

THE OREGON STATESMAN

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BIRTHDAY OF THE STARS AND STRIPES.

Flag Day, celebrated in commemoration of the act of Congress adopting the red, white and blue as the national emblem, is being enthusiastically observed all over the land today.

With America playing a leading role in the world war for freedom and democracy, with hundreds of thousands of American boys battling across the seas under the starry folds of "Old Glory," the birthday anniversary of the American flag has never possessed a deeper and more profound significance than it does today.

That is why flags are fluttering today from public and private flagstaffs, in every nook and corner of the United States and in the American possessions beyond the seas.

In the national capital the day is being observed as never before since the custom of celebrating Flag Day was first instituted.

Pennsylvania avenue and other prominent thoroughfares are literally covered with the national colors.

In every direction, and in the most out of the way places the eye is greeted by the red, white and blue.

Every citizen of the capital, from the President down to the humblest, will appear with a miniature flag in his buttonhole.

The flag is 141 years old today.

It was on this date, in 1777, that the Continental Congress resolved, "That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation."

Though the original design has been altered the alteration represents only the growth of the institutions for which the flag stands.

The colonies had flags before they adopted the real banner of freedom.

At the commencement of the Revolution nearly all of the colonies sent their troops into the field under their individual banners.

At the siege of Boston General Israel Putnam raised a flag on Prospect Hill, Somerville, Jan. 1, 1776. It bore the red cross of St. George and a white saltire of St. Andrew on a blue union.

Then there was the celebrated Pine Tree flag on a white field with the words, "An Appeal to Heaven." And there were a number of others during the early period of the war for independence.

There has long been a dispute as to who originated the design of the Stars and Stripes, George Washington and Benjamin Franklin approved the design and Betsy Ross, wife of John Ross, an upholsterer, living in Arch street, Philadelphia, made the one which the Continental Congress adopted, and it is the same flag today except that a star has been added as often as a new state has been admitted into the Union.

The new flag was first carried abroad by the redoubtable Paul Jones.

By error this flag had but twelve stars, but the man whom the British dubbed "pirate, rebel, robber," proudly informed Congress that the emblem at the peak of his warship, the "Ranger," was received with the most marked courtesies by the French, whose formal recognition of the new flag constituted the French acknowledgment of the American republic.

From the time of the Revolution, the Stars and Stripes have varied, though the general design has remained the same. There were thirteen stars during the Revolution, fifteen in the war of 1812, twenty-nine in the Mexican War, thirty-three-thirty-five in the war between the States, forty-five in the war with Spain, and forty-eight today.

The Stripes were changed first from thirteen to fifteen, and then back to thirteen.

It may be surprising to know that the American flag, in point of seniority, antedates virtually all of the flags now flying on the European battlefields. It is older than the present British Jack and the French Tricolor, and many years older than the flags of Italy and Germany.

It has been well said that our national emblem stands for American ideals and ideas—it is not the flag of a family or a house, but the flag of the whole people. It is the emblem of liberty and freedom, being indicative of individual independence and yet symbolic of a united and closely bonded people.

GREATER WILLAMETTE UNIVERSITY AGAIN.

In this column, yesterday morning, The Statesman said Willamette University has become a million dollar institution.

And the endowment funds were given, as of May 31, at \$561,241.45. That was according to the balance sheet at that date.

But the sums that have been provided in several estates, part of the money having been already turned over since May 31, were not included in the balance sheet as of that date.

With these sums included, the endowment funds of the institution are now above \$600,000; and, with the possible collection of a lot of unpaid subscriptions, the sum may mount up well towards the \$700,000 mark.

Anyway, it will be \$700,000 before very long.

So Willamette University is now more than a million dollar school. It is on the way towards being a two million dollar school.

The prediction is here made that, within a very few years after peace comes to the world, Old Willamette will be a two million dollar institution; and that it will then be just getting under way towards its real destiny in point of greatness measured in dollars.

In all other ways, it is now a great institution and has been throughout its long and honorable history.

The world remains young. The circus is still the thing.

Bargain Day in Salem tomorrow. A big day.

Bargain day in Salem tomorrow.

Everybody, or nearly everybody, is willing to leave it to Foch.

You can buy a lot of things in Salem tomorrow at a bargain.

"Our freedom and the world's," is all that the people of England, Belgium, France and Italy are asking today. They will not ask in vain.



