

# THE OREGON STATESMAN

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## MAKE CEMETERY PERPETUALLY BEAUTIFUL.

Dan W. Bass, manager of the Frye hotel, Seattle, was one of the guests of Salem on Saturday last, for home-coming day. He drove over in his auto, accompanied by Mrs. Bass and his sister, Miss Jessie Bass.

Dan once knew everybody in Salem. He still thinks of Salem as "home." He has an idea for Salem.

He wants to contribute to a trust fund to be created for the permanent care of the Odd Fellows' cemetery. He will himself contribute \$200 or \$300 or more, provided that a sufficient sum shall be raised, under the right sort of guarantees to make it perpetual.

Mr. Bass thinks the Odd Fellows should become the trustees for the proposed fund. He has taken this up with the Odd Fellows, by letter, two or three times, but nothing has as yet been done.

There is no doubt but this thought has occurred to many people whose relatives are buried in the Odd Fellows' cemetery, and the suggestion of Mr. Bass ought to be acted upon. If the present is not an opportune time, the matter should certainly be taken up and put into proper shape as soon as possible; say as soon as peace shall come to the world. Or perhaps it is not necessary to wait.

The Statesman would be pleased to give this idea a great deal of publicity, in case it can be taken up with a show of being pushed through to a successful consummation.

And in making this offer, it is fully realized that it would not be a short job, in point of time.

But "sticking everlastingly at it would bring success," in the words of the advertising text, if it were properly launched and fathered, and mothered.

## SOME WORDS OF APPRECIATION

LADD & TILTON BANK

Portland, Oregon, June 6, 1918.

P. S. Tyler, President, Botsford-Tyler Co., Spalding Bldg., City.

Dear Mr. Tyler: As I looked through the last issue of the Saturday Evening Post, which, because of the ads, I read from the back to the front, I was very much impressed with the full page "ad" which you prepared for the Pheasant Northwest Products Company. As you know, I am interested in advertising and advertisements, and I could not dismiss the thought of the benefits that such advertising will bring to Oregon, and particularly the Willamette Valley, picturing, as it does, to the Easterner the attractiveness of the great valley.

I am sure that the cost of such advertising might well be paid for, for our mutual benefit, by the State of Oregon or the counties of the Willamette Valley. There will unquestionably be at the close of the war a large influx of people to the Pacific Coast, many with substantial funds, having accumulated them from the profits of the war industries—these people looking for investments in farms and businesses. It is to my mind just as appropriate, as has often been stated, "that in times of peace prepare for war," so should we "in times of war prepare for peace."

I believe that due credit should be given to such nation-wide advertising along lines which will attract the attention of the people in the Eastern sections to the many latent advantages and opportunities of our state.

Keep up your good work along those lines. Yours very truly, (Signed) T. H. WEST.

The Statesman is very much pleased to pass on to the general reader the above words of appreciation. They are eminently deserved.

The Alsatians gave General Pershing a great welcome when he visited the Sammies holding a sector of that German soil a few days ago. No doubt they would be glad to see more of his activities, which they surely will.

Dabs did not get by with his seditions talk. He is old enough to know better.

The Garabed free energy machine is pronounced a fake. There is no such animal.

Wherever you happen to be that is the western front of the war. Shine up the corners where you are.

Another German dash is due on the western front. But we think they have shot their wad, to use a homely expression—Los Angeles, in which case the beginning and end is in plain sight.

Georgia and Texas joining in a bid to break for bar. The committee meets in Portland.

Commander, Diaz, like a Saturday—Republican State committee meets in Portland.

Annual convention of the Western Association to tour the Willamette valley.

Thursday—Celebration at Tuesday—Oregon Prune Growers in Portland to six price.

Thursday—Races at State grounds.

Friday—Republican State committee meets in Portland.

Annual convention of the Western Association to tour the Willamette valley.

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Great Britain. (And he was raised in Salem, Oregon).

## BERLINER BUSST.

"I hereby pledge that if I don't I will," said Berliner Busst, Randolph, N. D., as he signed his name to enlistment papers at the United States navy recruiting station.

"You are almost too good to be true," said the lieutenant in charge, as the chap with the ominous name affixed his signature, enlisting his services for four years. But Berliner Busst asserted he meant every word of the oath.

Two enlistment blanks had to be torn up before the officer could write the name correctly rather than the way it sounded.

It's an obstacle race of about 7000 miles, but that's nothing if there is "anything in a name."

## TO HONOR COWBOYS IN THE SERVICE

The Southwestern cowboys who have dropped the branding iron and quit the high-heeled boot to take up arms against the Hun are to be honored at the fourth annual round-up carnival of the New Mexico Cowboys' Reunion Association, which opens in Las Vegas, New Mexico, tomorrow, and will continue until Saturday.

