

THE OREGON STATESMAN

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FROM A SOLDIER WHO WAS KILLED IN BATTLE.

Congressman Henry T. Rainey of Illinois on June 2 asked that a letter of a soldier who made the supreme sacrifice be read into the Congressional Record.

This was by unanimous consent of the House of Representatives. Mr. Rainey, in offering the letter, said, among other things:

At the time of our declaration of war Adrian C. Edwards was a young lawyer in Carrollton, Ill. With the brightest prospects he had just entered upon the practice of that profession. Immediately after our declaration of war he tendered his services to the Government and was trained in the Officers' Training Camp at Camp Sheridan, Ill.

Prior to that time he had no military aspirations; his only aspirations were along the lines of his profession and for such civic honors as might be conferred upon him. He had the very highest appreciation of his duty to his country. His bright, cheerful disposition made for him friends of all who knew him. On the 4th day of May, 1918, he was killed in battle in France while gallantly leading his men. No tribute that I could pay on this floor to his memory could be so eloquent as a letter from him to his mother, written by him just before he entered the battle. I send that letter to the clerk's desk and ask that it be read in my time.

He has discharged his full duty to his country. He has made the supreme sacrifice. No patriotic speech made upon this floor since this war started expresses a higher sense of duty than this letter. In its every word it announces that spirit of patriotism which animates the youth of the land in this hour of the Nation's peril.

Lieut. Adrian C. Edwards was my constituent; he lived in my town; he was my personal friend; but it is not with any feeling of sorrow that I send now to the clerk's desk this remarkable letter written just before he gallantly led the men of his company into battle in France on the 4th day of last month. It is with a feeling of personal pride in the gallant conduct of this young citizen soldier that I ask that this letter be now read here in this high place.

The body of this heroic young officer lies today in a soldier's grave in France. When the war is over, after our boys, victorious in battle, come marching home, after the parade of our troops flushed with victory, up Pennsylvania Avenue in this Capital City occurs, it will be possible to carry out his request and bring back his remains to the land he loved and inter them at White Hall, Ill., where live the friends that loved him. This letter will, in the patriotic utterances of national heroes, rank side by side with the last utterances of Robert Emmet and Nathan Hale. At the conclusion of his remarks, as printed above, Representative Rainey offered the letter, as follows:

Somewhere in France.

My Dear Mother: I am about to go into battle and have instructed the company clerk to send you this letter in case I become a casualty, hence the receipt of this letter by you will indicate that I am either with God or a prisoner in the hands of the enemy. Since I will never become a prisoner of the Huns, if I remain conscious and able to fight, it is doubtful if I will ever be an inmate of a German prison camp.

Do not grieve that I am among the missing, but rather rejoice that you have given a son in sacrifice to make the greatest military caste of all times lay down the sword, to save civilization, to prevent future wars, to punish the Huns—who have disregarded every law of God and mankind, whose only God is the god of war and military force—and to make the world safe for democracy. I desire that you view the matter in the light and spirit of the Spartan mothers of old, who, when their sons went forth to battle for freedom and their native land, said to their sons: "Either come home proudly bearing your shield before you or upon it." War was absolutely necessary on the part of my country; and, although I was 34 years old and nobody expected me to go, yet some one had to go; some one must make the sacrifice; some mother must lose her son.

In the light of these facts and knowing our country's need, I volunteered and have never for one moment regretted by decision, and I will not, although my life and useful career must end. Life is not the highest boon of existence. There are ideals that are super-human, interests greater than life itself, for which it is worth while fighting, suffering and dying.

If possible, after the war, I would like for my remains to be brought to America and interred at White Hall. I have provided well for your support, as I have a \$10,000 insurance policy with the Government and several thousand with the old-line companies. My friend, Thompson, and Jess have these policies and other valuable papers.

Good-bye, mother; I will see you in the next world. You may know that I died fighting for you, my country, and all that life holds dear.

Your son, —Adrian.

Italy is holding, and more.

As it is now understood, the cherries and loganberries are to be picked.

Hindenburg is exhausting the cannon fodder of his dear Fodderland. Night war?

FUTURE DATES

June 22, Saturday—Waldo Hill's Pioneer picnic.
June 23, Sunday—War stamp rally at armory.
June 29, Saturday—Home-coming day.
July 4, Thursday—Celebration at Mechanics.
July 4, Thursday—Races at State Fair grounds.
July 6 to 14—Annual convention of Christian church at Turner.
August 25, 27 and 28—Western Walnut Growers' Association to tour nut groves of Willamette valley.

home in a year or two, and he can then invite them to come up to his house.

