

THE OREGON STATESMAN

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THERE IS WORK FOR THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

The Statesman has received a copy of the Platform adopted June 29 by the Indiana Republican State Convention.

It is a splendid document. It is a very clear statement of principles.

The party of patriotism and progress will do well to adhere closely to the Indiana pronouncement.

Following are some sample excerpts: "The Republican party heralded its own birth by saving the life of the nation, and from that hour to this moment has been a party of patriotism."

"The history of the growth of the Republican party is the story of the progress of the nation."

"The Republican party stands for the use of every possible means to win the war now."

"For peace with victory and never a peace by compromise."

"For a sane preparation now for the solution of the problems which will come after the war."

"A forward stepping as well as a forward looking program for labor, for business and for the farmer."

"We reaffirm our belief in the protective tariff."

"In these times of war, when larger revenue is needed than ever before, we contend that a reasonable amount of it could be well raised from a protective tariff."

"We also believe that, in the period of readjustment that must follow when the war is over, there will be a greater need of the protective policy than ever before in our history."

"In Congress, Republicans have given their votes, often the deciding ones, for the grant of every power and all the money demanded by the administration. In this course of action they will persist without wavering or shadow of turning."

Some one rises to remark that Foch is fully as talkative as Grant was in 1864.

All the churches of Canada will observe Sunday as a day of prayer for the success of the allies in the world war.

"The nations are all in one boat. They are among the rocks approaching a new world. America is the pilot." Thus truly speaks an American editor.

Germany has arrived at a time when she is powerless to launch a peace offensive, and unwilling to propose anything but an offensive peace.

But the time is coming very swiftly when she will be obliged to take the kind of peace that will be best for her people and the rest of the world.

The chances are that if the Hun is cleaned up thoroughly on the western front the threatened trouble in Mexico will die of inanition. The two events are co-related.—Los Angeles Times. That is what The Statesman has been telling you. Owing to German propaganda, the Mexicans were for a time doubtful concerning the identity of the band wagon. They are anxious to not miss that vehicle.

A MAD BEAST.

A member of the Reichstag declares that the German moral sense is gone.

The military overlords of Germany never had any moral sense to begin with, and not much of any other kind of sense, else they would never have involved America in the war.

However, come to think of it, a mad bull is never a good diplomat.

"OLD IRONSIDES" CHANGES HER BERTH.

Memories of the good old days of a century ago, when the United States flag ruled the seas, were revived this week by the removal of the frigate Constitution (Old Ironsides), the oldest and most famous ship of the United States navy, to a new berth in the Charlestown navy yard, Boston.

Owing to the vast amount of war work that is being done at the navy yard it was found necessary to remove the famous old

home run was made by an American soldier who was 3000 miles from home.

Baseball is a regular thing during the off-time in the American camps in France and the Frenchmen too are learning to grapple the sport. Likewise the Germans are permitting some of the American prisoners to indulge their pastime and where they are able to obtain the simple equipment for the diamond they are suffered to use it.

Wouldn't it be fine if this whole business could be settled by a real world's series? At any rate an ordinary international umpire should know about half a dozen languages to understand the more or less complimentary remarks made concerning him by an overseas audience.

AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN BANKRUPTCY.

The Austro-Hungarian government, with hunger in the homes and riot in the streets of Vienna, is coaxing and threatening the public to subscribe to another war loan, the proceeds of which will be used to pay the interest on former loans.

The government is making urgent appeals to induce the great land owners and aristocracy to come forward with their money, but the appeals have been unheeded.

The government official organ threatens to draw up a list of those magistrates and land owners whose subscriptions have been trifling and menaces them with both government action and a social boycott.

It says, in a recent article, "Honest and patriotic people who are giving all for the nation will have only scorn and condemnation for those who are not even willing to contribute to the cause out of their riches."

It is not stated how much of this scorn and condemnation will fall to the lot of the Austrian emperor, who has thus far neglected to contribute "to the cause" any percentage of his meager salary of \$4,250,000 per annum.

One reason for the reluctance of the Austro-Hungarians to give up their cash to the government is that, in despite of the efforts of those in charge of the public finances to conceal their condition, it is an open secret that the total yearly revenue will not cover the interest that must be paid on the various war loans, to say nothing of the civil and military expenditures. The whole of the war loan now applied for will have to go to the subscribers of previous war loans to pay the interest which is already one year overdue.

