

THE OREGON STATESMAN

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The Roosevelt boys and the Hohenzollern boys very well illustrate the difference between a military autocracy and a democracy. The sons of a former President of the United States are in the service of their country and of the civilized world where there is the greatest danger to life, but where there is a chance for the greatest service.

A writer in the Los Angeles Times thinks Siberia will furnish what the great West furnished after the War of the Rebellion—land for the soldiers who will be footloose and restless for further adventures. The Times writer has a vision of millions of soldiers from the different armies going to that great undeveloped region and transforming it into one of the richest sections of the globe.

Bastille day tomorrow.

Our troops in France now have plenty of mustard. In fact, they are cutting the mustard in every way.

Nearly 20,000 people in the United States own German government bonds. They are stung. These bonds will be as worthless as Confederate bonds after the surrender of Lee's armies.

With the private cars eliminated from the railways, the magnates will now be able to appreciate the inconveniences of common folks who have been compelled to dress in the upper berths. We have got even with them at last.

"See you after the war," writes an American aviator captured by the Austrians. (If they do not starve him to death). The way the Italians and French are going towards Macedonia, however, Austria may be put out of the war before the end of it.

Austrian armies have been unlucky in wars in the last 300 years. The record of defeats runs all the way from the thirty-years' war from 1618 to the seven-weeks' war in 1866, when they were defeated by the Prussians under Von Moltke and Prince Frederick at Sadovna.

There is a good deal of the General Grant in General Foch, commander-in-chief of the allied armies. He is not given to much talk. As to the reserve army about which there is so much interest on both sides of the Atlantic, he says nothing. Foch can maintain silence in at least three languages.

AFTER HIM.

The government should not waste any time or energy in going after the disloyal profiteer. He is worse than the Hun, for he is masquerading as a good American.—Exchange. Correct. And his name is Legion. He is in the high places and the low places, and all between.

THEY ARE NEEDED.

The shipping board has placed prunes on the list of non-essentials. The members of that body never partook of the California variety, we will wager a cookie.—Los Angeles Times.

Probably it has been fed up on the California petite prune, and has never tasted the royal purple Oregon prune, prepared as all goods cooks ought to know how to prepare it—fit, then, in several forms, for the gustatory delight of any one who is really a good judge of things worth while; a delicacy that delights the connoisseur and at the same time a food that sticks to the ribs of the hardy burger or hard-worked miner or brave soldier.

TO CELEBRATE BASTILLE DAY.

The anniversary of the destruction of the Bastille by the Parisian populace in 1789, which event furnished one of the first notable milestones on the road to world freedom and democracy, is to be celebrated tomorrow, not only in France, where the day has long been observed as the great national holiday, but in all

July 6 to 14—Annual convention of Christian church at Turner. August 9, 10 and 11—Oregon State Editorial convention at Coos Bay. August 26, 27 and 28—Western Walnut Growers' Association to tour nut groves of Willamette valley.

to begin life anew in unfamiliar surroundings and among strangers. The French government and the French people do everything possible to mitigate the tragedy of their lot and to make them feel welcome, but, at best, the tragedy is all but overwhelming.

In a few minutes of all the passengers there remained on the platform only a young woman carrying in her arms a child. The woman was pitifully haggard and worn; the child scarcely more than skin and bone. These two appeared to have neither a destination nor a friend to concern himself with their arrival, though the woman paced to and fro gazing anxiously on all sides as if she expected to find a familiar face. Noticing her distress, the Red Cross man asked her whom she was looking for. "Ah! monsieur, my husband—" and then, comforted to find a sympathetic ear, she told her story.

Her husband and she had owned a little farm in northern France. In August, 1914, he went to the war, leaving her in charge of her home. They had no children. Then the German sergeant into whose power and compelled her to serve them as a menial. A year later she gave birth to a little girl, the father being a German sergeant into whose power she had been given. As long as she was strong enough to work the Germans had held her, but sorrow and hardship finally broke her down and they sent her back to France.

