

THE OREGON STATESMAN

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

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

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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 \$5 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.

A THRILL OF RELIEF TO THE WORLD

The victory of the American and French forces between the Aisne and Marne rivers brings a thrill of relief to the whole world, outside of the narrow circles of the German autocracy, and the court of the unspeakable Turk.

In their hearts, the helpless peoples of Austria and Germany, held in the iron grip of ruthless militarism, feel the thrill.

It means the certain and early downfall of military autocracy and absolutism. It means that these outgrown institutions are to be relegated to history.

It means that the whole world is to be free; that the people are to rule everywhere; that there is to be an end of all wars; at least all wars for conquest.

The great offensive of the forces of democracy may have begun, in its initial stages.

It may be delayed for some time.

But, unless peace shall be asked for in earnest by Germany before it comes, it will surely follow in good time, and it will surely succeed, even to the taking of Berlin.

Gas warfare is a detestable thing. It was supposed to have been barred from so-called "civilized warfare" for two thousand years or more. But since the Huns began it, they are likely to get it to their asphyxiated content. It is traditionally permissible to fight the devil with fire. The chief of the bureau of chemistry of the United States War Department told a Senate committee the other day that the forces at war with Germany had more gas at their disposal than the Germans, and used it more effectively, and also that they had better gas masks for their own protection. And so, in the inhuman gas attacks, it will henceforth be a case of "Lay on, McDuff, and damned be he who first cries hold, enough."

"On ne passe pas!" They shall not pass. And they did not pass. And they do not pass. And they will not pass. Not on the Marne in 1914. Not at Ypres. Not at Verdun. Not in the first phase of the great drive of this year. Nor in the second, the third, the fourth, or the fifth. And the tide of battle has now been turned, with the help of the American forces. And it will grow stronger each day, and, if the German people do not take matters into their own hands and conclude peace, when the time comes for our advance upon Berlin, no Hohenzollern leader will be able to say—and to make it good—"They shall not pass."

"At present," said Orville Wright just a year ago this month, "the difference between five years more of war and an early peace with victory for the Allies, is 10,000 airplanes." We had no airplanes in France then, and we were slower in starting to send them over in goodly numbers than we should have been. But the airplane factories are all humming now, under orders for quantity production, and we must be approaching the 10,000 mark, and ought to have 20,000 in France within a few months. And the Wright dream of an early peace begins to show signs of coming true.

Wanted, a real rain.

C'est la guerre. Too bad, the loss of the San Diego.

The French and British did not think the Sammies could do it. But the Sammies knew they could.

The Kaiser and Hindenburg are reported rushing to the Solons front. But they will not get near enough to the United States Marines to be visible to the naked eye, or to be seen through a field glass.

The good sense on the part of a man who refuses to exhibit his sore toe in public is shown in the high public opinion of William Howard Taft. He was the worst defeated man who ever ran for the presidency, but you would never know it. The people like that kind of loser. Today he is doing all in his power to assist the nation in winning the war.

Major General Charles H. Martin, commandant of one of the American training camps, says it is a mistake to imagine that "bad" men make good soldiers—this in reply to the movement in some parts of the country to allow convicts to enlist in the army. The navy department will not accept recruits of a hard moral character, and the army is now endeavoring to show that it is neither a reform school nor a place of punishment. Normally moral men ought not to be contaminated by bad company.

WHO PAYS THE WAR TAX?

The new revenue bill in course of preparation by congress will call for eight billions of dollars.

Estimated per capita this would

FUTURE DATES.

July 20, Tuesday—Bridge day celebration.
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.
September 25 to 29—Oregon State Fair.

be a tax of eighty dollars on every man, woman and child in the United States, or over three hundred dollars for every adult male. It is evident that every adult male will not pay, either directly or indirectly, as much as \$300 in taxes. The lawyers and the doctors and the clerks will not pay it.

The bulk of it will be paid by the great corporations and by the wealth owners of the country. The United States Steel Corporation last year paid a war tax of nearly \$250,000, or as much as would be paid by a million adult males on a per capita basis. Big businesses must pay the largest share of the cost of the war.

A KISS FOR A BLOW.

The Germans who are in some of the government internment camps in this country are treated with all the comforts of home.

They can do almost anything except ride on the cars and write letters to the Kaiser.

They have an excellent table and the cooks and chefs from interned German steamers who provide their dishes cooked in their own style.

They may have their little old hasenpfeffer, pumpernickel and other joys of living.

For those who are willing to work the government provides employment at \$20 a month. They may even get paid for waiting on themselves. They may have their pets or raise chickens, and one camp has a merry-go-round for the amusement of the prisoners. They have little gardens, dwarf chapels and diminutive inns, where they may rest and be refreshed.