Financiers who have studied the situation assert that after the war all Europe will be financially exhausted, and, as a result the war loans will be included in the debts of the state indefinitely and no interest will be paid on them for the next twenty years.

LOAN PIRATES.

(Los Angeles Times). Swift justice was meted out by an angry populace in Los Angeles on Friday morning to a money lender who was attempting to sell, under a trust deed, the home of a mother who has two sons fighting in France. The trust deed began with a chattel mortgage for \$209. In three years' time the mother had paid the money lender more than \$600, yet he was selling her home to enforce collection of \$700, which he claimed was still due. On Friday morning The Times gave a wider publicity to the proposed sale than the money lender probably intended. When the hour for the sale arrived a crowd of 500 indignant citizens had gathered. They invaded the building, forced their way into his private office, and, with a hempen rope for a persuader, they induced the money lender to sign without duress—so he swore in his affidavit of release—a quit claim of all indebtedness and to refund to the mother \$298 of the money she had paid to him.

It was not a case of "White Caps" as the citizens made no attempt to conceal their identity; but it was an outburst of righteous fury against one so deadened to all patriotism or instincts of humanity that he could turn a mother into the streets after exacting exorbitant interest, while her sons (who were her protection) were fighting for liberty and decency in France.

Only a few days ago The Times expressed a regret that the soldiers' moratorium was not made to extend to mothers whose sons are at the front. That defect has been remedied in the territory where The Times circulates by an aroused public opinion that holds itself ready to apply an unwritten law which the loan sharks will find severer than any that appears on the statute books. The Times is not an advocate of mob rule or violence; but The Times is not blind to the fact that the written law of California is more lenient towards loan sharks than that of any other American state. They have been heavy contributors to the campaign expenses of the state machine. In return the machine has always protected them at Sacramento and shark bills are either buried in committee or vetoed

by the governor. This leaves the field clear for the loan pirates to charge almost what commission they like, to rob the widow and the fatherless through the medium of extortionate interest charges and still remain within the letter of the law.

The case in question is the first that has come to public notice of an attempt by a money lender to seize the home of a mother of soldiers to satisfy extortionate interest claims. It will require individual vigilance to prevent such outrages; for the most worthy are always the last to complain. But it is well for us all to remember—those of us whom age or physical defects keep out of the service—that the least we can do for the gallant boys over there is to stand between the dependents they have left behind and the unscrupulous money lenders who are even worse than ghouls; for the ghouls only despoil the dead who are past knowing, while the extortionists rob the living ones whom it should be the pride of every citizen to protect.

Other communities where extortionists are found to be operating will do well to enforce a mother's moratorium such as Los Angeles has established and which every money lender in Los Angeles may only violate at his peril.

BITS FOR BREAKFAST

Beautiful sunshine, but no rain. Kaiser Bill is furious.

He is all hot up over Von Kuehlmann's confession that Germany cannot lick the world, but most depend upon diplomacy to put victory across.

Kaiser Bill knows his brand of diplomacy will not stand very high without the menace of his big stock.

It would be amusing if it were not tragic.

"For the moment, the Germans seem resigned to their loss to the Americans of Belleau Wood," says the Associated Press summary.

The Germans will have to get used to being resigned. The United States marines would just like to have them take the opposite attitude.

Paris was bombarded from the air last night. Now listen and you will hear of some awful reprisals. Reprisals are not pleasant to think about; but the world will look the other way and not blame the French, after all they have suffered.

"Smokes" for the soldiers are now "on the government."

What at nation of bond holders are! It is all the go. And there will be more coming.

There is no excuse for able-bodied tramps or beggars this year. Every man who wants a job can have it at a paying wage.

New ships are slipping into the water like naked boys from a spring board when some one yells, "Here comes a lady!"—Exchange.

Another pest is the fellow who sends you a paper stamped with the words, "Marked copy," and then forgets to mark anything.

IN A SOCIAL WAY

By Florence Elizabeth Nichols

At the home-coming gathering on Saturday at Willson park, Mrs. Lois Peebles-Junk will sing out-of-doors following the picnic luncheon. She will present her own song, "The Nightingale," both the words and music of which were written by herself. Mrs. Junk has a book of songs, "A Love Rosary," that will soon be off the press and will be for sale up and down the coast, and all over the country. Both the words and music are her own.