"My husband is now in Paris on leave, and he was to meet me here at the station. Ah! how I long and how I dread to see him! He knows nothing of this child. What will he say and do when he sees it in my arms? I love it because I bore it, but how can I expect him even to tolerate it?"

This story is only one among the thousands that could be told, varying from one another only in their sorrowful details. When the Germans seize a new district they make a complete census of all women of child-bearing age. These women are assigned to German officers and soldiers. When the children are born the boys are taken from their mothers and sent into Germany to be raised by the state for future "cannon-fodder"; the girls are left with their mothers, who, when their value as slaves has ceased, are sent back to France with their female babies.

It is their increasing knowledge of these infamies that is bringing the American soldier more and more to feel that he is fighting to protect his own women from the fate of the women of France and Belgium. Last January I was talking with Lieutenant R— of Massachusetts, then stationed at an artillery camp in eastern France. He was 39 years old, the possessor of a wife and three children and the head of a large contracting business which he had built up through his own exertions. He had had no military training previous to our declaration of war, but when the crisis came he volunteered, went to Plattsburg and was now in France doing his all. I remarked that a man with so many domestic responsibilities might have felt justified, in staying at home.

STILL WILD AND WOOLLY.

A Texas ranger captain sent a scorching resignation to the governor, following the dismissal of five rangers for killing fifteen Mexican bandits. There is something independent about those wild, whole-souled Texans that is appealing to every red-blooded individual.

If a thieving, murderous bandit interferes with a Texan's right to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" he considers it only an act of duty to dispose of said bandit pronto, without involving the whole country in an international dispute concerning his rights.

THE HAPPY WARRIOR.

The temper of the husky battlers that America is sending overseas is illustrated by a paragraph in a letter from a captain of artillery where-in he says, "If you do any praying for soldiers pray that Uncle Sam does not find out how much sport we get out of a battle, else he will be charging us for it." These are the breezy warriors who pour out of the trenches with all the zeal and ardor of a bunch of collegians invading a football field. People are prone to speak jestingly of men who would rather fight than eat; but France is full of such today. There is a joy in conflict that the healthy young American comprehends. There isn't much patience with a pacifist in such company.

OUR SOLDIERS ARE FIGHTING FOR THEIR HOMES. By Francis Rogers of The Vigilantes. (Mr. Rogers is a Harvard man, a singer and a teacher of singing, who has toured the United States with Mme. Sembrich. Last winter, when the need for entertainers in France became so great, he went with his wife upon a six months' tour of the American, British and French camps and hospitals, and has been back only a little while).

A few weeks ago a Red Cross man was watching the arrival of a train from Switzerland at the Gare de Lyon in Paris. Among the passengers were many broken, emaciated creatures, both men and women, together with a few frail, half-starved children. These were repatriees, the wreckage of the invaded districts of northern France, who, grown too feeble to serve longer their task-masters, the Germans, had been sent back to France by way of Evian on the Swiss border. No sight could be more heart-breaking than a procession of these homeless, hopeless people who, after suffering the mental and physical tortures inflicted on them by the Germans, are sent back to France

to begin life anew in unfamiliar surroundings and among strangers. The French government and the French people do everything possible to mitigate the tragedy of their lot and to make them feel welcome, but, at best, the tragedy is all but overwhelming. In a few minutes of all the passengers there remained on the platform only a young woman carrying in her arms a child. The woman was pitifully haggard and worn; the child scarcely more than skin and bone. These two appeared to have neither a destination nor a friend to concern himself with their arrival, though the woman paced to and fro gazing anxiously on all sides as if she expected to find a familiar face. Noticing her distress, the Red Cross man asked her whom she was looking for. "Ah! monsieur, my husband—" and then, comforted to find a sympathetic ear, she told her story. Her husband and she had owned a little farm in northern France. In August, 1914, he went to the war, leaving her in charge of her home. They had no children. Then the German sergeant into whose power and compelled her to serve them as a menial. A year later she gave birth to a little girl, the father being a German sergeant into whose power she had been given. As long as she was strong enough to work the Germans had held her, but sorrow and hardship finally broke her down and they sent her back to France.

