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THE PRUSSIAN HOPE

A great many times, in print and in talk, we have run across this idea: "Even though he beats the French Army and the Italian Army, the Kaiser cannot bring England and the United States to terms unless he shatters their sea power. How, then, can he hope to win ultimately?"

It is an easy conundrum. He expects England and the United States to lie down. He hopes there is enough laziness and selfishness and cowardice in them to give the game into his hands. He thinks they will get tired of fighting. He calculates they cannot stand the gaff. He banks on the chap who resents having his profits interfered with, his pleasures interfered with, his easy ways of living interfered with, his diet regulated; on the big capitalist who forestalls as much as the law will let him; on the small capitalist who will not buy a Liberty bond when he can get eight per cent on a mortgage; on the labor leader and wage-earner who will strike even against the Government; on the farmer who would rather let his production fall off than pay high wages for help. He expects timidity and the slacker and the grafter and the sponge, in all their manifold varieties and manifestations, to get the upper hand and surrender.

The Kaiser will be disappointed; but don't let anyone encourage him.

Editor Statesman: Vancouver, Wash., July 1st, 1918. It is seldom indeed that a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church uses as his text in the pulpit.

Rev. Robert S. Gill of St. Paul's Church of your city, proved an exception on Sunday last when he used the leading editorial of the Saturday Evening Post of the 29th ult., "The Prussian Hope," as the subject of his discourse.

It could hardly be termed a sermon. It was, however, an address teeming with patriotism that was worthy of repetition on some public occasion where it might stir the hearts of a larger concourse of people than were privileged to hear it in the "Little Brown Church around the corner" on Sunday last.

It was an eloquent, manly, loyal, conscientious appeal to the enthusiastic patriotism of his hearers to afford no semblance of even a seeming response to the delusive hopes of the despised Kaiser. He urged unwavering fidelity to the principles that are firing the hearts of our Army and Navy in their present struggle for supremacy. "Somewhere in France" and cheerful compliance with the requirements of such self denial as may be suggested along the lines of sacrificing patriotism. Inasmuch as Mr. Gill is one of the leading members of your Commercial Club and an enthusiast in all that tends to the best interests of your fair city, I feel confident that his compliance with a public request to repeat the address on some public occasion would afford every one present with ample food for serious thought in these times of strenuous sacrifice on the part of every lover of our Country.

(The reader will understand, of course, that the Saturday Evening Post editorial referred to is the one copied in the first three paragraphs above.)

A SPLASH TO REACH THE KAISER'S EARS

As a trump card in the great game of war in which he has taken a hand Uncle Sam is going to jolt the world tomorrow with the mightiest splash in all history.

If the "pirates" nesting along the German and Belgian sea-coast notice an abnormal rise in the tide, they will know that Uncle Sam has successfully carried out his Independence Day program of launching scores of great ships with which he intends to defeat the German game of "ruthless warfare" by sending a steady stream of ships across the seas with men to fight and food to feed them.

Observing Independence Day in what it regards as a safe and sane manner, the Shipping board has arranged for the launching of between eighty and ninety hulls tomorrow.

The total tonnage of the vessels that will go into the water will be about 440,000 deadweight tons.

Steel ships, wooden ships and concrete ships will be included in the number, with several destroyers and other naval craft added to give variety to the program. The launchings will take place at yards along the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, on the Gulf of Mexico and at several shipbuilding plants on the Great Lakes.

Nearly half of all the hulls expected to be launched will be of steel. They will include the 12,500-ton cargo carrier William Penn, the 12,000-ton Challenger of the same type, and the three sister ships—Independence, Defiance and Victorious.

Great Britain is about to adopt decimal coinage. That country has persistently held to an outworn coinage system, based on the English pound, while nearly all the rest of the great commercial nations have progressed past her in this respect—including some of her own colonies.

Oregon has responded to the S. O. S. call of the W. S. S. She is over the top; of course.