She is a Salem girl, but has been in California for some years. She sang her own songs at the San Francisco world's fair, and she is much better known in California music circles than in Oregon.

Salem will be proud of the continued success of one of her native daughters.

Miss Helen Yarnell celebrated her eleventh birthday anniversary recently at her home, 1363 North Seventeenth street, when she was given a surprise party by a bevy of her young friends. Games were indulged in and refreshments were served. Those present besides the guest of honor were Mary Ricker, Dora Bieker, Mareta Palmer, Phillis Phelps, Bernice Imley, Francis Gleaser, Edna Rodgers, Elsie Raymond and Martin Chace.

Miss Florence Trowbridge is enjoying an extended visit in Salem as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Scott Riggs and other friends. Miss Trowbridge is from Medford.

Mrs. Kenneth G. Brown is in Portland for a two-weeks' stay with Mrs. C. W. Pilchard.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Jory (Ora Goodrich) are in Salem from Stockton, Calif., and will visit indefinitely with Mrs. Jory's sister, Mrs. Cal Patton.

Mrs. K. Bartlett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Cleveland of this city, has returned from Palo Alto where she has been visiting with her husband, Sergeant Bartlett.

MAKE HIS DREAMS COME TRUE—BUY WAR SAVING STAMPS

Last night American soldiers, sleeping in the desolation of France, dreamed of victory—of America safe, free and happy.

They have left the comforts of life to fight the Huns. To help stamp out of the minds of the Huns forever their ideas of world dominion.

You must back them up. Loan your dollars to the government. Buy War Savings Stamps—\$4.17 during June.

ROUSING BARGAINS at THE BIG CLOSING OUT SALE

Table with 4 columns: Linings at Old Prices Buttons at Closing Out Prices, Dress Goods at Closing Out Prices Silks at Closing Out Prices, Silk Gloves at Old Prices Splendid Qualities, Clothes Brushes Hair Brushes and Combs at Closing Out Prices.

Women's Silk and Lingerie Waists at Reduced Prices Women's Purses and Umbrellas at Reduced Prices Women's Muslin Underwear at Reduced Prices Embroideries, Laces and Collars at Reduced Prices

Table: One Assortment of Purses. \$9.50 Purses ..... \$2.50, \$8.00 Purses ..... \$2.00, \$6.00 Purses ..... \$1.50, \$4.00 Purses ..... \$1.25, \$2.75 Purses ..... 75c

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

KATIE'S STORY OF HER MYSTERIOUS DEPARTURE

Still very nervous but calmer than she had been, Katie remained quiet when I raised my voice to reach Dicky waiting in the adjoining room.

"Oh Dicky," I called "you may come out now."

Dicky drew a low chair in front of the couch where we sat.

"Tell me first, Katie," he said kindly, "why do you think I want to put you in prison? Because of the money? Never mind that. I want to talk to you of something else."

But Katie was hysterically tugging at the neck of her gown. From inside her bodice she took a tiny chamois skin bag, and ripping it open took out a carefully folded bill and handed it to Dicky.

"I never spend that money," she said. "I never mean to steal it. But I had to go away queek from your flat, and I never, never dare to come back, give you the money. After two month, send my cousin to the flat, but he say you move, no know where. There I always keep the money here. I think maybe I find out where you live and write a letter to you, send the money."

Dicky took the bill and unfolded it curiously. A brown stain ran irregularly across one-half of it.

"Well I'll be eternally blessed," he ejaculated, "if it isn't the identical bill I gave her. Ten dollar bills were so plentiful three years ago, and I remember this one so distinctly because of the stain. The boys used to say I must have murdered some one to get it, and that it was stained with blood."

He turned to Katie again. "The money is nothing, Katie. Why did you run away that day? I have never been able to finish that picture since."

Katie's eyes dropped. Her cheeks flushed. "I shamed to tell," she murmured.

Dicky muttered an oath beneath his breath. "I thought so," he said slowly, then he spoke sternly: "Never mind being ashamed to tell, Katie. I want the truth. I worked at your portrait that morning, and then I had to go to the studio. When I came back you had gone, bag and baggage, and with the money I gave you to pay the tailor. I could never finish that picture, and it would have brought me a nice little sum."