IRRITABLE NERVOUS

Was Condition of Indiana Lady Before Beginning to Take Card-u-i, the Woman's Tonic.

Kokomo, Ind.—Mrs. H. Hankemeier, of this town, says: "I look so well, and am so well, that it does not seem as if I ever needed Cardui. But I was not always this way... I think I have taken a dozen bottles... I believe my little girl came. I was feeling dreadfully bad, had headache, backache, sick at my stomach, no energy... I was very irritable, too, and nervous."

I began taking Cardui about 6 months before my baby came. As a result all those bad feelings left me, and I just felt grand, just as if nothing at all was the matter, and when the end came I was hardly sick at all. Since that I have never taken Cardui at all... It has done me good, and I know it will help others, if they will only try it."

Many women have written grateful letters like the above, telling of the good that Cardui has done them. Why should it not help you, too? If you suffer from any of the ailments so common to women, and feel the need of a safe, reliable, strengthening tonic, we urge you to begin today and give Cardui a fair trial. Your dealer sells Card-u-i. EB-10

tion. But Germany may have the destruction stopped at once, by lining up with democracy—where she will line up, either through force or by her own volition. She can take her choice. And her leaders know it.

On to Constantinople, for the Italians and French. And who can stop them?

More spruce soldiers coming to Oregon. And in one sense, nearly all soldiers are spruce soldiers.

THE MARINES.

By Adolphe E. Smylie of The Vigilantes. (The traditional friendship between France and America is being re-commenced under the fire of the Boche guns. In France there will be huzzas for the Fourth of July; in these United States there will be warm tribute to the gallant French on the 14th and 15th in commemoration of the fall of the Bastille).

"Pardon! he has no English, heem. I ne parle que Francaise. I seek it leetle some Monsieur. Vaire bad, fen suis fache. Ze poak's eye sez wet. At Chateau ze groovy frien' of poliz An' on ze Ouzerg' an' Marne in grand Bon camaraderie. I see zem fight at bois Belleau. Like sauvege make ze yell—Spre nom de Dieu! zoze sailor man. Eez fightin' like ze hell! All time zey smile when make ze push. Magnifique zaire elan. Zey show ze heart of lion. For delight our-brav Frenchman. An' in ze trench at rest, zoze troop. From ze Etats Unis. Queeck make ze groovy frien' of poliz Wiz big slap on ze knee! Zey make ze song an' joke, si drole. An' pass ze cigarette; Zey call us goddam good ol' scout. Like Marquis La Fayette. Next day, mebbe, again ze taps—Ze volley in ze air. Adieu! some fightin' sailor man. Eez gone West. C'est la guerre! No more ze smile, ze hug, ze hand. Queeck wiz ze cigarette; C'est vra!, at funneal of heem. Ze poak's eye sez wet. But, every day like tidal wave—Like human avalanche—Ze transport bring more Yankee troop. Ta get ze beeg revanche! Zen from ze heart American. Come! milliards of monnaie; Eet zez end! Your country bring Triomphant liberte. So, au revoir! I mus' go on. But first I tell to you. What some high officer remark. Ze say, our great Napoleon. Wiz envy would turn green. Eef he could see zoze sailor man—Zoze Uncle Sam Marines!"

THE DEBT DISCHARGED. By Harrison S. Morris of The Vigilantes. (We are going to celebrate the fall of the Bastille all over the United States this year. But our really great tribute to the French nation, in recognition of what it has done to stem the Hunnish tide, is in the army of American youth going steadily into the trenches).

A million men in khaki! Are on their way to France, The sea is torn in furrows, The waves a welcome dance. The hymns of home in gales blow Halfway across the sea, And there the Gallie chorus Takes up the melody. And welcome, welcome, welcome Is the burden of the day That wafts out boys in khaki Into a Gascon bay. Reebamcan not more welcome, Nor knightly Lafayette— But the noble boys in khaki Will pay our sacred debt. For France of old redeemed us And helped us to be free, And now a grateful million Are sailing on the sea— Sailing into the sunrise— In convoys never done— And pretty soon our boys'll be Sailing into the Hun.