GERMAN CULTURE OF OLD.

"Every village" they have passed through has been the victim of what is only organized pillage. Every city has been practically sacked, ransacked on system; its citizens plundered, its civil officials terrorized, imprisoned, outraged, or killed. The civil populations have been, contrary to the usage of modern warfare, forced to serve the invading armies, brutally put to death, reduced to wholesale starvation, and desolation. Vast tracts of the richest and most industrious districts of Europe have been deliberately stripped and plunged into famine, solely in order that the invaders might make war cheaply. Irregular troops, contrary to all the practice of war, have been systematically murdered and civil population indiscriminately massacred, solely for the purpose of terror. A regular system of ingenious terrorism has been directed against civilians, as horrible as anything in the history of civil or religious wars. Large and populous cities have been, not once, but twenty, thirty, forty times, bombed and burned, and the women and children in them wantonly slaughtered, with the sole object of inflicting suffering. All this has been done not in license or passion, but by the calculating ferocity of scientific soldiers.

The above was written by Frederick Harrison and published in the Fortnightly Review of England in February, 1871, over forty-seven years ago, shortly before the surrender of Paris. The astonishing thing is that the world has not learned the nature of the Hun in time to kill the monster.

UNLESS THEY SUCCEED WE CAN NOT PROSPER.

This week's Saturday Evening Post carries a double page advertisement in colors in which Salem should take a just pride. The Pheasant Northwest Products company is carrying out the largest beverage advertising campaign of the year. There is no other like manufacturer in the country that has so ambitious an undertaking. There will be nine full pages in all in this one publication during the season, and this week's advertisement is the largest single unit both as to space and price that can be purchased.

This advertising not only advertises these Liberty beverages, PHEZ, LOJU, and APPLJU, but it advertises Salem to the world and puts it in the limelight as nothing else could do. Upon the success of loganberry juice in the markets of the country depends the prosperity of the community.

We all remember back a few years when our loganberry growers were a most discouraged lot.

The berries were a glut on the market.

It did not pay to pick them. Growers were forced to suffer heavy losses.

Warehouses all over town were filled with wormy dried loganberries that could hardly be given away.

Hundreds of acres of berries were plowed out for want of a market, and we all remember how some one got a hunch and started to bottle loganberry juice and to tell the world about it.

This Salem juice industry started from a necessity of finding a satisfactory form in which to market the thousands of tons of loganberries that were then going to waste.

Today our loganberry growers receive the highest prices ever known and they are the prosperous ranchers of our community.

If it was a hard game; it took lots of nerve and lots of money. It is one thing to manufacture a product and another thing to find a market. These markets have been found, but at the expense of hundreds of thousands of dollars. Heavy investment in plants, bottles and other materials are required as well as continuous national advertising to make this industry a success. Heavy increase in manufacturing costs, large raises in freight rates, higher prices for berries and labor, all have been borne for the good of the industry.

These juice plants must have berries or they will be forced out of business.

If they go out of business, our growers are back again where they were a few years ago.

As a consequence, our people, our merchants, our community as a whole would lose thousands and thousands of natural wealth.

The berries are now on the vines, and they must be picked.

Let the women and children, merchants, and all see that they are picked. If we fall down on this job these juice plants will not succeed and our community will not prosper.

BERRIES FOR THE ARMIES.

We have heard some talk by unthoughtful patriotic souls that to pick loganberries was not to help our country or our armies. The thought was expressed that loganberry juice was only a luxury for the wealthy class of stay-at-homes, and was not

expected to reach our army camps or those of our allies.

We have made a little investigation at the local juice plants and we find that constant shipments are being made to the various military camps of this country.

Within the past week several straight railroads have gone out direct to cantonment points and one car to the naval base at Hampton Roads.

We find that large quantities of the pomace left after the juice is extracted is manufactured into jellies and jams, either by the new by-products department of the Pheasant Northwest Products company, or by eastern manufacturers who purchase the overplus stock of pomace and ship it east in carload lots. It is very evident from the orders now on file that 75 per cent of our loganberries will reach the army or navy in some form, and whether it is a beverage or a food product it makes little difference, for it is good for Sammy in any form.

Therefore, let's get that feeling burned into us strongly that we are doing a real patriotic act in picking the berries.