IN A SOCIAL WAY

By Florence Elizabeth Nichols

Felicitations are reaching Mr. and Mrs. Thomas L. Williams, 1025 South Fir street, upon the arrival of a daughter to them yesterday at the Salem hospital. They have named the little girl Dorothy Estella.

Mrs. Fred R. Harrell of Spokane is visiting her mother, Mrs. H. Van Fleet and her sister, Mrs. Henry Vandevort, at the latter's home on North Winter street. Mrs. Harrell expects to remain a few weeks longer in Salem and then go to Stayton to visit another sister, Mrs. Caspell.

On her father's sixty-third birthday anniversary, Miss Dorothy B. Shank was married Sunday to William C. Bacon of Albany. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Shank, 1083 Shipping street, and the ceremony was read at the home of her parents. The rooms were prettily decorated in pink and white. Rev. George Young of the Baptist church at Albany read the ceremony.

The bride was attractive in a dark blue tulle. The vows were exchanged at 2:30 o'clock and were followed by a wedding collation. Later the couple left for a fortnight's honeymoon trip. On their return they will make their home at Albany where the groom is in the automobile business. Mrs. Bacon has taught in the Albany junior high school for the past four years.

The wedding guests were Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Bristol and Miss Lela Riches of Silverton, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Lovin and small son, and Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Shank of Albany, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Shank and daughters Beth Ellen and Billie, and Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Fox of Salem.

The Woman's alliance of the Unitarian church will meet with Mrs. Clarence Hamilton, 290 Front street, this afternoon at 2:30 o'clock.

The Woman's Missionary circle of the First Baptist church will meet at the home of Mrs. F. A. Manning, 115 Marion street, this afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. Mrs. L. C. Elwell will lead.

Miss Hortense Harrell left yesterday for her home in Spokane, after an extended stay with her aunt, Mrs. Henry Vandevort. Miss Harrell has been attending Williamette university.

Miss Daisy Duckering, who has been penmanship supervisor of the city schools, will leave this morning for her home at Everett, Wash. Miss Duckering will not return to Salem.

"Uncle Jim" Sweeney Loses Hand in Machinery of Mill

DALLAS, June 12.—(Special to The Statesman).—James Sweeney, one of the proprietors of the Dallas Flouring mills on East Mill street had the misfortune to get his right hand caught between two rollers in the mill Saturday morning and as a result the member was crushed to a pulp as far as the wrist. Mr. Sweeney was taken to the Dallas hospital immediately after the accident where the hand was amputated. Sweeney came to Dallas from Salem a number of years ago and this is the second time that "Uncle Jim," as he is affectionally called by friends here, has been the victim of an accident. When a young man he was caught in a belt and one side of his body injured that he has been a cripple ever since. Owing to Mr. Sweeney's advanced age the amputation of his hand was a shock to him but he is resting easily at the home of his brother, J. L. Sweeney.

Hats off to the war mothers! They are the elect and the sed of both the church and the nation.

Four 10,000-ton ships a day will keep the kaiser away. And that is the point toward which American shipbuilders are arching.

FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN

Women Praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for Health Restored.

In almost every neighborhood in America are women who have tried this standard remedy for female ills and know its worth.

Athol, Mass.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done me a world of good. I suffered from a weakness and a great deal of pain every month and nothing brought me any relief until I tried this famous medicine. I am a different woman since I took it and want others who suffer to know about it."—Mrs. ARTHUR LAWSON, 559 Cottage St., Athol, Mass.

San Francisco, Cal.—"I was in a very weak nervous condition, having suffered terribly from a female trouble for over five years. I had taken all kinds of medicine and had many different doctors and they all said I would have to be operated on, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured me entirely and now I am a strong well woman."—Mrs. H. ROSSKAMP, 1447 Devisadero St., San Francisco, Cal.

For special advice in regard to such ailments write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of its many years experience is at your service.

Tremendous Bargains at the BIG CLOSING OUT SALE

Table with columns: Grand Closing Out Sale of Ribbons, Embroideries, A Large Assortment of Last Year Quality Silk Gloves, Granite Ware Aluminum Porcelain Dishes.

Table with columns: One Assortment of Waists, Black Petticoats of Sateen or Heatherbloom, Tablets, White Laundry Soap.

