

THE OREGON STATESMAN

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WHAT WE ARE FIGHTING FOR

President Wilson spoke to the world again yesterday. Those who heard his words were a small gathering of officials and of diplomats of the allied nations—but he spoke to the entire world, through the medium of the great news associations serving the newspapers of all civilized lands.

The setting was the gentle slopes of Mount Vernon, home and tomb of George Washington, surrounded by scenes which looked upon the creation of this nation, dedicated to the principles for which now all the world, outside of a few German autocrats, is in deadly struggle.

"A REIGN OF LAW, BASED ON THE CONSENT OF THE GOVERNED AND SUSTAINED BY THE ORGANIZED OPINION OF MANKIND."

Those nineteen words in capital letters sum up the heart of President Wilson's speech of yesterday.

They were characterized by him as expressing in brief what we are fighting for.

The war to make the world safe for democracy has been put in many word forms; but no combination is more meaningful and appropriate than the quoted coinage of President Wilson given out yesterday, in a setting that breathed of the very spirit of the struggle.

There was an intimation by the Associated Press, in reporting the speech of President Wilson yesterday at Mount Vernon, that the nations at war with Germany have under consideration a statement of their attitude towards Russia. It is high time. All the world ought to know definitely what is intended as to Russia. Germany ought to know. Russia ought to know. A straight, open course ought to be marked out, and then followed. Then order would begin to come out of chaos.

The mist announces a shortage of one-cent pieces, but in the present high prices for everything one fails to note where a cent can be used to any advantage.

In sending General Wood to San Francisco he is placed about as far away from the war as possible, unless they push him out into the Pacific ocean.—Los Angeles Times.

Is it a coincidence that reports of the illness of various German ministers usually follow their retirement from office after running counter to the Kaiser? Probably that contact with him makes 'em sick.

This war must be waged to the end—or until John Philip Sousa plays "Stars and Stripes Forever" in the streets of Berlin.—Exchange.

The Austrians are demanding peace, and they will soon speak loud enough for even the Kaiser to hear. He is the whole thing. King Charles is merely the rubber stamp.—Exchange. The Kaiser hears now. But he can not afford an Austrian peace. From his standpoint, he can better afford to let all Austrians starve to death.

FUTURE DATES

July 6, Saturday—Republican State Central committee meets in Portland.
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.

Salem Bank of Commerce OF SALEM, OREGON

Report of Condition, June 29, 1918

RESOURCES

Loans	\$215,398.45
Bonds and Warrants	88,036.15
Overdrafts	244.02
Banking House	25,000.00
Fixtures	3,400.00
Cash and due from Banks	97,858.75

LIABILITIES

Capital	\$ 50,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits	7,728.37
Deposits	372,209.00

TOTAL RESOURCES

June 29, 1917	\$319,919.81
June 29, 1918	\$429,937.37

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E. L. Steeves	S. B. Elliott
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leaders begin to say to one another that they can not bring this war to a successful conclusion by fighting; that they must resort to diplomacy. But, fortunately for civilization, the big stick of diplomacy is in the hands of the American people, who desire nothing for themselves, and will insist only upon the world being made safe for democracy and upon such agreements as will put an end to all wars.

POOR FRANZ!

(Los Angeles Times).
Franz von Rintelen, held in the Tombs in New York on a charge of bombing allied ships, is said to be "displeased" with prison life! Then why doesn't the government let him go? The idea of holding an alleged enemy of the United States against his will! Think of the good time the thousands of allied prisoners (including Americans) must be having in the rotten prison camps of Germany!

SPEAKING OF NERVES.

General von Bernhardi some years ago, in his work entitled "Germany and the Next War," predicted that the Kaiser would win because the Germans had stronger nerves than the allies. But the nerves of men grow weak when their food supplies are lessened. A dinnerless and supperless man soon loses the "sand in his craw," and the food riots in Germany are growing in size every day. It may be truthfully said that labor in Germany and in Austria has grown sick of the war, while in the allied countries, as in the United States, it is growing more and more whole-hearted and is demanding that the fight shall continue until complete victory over the Kaiser shall be achieved.

RUSSIA, THE ENIGMA.

He is a very difficult man to please who can't find in the news out of Russia these days something that satisfies him. That there exists good reason for doubting the news, no matter what it may be, is certainly true; but there is variety enough for all desires. The Trotsky-Lenin gang—being German hirelings—have been run out; Kerensky is in the ascendancy again; the czar is assassinated; the czar is not assassinated; Grand Duke Michael has started a revolution; so has Grand Duke Nicholas; Russia is coming back into the war with a vengeance; Russia is out of it forever; that is the way the news runs.