Such life doesn't sound much like the tales handed down by the survivors of Libby prison, or even the stories that leak through from the German prison camps.

TORMENTED THEM.

All is not beer and skittles with Mr. Hohenzollern. Hugo Hasse, an independent Socialist member of the

THE SEA KING'S TRACK

(Guy Fitch Phelps)

"Layfayette, we have come!"—General Pershing.

We have followed the track of the western star
To the coast of the last frontier;
Storm and tempest and splintered spar
All of the way to here;
With scorpion whips you drove us far
On a highway dread and drear.
With scorpion whips you purged your shores
Of the spawn of your high disdain,
And brine was the wine in our open sores,
Plenty of brine and pain.

You spat in our tracks by the Tagus broad,
You hissed when we tried to pray;
You cursed us loud in the name of God,
In the open face of day;
You spat in our tracks made warm with blood
On the shores of the waiting bay.
By the deep Danube, by the Zuyder Zee,
By the Elbe and the foaming Rhone
Black-faced children we were to thee,
Black as thy heart of stone.

Frail and fickle the crafts we steered
Into the bending sky;
Frowning with tempests we so much feared,
And the death which we all might die;
Still had we sailed though worse appeared,
Whatever before might lie.
Tracking the trades through the dim sea mist,
Going we knew not where,
Only that out on the curving west
Ever a star was there.

Up and up by the trail of goats,
And down to the forest grim;
Of the skins of beasts we made us coats
By our campfires low and dim;
Going with rivers in tree-bark boats,
Going with prayer and hymn.
Over the lakeless, treeless waste,
Over the desert sand;
Sun-baked regions where Death had traced
Ways with his bony hand.

Cities we made in the curve of streams,
Palaces, markets and mills;
Gardens of roses for love and dreams,
And castles set high on the hills;
Halls we fashioned with cedar beams,
Strong as our steel-wrought will.
Forges we made where the valleys wind,
Loud did our forges roar;
Copper and silver and gold we mined,
Mountainous heaps of ore.

Now, O Mother! you call us back
Over the wide sea foam,
Over the way of the Sea King's track,
Calling your children home,
Not to the lessons of lash and rack
Do your black-faced children come,
But fair as the moon we turn about
Glowing of breast and brain,
Taking us back again.

You sent us forth but a feeble few,
Spurned from your haughty land;
Bannered and mighty we come to you
Uncounted as ocean sand;
Come the prophetic tide to do,
Delivering, uplifting—grand!
Come to interpret the mazy past,
Sons of the prophet line;
Bringing you gospel and battle-blast,
And bottles of new sweet wine.

Emancipations, O Mother we bring!
New systems for systems old;
We'll teach you the songs we have learned to sing,
With voices pitched high and bold,
And we'll croon you a hymn of the Better Time
On a lute that has reeds of gold.
And the bones of your dead in the valley of death
Shall rise to a reformed earth,
When fleshed and visioned and full of breath
We travail them forth in birth.

reichstag, made a speech the other day in which he said that 700,000 American soldiers in France "were a formidable answer to official declarations that the military importance of the United States was nil."

Hasse taunted "Me and Gott" with the fact that "nothing has been heard of any U-boat booty in the shape of American transports."

He went on to say that "the German military rulers were alienating the friendship of the whole world, and their methods were making a decent peace impossible."

He dwelt upon the "horror of German approval of Turkey's brutal violence upon the Armenians" and "the Central Powers' policy of complete extermination of that unhappy people."

Mr. Hasse affirmed in conclusion that "if things go on thus according to the will of the military authority, Germany will be ruined unless the people take the cause of peace in their own hands."

The curious thing is that Hasse was neither assassinated nor imprisoned for his utterances.

The government of the Kaiser demonstrates its efficiency by drowning such utterances as that of Hasse with a tempest of falsehoods. Truth and Mr. Hohenzollern parted company years ago.

BITS FOR BREAKFAST

Chautauqua tomorrow evening.

And Chautauqua all next week.

Our Sammies are still going, between the Aisne and the Marne.

They now have more than 17,000

prisoners, and they are still coming.

Two German cannon captured by the Marines in Bellau wood are to be sent over to this country and set up at the military and naval academies. Now, we have more than 360 more, taken Thursday and yesterday. This is enough to scatter around quite generally in this country. And they are not of much use over there, for our Sammies have better guns, both big and little, than the Germans make. An the best is none too good for our boys, in guns, and everything else.

Reports of yesterday show Italians fighting with the French along the Marne. Getting revenge for what the Germans did last year in northern Italy.

The Salem school board is to go ahead with its program of training the mind through the hand, and teaching useful trades to the ambitious boys and girls—in line with the national scheme, and wisely taking advantage of the offer of financial assistance from the federal government.

