

# THE OREGON STATESMAN

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## PROTECTIVE TARIFF THE BEST AGENCY.

Addressing the American Manufacturers' Export Association in New York, Sir Frederick Black, of the British Admiralty, told the members they must find the happy medium between cut-throat competition and monopolistic combines which preyed upon the consumer.

The suggestion was received with cheers. "One of the greatest principles we have got to look for at the end of the war," said the speaker, "is to get the right kind of competition. . . . We shall have to find the happy medium between unrestricted competition that may be ruinous to all of us and that proper vitalizing element of competition which is good for enterprise."

The speaker concluded his address by indicating his belief that there was little use to bother with post-war trade preparations, for no one could tell what the terms of peace would be, and what economic and territorial and tariff conditions would be agreed upon.

Certain members of his audience talking the matter over among themselves afterwards, suggested that this was the attitude which Great Britain took with respect to preparations for the great war, a policy which cost John hundreds of thousands of lives and untold millions of treasure, and a policy which our own administration copied, notwithstanding the example Great Britain had furnished us.

Protection has proved itself to be the best agency in getting the right kind of competition for the United States.

It permits sufficient competition from abroad to stabilize prices in our market, without encouraging it to such a degree as to ruin American industry and shipping labor into frayed pantaloons.

There used to be an old shibboleth of the Democratic party, "the tariff is the mother of the trusts."

Even the Democrats are afraid to sound that in these days.

Suppose we had had free trade in years gone by.

How much more quickly would the big interests have gotten together all over the world to combine for "mutual benefits," just as certain representatives of European and American steel interests once got together in Germany with a view to fixing world prices on certain steel products.

And if one reads the testimony taken before the congressional committees one immediately becomes struck with the fact that few, if any, of the so-called "trusts" are ultra-protective in their tariff views.

It is the small and the normal sized concerns that require protection from foreign competition the most, and they constitute the backbone of American industry.

So radically has the Democratic viewpoint changed with respect to trade combinations, that the Webb bill was passed under the present administration to permit combination for foreign trade without limit.

Protection also has a general tendency to encourage importation of the more desirable goods from abroad, rather than the shoddy sort.

The man who prefers the imported article sufficiently to pay the price for it, generally wants the best quality.

Surely no agency could possibly be found which would achieve the "happy medium between unrestricted competition that may be ruinous to all of us" and that which is good for enterprise, more satisfactorily than the protective tariff, permitting, as it does, enough competition from abroad to spur our home industries to higher efficiency and workmanship, vying with foreign competitors, but preventing the swamping of our markets with foreign goods, in which one-half to one-third the American labor cost has been expended, to a degree which drowns out our furnaces and blows out our stacks.

The great movement of United States troops to France is growing in volume. They are hurrying forward to put the finishing touches on the job of making the world safe for civilization.

Salem people are going to see to it that the cherries and the loganberries are all picked. The best people in the world will be found in the orchards and yards.

Austria is growing more hungry and more impatient for peace. Her overlords are sitting on a live volcano. Anything may happen in Austria, any hour now.

Italy holds. Hurrah for Italy! The crops must be harvested, and will be.

Canada will be in the war after today; every man and woman. Canada has already done better in this respect than any other country, in proportion to her population.

There is nothing worth saying that can not be said in English.—Los Angeles Times. Yes; but what is the matter with French, Italian, and the forty odd other languages spoken and written by our American soldiers in France?

President Wilson tells President Poincare that we are in the war until the allies win. In other words, we propose to fight it out on this line if it requires any number of summers. And the nation will back the president in the high resolve.—Exchange. And, this being the situation, it is not going to take many summers—one, in all probability, and surely not more than two.

## PATRIOTIC STENOGRAPHERS.

The stenographic force of the main office of the Pheasant Northwest Products Company, in the United States Bank building, have volunteered as a unit to enter the ranks of the pickers and will work before and after regular office hours, going to and from office by auto.

They have equipped themselves with regulation farmerette outfits, consisting of straw hats, coveralls, etc. They want to be used where needed, and the most they ask is the privilege of doing their bit towards saving the crops.

An interesting part of their offer, which has been handed to the local government employment office, is that they will give all their earnings from the picking to the work of the Red Cross. This is the sort of co-operation and public spiritedness that is going to save the day for our growers, and it is safe to say that they will be better stenographers, better girls, and in better health, because of this undertaking and experience.

The following is their written offer: "We, the undersigned, believing it to be our patriotic duty, do hereby

signify our willingness to be of service to any grower of cherries or loganberries who needs pickers to help harvest the crop. We will be at their service every day after 5 p. m., and from 2 o'clock p. m. Saturdays until Sunday evening.