An immense service flag bearing stars for all the cattle handlers in New Mexico who have gone into the army or the navy is to be unfurled to the breeze and dedicated Thursday afternoon, July 4.

A stirring patriotic program has been prepared for the occasion. Numerous public officials and others of prominence will participate in the celebration.

## TWENTY YEARS SINCE SCHLEY'S VICTORY.

Tomorrow is a red-letter day in the annals of the United States navy—the twentieth anniversary of the great battle of Santiago, in which the fleet of the Spanish admiral, Cervera, was utterly destroyed.

The battle occurred on Sunday, July 3, 1898, immediately after the decisive land actions of El Caney and San Juan had driven the Spaniards under Generals Linares and Toral back into the city of Santiago and put them upon their last defenses.

General Shafter, commanding the American troops, thought that the fleet should force the entrance to the harbor and sink Cervera's ships at their anchorage in the bay.

Admiral Sampson, in command of the American squadron, had sailed away from the mouth of the harbor in his flagship the cruiser New York to confer with General Shafter. Just as he had reached Siboney, about eight miles eastward from Santiago, Cervera's fleet steamed out of the bay and attempted to escape along the western shore of Bahia Larga.

Commodore Schley, who was in command in the absence of Admiral Sampson, at once signaled "Close action," and his ships rushed like tigers at the throat of the enemy.

Cervera afterward said that his guns had been trained for 3000 yards, and when Schley closed in at 1100 yards he found the Spanish shot flying through the rigging.

In a short time three of the Spaniards and two torpedo boats had been sunk.

The Christobal Colon fled hopelessly toward the open sea, to be sent to the bottom an hour later.

## BITS FOR BREAKFAST

Knit and the world knits with you. The porch-swing uses no gasoline, and it has its uses.

Russia might be stood if she would only stand up.

What an unhappy country Ireland would be if all its woes were ended!

General Starvation is command in Austria and he is a ruler who will not be denied.

Ranchers are advised that they should keep goats on the farm. Father is of the opinion that he has held that job for sons and sons.

If the annexation claims of Germany could be limited to that of the I. W. W. we don't know but what we would be in favor of the proposition.

The late Vice-President, Charles Warren Fairbanks, left a fortune of more than \$2,000,000, which goes to show that there is money to be made by a man who has the reputation of being possessed of a calm disposition.

He has been Hooverizing; and he has been a slacker.

If the Italians keep going as they have started, they will soon be showing the allies the way to Berlin, via Vienna.

A Salem friend of the Bits for Breakfast Hooverizer hands in the following. Two regimental bands met on the same parade ground, and one struck up "Where Do We Go From Here?" Quick as thought the conductor of the other band raised his baton, and the reply came, "Over There."

## IN A SOCIAL WAY

By Florence Elizabeth Nichols

With four generations present, little Stacey Whitney Reeves, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Stacey Reeves of Astoria, celebrated his fifth birthday anniversary recently at the home of his aunt, Mrs. Lloyd Ramsden. A group of his small friends helped him pass the time in a merry manner. There were games, singing and recitations. Later a birthday cake and other refreshments were served. Mrs. Stacey Reeves and Mrs. Mabel Whitney assisted Mrs. Ramsden in serving.

The guests were: Paul Hauser, Jr., Robert Ramsden, Harold and Clifford Craven, Mae and Lucile Brunk Marguerite Hauser, Mrs. E. E. Whitney and Mrs. Ollie Reeves, the grandmother of the little host, Mrs. Vera Potter, Mrs. Rose Hagedorn and Mrs. Paul Hauser were additional guests. Mrs. E. E. Whitney is the great grandmother of Paul and Marguerite Hauser.

In the interests of the war savings stamp campaign, an enjoyable program was given at the Rickey schoolhouse, recently by Dean and Mrs. George H. Alden of Willamette university and the Misses Edna Ackerman and Gretchen Brown, high school girls. Dr. Alden made a talk reviewing the war situation and impressed strongly on the minds of those who heard him, the great need to buy stamps. Miss Ackerman sang a group of vocal solos. Miss Brown accompanied Miss Ackerman and also gave several piano solos.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Parker returned last night from a year's stay in Salt Lake City, Utah. They will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Parker for a week and then will go to Tillamook.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ewing of State street entertained as their guests over the week-end, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Goetz of Dallas.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Belcher of Portland motored to Salem Sunday for a short visit. They left yesterday for Falls City.

Mr. and Mrs. Hal D. Patton have gone to Newport for a few weeks' stay.

