

# THE OREGON STATESMAN

Issued Daily Except Monday by  
THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING COMPANY  
215 S. Commercial St., Salem, Oregon.

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DAILY STATESMAN, served by carrier in Salem and suburbs, 15 cents a week, 50 cents a month.  
DAILY STATESMAN, by mail, \$6 a year; \$3 for six months; 50 cents a month. For three months or more, paid in advance, at rate of \$6 a year.  
SUNDAY STATESMAN, \$1 a year; 50 cents for six months; 25 cents for three months.  
WEEKLY STATESMAN, issued in two six-page sections, Tuesdays and Fridays, \$1 a year; (if not paid in advance, \$1.25); 50 cents for six months; 25 cents for three months.

TELEPHONES: Business Office, 23.  
Circulation Department, 583.  
Job Department, 583.

Entered at the Postoffice in Salem, Oregon, as second class matter.

## THE RAISING OF LATE VEGETABLES

The Statesman of today contains an article, reprinted from this week's issue of The Pacific Homestead, that should interest every farmer in Western Oregon, and every one else who is in any way concerned with gardening in this section.

The article is from the Garden Department of the Pacific Homestead, edited by R. W. Gill, a man who writes not so much by the rules of theory as from the hard knocks of actual practice.

Mr. Gill tells our people how they may raise late garden supplies.

How they may do it after July 1.

Yet this season.

And any other season.

It will surprise some readers to know that it is not too late yet to plant and produce a lot of garden supplies.

If you have the right sort of ground, worked in the right way, and if you plant the right varieties.

For instance, take the following list:

Beets and carrots,  
Parasips and salsify,  
Ruta bagas and turnips; especially turnips;  
Swiss chard and kohi rabi,  
Radishes and spinach,  
Beans, sweet corn and cucumbers,  
Lettuce, endive and mustard,  
Garden peas and onions,  
Chinese or celery cabbage,  
Cabbage, cauliflower and broccoli,  
Celery, potatoes and kale.

But you should read the article, if you are interested, and you surely ought to be—and you should clip it out and refer to it often—

This war year.

And other years, too.

For there must be constant improvements in methods of intensive agriculture in the Willamette valley, and all over Oregon, in order to obtain the best results.

The quantities of produce that may be raised on our land can be increased year after year; and the application of brains will counteract to a large extent the disadvantages of an occasional dry season like the one through which we are now going.

Hindenburg again hesitates.

If the Turner camp meeting brings no rain, we will just have to trust to luck.

What will be the price of the lower berths on that trans-Atlantic airplane trip?

General Wurm is having some trouble trying to turn along the Plave river.

Austria is getting ready to say, "Here is where I fly the coop."—Los Angeles Times. Guess you have the proper dope.

There is a good road to Berlin by way of Vienna, and the Italian-British forces may be able to negotiate the trip. It is certainly worth trying, even if it is sneaking in at the back door.

Foreign Minister Kuehlmann, formally told the reichstag yesterday

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 is proud to welcome as citizens L. F. Van Steyn, wife and

daughter, from Java. They have purchased a home here and will call Salem home. Mr. van Steyn is one of the world's authorities on sugar culture, and he has a plantation of 8000 acres in Java, devoted to the raising of sugar cane, rubber and copra. Salem should be especially proud, because Mr. van Steyn toured the Pacific coast in an automobile, looking for the ideal home city—and he chose Salem.

On this date, July 6, 1776, the Northern army of the Revolutionary forces fell back from Crown Point to Ticonderoga; in 1815 the British and Russian armies entered Paris after the battle of Waterloo; in 1846 the Stars and Stripes were raised at Monterey, Cal.; in 1865 four of the Lincoln conspirators were executed in Washington; in 1916 Paris reported heavy artillery fighting at Verdun; in 1917 French aviators dropped bombs on the Krupp factory at Essen. Reminders of stirring events in history.

## ADVERTISERS TO DISCUSS WAR.

Business reconstruction will be the keynote of the fourteenth annual convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World, which will have its formal opening in San Francisco tomorrow, to be continued through the coming week. The large number of delegates already arrived gives assurance that the convention will be one of the largest ever held by the association.