Be a Billiken—the synonym of good cheer, of things as they ought to be.

And, coming right down to brass tacks, War Savings Stamps are country savings stamps.

With prohibition in force throughout the nation the sport of hunting the lock on the door at 3 a. m. will go out of fashion. It will be tough on the taxi bandits.

Quit heaving over the sugar ration! You know you can do without much less than you have been accustomed to using.

There is a woman in the suburbs, a frugal soul, who has put away her bit of smoked glass for the eclipse of 1991.

THE WORLD ARMY.

When Caesar led his legions to the conquest of the world, "Senatus populusque" marked the flag that he unfurled. There weren't many foreigners in that historic fuss. For nearly all his soldiers wore a surname ending "us." But now U. S. has come to cover every human race. Since Caesar's time a lot of wondrous things have taken place. And now the conquering army finds a place among its ranks. For many strangely mixed and yet amalgamated Yanks.

Just listen to the roll call as they proudly march away: Sobinski, Angelotti, Hergelsteimer, Jones, O'Shea, MacPherson, Smith, Maru, Li Hung, Sigorensen, Barnett, Llewellyn, Jiggs, McDermott, Hansen, Ferguson, Flacquette, Wajchlekovitch, Di Capa Jenks, Kolb, Washington, Maru, Hernandez, Browne, Just look at 'em! All Yanks, and tried and true!

J. Caesar was a wonder, and his honored Roman name still shines with undimmed splendor on the golden scroll of fame. But when the muse of history in after years shall write the record of the victors in this monumental fight, She'll have a lot to say about the wonders that were done. By all the world arrayed against the legions of the Hun. And how the best of all the world were numbered in the ranks. Of these our strangely mixed and yet amalgamated Yanks. —T. A. Daly.

FOR CONSTIPATION AND BILIOUSNESS

George Jenner, 416 Labor street, San Antonio, Texas, writes: "Foley Cathartic Tablets have proven the best laxative I have taken and I recommend them to sufferers from constipation or biliousness. They should be in every traveling man's grip." Relieve sick headache, bloating or other condition caused by bad digestion. —J. C. Perry.

Read the Classified Ads.

Revelations of a Wife

The Story of a Honeymoon

A Wonderful Romance of Married Life Wonderfully Told by ADELE GARRISON

CHAPTER XVI

What Dicky Told Madge That Sunday Morning

What are you going to do, Madge? Why the uniform? Dicky looked around lazily from the Sunday newspapers, which were strewn around the couch in the living room, where he lay stretched at ease. It was Sunday morning. Dicky's "lazy time" of the week.

The Sunday morning before this I had sat near him in the big chair, also reading and we had promised ourselves that this would be our weekly custom, neither of us having much inclination for church.

But this morning with the expectation of guests in the evening, I knew there was work waiting for me, so as Dicky was thoroughly absorbed in his paper, I had slipped into my room and put on one of my kitchen aprons. A sense of unfamiliarity came to me as I buttoned it, for I had not worn it since Katie had taken the helm of the kitchen. I had hoped that Dicky would not notice my absence, but he saw and called to me as I passed through the living room on my way to the kitchen.

"I must prepare those salted almonds for tonight, Dicky," I replied.

"Both the salted almonds. I told you to get those that were all ready. Can't Katie do them?"

"Katie has all she can do," I explained patiently. "She had the dinner to prepare, and then this afternoon she will polish up the furniture a bit."

Dicky gave a groan of pretended dismay.

"Don't tell me, Madge, that you're one of the women who start cleaning house every time they expect guests," he begged. "Used to you that never, never would I marry one of that stripe. It takes all the comfort of having anyone come to the house to have every thing so stiff."

I wanted to remind Dicky of his diatribe of a few days before, when he had hurt me immeasurably by his criticism of the disordered living room. But I had learned that inconsistency of speech was one of Dicky's chief characteristics. The opinion he expressed one day he was likely to contradict the next and so I skirted the topic carefully.

"We're not going to clean house. Dicky—nothing that will disturb you a bit. But I must prepare the almonds myself. It is a tedious job, and I want the time after dinner free for the sandwiches and the table. You'll run out this morning and get me a few flowers, won't you?"

"Sure," agreed Dicky but there's no hurry, is there?"

"None at all," I assured him. "All right then, I'll go after a while," he resumed his reading and I went to the kitchen.

"Please get me the nut-cracker and the almonds you brought home last night," I told Katie. "I will crack them here on the end of the kitchen table. Be sure that you have plenty of boiling water in the kettle by the time I finish them."

"All right, Missis Graham, I feel," Katie was hustling around the kitchen, getting the breakfast dishes out of the way with more than even her usual rapidity of movement. I sat down at the table and began cracking the nuts. It was a slow job and I had finished only about a

fourth of them when Dicky appeared at the door.