The Marines are "first to fight," and second and steadily, too.

The Marines will have a better view from the hills above Vaux.

FUTURE DATES

July 4, Thursday—Celebration at Melrose.

July 2, Tuesday—Oregon Pine 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.

and in the foothills and higher reaches of the Alps, and the allies must and will exert every effort to assist her.

How time flies! About twenty years ago the khaki men were gathering at Tampa, ready for that rush to Cuba, and Colonel William Jennings Bryan had just fallen from his horse at Miami, Florida.—Exchange.

Alexander Kerensky, the Russian one-time leader, who is enroute to our shores, a friend at the writer's elbow remarks, is the young man who attempted to put on roller skates who put on roller skates and at before he had learned to use the things.

The Kaiser has now fixed August as the time when he will be in Paris for his dinner. He must count on running right over those American boys. Well, he will do nothing of the kind.—Los Angeles Times. Indeed, he will not. Neither the Marines around Chateau Thierry nor any of the rest of them.

The list of casualties of the war is mounting daily so far as American troops are concerned, and it will continue to mount. The men are being killed and wounded in the fray, while we at home are only wounded in the pocketbook. They are giving their lives; what are we giving?

Indiana Republicans have declared that they are with President Wilson to the limit of their ability in his war measures; but aside from that they will seek in every way to preserve the supremacy of the Republican party as a state and national organization. And even the most hidebound Democrat can not object to that position. We are with the president "enduring" ob de wah."

The New York legislature has passed a bill providing for the killing of "predatory" cats. It had previously enacted a law permitting the slaughtering of dogs which worry sheep. And Governor Whitman signed both measures. The operation of the cat law will be watched. It still remains to be demonstrated whether the neighborhood friction which it will cause will offset the good it is designed to do. Many folks place a high value on their pets. But what is a "predatory" cat?

THRIFT STAMPS.

Every man, woman and child should feel a personal obligation to buy Thrift Stamps. As a matter of fact the stamps are as good as money if any one has need to use them as money; and while a dollar does not increase in value, a Thrift Stamp does. But the important thing is that every dollar put into the Thrift Stamp is released for war work and helps whip Germany. The only chance of invalidating the Thrift Stamp is if Germany beats the allies and invades America.

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

It begins to look as though the Fourth of July is to become an international holiday. Italy has declared for it and France. Russia would no doubt celebrate it if Russia had any time to celebrate anything; and since the English have draped the American flag over the statue of George III it would scarcely make that gentleman more lively in his grave by having the streets of London festooned in memory of the Declaration of Independence.

The Fourth will even be celebrated in Germany tomorrow by the Sammies who are holding sections in Alsace and in Lorraine. The time will come when the German people themselves will celebrate the Fourth of July—for it stands for principles that are eternally right—for the fundamental doctrine that all men are created free and equal. Kaiserism will finally die in Germany, because it is fundamentally wrong, and hateful to all that is good in the human heart.

GERMAN-AUSTRIAN BANKRUPTCY.

German and Austrian promises to pay money are as valueless as Confederate bonds were after Appomattox.

Austria has for some time paid the interest on her bonds with more bonds.

Both the Central Powers are insolvent, and no system of taxation yet invented will yield money enough to pay the interest on their public debts.

Yet Kaiser Wilhelm draws his yearly income of \$3,638,200 and the Austrian emperor manages to keep the wolf from the door with \$4,520,000 per annum; and these sums they will continue to demand and receive, even if bankruptcy should perch like a bird of night on the ledger of every merchant in their empires and the wolves of hunger howl at the laborers' doors.

VIVE GARIBALDI.

The rare roast beef of Old England made a good fodder for fighting men, but a husky party who has been fed up on spaghetti is some wildcat himself. No wonder they want our wheat.—Exchange.

CARRIER PIGEONS FOR ARMY SERVICE.

