injuring beyond repair every nerve in his body.

What the stomach of every sufferer from indigestion needs is a good prescription that will build up his stomach, put strength, energy and elasticity into it, and make it sturdy enough to digest a hearty meal without artificial aid.

The best prescription for indigestion ever written is sold by druggists everywhere and by Daniel J. Fry, and is rigidly guaranteed to build up the stomach and cure indigestion, or money back.

This prescription is named Mi-ona, and is sold in small tablet form in large boxes, only a few cents. Remember the name, Mi-ona stomach tablets. They never fail.

Revelations of a Wife

The Story of a Honeymoon

A Wonderful Romance of Married Life Wonderfully Told by ADELE GARRISON

"LIL" COMES VISITING. "Sit down, Lil. Hello, Harry." Dicky was on his feet in an instant and Lillian Gale was seated next to me with Dicky and her husband leaning over us before I had fully realized that the woman, the thought of whom had so disturbed my evening, was so close to me. "I want you to know Mrs. Graham, Harry," Dicky said. I glowed inwardly at the note of pride in his voice and looked up to meet a pair of brilliant black eyes looking at me with an appraising approval that gratified me. He was a tall, good looking chap, with an air of ennui that sat oddly on his powerful frame. I felt sure that it would like Lillian Gale's husband as little as I did the woman herself. "What are you up to tonight, anyway, Dickybird?" As Mrs. Underwood spoke I involuntarily thought of Dicky's description of her voice as a Comanche yell. It was a voice with great possibilities of beauty in its tones; but she evidently did not know how to modulate it, or did not care to do so. "Promise you'll whisper for the rest of the evening and I'll let you in on it," Dicky returned, teasingly. I could not help a little shiver as I realized from Dicky's every intonation what good chums he and this

woman must be. "Cross my heart." She suited the action to the word. "Remember that cover I've been trying to work out for that new theatrical magazine? What do you think of these? The originals are right behind us; restrain your enthusiasm." He handed her the program with its marginal drawings. She studied them intently for a minute. "Dickybird, these will be the best things you have ever done," she said, and when I saw by Dicky's face that he felt flattered by this woman's opinion, knowing as he did her own ability in his line, and realized that praise of his drawings from his standpoint and hers, were merely the conventional opinion of the outsider, I felt a tiny pang of what? Jealousy? I feared so. "I was glad when the outer curtain began slowly to rise, showing that the second act was about to begin. Mrs. Underwood rose with a noisy rustling of draperies. She evidently was one of those women who can do nothing quietly, and turning to me said, cordially: "Be sure to wait for us in the lobby when this is over. We have a plan," and before I had time to reply she had rushed away to her own seat, her tall husband following at some

distance behind her, but apparently oblivious of her presence as if she was a stranger. I did not much enjoy the second act, even though I realized that it was one of the best comedy scenes I had ever seen, both in its lines and its acting; but I had a problem to settle, and I longed for the quiet hour in my own room which my mother had trained me to take every day, since childhood. Of course, I realized that Lillian Gale wanted to have us join them for a supper party after the theatre. The invitation would be given to us in the lobby after the last act. Upon the way that I received that invitation must depend my future conduct toward this woman. I could not make one of the proposed party and afterward decline to know her. My instincts all cried out to me to avoid Lillian Gale. She outraged all my canons of good taste, although even through my prejudices I had to admit there was something oddly attractive about her in spite of her atrocious make-up. But, on the other hand, she and her husband appeared to be on most intimate terms with Dicky. Would I seriously offend him if I refused to treat his friends with friendliness equal to that which they seemed ready to shower upon me? (To be continued.)