BITS FOR BREAKFAST

Still the cherries come, And still the loganberries. Wheat harvest will be in full swing next week. Count von Hertling, German imperial chancellor, in his latest speech to the reichstag, in the Associated Press report this morning, is almost childish. He flounders and stammers and utters egotistical twaddle and nonsense.

The fact is, all Germany is floundering. They are trying to assume a virtue of a brave front when they have no stomach for it. They know they are licked. Von Hertling lays the assassination of the German minister at Moscow onto the entente. He will next lay all the outrageous crimes of Germany against civilization and decency and honesty onto the entente.

He complains that her enemies are trying to destroy Germany. They are trying to destroy, and will destroy, the Germany as she exists under the Hohenzollerns. If Germany shall persist in that way, and the longer the persistence the greater the destruct-

JULY FIFTEENTH.

By Amelia Josephine Burr of The Vigilantes.

Out of wild seas of blood arose the star, Glorious France, that lights our sky today.

The pledge that though the road be stern and far No child of Liberty shall lose the way.

She has known all and suffered all—and now She stands a holy sign in all men's sight.

With Gold's own glory on her bleeding brow, Her victory is won, in hell's despoils.

Wearied to death, but always firm of soul; She struggled onward through her red morass— And now her children, at her dream's great goal, Cry to all ages, "Evil shall not pass!"

Russia, remember France—take heart—beware The only fatal enemy... despair!

NEW MEXICO HAS CELEBRATION

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., July 12.—Under the auspices of the Albuquerque Chamber of Commerce and the state historical society a celebration was held here today, in honor of the 320th anniversary of the establishment of the first permanent white settlement in the Southwest. It was on this date, in 1598, that the Spanish force led by Onate crossed the Rio Grand and established a settlement on the present site of Chamita, which they named San Gabriel, and which became the first capital of New Mexico. Soon after the settlement a great conference known as the "universal Meeting of All the earth" was held here today, in honor of the 320th anniversary of the establishment of the first permanent white settlement in the Southwest. It was on this date, in 1598, that the Spanish force led by Onate crossed the Rio Grand and established a settlement on the present site of Chamita, which they named San Gabriel, and which became the first capital of New Mexico. Soon after the settlement a great conference known as the "universal Meeting of All the earth" was held here today, in honor of the 320th anniversary of the establishment of the first permanent white settlement in the Southwest.

TO IMPROVE CUTOVER LAND.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., July 12.—The Southern Alluvial Land Association, which aims at the reclamation and settlement of the millions of acres of cutover land in the South, particularly in the lower Mississippi valley, began its semi-annual meeting here today with a large attendance. It is expected that a definite statement will be made at the meeting in regards to the efforts to secure financial aid from the federal government to carry on the work.

ALABAMA BAR MEETS.

MONTGOMERY, Ala., July 12.—Many noted leaders of the 60,000 and bar were in attendance here today at the opening of the annual meeting of the Alabama State Bar association. Much of the time of the two days' session will be spent in considering a closer organization of the bar for constructive work upon the social and legal problems brought about by the war. T. J. O'Donnell, of Denver, will deliver the annual address before the association.

BOYNE ANNIVERSARY OBSERVED

BELFAST, Tr., July 12.—The battle of the Boyne anniversary was quietly observed by the Orangemen's societies today, the authorities taking extraordinary precautions to prevent any public disturbances such as have marked the occasion in some previous years. The battle of the Boyne was fought in 1690, three miles west of Drogheda, on the banks of the Boyne river. It was this battle that assured the ascendancy of Protestantism in England and was fatal to the cause of James II. On obelisk 150 feet high marks the scene of the battle, the anniversary of which is celebrated by the Orangemen each year.