It must be done. We are doing it for our country, and therefore it will be done.

BITS FOR BREAKFAST

Fair, says the weather man.

Hope he is mistaken again.

The cherries and loganberries will be picked.

The Italians have given the Austrians a worse licking than appeared at first.

And they are keeping right on with the licking, to give them good and plenty.

Prominent people trying to get out of Berlin by airplane. That is the best place in the world to get away from.

Austria is breaking down, from hunger and war-weariness. Looks like a good time to push the tottering empire over; appearances are that it would not require a very hard push.

Not much doing on the western front yesterday. But Paris seems to think it is Hindenburg's next move. And it will be made against the front held by the British.

But General Foch probably has something ready for the German general staff by this time, that will make them sit up and take notice, in some other part of the long battle line.

Oldest Mantie Lal Goes to North Dakota to Live

PRATON, Or., June 21.—The body of Mrs. Sarah Mantie was laid to rest last Monday following that of her husband Ferdinand Mantie, by three days. Mrs. Mantie died June 15 of pneumonia and her husband died June 8 of the same disease. The funeral services were held in the Mennonite church and the bodies were buried in the local Mennonite cemetery. Three sons survive the parents. The oldest, 15, leaves tomorrow for North Dakota where he will make his home with an uncle. The two younger will make their home with an uncle living near Molalla. The personal property is to be sold at public auction in the near future.

Jay Thompson of San Diego, Cal., is visiting here with relatives. Mr. Thompson formerly lived here. He is accompanied by his wife. Beans and corn are looking fine in this neighborhood but most garden truck is very poor.

Mrs. O. D. Browkaw of Portland and her four boys are visiting at the home of Mrs. Thomas H. de Vries, parents of Mrs. Browkaw.

As hay is over in a few days, the farmers are beginning to wish for rain. Unless the spring grain gets a good soaking before long, it will be almost a total failure.

The hot weather of last week has caused a lot of the older apoplex to be numbered among the dead, but a new generation which seem to have inherited the same destructive nature is at work again.

Mr. and Mrs. David Ramdeyer of Portland spent Sunday with the home folks.

You May Find It In Stocking

Cincinnati authority says your troublesome corns just loosen and fall off

Sore corns, haru corns, soft corns or corns between the toes just loosen in their sockets and fall off the next day if you will apply directly upon the corn a few drops of a drug called freezone, says a Cincinnati authority.

You merely put a drop or two of this freezone on the tender, touchy corn today and instantly the corn stops hurting, and then tomorrow sometime you may find the old torturous pest somewhere in your stocking, having fallen off entirely without a particle of soreness, pain or irritation. The skin surrounding and beneath the former corn will be healthy, pink and smooth as the palm of your hand.

A quarter ounce of freezone is sufficient to rid one's feet of every corn and callous, and any druggist will charge but a few cents for it. It is a compound made from ether.

YES THE BATHS ARE OPEN

—And hundreds of people are there every day. The water's fine.

Swimming Instruction Given

I have engaged the services of Miss Esther Spitzbart—the most expert swimmer in Salem. Miss Spitzbart is taking a course in Physical Education at Corvallis. She will aid you and your children in your bathing sports.

Baths with Suit	25c
Baths without Suit	15c
Boats per Hour	15c
Canoes per Hour	25c

Open 9 a. m. to 12 p. m.

DENNISONS

Boats and Baths

Foot of Court

Record Number of Accidents Is Reported to Commission

More accidents were reported to the state industrial accident commission for the week ending June 20 than for any other week since the compensation act became effective. The total number of accidents reported was 651 of which six were fatal. The fatal cases were:

John Maxwell, Portland, shipbuilding; O. E. Ayres, Linnton, lumber manufacturing; C. Norene, Portland, shipbuilding; Mike Baccellieri, Bend, lumber manufacturing; Charles McCormick, Marshfield, lumber manufacturing; W. W. Knight, between Os-

wego and Goodin, killed in railroad wreck.

Of the total number of accidents reported 580 were subject to the compensation act, 40 were from firms and corporations that have rejected the provisions of the law and 31 were from public utility corporation not subject to the act.

FLYNN KILLED IN ENGLAND

LONDON, June 21.—Lieutenant Vincent Flynn of New Jersey, attached to the British Royal air force, was killed at Cheshire yesterday. His machine collided with another airplane in which there were two British fliers. These airmen also lost their lives.