"All moneys earned will be given to the Red Cross."  
—Ethel Trindle.  
—Maudie Rucker.  
—Gertrude Ashby.  
—Edna McDaniel.  
—Mina Scheffe.  
—Leone Dunham.  
—Ethel Roberts."

## REGISTRATION DAY IN CANADA.

Bright and early tomorrow morning an army of registrars will set forth on their mission of "counting the noses" throughout the Dominion of Canada before the set of the sun. It will be national registration day, the day set apart for the Dominion to take stock of her man and woman power to meet the military and industrial requirements of the war. From Halifax to Vancouver and from the bleak shores of Hudson Bay to the southern boundary line, the registrars will gather statistics concerning every man and woman in the country over 16 years of age. On the results of this special census the government will base its calculations for its measures in the future in the way of holding up the strength of the Canadian contingents fighting overseas and at the same time providing the home industries with a labor supply to meet the existing demands.

As every British subject over the age of 16 years is required to register, it is estimated that the number of registrations will be in the neighborhood of five million. The officials required for the work which will be finished in one day are as follows: Seventeen superintendents, 231 registrars, which is practically one for every electoral district in the country, and 50,000 deputy registrars who will be in charge of the registration booths which for the most part will be located in public buildings. These booths will be opened from 7 a. m. to 10 p. m.

Owing to the difficulty of securing clerical help and also office accommodation in Ottawa, the work of tabulating the information which will be secured will be performed in Toronto. It is estimated by the civil service commission that it will require 450 persons to collate the information, half of whom will be French, as close on this proportion of cards will be answered in the French language.

The seriousness of the registration that any person failing to register may be liable to a fine of \$100, will lose his vote, forfeit his right to employment of any kind within the Dominion, can not travel on any public conveyance, nor will any hotel or similar house of accommodation be allowed to give him lodging.

The first appeal of the public to comply with all the requirements of the act will be made from a patriotic standpoint; the second will be an appeal to duty; and the third and last appeal, for those who refuse to sign, will take the form of a penalty under the law.

In carrying out the registration considerable responsibility will be placed upon the large employers of labor, who in a large measure will be held responsible for the registration of their employees. The heads of factories, transportation systems and other large industries who do not co-operate in the movement will find themselves in a very difficult position, as the regulations provide for severe punishment for those refusing to sign. Those factories which do not make every employee's name will be under suspension, and will be visited by officers the first of next week, and in the event of any employee being found unregistered the owners and managers will be subjected to the full penalties of the law.

Identification of every resident in Canada regarding his or her nationality, occupation, and what he or she is capable of doing if called on, is absolutely necessary, the government points out, so that industrial effort may be centered on the most essential occupations and permit of men being drawn from the less vital industries to re-enforce the soldiers at the front; so that concentration will be placed on Canada's increase in the production of foodstuffs, munitions and other materials essential to the winning of the war; and to aid in the system of compulsory rationing during the continuance of hostilities.

The Bolsheviks are reported as taking more towns. Who are the Bolsheviks at war with?

This war will never be won for America by the men who imagine they have done their full duty by the country when they purchased a Red Cross dance ticket.

The growth of the American army along the western front is worrying Germany. One of these fine days the common people of that nation will learn the exact truth of the situation.—Exchange.

## BITS FOR BREAKFAST

Are you going to pick?

The pickers will be the aces.

The farmerettes will blossom in the cherry orchards and loganberry yards.

The German has lost his nerve.

This is the outstanding piece of war news this morning.

He has lost his nerve on the Italian front, and on the western front, too.

He knows he is licked, or has his licking coming.

Forty thousand crack German troops were told to take Rheims at all costs. They laid their plans for success, and went on in waves—but the French gunners shot great gaps in their ranks, and those who survived were glad to hurry back to their holes in the ground.

The Italiani have this week shot down fifty Austrian airplanes, and lost only two of their own.

The war eyes of the Teutons are out, or being put out, and this will decide the war against them. An army without eyes in these latter days is lost. The victory is bound to come to the armies having domination of the air, and this is passing to the forces of civilization, and will very soon be all but complete.

## BELGIAN YOUTH WRITES LITTLER

Correspondence Is Through  
Translator—Gifts Received by Soldier

Robert Littler, of Salem has been corresponding through a translator in Paris, with Alphonse Breydels, a 23-year-old Belgian lad, who is in active service on the Belgian front. But upon the receipt of a recent letter the young Belgian wrote of his understanding of the English language, and could read readily.

Several gifts, such as a wrist watch, magazine, underclothing etc., which were sent by Mr. Littler, have been received, without delay.

"My dear friend Robert—I received your letter yesterday morning, and I expect with great impatience the picture you promised me. I received the parcel you sent about Christmas.