Among those who are expected to be present and make addresses are Franklin K. Lane, secretary of the Interior; George Creel, chairman of the United States Committee on Public Information, and official representatives of Great Britain, France, Italy, Canada, China, Belgium and Japan.

Herbert S. Houston, former president of the Associated Advertising Clubs, and member of the executive committee of the League to Enforce Peace, is scheduled to speak on the subject, "Economic Pressure to Prevent Future Wars." Some of the other speakers listed are Gerritt Fort of the United States Railway Commission; Bainbridge Colby, member of the United States Shipping Board; Charles M. Schwab, president of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation and director of the shipping board; Merle Siders, chairman of the National Vigilance committee; Earl D. Bapst, president of the American Sugar Refining Company, and Truman A. De Weese, prominent as an advertising manager.

## PRINCESS VICTORIA'S BIRTHDAY

The members of the British royal family will assemble in reunion today for the celebration of their majesties' silver wedding anniversary, and at the same time to extend greetings to Princess Victoria, sister of King George, on the occasion of her fiftieth birthday anniversary.

The "spinster princess," as Victoria is known to the people, is one of the best-loved members of the royal family. The fact that she has preferred a single life to matrimony, and has remained English instead of turning German, like the majority of Victorian princesses, has not lessened the esteem in which she is held by the public.

Princess Victoria has the reputation of being a woman of more than ordinary talent and cleverness. She is an accomplished needlewoman, a fair musician, can paint pictures and bind books, and long ago took a graduate course in nursing. Her health has never been robust, but all the same she is an adept at tennis, golf, bicycling and several other athletic sports.

## UNIVERSAL SYMPATHY.

"The deplorable accident by which Mrs. McNary, wife of the Oregon senator, lost her life shows again the narrow margin on the public highways between safety and danger for all automobiles and automobilists. Often—in most cases, perhaps—an accident to a motor car and its occupants is due to carelessness or inexperience or panic; but there are no signs that any of these common causes was present in the McNary tragedy. The driver, Mr. Boise, is of known carefulness and dependability, familiar with the usual risks and vicissitudes of highway travel. He would take no needless chances anywhere or at any time, and none at all in any circumstances not forced on him by an emergency. Yet an automobile in his charge is upset and one of his passengers, a relative, is killed. Perhaps he mistook the character of the road; or perhaps he made a slight miscalculation as to the space he must give to a passing car; or perhaps the wheel slipped momentarily from his hands; or perhaps the ground gave way unexpectedly under the wheels. Any of these mishaps may have been responsible, and any of them may happen to any driver, however prudent and cautious.

"Not any automobilist can regard himself as immune from accident.

Many things may happen which are beyond his control. A railroad crossing has its unsuspecting victims; and it is a wonder that a hundred collisions do not happen every day at street crossings. One may know that a car is safe in his hands, but he never knows it about the other fellow. Nor is every highway as secure as it appears to be.

"More and more it will be necessary to safeguard dangerous places on roads and at crossings. The grade crossing anywhere on any well-traveled highway is a death-welcomer; and highway fill sand curves should always be fenced or bulkheaded. The time will come when the public will demand of roadbuilders that they not only make roads sound and passable, but safe in all questionable places."

"The loss to Senator McNary and to her family and to the community in which she spent her useful life, in the death of Mrs. McNary, is heavy. She was a member of a well-known family, which has identified itself through many years with Salem, and she was widely known through her social and charitable work and for her gentle and kindly nature. In the maturity of her service to her family and to the state as the helpmate of a distinguished public official, she is suddenly taken away. Again it is made clear that the ways of Providence are mysterious, and that no one can know the hour or the place where he, too, may be called. It is grievous that so fine a woman should thus be withdrawn from the scene of human activity."

The above editorial articles appeared in the Oregonian of yesterday.

They express in a faint way the feelings of sorrow and sympathy that are beyond words in the hearts of all Salem, and all Oregon.

## BITS FOR BREAKFAST

Dry and—more dry.

J. Pluv. has forgotten how.

Comparative quiet yesterday along the western front.

Probably the Anzac and Amex boys are resting a little for another go.