More than 100 carrier pigeons in training for army service will start in a race to Chicago, starting from Kansas City tomorrow morning. The race is to be held at the request of the Signal Corps, and will be held under the joint auspices of the army and the Chicago Concourse Association, an organization of pigeon fanciers. Liberty bonds and silver cups will be awarded to the owners and trainers of the winning birds.

BITS FOR BREAKFAST

Tomorrow we celebrate. And the occasion is the arrival of a million Sammies in France.

That is official, and President Wilson passes it along as the occasion for celebrating by every man, woman and child in America.

And we are already on the second million, and going strong.

If the Webfoot rain god does not get busy tomorrow, he will be branded as a slacker.

And we will all be sure that he is Hooverizing and holding out and hoarding for next winter.

The Marines yesterday found the wearers of the iron cross of Germany more than anxious to be captured. One of the Fritzies made a present of his iron cross to one of the Sammies.

"My Four Years in Germany," the film that has been shown at Ye Liberty theater in Salem representing Gerard's experiences in Germany, is a remarkable production, and it is serving a most patriotic purpose. It is worthy of a return engagement. No American should miss it.

UNITED STATES HAS BIG ARMY IN FRANCE

(Continued from page 1)

AMERICANS—HED TO CUM . . . fact to you. I feel that you will be interested in a few data showing the progress of our overseas military effort.

First Ship in May, 1917.

"The first ship carrying military personnel sailed May 8, 1917, having on board base hospital No. 4 and members of the reserve nurses corps. General Pershing and his staff sailed on May 20, 1917. The embarkations in the months from May, 1917, to and including June, 1918, are as follows:

"1917—May, 1718; June, 12, 261; July, 12,988; August, 18,323; September, 32,533; October 38,259; November, 23,016; December 48,340.

"1918—January, 46,776; February, 48,027; March 83,811; April, 117,212; May, 244,345; June, 276,377.

"Marines, 14,644.

"Aggregating 1,019,115.

"The total number of troops returned from abroad, lost at sea and casualty, is 81,665, and of these, by reason of the superbly efficient protection which the navy has given our transport system, only 291 have been lost at sea.

"The supplies and equipment in France for all troops sent is, by our latest reports, adequate and the output of our war industries in this country is showing marked improvement in practically all lines of necessary equipment and supply.

"Respectfully yours,

"Newton T. Baker.

Rejoicing is Felt.

"To which I replied:

"Washington, July 2, 1918.

"My Dear Mr. Secretary—

"Your letter of July 1 contains a very significant piece of news and an equally significant report of the forwarding of troops during the past year to the other side of the water. It is a record which I think must cause universal satisfaction, because the heart of the country is unquestionably in this war and the people of the United States rejoice to see their forces put faster and faster into the great struggle which is destined to redeem the world.

"Woodrow Wilson.

"Hon. Newton T. Baker.

"Secretary of War."

How long the present rate of transportation will be maintained depends upon developments in France and the length of time the surplus ship tonnage furnished by Great Britain can be employed.

Discourages Guesses.

Secretary Baker said tonight that he disapproved of speculation as to the future records in troop movements, saying he did not desire to have "past performances made the basis of speculations for the future."

As reserves for the million or more men now in France, more than another million are now in training in the United States. It has been officially announced that 3,000,000 American soldiers will be under arms by the end of this month, while information recently furnished to congress by Brigadier General R. E. Wood, acting quartermaster general, disclosed that his department is planning to clothe 4,000,000 men on next January 1.

General Crowder recently told the senate military committee that class one registrants will be exhausted by the first of the year and he added the significant statement that every-

body expected heavy calls to be made during the first six months of the year."

German Boats Foiled

In discussing the heavy movement of troops in the last three months, Mr. Baker said it was worthy of mention "that the month in which the German submarine were operating off our coast was the month in which we made the record number of shipments."

In this connection, it was recalled that not a single American transport carrying troops to Europe had been sunk by Germany's sea wolves, the only two destroyed having been attacked when returning home without the protection of American destroyers and other naval craft. Two British vessels carrying American soldiers have been torpedoed and a third was sunk last month when returning to this country without convoy.