Revelations of a Wife

The Story of a Honeymoon

A Wonderful Romance of Married Life Wonderfully Told by ADELE GARRISON

"A GOOD NURSE ALWAYS ENFORCES STRICT OBEDIENCE"

"Are you awake, Madge?"

Dicky's voice, almost a whisper, roused me from the delicious, half-sleeping, half-waking rest which followed my terrific headache. I turned my head toward the doorway of my room, where he stood hesitating with a look of such tender solicitude in his eyes as made me forget all the problems of our short wedded life.

"Not only awake, but much better, thanks to your nursing," I answered. I arose from my pillows, but Dicky came forward swiftly, and putting tender hands on my shoulders gently laid me back again.

"A good nurse always enforces implicit obedience from a patient," he said gaily, "and I haven't discharged you yet."

"But, Dicky," I protested, "I told you that when these headaches finally leave me I am perfectly well again."

"You are not perfectly well until you have eaten a square meal," Dicky's tone was strictly professional. "Are you hungry?"

"Hungry! When one of these headaches does leave me, I am perfectly ravenous. That's one reason why I want to get up so I can get something to eat."

"Madam," Dicky's manner was as pious as that of a judge, "when I married you, I promised to cherish you in sickness and in health, and I am now going to do as nice a little job of cherishing as any you ever witnessed. That is, he added, provided you obey as you should have promised to do, only the ministers nowadays don't dare put it into the service."

He swept the things from the table at the side of my bed so recklessly that I wondered half of them did not drop or break. Then he vanished into the other room, bringing back an immense tray laden with covered dishes which he deposited with a ludicrous air of pride.

"I guess this is not bad," he announced grandly and vanished again. This time his entrance was preceded by the odor which is the most grateful to my nostrils of any in the world, the fragrant aroma of hot coffee.

But when he entered, with the stand upon which I keep the coffee

machine in one hand and in the other the apparatus itself tilted most alarmingly I had to protest.

"Dicky, Dicky, you'll drop that! Do be careful!"

But Dicky promptly squelched me. "Now, Miss schoolma'am, don't be so fussy," he admonished. "I prepared this coffee with my own fair hands, after carefully sterilizing the hands. You can be shouting sure that I'm not going to spoil the party by spilling any of it."

He put a napkin over his arm in the most approved waiter fashion and bowed low.

"Will madam be served?"

"Madam must bathe her face and hands first," I replied. "Do let me get up, Dicky, and I will be glad enough to come back to bed and eat."

That always has been my idea of luxury, breakfast in bed.

"All right," assented Dicky, "but hurry up or all the things will be cold."

I slipped out of bed and into my negligee and Japanese sandals, twisted up my hair and hid its disorder under one of my breakfast caps, which I took from a drawer in my chiffonier. I noticed Dicky looking mischievously at the drawer, so I was not much surprised at his appearance when I came back from the bathroom with my face glowing from dashing cold water against it, my invariably morning practice. With my prettiest boudoir cap perched rakishly over one ear, and a big white apron tied around his waist, he stood at attention like a

trained nurse.

"Would you like your temperature taken or your pulse counted?" he inquired solicitously.

"No, thank you, nurse," I returned gravely, settling myself luxuriously against my pillows. "I will eat my breakfast now if you please."

Dicky took off the covers with a great flourish.

"Dicky," I gasped. "You extravagant boy."

For the daintiest imaginable repast lay before me. Broiled squab, baked potatoes, a salad of asparagus tips, hot-house strawberries and French rolls, all served on silver and china with the hark mark of a fashionable hotel near Dicky's studio.

"We aim to please. It is our motto," said Dicky meekly as he poured me a cup of coffee.

Dicky bowed extravagantly. "You do not know what a culinary genius you have married. Wait till you taste some of my chafing dish stunts! But I ought to know how to make coffee. I've watched Nellie often enough, and she is the best coffee maker in all the studios." My appetite suddenly fled. The tempting dishes no longer appealed to me. I was discovering things about myself which were not palatable. I always have been most critical of petty jealousy in others and here just the casual mention of a woman's name was spoiling the dainty meal Dicky's loving care had provided for me.

(To be continued)

REPAIR DIRECTORY

This Repair Directory gives the principal places where an article can be repaired, and should be preserved in every home as a ready guide.



STOVE REPAIRING
Satisfaction guaranteed. 45 years experience.
Salem Fence and Stone Works.
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