"Our life is not a joyous one. Just now we have a hard time to pass through and every day we expect the second time of the German offensive. If he will get through we do not know; but we have the firm hope to stand it. I wished it should be the end of the first time they went over. It is most likely the second will be as rough as the first.

"I saw in the papers how the liberty loan succeeded. It is a great comfort for us to know we are so nicely remembered by our American allies. We now are pretty sure to have the last word on it.

"Yes, I read English quite easily. Of course there is no need to get your letters translated at Paris. You can send them directly to me. I understand them.

"What do people think in America about the issue of the war? Shall it last a long time? I want to go home and see my people again.

"Will you be kind enough to send me a pair of American drawers. The one we can find here are too long and warm for summer time.

"I pray you don't forget your picture. I want badly to know my American friend better. Hoping to hear more of you within a short time, I remain your sincerely,  
"Alphonse Breydels."

## SOLDIERS TO BE CARED

(Continued from page one)

to coordinate the work of military preparedness accomplished in the United States with execution of the work carried out in France; to supply all the needs of the American forces in France, as well as French needs in the United States; to establish and follow, in accord with the American government, and especially toward neutral countries, the policy of the inter-allied agreements, and to supply allied, neutral or enemy countries with information concerning Franco-American cooperation. He has executed all decisions on the above matters, referring when needed.

## EASY TO DARKEN YOUR GRAY HAIR

You Can Bring Back Color and Lustre with Sage Tea and Sulphur.

When you darken your hair with Sage Tea and Sulphur, no one can tell, because it's done so naturally, so evenly. Preparing this mixture though, at home is messy and troublesome. At little cost you can buy at any drug store the ready-to-use preparation, improved by the addition of other ingredients called "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound." You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning all gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully darkened, glossy and luxuriant.

Gray, faded hair, though no disgrace is a sign of old age, and as we all desire a youthful and attractive appearance, get busy at once with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound and look years younger. This ready-to-use preparation is a delightful toilet requisite and not a medicine. It is not intended for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease.



## United States working Boy reserve

Let the children help. Let not us grown folks be selfish in our service. Let us give the children, too, their chance. Let us mobilize our youngsters—willing little hands in the great cause. Let us enlist them in the freeing of the world.

## Smart Sport Coats, Sweaters and Skirts

As soon as you see them we have no hesitation in saying you will not be satisfied until you have one of them. A beautiful showing of the Ladies' New Sweater Coats, Pure Silk Fiber. Price \$8.50 to \$19.50  
Misses \$3.50 to \$5.50  
All Wool Silk Fiber Slipon \$3.65 to \$5.50

## SILK DRESS SKIRTS

The demand for Silk Skirts is unprecedented, and to meet it they are made of a great variety of weights and weaves in scores of pretty styles and remarkable values \$4.98 to \$19.50

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## IN A SOCIAL WAY

By Florence Elizabeth Nichols

ed to the prime minister.  
General To Be Head.  
"Third—To fulfill the objects of this mission the secretary for Franco-American cooperation has at his disposal (1) the services of the high commission of the French republic at Washington and New York; (2) the central office of Franco-American affairs, organized by the decision of December 19, 1917; (3) the American department of missions office; (4) French missions with the Americans in the interior zone.

## Alkali Makes Soap Bad for Washing 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 coconut oil, for this 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 is 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 soft, fresh looking, bright, fluffy, wavy and easy to handle. Besides, it loosens and takes out every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

A striking photograph of young Mrs. Maurice E. Crumacker, wife of Lieutenant Crumacker of the spruce division was featured recently on the front page of the Portland Journal. Mrs. Cook is a sister of Mrs. Mayme L. Hayden of South Cottage street and recently visited in Salem.

For an outing at the Goltra cottage at Seaside, a bevy of Salem girls has left for a ten days' stay at the coast. In the party were the Misses Genevieve Avison, Ruth Spoor, Mabel Garrett and Helen Goltra.

Mrs. Charles Gray has returned from Eugene and will remain for the summer at the Moody home on Court street.

Miss Ida Babcock left yesterday afternoon for Oregon City for a visit. Later in the week she will go to Portland to attend a reunion of Oregon pioneers. She will be joined in Portland Saturday by her daughter, Miss Mayme Babcock.

Mrs. George W. Math, who often visits in Salem was chosen as the chairman of the women's committee of the council of national defense at a meeting held Tuesday in Portland when the resignation of Mrs. John F. Beaumont was accepted. Mrs. Math was formerly president of the Oregon Congress of the Women's Co-operative League and is active in parent-teacher circle work. She was the unanimous choice of the committee which represents 200 of the most prominent clubwomen of Portland.