It is intimated that perhaps the sultan of Turkey did not die from natural causes; that there has been a revolt. It is rather the other way around in Turkey. It is the natural thing for a sultan to die with his boots on.

The United States is getting its gait in many ways. For instance, turning out 3000 airplanes a month now, and the equivalent of one 10,000 ton ship a day. And will continue as long as there is need for more ships or more airplanes.

We are governed entirely too much. Director-General McAdoo has decreed that hereafter Pullman porters shall bathe regularly and wear clean shirts. Does that bar the time-honored "dickie?"

An immediate reduction in the number of types and sizes of automobile tires has been agreed to by the manufacturers. Now if John D. will cut the price of gas, as a war measure, we may be happy yet, you bet.



MISS HEPZIBAH E. KENDRICK.

Hepzibah E. Kendrick is the new "Lady of the Camellias" for the troops going from the vicinity of Richmond to the war in Europe. The original "Lady of the Camellias" gave camellias to Union soldiers in the Civil War. The daughter of the first gave them from the same garden to men who went to war against Spain, and now a third of the family gives them from the same garden to the new soldiers.

# Men's and Boys' Clothing FOR LESS

Our All-Wool Clothing being sold at CLOSING OUT prices---you will NEVER BUY clothing at these prices again until after the WAR is OVER

Men's Porus Knit Undershirts and Drawers, per garment ..... 45c  
B. V. D.'s Undershirts and Drawers, per garment ..... 45c

Children's Straw Hats, value to \$2.00, now ..... 75c

All Men's Dress Straw Hats below cost prices. A line of Straw Sailors, values to \$3.00, now 35c

Gordon Hats, \$3.50 values now ..... \$2.45

Men's Mesh Athletic Undershirts and Drawers, per garment ..... 25c

Boys' Summer Weight Shirts and Drawers, per garment ..... 25c

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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

## CHAPTER XXIX

Sleepless Hours of Waiting Are Lonely Hours Indeed. Life looked very dark to me as I sat before the glowing gas grate in our living room after Dicky had indulged in his temper fit and gone out, presumably to Lillian Gale's "party."

I contrasted the little leaping flames, trying so hard to imitate an honest wood fire, with the heavy shadows upon my married life. Mine was only an imitation happiness, I told myself bitterly.

Then I put myself through a course of severe self-analysis. Was mine the fault of so much bickering had been crowded into the first few weeks of our marriage? If this were the index of our future, better, far better, that Dicky and I should part at once and go our separate ways.

A wave of utter misery swept over me at the thought. Life without Dicky even with his faults, would be unbearable. With him there might be misery; without him nothing but utter blackness, life devoid of any meaning.

I remembered my old cynicism about married happiness. I had not believed there could be such a thing as love. I had not believed that I could do anything but hate. Now I asked myself if ever man and wife had so much bitterness and quarrelling packed in such a short space of time as Dicky and I had experienced this last week.

I knew one solution to the problem. But I could not bring myself to take it. Dicky was a darling when not crossed. I only had to study his every whim, to subject my will always to his, to ignore his outbursts of petty temper when household affairs annoyed, and I would have peace.

But my self respect would not allow me to take that course. Katie's philosophy came back to my mind. "If you do all times vot dey want, no times vot you want, den dey tink you one carpet, dey wipe feet on you."

No, for Dicky's good and my own I could not blot out my individuality. The problem looked insolvable from any angle.

Katie's voice startled me. "Missis Graham, you not hear telephone bell? It ring, ring tree times. I answer it for you."

At any other time Katie's costume would have provoked a smile from me. Her hair was elaborately twisted up in crimping pins, and she wore a gorgeous pink flannelette negligee of the quality the cheaper stores sell at \$1. But I was in no mood for smiling.

"I will answer it, Katie," I replied. "Thank you for reminding me."

"That's all right," Katie still stood by my chair. Evidently she intended to stay while I talked.

"That will be all, Katie," I said gently, as I took down the receiver and Katie disconsolately went into the kitchen and shut the door.

Lillian Gale's voice answered my hesitating "Hello."