AT THE LIBRARY

July 13, 1918. "In the Heart of German Intrigue" is the result of Demetra Vaka Brown's visit to her native Athens to learn the mystery of Greece's attitude to the great war. It is a revelation of intrigue and corruption. "A Volunteer Poilu" pictures the French army life as "The First Hundred Thousand" does the British. Henry Sheahan, the author, spent a year at the extreme front. "The Duchess of Wrex" and "The Green Mirror" are studies of two types of English life, the aristocratic and the middle class. Each is a complete and interesting story, yet one of a series of three which it is hoped Hugh Walpole will finish "after the war." Of all the new novels probably none have exceeded his "Dark Forest" which the library received last year. "Our Schools in War Time and After" is a contribution by Professor Dean of Columbia. He develops such live topics as "Farm Cadets" and "Re-education of the Disabled." "Danny the Freshman" is a college story by Walter Camp, the authority on school athletics. "Heroes of Today" brings such modern heroes as Hoover and Goethals to the acquaintance of the children. Daniel A. Poling, who is known personally by many Salem people, has an article in Outlook for July 10 entitled "Physically Competent and Morally Fit: A Report from an Eye-witness at the Front." It is the result of personal observation of the American soldier in France.

ISLANDS ARE PROSPEROUS.

Unparalleled prosperity is being enjoyed in the Philippine Islands, according to the statement of the governor general in a recent message and substantiated by foreign trade returns for 1917. "Prosperity is represented in a silk trade that approximated \$2,000,000 and more than doubled in value," says Commerce Reports. "Textiles, which are a leading item, increased nearly 300 per cent in quantity, while much larger quantities of spun silk for local manufacture were also imported."

REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

The Story of a Honeymoon

A Wonderful Romance of Married Life Wonderfully Told by ADELE GARIBSON

CHAPTER XXXV

Tete-a-tete Before the Gate Once More "Well, well, a regular drunkard's breakfast! Madge, is this your idea, or do I recognize Katie's fine Italian hand?"

Dicky surveyed the dinner Katie had just served with a whimsical look. We were taking a combination breakfast, lunch and dinner, the first food either of us had touched since Dicky had ushered in a most exciting 24 hours by slamming out of the apartment the night before in a towering rage.

Having repented and been driven only a few minutes before, Dicky, like most penitents, appeared to have forgotten his sins completely. The memory of the long hours of the night when I had been frightened by the sight of Dicky intoxicated, and worried by his failure to come home; the thought of the day just passed, when Dicky in one room slept off his intoxication, and I in another suffered terribly with a headache, shadowed my joy in our reconciliation. But Dicky was in royal good humor.

"This is Katie's idea entirely," I replied. "I really have had no experience in this sort of thing," I added demurely.

Dicky made a face at me. An answer I knew was on the tip of his tongue, but Katie's indignant voice interrupted:

"Master Graham, why you say me Italian? Me no dago, me Polish girl. I tell you dot odder place, but you say always, Katie's Italian hand. Why you do dot?"

Dicky threw back his head and laughed uproariously. Then he put his hand in his pocket. As he drew it out I saw that it held a bill.

"See what this will do toward soothing your wounded feelings," he said as he held it out.

Katie put her hands behind her. "No, no, dot too mooch," she said, but her eyes fixed greedily upon the money.

"Nonsense," Dicky answered throwing the bill on the table. "A dollar isn't too much for this life-saver and being called an Italian to boot."

He lifted to his lips as he spoke the cup of steaming clam broth which Katie had served us first course. I had already drained mine. It was indeed delicious, but a dollar tip seemed ridiculous to my frugal mind.

"Take it, Katie," his voice held a note of command, and Katie picked up the dollar.

"You can call me vat you please for dis," she giggled, as she put the empty cups on the tray. You try dis salt macker-el. Dot is goot for—" she hesitated for a word.

"For what ails me," suggested Dicky mischievously, to Katie's confusion.

"I know mean nothin'," she said as she hurried into the kitchen.

I looked critically at the dishes ready for Dicky's serving. If this were a "drunkard's breakfast," I told myself, it certainly was an incentive to a man to indulge in too much liquor. I had never known that salt mackerel could look so inviting. Katie had soaked them all day until they were like fresh fish. Then she had plunged them in boiling water, and I had seen her watching them anxiously so that they should not remain in the water an instant after they were cooked sufficiently. She had drained them, laid them on a hot platter garnished with parsley, and poured over them a most inviting looking thin sauce, the principal ingredients of which I recognized as hot milk and melted butter.