All that we may reasonably surmise is that Russia is in a dreadful state of chaos. The indications, however, are that most of the disturbance is due to the fact that the Russians realize they have been duped by Germany. That is all the excuse they have for being in a turmoil. They wanted a separate peace, and got it—in the German fashion. The result has been painful. That is well known. And if the present epidemic of revolution means anything it means that the Russians are trying to establish a government that will repudiate Germany and her peace.

BITS FOR BREAKFAST

It was safe and sane.
Weather man still saying fair.

But there was a good south wind last night, and that means rain, if it comes long enough from that direction.

And there is the Turner camp meeting, beginning tomorrow, which is another strong ray of hope to those who are crying for rain.

The patriotic pickers of cherries and loganberries just kept on picking yesterday. And this was the most appropriate way to celebrate. Food will win the war for what the Fourth of July stands for in the world.

The Australian forces celebrated the Fourth on the western battle front by kicking the Germans on a front of four miles, a mile and a half deep, and taking 150 prisoners. That was patriotic of the kangaroos. American troops helped—and this is the first news that the Sammies are with the Australians.

The French did a little stunt of the same kind, too, taking 1066 prisoners.

And the Italians put a few over on the Austrians.

And all the allied nations celebrated.

All in all, it was a particularly glorious Fourth.

The Sultan of Turkey is dead, and the heir to the throne is Yusef Izzeddin, a cousin of the deceased throned rubber stamp and assassin, and bloodiest token of Kultur.

The suggestion of Senator Reed that all bachelors between the ages of 30 and 40 years ought to be drafted will strike a popular chord. Nobody loves a bachelor.

The "work-or-fight" order ought to be built so that it will catch the woman who thinks she cannot live without her lap dog.—Los Angeles Times.

Something New.....

The Keith Konquerer Shoe Company, of Brockton, Mass., notified their exclusive local dealer, The Paris Shoe Shop, that for one week, July 1st to July 6th, they will inaugurate a new profit-sharing system of introducing their shoes for men and women, by giving any man or woman that buys a pair of shoes at the regular purchase price the opportunity to buy the second pair at ONE-HALF PRICE and the second pair may be any style or size. Remember this special introduction of Keith Konquerer Shoes for one week only, July 1st to July 6th.

PARIS SHOE SHOP 357 State Street

LLOYD RIGDON LIKES BARRACKS

Salem Man Still in Quarantine, But Is Pleased With Soldiering

Although still in quarantine, full of several kinds of serums, Lloyd T. Rigdon, who recently left Salem with one of the draft contingents, likes soldiering at Camp Lewis. He has passed the physical examinations: Because the new recruits are required to remain about their barracks during the quarantine period he has not yet seen a great deal of the great cantonment and hasn't yet made a trip to Tacoma, which is seventeen miles distant. In an interesting letter to his parents, Rigdon writes:

"We arrived O. K. Wednesday evening about 9 o'clock. I have been busy almost every minute till this afternoon. There were about 200 in our company, but forty have failed to pass the physical examinations, which are quite thorough. We were examined three different times—just finished this morning. I have been vaccinated and also injected with serum. We were given both at the same time. There were only about ten sick as a result. One fainted through fear at sight of the others ahead being given the treatments. However, that is a very good record, as often, they say, the boys fall by dozens as they approach the men with the hypodermics. It has been a little severe on us as we have been worked from the time we got up, 5:45, reveille at 6, breakfast 6:15, called again about 6:45 for the day's work, standing in line, drilling, etc. Our arms have been more or less sore, of course. We get two more injections before we are out of quarantine, which lasts about three weeks altogether, during which time we have to remain around our barracks, so as yet, I have seen practically nothing of the camp, which is immense—about 9 by 12 miles of solid barracks and grounds. There is about 75,000 acres here. Between 2000 and 3000 new recruits come in each day and many trainloads leave. They come from all over the west, as far east as Minnesota. Camp Lewis is the largest cantonment in the United States. There are about 40,000 here now and they expect to have 60,000 when all arrive from this draft, probably by the last of July.

"This depot brigade we are in is only a temporary proposition for the recruits. As soon as we are out of quarantine we are assigned to different departments, those of us who desire something besides the infantry. We were all asked which branch of the service we preferred, our past vocations, etc. I am glad I was not sent home with the forty, as since we have made the start most of the boys want to stick. Some didn't on account of their physical condition, being married, etc. They say we are all likely to be moved in two or three months.