Mrs. Ralph Glover and little daughter, Maxine, are passing the week in Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Wallace, 430 North Summer street, have as their guests Mrs. Roxie Woodward of Olympia, Wash., and her daughter, Mrs. Elma Crawford of Tacoma and the latter's daughter and husband, Mr. and Mrs. A. Taylor. Mrs. Woodward is a sister of Mr. Wallace.

## FROM A JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

W. H. Hill, J. P., Detroit, Tex., writes: "I used Foley Kidney Pills and say unhesitatingly that of all I have used they are the best, and have done the work where the rest failed. Backache, rheumatic pains, sore muscles, stiff joints and too frequent bladder action are symptoms of kidney trouble. J. C. Perry.

## Former Dallas Guardsman Dies After Long Illness

DALLAS, July 1.—(Special to The Statesman.)—A. W. Bennett, proprietor of the Bennett Barber shop on Court street, passed away late Sunday afternoon after a several month's illness due to cancer of the stomach. Mr. Bennett was in good health until about a year ago and was a member of Company L of the Third Oregon. When that organization was mobilized for service Mr. Bennett was anxious to go to the front but on account of his physical condition he was rejected. Funeral services will be held today and the body will be laid to rest in the local I. O. O. F. cemetery. Mr. Bennett leaves a wife and several children. One son who is a member of Company L in France.

## THIS WOMAN KNOWS

She Proved that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Does Help Suffering Women

Watertown, N. Y.—"Last fall when I was expecting to become a mother I was in very poor health. I suffered from a female weakness so I did not have strength enough to do my own work and could not stand on my feet for any length of time. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound corrected my trouble and I improved in health so that when my baby came the doctor said he never saw a woman get along any better than I did and I know it was Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that helped me."—Mrs. ERNEST BEBBS, 124 Wyoming Ave., Watertown, N. Y.

Women who continually overtax their strength until they get into such a weakened condition should profit by Mrs. Beebe's experience and try this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For special suggestions write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. The result of its long experience is at your service.



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# We Have Rented Our Corner Store

And we are to give possession

## August 1st

Buy fast and furious while you can get the OLD PRICES. Our prices in many cases are from one-third to one-half less than the new prices. Take advantage.

We mention one splendid value—Babies' Cashmere Hose, Pink and Blue, 25c pair. Old dyes and splendid quality. Sold elsewhere much higher.



# Revelations of a Wife

## The Story of a Honeymoon

A Wonderful Romance of Married Life Wonderfully Told by ADELE GARRISON

## THERE'S MORE THAN ONE WAY OF SAYING WHAT YOU MEAN

Smiles on my lips which I forced to remain tears in my eyes which I dared not shed—these marked the delicate little diner which Katie served Dicky and me after my mortifying financial experience. The knowledge that before the evening closed I should have to tell Dicky I had paid his long ignored bill to Touraine Bros., and brave his certain wrath for meddling in his affairs, weighed heavier upon me each moment. That I must also confess that the paying of the bill had left me penniless, and must ask Dicky for more money, no matter what mood he might be in, humiliated me beyond endurance.

"Missis Gingham, you are not saying one ting, what the matter? Ain't it cooked the right way?"

Katie's worried voice brought Dicky to his feet with a start. He had been in such gay spirits, and so absorbed in his rattling amusing account of the day's happenings that I had been able to conceal from him my real feelings by smiling at his nonsense and pretending to eat. At Katie's words he came around to my side of the table.

"What's the matter, sweetheart? Aren't you feeling well?"

I have always despised the women who employ feminine wiles of tears and pretended illness to wheedle concessions from their husbands. I shall never judge them again. I took all my will power to keep from bursting into tears at Dicky's tender words. How I longed to plead a severe headache or any other illness to yield to the petting and tender care I knew would follow, and to tell him of my troubles when all of his protecting chivalrous nature was aroused, and it would be impossible for him to be angry.

But it is as impossible for me to do any of these things as it would be for me to offer Dicky an unsolicited kiss. I think sometimes of the name the wagen in the theatre dressing room applied to me the night Dicky and I went to the revival of "Rosemary," the night I first learned of my husband's long and romantic friendship with Lillian Gale.

"The marble bride," the woman had said half contemptuously. I knew that the name fits me in many ways. My real feelings are hidden deep beneath a hard crust of inherited will power and coldness, and years of bitter training in self-control.

So my voice was steady, my eyes tearless as I answered Dicky's question. "I am quite well. Please don't worry about me but finish your dinner."

"Then something is troubling you. What has happened?"

"No, Dicky, don't get excited. Nothing in particular has happened. I have been a little upset over something today, something I will tell you about after dinner, but I refuse to spoil this delicious dessert with anything troublesome."