"Is that Mrs. Graham? Good! your husband has just told us how

Dicky been saying?—and I told him I was going to call you up and see if we couldn't persuade you to come over for just a little while. I'll send Harry or Dicky with a taxi for you. Harry says he is coming and we'll make Dicky come home early, regularly shoe him out if you feel you can't stay. Won't you please come?"

Her voice was eager, cordial, but I fancied I detected beneath its apparent friendliness a genuine triumph that Dicky had come without me, and a feline curiosity to know how I was taking his defection. Almost any bride of three weeks' standing, I fancied, would show her resentment if her husband left her alone and went to the home of another woman, even if the cause of the going were a bitter quarrel.

A cold determination took possession of me. This woman should learn nothing from me of my real feelings. Dicky was evidently playing the game. I certainly would not lay down my cards. My voice was as cordial as her own as I answered her.

"Dear Mrs. Underwood, if I only dared I would be with you now. But I have things on hand this week that absolutely must be attended to. If I do not rest after one of these headaches of mine I am apt to have a real fit of illness. I am going to bed now, and please tell Dicky that there is no reason why he shouldn't stay as late as he likes. I am so glad he could go, and you may be sure if you will forgive me this time and invite me again I will surely come to you."

There was a note of admiration in her voice when she spoke again. Real or feigned, it gratified my vanity.

"You're a dead game little sport, anyway," she said. "and I appreciate your letting Dicky come. It wouldn't seem like one of my parties without Dicky here. You can wager anything you like I'll invite you again, and make sure you come. Good night."

She did not offer to have Dicky come to the telephone, for which I was devoutly grateful. I was not so dense either that I could not grasp her Partisan shot concerning Dicky's constant attendance upon her whims. Unless I was greatly mistaken, Lillian Gale would never give up my husband's friendship unless Dicky himself banished her from his life.

I felt suddenly old and desperately weary. I knew there would be no sleep for me for hours, but I longed for the darkness of my bedroom. At last I could rest if I could not sleep.

I turned out the gas grate, pushed back my chair, and took from the table the money which had been one cause of our quarrel—how I hated the very touch of it—went to my bed room and put it away.

Every nerve in my body was throbbing. I decided to take a warm bath in the hope that the effects of it would enable me to sleep after a while. I went to the bath room and turned on the hot water, then went back to my room, undressed and put on my bath robe and slippers. In the bath room again. I tempered the nearly boiling water

with cold water and when it was the right temperature slipped into its grateful warmth.

I thought that it would quiet me but after drying the moisture from my body and getting into my nightgown, I found myself shivering with a nervous chill. I threw on a heavy bathrobe and without waiting to plait my hair, my nightly custom, I hurried into bed, drawing the covers tightly around me.

After a while I grew warmer physically, but I felt as if my heart were frozen. I did not expect that Dicky would come home before the early morning hours, and I lay with my eyes wide open, wondering what I should do when he should come.

I heard the clock strike 10! 11! 12! A few moments after the stroke of midnight I heard a queer rumbling at the door of our living room, a muffled, sinister sound. I sat upright in bed listening. What could it be?

(To be continued)

# FIGHT ON PRICE AGAIN RENEWED

Senators From Wheat Growing States Strong for Increase

WASHINGTON, July 5.—Senators from wheat growing states renewed their fight for an increase of the government minimum price to \$2.50 by blocking efforts to pass an emergency resolution continuing departmental appropriations until the regular appropriation bills can be passed. Senator Norris of Nebraska, and Gore of Oklahoma, demanded the resolution to be held up until the house could vote again on the senate's wheat price amendment to the emergency agricultural appropriation bill.

Senators McCumber of North Dakota, and Serling of South Dakota, spoke for the increase, the farmer saying the present price discriminates against 33,000,000 farmers, and the latter insisting that the farmers are granting a concession in accepting the government price on wheat.

Plans were made today for a vote in the house tomorrow on the senate amendment. Chairman Lever, of the house agricultural committee, planned to ask the house to insist upon its refusal to accept the amendment. Should the house again reject the proposal, senators said the resolution continuing the departmental appropriations until the regular annual appropriation bills are completed would be passed tomorrow.

# CASTORIA

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# 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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