Misses Amanda and Anna Dow of Manning, Ia., are visiting at the home of Mrs. G. W. Laflar, 1190 South Liberty street. Mrs. Laflar is also entertaining Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Eitelberger and daughters Ruth and Edna of Walsburg, Wash. Mrs. Eitelberger is a sister of Mrs. Laflar.

## Revelations of a Wife

### The Story of a Honeymoon

A Wonderful Romance of Married Life Wonderfully Told by ADELE GARRISON

## A TENSE MOMENT

"You've made a great conquest, Madge," said Dicky, when we had calmed down after the distressing episode from whose danger his opponent had saved me.

"Lil thinks you're about the nicest little piece of calico she has ever measured—those were her own words. She's planning a frolic for the whole crowd some night at your convenience."

"That is awfully kind of her. Where did you see her?" I prided myself on my careless tone, but Dicky gave me a shrewd glance.

"Why at the studio of course. Her studio is on the same floor as mine, you know. Atwood and Barker and she and I are all on the one floor, and we often have a dish of tea together when we are not rushed."

I busied myself with the coffee machine until I could control my voice. How I hated the glimpses of this intimate friendship which must exist between my husband and this woman.

"I suppose we ought to have them all over some night," I said at last, "but I'll have to add a few things to our equipment, and wait until I get a maid."

"That will be fine," Dicky assented cordially, pushing back his chair. "Did the papers come? I'll look them over for a little. Whistle when you're ready and I'll wipe the dishes for you."

He strolled into the living room, and I suddenly remembered that I had laid my letter from Jack on the table, and with its pages scattered so that anyone picking them up could not help seeing them.

I had forgotten all about the letter. I had meant to show it to Dicky after I had explained about

Jack. It was not quite the letter for a bridegroom to find without expectation. I realized that. Dicky finds Jack's letter.

I could not get the letter without attracting his attention. I waited every nerve tense, listening to the sounds in the next room. I heard the rustling of the newspaper; then a sudden silence told me his attention had been arrested by something. Would he read the letter? I did not think so. I knew his sense of honor was too keen for that, but I remembered that the last page with its signature was at the top of the sheets as I laid them down. That was enough to make my loving husband reflect a bit.

How would Dicky take it? I wondered. I was soon to know. I heard him crush the paper in his hand, then come quickly to the kitchen. I pretended to be busy with the dishes, but he strode over to me, and clutching me by the shoulders with a grip of the letter before my face, and said hoarsely: "What does this mean?"

"Till I see you dear. Always your Jack."

Dicky's face was not a pleasant sight. It repulsed and disgusted me. Subconsciously I was contrasting the way in which he calmly expected me to accept his friendship for Lillian Gale and his behavior over this letter. Five minutes earlier I would have explained to him fully. I resolved now to put my friendship for Jack upon the same basis as his for Mrs. Underwood.

A comparison strikes home. So I looked at him coolly. "Have you read the letter?" I asked quietly.

"You know I have not read the letter," he snarled. "It lay on the

papers. I could not help but see this—this—whatever it is," he finished lamely, "and I have come straight to you for an explanation."

I could have laughed at Dicky had I been less angry. He was so like an angry curious child in his eagerness to know everything about Jack.

"You have no brother. Is this man a relative?"

"No," I returned demurely. "An old lover then, I suppose a confident one, I should judge by the tone of his letter. Won't it be too cruel a blow to him when he finds his dear little girl is married?"

Dicky's tone fairly dripped with irony.

"He will be surprised certainly," I answered, but as he was never my lover, I don't think it will be any blow to him."

"Who is he anyway? Why have you never told me about him? What does he look like?"

Dicky fairly shot the questions at me. I turned and went into my room. There I rummaged in a box of old photographs until I found two fairly good likenesses of Jack. I carried them to the kitchen and put them in Dicky's hands. He glared at them, then threw them down on the table.

"Humph! Looks like a gorilla with the mumps," he growled. "Who is this precious party, then. If he is not a lover or a relative?"

"He is an old and dear friend. His friendship means as much to me as well-say Lillian Gale's means to you."

Dicky stared at me a long, long look as if he had just discovered me. Then he turned on his heel. "Well I'll be—!" I did not find out what he would be, for he went into his room and slammed the door.

(To be continued)

## FUTURE DATES

June 20, Thursday.—Reunion of Oregon Pioneer association, Portland.  
June 21, Friday.—Annual meeting of Salem Commercial club.  
June 22, Saturday.—Waldo Hill's Pioneer picnic.  
June 23, Sunday.—War stamp rally at armory.  
July 4 to 14.—Annual convention of Christian church at Turner.  
August 28, 29 and 30.—Western Walnut Growers' Association to tour nut groves of Willamette valley.