Secretary Baker's letter reveals for the first time the number of marines sent to France. They only form about half of a division, but they have been giving a splendid account of themselves since they helped to stem the German thrust for Paris and reports today from France showed that they again had battered through the German trenches and then resisted furious counter assaults.

Draft Registrants May Volunteer for Engineers

WASHINGTON, July 2.—Draft registrants may volunteer for induction into the engineer corps, said an announcement today by Provost Marshal General Crowder. Request has been made by the engineer corps for a number of men with proper qualifications.

IN A SOCIAL WAY

By Florence Elizabeth Nichols

Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Brown will pass today and tomorrow on their farm at Orenco visiting T. P. Goodin, who is living on the property, and their son, now passing part of the summer there.

Miss Julia Iverson will leave this morning for Portland, going from there to Seaside. She will pass her vacation at the coast.

Mrs. James Elvin and children

have gone to Boyd, Oregon, where they will pass a month as guests at the A. S. Roberts ranch.

Following a short stay at their Salem home, Mrs. George Rodgers and her daughter, Miss Margaret Rodgers have left for Astoria to join Mr. Rodgers. Miss Rodgers recently returned from a season at Vassar college.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Spencer have arrived in Salem to be the summer guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Spencer, 287 North 12th street. The Spencers are brothers.

Miss Muriel Steeves has returned from a sojourn in Portland. She was the week-end house-guest of Mrs. L. A. Steeves.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Davis, 1060 South Commercial street, have as their guests, Mr. and Mrs. Frank

open, and I heard his exclamation of astonishment and anger.

"What are you doing here? I told you I'd pay that when I got good and ready and not before. If you really need it I'll send you a check this week."

Dicky had lowered his voice, but his tones were naturally clear and vibrant, and I heard every word. Another voice, a deprecating voice, that I recognized as Mr. Touraine's, murmured something and Dicky exploded:

"What! You dared to come here and frighten my wife into paying this bill. Why, you blasted little runt, if you weren't so small I'd throw you down these stairs. I've half a mind to do it anyway."

I had reached the door by this time, and stepped in front of Dicky. "I apologize for my husband, Mr. Touraine," I said as calmly as I could. "I do not think he realizes what he says when he is angry. Thank you so much for bringing me the change." I took it from his outstretched hand, "and good night."

The shabby little tradesman took the hint and hurried away. I went back into the living room, and Dicky followed me in, his face crimson, his eyes blazing with anger. I knew that he had transferred his wrath from Mr. Touraine to me, also that the chief cause of his anger was childish mortification that I should have learned about the unpaid bill.

"May I ask you why you took it upon yourself to pay this personal bill of mine, of which you knew nothing, not even if it were genuine?"

Dicky's voice was hoarse with anger as he faced me. I crossed the room and carefully closed the door into the kitchen where I could hear Katie singing over the dinner dishes.

"There is no need of Katie sharing this discussion," I said coldly, as I sat down in my chair near the grate. I felt the need of the warmth from the blaze.

"That is not answering my question," Dicky fairly snapped the words out.

"There are many things I have to say to you tonight besides the answer to that question," I returned. "But I do not care to say anything until you can sit down and we can talk things over calmly."

"If that isn't just like you," Dicky said. "Do something that humiliates a fellow to the limit, and then put on that superior school-marm manner and propose to have a calm, baby-after-school session." Permit me to remind you that I am your husband, and not a refractory pupil."

Why miss one now, then? I asked dryly; but the ringing of the doorbell prevented Dicky from hearing me.

He went to the door and threw it

AN ECONOMICAL, DELIGHTFUL, LIGHT PLACE TO TRADE



A real thrift message: Charming new Welworth Blouses still priced at \$2.00

—The announcement of the arrival of a new allotment of these ever-desirable WELWORTH BLOUSES is always welcome news to a great many thrifty-minded women.