Boiled potatoes, piping hot, and a salad that gave a foretaste of spring— crisp chives... and a plate of hot buttered toast completed the meal, which even if I had not been as ravenously hungry as I was would have tempted me to eat heartily.

Dicky did not appear as hungry as I, but he ate a fairly good meal. As Katie cleared the dishes away and brought the coffee and a certain kind of cream cheese of which Dicky is very fond, he looked at me whimsically.

"Shall we risk our coffee in the living room again?" he asked.

I winced at the memory of the evening before when Katie had served our after dinner coffee before

the gas log in the living room. The financial discussion which followed had precipitated a painful scene. But Dicky, in his penitence, had granted every thing I wished, so there seemed to be nothing left which could cause any discussion.

"Why not?" I turned to Katie. "Please bring the things into the other room."

We sipped our coffee and then Dicky lighted a cigar. "You ought to smoke, Madge," he said carelessly. "Won't you try a cigarette?"

He drew out his case of cigarettes and proffered me one. I drew back in horror.

"Dicky," I ejaculated. "You do not mean you would like to see me smoking?"

He looked at me curiously. "I beg your pardon." There was a touch of irony in his voice. "I seem fated to stumble on your prejudices." He replaced the cigarettes in his pocket.

"But Dicky," I persisted, "it means a lot to me. Tell me, would you be willing to have your wife a user of cigarettes?"

"If you mean a cigarette fiend, no," returned Dicky, "nor of course, I wouldn't want to see you use as many as Lil does. She gets pretty nearly daffy if she doesn't have her regular allowance. But I think it would be mighty comfy if you would smoke a cigarette occasionally with me. Incidentally, I'd like to see how you would look with one. The combination of the cold, calm saintliness of yours with a lighted cigarette ought to be interesting."

Did his voice hold a covert sneer? I thought of the woman in the theatre dressing room who had referred to me as the "marble bride." Were the principles upon which my very character was built to be the rock upon which our happiness would be wrecked? I recognized the fact that to Dicky my principles were only prejudices. A tiny voice somewhere in my inner consciousness whispered: "Are you very sure that some of them are not?"

I felt bewildered, shaken. The trifling query of Dicky's concerning my smoking had been to me as a sudden loosening of an anchor to a boat. I was swept into unfamiliar seas. Secure in the haven of the limited circle which had surrounded my work and life before my marriage I had never questioned the theories which had been bred in me. I wondered what my mother would say to me. I knew she had possessed my temperment. I knew also that her life had been wrecked by my father's desertion of her. What had she said to me about that last terrible day before she left me? "I wish I had kept a record of those days of my own unhappiness, so I could warn you of the hidden rocks in your path." Had she regretted some of her own acts? Would she advise me to yield some of my prejudices to Dicky's and save my resistance for a time when some vital principle might be in question? All at once the realization swept over me that her advice would be just what I had fancied. I made a sudden decision. I leaned forward and held out my hand to Dicky.

"If you will promise that it won't make me ill as a small boy's first cigar is always said to do, I will try one of your cigarettes," I said, with a smile.

MOTION PICTURE EXPOSITION

BOSTON, Mass., July 12.—From New York, Chicago, Los Angeles and other cities there arrived in Boston today a large number of prominent representatives of all branches of the motion picture industry. They have come to take part in the National Motion Picture Exposition and Convention, which is to be held here during the coming week, with the formal opening scheduled for tomorrow. The man hall of Mechanics Building will be devoted to exhibits of the various branches of the business. The organizations participating will include the Motion Picture Exhibitors' league of America, the National Association of the Motion Picture Industry, the Associated Motion Picture Advertisers and the Society of Motion Picture Engineers.

Advertisement for United States National Bank. Text: "8th Thrift Talk. A STITCH IN TIME. YOU many times spend money—and later feel regretful. Now this condition would be largely eliminated if your funds were safely tucked away in a Savings or Checking Account here at the United States National Bank where withdrawal occasions time for looking ahead. Carry Travelers Cheques on that vacation or business trip. Get them here." Includes an illustration of the bank building.