"We got only part of our uniforms last night, three suits of underwear, drawers and socks. We were given two blankets and a comforter to sleep between, no sheets. So with the blanket the girls gave me I am comfortable. The boys enjoyed the two boxes of candy I opened on the train.

"We are comfortably arranged here—plenty of fresh air. The weather has been warm days, nights cool, no rain—I presume about as at home, although we have cooler nights. We are closed to the salt air. Tacoma is seventeen miles away. If no ones takes sick and we get out of quarantine in three weeks, as soon as I can I want to run over there—50 cents by jitney. Have only spent 15 cents so far, for stamps and for newspapers."

TO THE POLICYHOLDERS OF THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA.
NOTICE is hereby given that a meeting of the policyholders of The Prudential Insurance Company of America will be held at the Home Office of said company in the City of Newark, New Jersey, on Monday, the second day of December, 1918, at twelve o'clock noon, for the purpose of selecting four persons to be voted for by the policyholders as members of the Board of Directors at the annual election of Directors of the Company to be held on the thirtieth day of January, 1919.

At such meeting every policyholder of the corporation who is of the age of twenty-one years or upwards and whose policy has been in force for at least one year last past shall be entitled to cast one vote in person or by proxy.

FORREST DRYDEN, President.

IN A SOCIAL WAY

By Florence Elizabeth Nichols

Felicitations are reaching Mr. and Mrs. Royal A. Nadon upon the birth of a son yesterday at the Salem hospital. Mrs. Nadon was Miss Leonard Eckerlen before her marriage. Since her return from San Francisco, where she and her husband have been for the year since their marriage, she has been the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Eckerlen. Mr. Nadon is in Portland and

later his wife and baby will join him there.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter T. Stolz returned Wednesday from Portland, where they were for several days with their little son Richard, who underwent a slight throat operation there.

Mrs. A. L. Buchtel and small daughter Benita will return to their home in Portland tomorrow after visiting since Tuesday with Mrs. Buchtel's mother, Mrs. B. B. Cronk.

Mrs. Winnifred Pettijohn will leave tomorrow for Newport where she will take a government position with a Newport office. Her little daughters, Helen and Lucile, will not join her until fall but will remain with their grandfather, C. H. Cannon at the latter's farm place.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Rosenquest of Chicago have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Frank Rosequest of 463 North Commercial street.

Mrs. Frank M. Miles of Portland is the house guest of her father, Judge F. A. Moore and her sister, Miss Calista Moore.

Harold Olinger, the young son of Dr. and Mrs. H. H. Olinger, has returned from a ten day stay in Harburg where he has been visiting a relative, Mrs. Gertrude Cunningham Shisler.

Dr. and Mrs. C. H. Robertson have as their guests Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Mayhood of Portland.

It is all right to say that the braying of a mule may be prevented by tying a weight to its tail, but who is going to tie it?

Revelations of a Wife

The Story of a Honeymoon

A Wonderful Romance of Married Life Wonderfully Told by ADELE GARRISON

CHAPTER XXVIII The Purr of a Cat and the Sympathy

I do not know how long I sat looking dumbly at the shattered pieces of glass, all that was left of my treasured vase. I was stunned at the storm of anger in Dicky which I had aroused by my ultimatum on our household finances, and my determination to earn some money of my own.

It seemed ages before I stirred. Then I bent to pick up the pieces of glass. At my movement the kitchen door opened swiftly and Katie rushed in. I had a sudden sick knowledge that she had been listening and looking during Dicky's outburst.

"Oh, poor Missis Graham," she crooned, coming over to me and putting her arms around me. "You not feel bad for dot. Dot nothing for Meester Graham. He mean nothing. Many time I see him mad. He throw things on floor, nearest thing he can get hands on. One time he throw omelet he no like, it go all over street. I make heem, nightcap for head," Katie giggled reminiscently.

"But he got over dot mad joost as a queeck," she went on. "Bimeby you see he come back, he say, Oh, I so sorry. I nevaire, nevaire dot it again—till next time." Katie giggled again. "You not feel bad. Man like dot if you do not do every thing dey want, and if you do all times vot dey want, no times vot you want, dey tink you are carpet, dey wipe feet on you."

Through all my natural shrinking from sympathy of any kind, and my distaste of having a servant know anything of my affairs, the consciousness of this girl's hearty, sincere feeling soothed me, while her homely philosophy fitted in with my reflections.

"Thank you, Katie," I said. "Will you kindly brush up these pieces before you go?"