My brain was whirling by this time. Dicky in a flat with this ignorant Polish girl paying his tailor bills, and posing for portraits. What did it all mean?

"Where did you go," Dicky persisted.

Katie lifted her head and looked at him proudly.

"You know when you left that morning, Mr. Lestaire, he was painting, too? Well, Mr. Graham, I always a good girl in old country and here. I go to confession. I always keep good. Mr. Lestaire, he kiss me, say bad tings to me. He scare me. I afraid if I stay I no be good girl. So I run queek away. I never dare come back. That Mr. Lestaire one bad man, one devil."

Dicky whistled softly. "So that was it?" he said. "Well

that was just about what that pup would do. That was one reason why I got out of our housekeeping arrangements. He set too swift a pace for me, and that was going some in those days."

He turned to Katie smiling. "You see you don't have to be afraid any more. I'm a respectable married man now, and it's perfectly safe for you to work here. Mrs. Graham will take care of you. Run along about your work now, that's a good girl."

Katie giggled appreciatively. Her mercurial temperament had already sent her from the depths to the heights.

"The dinner all spoiled while I cry like a fool," she said. "You ready pretty soon, I serve."

She hastened to the kitchen, and I turned to Dicky inquiringly.

"I suppose you think you have gotten into a lunatic asylum, Madge. Of all the queer things that Katie that you should take her."

should apply for a job and "I didn't know you ever kept kept house in a flat before, Dicky."

"It was a very short experience," he returned, "only three months. Four of us, Lester, Atwood, Bates and myself pooled our rather scanty funds and rented a small apartment. We advertised for a general housekeeper, and Katie answered the advertisement. She had been over from Poland only a year and was greener than grass. She lived at a cousin's somewhere on the East side, and she used to annoy us awfully getting to the flat so early in the morning and cleaning our living room while we were trying to sleep. But she was a crack-a-jack worker, so we put up with her superfluous energy in cleaning. Then one day I discovered her standing with a letter in her hand looking off into space with her eyes full of misery. She had heard of some relative."

"Of course you wanted to paint her," I suggested.

"You bet," Dicky returned. The idea came to me in a flash. You can see what a heroic figure she was. I had her get into her Polish dress—she had brought one with her from the old country—and I painted her as Poland—miserable, unhappy Poland. Gee! but I'm glad you happened to run across her. We'll put up with anything from her until I can get that picture done."

Try as I might I could not share Dicky's enthusiasm. I knew it was petty, but the idea of my maid acting as Dicky's model fared my ideas of the fitness of things.

But I had sense enough to hold my peace. (To be continued)

PROFESSIONAL NURSE

Tells What to Do to Regain Strength After Sickness.

New York City.—"I am a professional nurse,—the grippe and bronchial pneumonia left me with a cough and in a depleted, anaemic condition and no appetite. I cannot take cod-liver oil in any other form than in Vinol and in a short time after taking it my appetite improved, my cough left me, I gained strength and weight. That is why I recommend Vinol to others."—Miss E. M. Walker, R. N., 35 W. 38th St.

It is the Beef and Cod Liver Peptonates aided by the Iron and Manganese peptonates and glycerophosphates contained in Vinol which makes it so wonderfully successful. Emil A. Shafer and druggists everywhere.

When you order a suit here you are not buying a "pig in a poke." You are hot taking any chances as to style, fit, workmanship or material.

You select your choice of material from our big stock of woolsens. We take your exact measure and discuss the style you want. The suits are made by skillful tailors.

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455 Court Street

Kant Burn

Paint—Insures your Roofs, Hop Houses, Prune Driers, etc., against fire and moisture. \$1.35 per gallon.

W. J. Porter

455 Court Street

FUTURE DATES

- June 29, Saturday.—Home-coming day. July 1, Monday.—"Work or fight" regulations become effective. July 4, Thursday.—Celebration at Nehalem. July 5, Tuesday.—Oregon Prune Growers meet in Portland to fix price. July 4, Thursday.—Races at State Fair grounds. July 6, Saturday.—Republican State Central committee meets in Portland. July 6 to 14.—Annual convention of Christian church at Turner. August 26, 27 and 28.—Western Walnut Growers Association to tour nut groves of Willamette Valley.