One Assortment of Purses. \$2.75 values, now ... \$ .75. \$4.00 values, now ... \$1.25. \$6.00 values, now ... \$1.50. \$8.00 values, now ... \$2.00. \$9.50 values, now ... \$2.50. Stockton CORNER COURT AND COM'L STREET, SALEM.

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

A BREAKFAST DELAYED If anybody wishes an infallible recipe for taking the romance out of life, I can recommend washing a pile of dishes which have been left over from the day before, especially if there be among them a number of greasy pots and pans. Restoring order to a badly cluttered room is another glamour destroyer, but the first prize, I stoutly affirm, goes to the dishes. An especially aggravating collection of romance shatters awaited me the morning after our visit to the theatre, and my first encounter with Lillian Gale. The night before, when Dicky had gone away from the apartment in anger after our quarrel over the Angora, I had sat brooding instead of doing up my dinner work. Then when he had rushed in with the theatre tickets there had been no time to do more than hastily cover the food. The dining table still held the uneaten desert, while the kitchen was unpeppably dreary with its pile of solid dishes. As we rented a furnished apartment, the kitchen equipment was the rather scanty one that goes with such places. I had not yet added to it, and I found myself unable to get breakfast until I had washed the cooking utensils from the night before. Dicky likes a hearty breakfast, too. I cannot give him coffee and fruit, my morning meal the year round. He is a healthy animal, for which I am thankful, but I could have wished him less ravenous upon this particular morning. I slipped out of bed early, mindful of Dicky's wish to get to the studio as soon as possible, tubbed and dressed rapidly, and had just put the teakettle on the gas stove when Dicky appeared at the door. "Isn't breakfast ready?" His tone was injured. "Ready!" My intonation matched his. "Of course it's not ready. I went to the theatre last night, you may remember, instead of doing the dinner work, and then you insisted upon a chafing dish lunch after we got home, which added to the confusion here. Just look at this kitchen! If I can get breakfast ready in less than an hour I'll be lucky." "An hour!" Dicky's tone was tragic. "With my head all full of that cover, and my hands itching to get at those sketches before I forget how these people looked, you ask me to cook my breakfast for an hour? I can't do it, that's all! Never mind breakfast for me. I'll get something at that hash house near the studio. Stuff isn't half bad, if you don't have to go against it more than once a month." I suppose I ought to have been properly impressed by this speech and have evinced deep sympathy for the prospective victim of hash house food. Dicky's tone was plaintive and resigned, as if, determined to be a martyr, he would do the job thoroughly. But I know that the hash house was not his only resource. On his way to the studio he had to pass a very excellent little restaurant which made a specialty of breakfasts. There really was no reason in the world why he should not get a meal there, when things were so upset at the apartment. I saw Dicky was a spoiled child, and that he expected his wife to do a flying leap every time he happened to be in a hurry, regardless of whether it was convenient or necessary or not. I resolved to do a little husband training for my future comfort. "I think that is a most excellent idea," I said cordially. "Then I can get this place cleared up in time to get you a nice luncheon. But you know you do not need to go to that hash house, Dicky. What's the matter with Clark's cafe, two blocks down?" "But Dicky's mood was perverse. "Any of them will do, I suppose," he grumbled, "but if there is one thing I detest it is eating breakfast in a restaurant. I've done it so many years I'm sick of it. When we went to housekeeping I thought I never would have to do it again." Dicky strode out of the kitchen and I turned to the dishes, determined to make the most of the stand I had taken, cost what it might. It is all right for Director-General McAadoo to eliminate the railroad presidents, but what is he going to do with the boys who peddle cheap, trashy novels on the trains and call it "literachoor"?—Exchange. KILLED WHILE LANDING FORTH WORTH, Texas, June 13.—Gordon W. Cooper of Lansing, Mich., an aviator, was killed at Barron field tonight when attempting to land.

Bargain Day Reductions

10 per cent off on all Stamped Articles And still deeper reductions on all finished articles Needlecraft Shop 429 Court Street Salem, Oregon

Table listing various items and prices: 85c Broom, 1.00 Broom, 1.25 Broom, 1.35 Broom, 20c pkg. Cream of Barley, 20c Postum Cereal, 10c Arm & Hammer Soda, 5c Walnuts, per lb., Prunes, per lb., Money saved is money made. It pays to trade at the FARMERS CASH STORE Opposite Court House