She brought the broom and dustpan, gathered up the pieces, carried them to the kitchen, returned and made a pretense of straightening up the living room, changing the position of several chairs, and arranging the books and magazines. Evidently she had something on her mind. Finally she came close to me.

"Oh, say, Missis Graham, I no like to leave you here alone tonight." Besides, I scared to go home every night. A shrewd look came into her face. She hesitated for a moment. Reading her I wondered what kindly falsehood she would invent to cover her desire to stay with me. I waited but a moment.

"A man he spik to me on the street last night. I scared and run. I said he spik to me tonight, too."

"How did he look, Katie?" I asked, half smiling in spite of my heartache.

"Oh, a great big man, with beeg black whiskers." Katie evidently was determined to paint a sufficiently strong picture now she had seized the brush. "Hees eyes like dot in me," Katie rounded her own. I could see that she fancied herself an awe-inspiring spectacle. "If he spik to me tonight I shall joost die, I know."

"But there is no place for you to

sleep."

"Oh, yes, Missis Graham. You come with me. I show you."

I followed her to the kitchen. She threw open the door of the unused closet I had given her for her things.

"Here," she said, "I sleep here."

"Why, Katie, I exclaimed. "There isn't any room here for a bed," and, indeed, the closet, while a large one, holding our trunks, seemed a mere cubby hole for a sleeping place. But as I looked at it I vaguely remembered hearing the woman who had rented the apartment. I had paid no attention to her phras, for I had not intended to keep a maid. Was this what she meant?

"Oh, yes, Missis Graham," called Katie again, and stooping behind the trunks she brought forth a queer looking iron framework which I had noticed but in my ignorance of housewifely ways had never bothered to investigate. Pulling it out it revealed itself as a small low bed, with a fairly clean mattress and pillow held in its iron framework.

"See," said Katie gleefully. "At night I pull him out—so, he nice bed for me. In morning I shut him up, so he no in way."

"Katie, do not say 'him' when you speak of things like beds, chairs, tables, dishes. Say 'it' or 'them'!"

"All right," answered Katie. "Thank you. I like to spik the English right. You teach me. I thank you. You let me sleep here. Please? This is such nice room."

"Down at my cousin's little room like des, me and three children sleep I no like." She spoke wistfully.

To think that this cubby hole seemed a desirable sleeping room to anybody! The picture of Katie and three children huddled in one no larger decided me. I would let her stay. Doubtless her company might often be welcome, I reflected grimly, if Dicky and I kept the pace we seemed to have set.

"Very well, Katie," I said at last. "You may stay if you will be very careful, to throw open your window each day a long time and air your bedding."

There was a fair-sized window in the closet, or I never should have given my consent to her sleeping there.

"Come with me and I will give you linen and a blanket."

"Oh, thank you, Missis Graham. I do everything for you," Katie grasped my hand and kissed it, her invariable method of showing gratitude.

As I handed her the sheets and pillow case, and the only extra blanket my limited linen closet contained, I voiced a doubt that had been in my mind since I gave my consent to her staying.

"Are you sure you will be warm enough tonight, Katie? I'll get you an extra blanket or a comforter tomorrow."

"You get me nothing!" Katie's voice was decided. I plenty warm. If I cold I put my coat over me. Pretty soon it get spring, get warm, no need blanket. You not spend your money for dot."

The girl's warm-hearted interest was a balm to my bruised sensibility.

lities. I patted her shoulder and spoke warmly.

"You are very good to me, Katie. Thank you. Now go to bed; that's a good girl."

"I am going to bed very soon. If I need you I will call you."

"All right," floated Katie's answer after me as I returned to the living room. "I wake easy. You joost call any time you want me. I come queeck."

I sat down before the grate, which I had not yet turned out. I had a fleeting thought of the increased gas bill I would have at the end of the month if it continued to burn, but I was too numb to care about anything.

The big Angora which Dicky had brought me as his first "housekeeping present," and over which we had our first quarrel, came and rubbed her lazy length against my skirts. Cats have always been an aversion of mine, but since my determination to make the best of Dicky's present I have tried hard to like the beast. As she came close to me I felt a friendly warm liking for her, and stooping lifted her to my lap where she nestled down with a deep purr of satisfaction.

How alone I was when the purr of a cat and the sympathy of a servant were all the consolation I had in my misery.

(To be continued)

SERVICEABLE DENTISTRY



Nineteen Painless Parker offices in the United States repair the teeth of over 100,000 people annually.

Salem Office

State & Commercial Sts