"I've come to help," he announced, but I saw Katie's look of dismay at the tiny kitchen where she must get dinner.

"Go back to your reading," I commanded gayly. "I don't need you. Besides there isn't room for three of us here. Katie hasn't room to turn around as it is."

"That's easily remedied," Dicky caught up the dish of nutmeats, the bag of uncracked nuts and the paper strewn with shells where I was working and carried them into the living room, I trailing along behind him uttering futile protests. As he reached the table the paper slipped from his grasp and shells flew in every direction.

"Dicky," I gasped. "Why on earth did you bring all this stuff in here? Katie cleaned this room thoroughly yesterday, and with the exception of a little straightening and polishing of some of the furniture it was all ready for tonight. Now it will have to be swept again, and that will mean the dusting and polishing all over again."

"You don't suppose I meant to drop the blasted stuff, did you?" demanded Dicky, and his voice held a hint of anger that I promptly heeded. At all costs I wanted to avoid any unpleasantness before the evening of our guests. The evening promised to be enough of a trial to me without having my nerves disturbed by any disagreement beforehand.

"Of course not, Dicky," I soothed, "and as long as the mischief is done we might as well finish them in here. I'll get another nut cracker and the folding sewing table from my room."

"You get the nut cracker and I'll produce the table," said Dicky grandly, and in a few minutes we were seated opposite each other amicably cracking nuts, while Dicky talked of everything and nothing, and I half listened to what he was saying, and half wondered what the evening might bring me in the way of experiences.

To me whose existence had been the monotonous one of the school teacher, life with Dicky was like revelation. "Well," I tried to make my voice drop to a low, intimate tone, "you seemed to bring something unexpected to me."

"You're not half listening to what I am saying," Dicky said accusingly, "and I want you particularly to hear this. You'll have to hear it some time, so you might as well before you meet her."

"Meet who?" I was curious at once.

"Bess Marsden," Dicky stopped and flushed a bit. He appeared at a loss for words. Dicky, of all people!

"Well?" I tried to make my voice encouraging.

"I never realized until recently," Dicky went on in an embarrassed fashion, "how differently you look at things from the way my friends and I do. We might have been brought up on a different planet, you and I. Now Bess is one of the most brilliant women I know. She has written two or three novels that, besides selling enough to give her a good income independent of other work, have made the critics sit up and take notice. She is a leader in the feminist movement, too, and some of her magazine articles upon the new place

of women in the world, whatever the rot is that feminists spout, are considered classics in their line. But—" I interrupted him breathlessly.

"You don't mean Elizabeth Falkner Marsden?"

"The same," said Dicky dramatically. "You don't know her?"

"No, but I have read many things she has written. She is terribly extreme, and I cannot agree with all she says, but her style is wonderful, and many of her arguments are sound. I shall be so glad to meet her."

"Will you? I wonder," muttered Dicky. Then he spoke rapidly, boldly.

"Bess not only has terribly extreme views, but she puts them into practice. She believes that if a man and woman have married and find they no longer love each other, laws cannot bind them, and they are free to form ties elsewhere."

"You mean?" I felt breathless, as if I were running.

"Well, among people who do not know her she observes the conventions. But among us it is generally understood that she and Paul Atwood are something dearer than friends."

"Why don't they marry?" I felt as if I knew yet dreaded the answer. "Because, unfortunately, Paul has a wife who will neither make life bearable at home nor give him a divorce that he may find happiness elsewhere. The Atwoods have a child too, which complicates matters."

"Oh!" All my repugnance to the whole affair was contained in the little exclamation.

Dicky looked at me a trifle impatiently.

"Look here, Madge," he said. "You have led a life almost cloistered in its real ignorance of the world. I would not have told you so that if you heard of it elsewhere you would not think I had purposely kept you in ignorance. Just forget that you know anything about it. That's the attitude the rest of us take."

I felt stifled. I wanted to be alone. I got up blindly.

"Please pardon me for a few minutes," I said. "I will be right back." (To be continued)

FOR MIDDLE-AGED MEN AND WOMEN

The kidneys work day and night to filter and cast out from the blood stream impurities that cause aches and pains when permitted to remain. It is only natural these important organs should slow up and require aid in middle age. Foley Kidney Pills help overworked, tired and diseased kidneys and bladder. —J. C. Perry.

"Fundless" Fairs Planned by School Superintendent

"Fundless" school fair for the fall are being planned at Gervais, Silverton, Butteville, Scotts Mills, Woodburn and other points in the county, according to County Superintendent W. M. Smith. Instead of money as prize awards, ribbons will be used. On ribbons to be awarded will be the inscription "Standard Exhibit." Boys and girls receiving highest awards will be entitled to place their exhibits at the state fair in September.