—For these far-famed and deservedly-popular Blouses permit of real, genuine, downright, substantial SAVINGS.

—Just think of the vast economics of making up these Welworth Blouses in such tremendous quantities to fill the needs of two thousand good stores.

—And, think of the style possibilities of a staff of skilled designers—real Fashion Artists—in constant touch with the latest style development.

Buy W. S. S. now, often and freely and help win the war

Kafoury Bros
THE STORE FOR THE PEOPLE

Farmer of Sleepy Eye, Minnesota.

Mrs. F. B. Culver returned yesterday to her home in Bellingham, Wash., following a three week's stay in Salem with relatives. She was accompanied home by her mother, Mrs. Ellen Hansen who will be with her for the summer.

Dr. and Mrs. B. L. Steeves have been entertaining as their guests, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ashby of Portland. Dr. Steeves is an uncle of Mr. Ashby.

Mrs. George Carter and son, Will Carter, have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Will Bennett, Mrs. Carter being a sister of Mr. Bennett.

Captain and Mrs. C. E. Clancey are returned to their home in Tacoma following a several month's stay with their son, Clyde B. Clancey of North Liberty street. They will probably return to Salem in the winter.

Revelations of a Wife

The Story of a Honeymoon

A Wonderful Romance of Married Life Wonderfully Told by ADELE GARRISON

"REMEMBER" DICKY SAID, "I AM YOUR HUSBAND—NOT YOUR PUPIL."

I was so furious at Dicky for the way in which he had thrown the responsibility of declining Lillian Gale's invitation on my shoulders that I could not control my voice sufficiently to answer his question for a minute or two.

"What's the matter, Madge?" he had exclaimed as he turned from the telephone and saw my face; but I could not speak.

He was the one who had not wished to go to her house for an all-night revel. I had left it all with him. And yet he had deliberately told her that it was my fear of a headache that had prevented us from coming.

Of all things I had desired to keep Lillian Gale from guessing, was that objected to her friendship with Dicky. And here Dicky had put into my mouth that ages-old expedient of a jealous wife, a convenient headache, as a reason for not going to her home.

I could imagine how she was smiling cynically at the idea of my grasping at straws to keep my husband away from her. All my softer mood of the evening vanished. I told myself that I had been correct in my estimate of Dicky as revealed by his dealings with Touraine Bros. He had no moral backbone. If a lie suited his purpose better than the truth, he would utter it gaily, carelessly.

If he were annoyed he would indulge his temper with no thought of whom it might injure.

I was ready now for the explosion over the bill I had paid for Dicky, and the other financial worries. I answered his inquiries coldly.

"Nothing is the matter, except that I am astonished that you should allow Mrs. Underwood to believe I was the one who did not wish to come to her home. It puts me in a false light before her. She will think I am trying to keep you away from your old friends."

"Suppose she does?" Dicky's tone was mischievous. "If she imagines that she will be flattered as any woman would believing you are jealous; while if she thinks that an old like me would actually prefer an evening at home to one of her blowouts, her little feelings will be hurt. Those parties of hers are her pride. She can't imagine that anyone who has ever been fortunate enough to attend one of them would ever miss one of them again."

"Why miss one now, then?" I asked dryly; but the ringing of the doorbell prevented Dicky from hearing me.

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open, and I heard his exclamation of astonishment and anger.

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Dicky was fast working himself in-

to a rage. I wanted to postpone his angry fit, if possible, until all the points of difference between us had been discussed. I tried to make my voice conciliatory.

"Please don't make it so hard for me, Dicky. I may owe you an explanation, but it is impossible for me to talk to you while you are storming around like that. Do sit down and listen to me."

"Well, what have you got to say for yourself?" Dicky's words were distinctly ungracious, but his tone was less angry, and he sat down in a chair opposite me as he spoke.

If I had been less intent upon settling once for all our