I tried to make my tone gay and careless, and I must have succeeded, for Dicky attacked his dessert, a macaroon pudding, with gusto, much to the delight of Katie, who evidently considered it a masterpiece. To please her I managed to choke down

my portion, winning Dicky's approval at the same time.

"That's better," he said heartily. "Glad you could eat something. Shall we have our coffee in the living room?" We did occasionally, lighting the gas grate and sipping our coffee before it.

"Mighty poor substitute for a log fire, but unfortunately they don't put old-fashioned fireplaces in most apartments," Dicky commented when we had settled ourselves before the grate and Katie had served the coffee there.

"It's very cheerful even as it is," I answered.

"It is when there's a bully little wife to share it with a man," returned Dicky tenderly. Dicky always calls me "little" when he is in a tender mood, although I am quite above the average woman in stature, within two inches of his own height, in fact.

"I thought of asking you to take a little stroll with me tonight," Dicky went on, "but it's too comfortable right here at home. I feel at peace with the world tonight."

The ringing of the telephone bell punctured Dicky's words. He was visibly annoyed, but to me the sound was a relief. Anything was better than Dicky's childlike enjoyment of our home evening contrasted with my knowledge of how I soon must spoil it.

He went to the telephone and took down the receiver. Then I heard the puzzling half conversation which always falls to the outside listener.

"Yes?" Dicky never answered "Hello" over the telephone, but always says "yes" with the rising inflection. It is one of his mannerisms which I like.

"Oh, Lil! You're sounding fine."

"Oh, yer she's feeling bully. Had a bad headache yesterday, but she's alright today."

"Didn't need you. Why should we send for an amateur like me when there is a professional like me in the house?"

"You don't need to take my word for it. Ask Madge. She'll vouch for my ability as a nurse."

"Why, I don't know. Nothing in particular. Why?"

Then there was a long pause in Dicky's end of the conversation. Even at my chair at the farther end of the room I could hear the raucous tones of Lillian Gale's voice as she struck against the sounder of the telephone. I could not distinguish what she said, but she was evidently very enthusiastic about something, for she talked very fast, and her tones showed earnestness.

"Well, we're very comfortable, where we are, thank you, but I'll ask her."

Dicky put down the receiver and thrust one of his handkerchiefs into the transmitter. Then he walked over to me, and standing with his back to the telephone, and spoke in almost a whisper:

"Don't let her hear your answer, Madge. Lil says a gang just dropped into the apartment and she wants us to come over and help entertain 'em. There are not so many of our own crowd, more that theatrical bunch she trains with sometimes. I

know the kind of a party it will be, so many different kinds of drinks that we won't be able to find our own house tomorrow morning unless the taxi driver takes pity on us. But it will be a novel experience for you if you want to go. What shall I tell her?"

"You draw such an alluring picture, Dicky," I whispered back, smiling up him—"that you really tempt me. But you must decide. I'll go if you want to, but—"

"But you're not exactly crazy over the proposition," he said gleefully. "Are you?" I countered.

"With a home evening alternative? I should say not. It's bully fun at Lil's, but it's comfy home here." He went back to the phone, took his handkerchief out of the transmitter with a merry glance at me, and began his excuses.

"I say, lady, the spirit is willing but the flesh is weak over here. Madge sends her love and says she'd just love to come, but she has just recovered from one of the worst attacks of headache she ever had in her life, and she's afraid a night of dissipation might bring it back again. Sorry, old girl, but better luck next time. We'd better break her in by degrees anyway. You know that crowd you've got there tonight is—"

Here Mrs. Underwood evidently interrupted, for Dicky listened with a broad grin on his face for a minute or two, then exploded in a hearty laugh.

"All right, we'll do just that. If you need bail before marning call me up. Goodbye."

He hung up the receiver and came over to me.

"She says the party will be doing till morning, and if we change our minds we can run over anytime. So you'd better be very nice to me, Mrs. Gingham. What's the matter?" as he caught sight of my face.

"But I was so angry I could not speak."

(To be continued)

## Another Good Program by Salem Band Tonight

It was no reflection upon Director Oscar Steelhammer and his musicians [that the crowd in Willson park was not as large as usual last Friday night. The throng was equally divided between the band and the drill of the Salem battalion of Oregon guards. With no other event in sight tonight there should be a host of people on the grounds, for there is a fine program by Miss Pauline Liska.

"The Dream of a Soldier Boy." Following is the complete program: Star Spangled Banner. P. Chamber March. Hesperus. W. P. Chambers Selection, Mikado. Boettger Waltz, Wedding of the Winds.

J. T. Hall Bowl of Pansies. Reynard Selection, Princess of India. King Vocal solo, "The Dream of a Soldier Boy."

Pauline Liska Basket of Roses. Albers Remick Hits No. 8. Lampke March, Tropic, Alexander America.