

# THE OREGON STATESMAN

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## BACK IN OLD JERUSALEM

One of the battalions which took part in the recent capture of Jerusalem was the "Royal Scots."

This regiment is probably the oldest line regiment in the world, and possesses the title of "Pontius Pilate's Bodyguard."

The origin of this strange name is the legend that they are descended from a body of Scotsmen who were drafted into the Roman service and posted in Jerusalem at the time of the Crucifixion. And now history repeats itself, and the regiment is to be found again on duty in the Holy Land.

It is given out from that country that Japan has decided to intervene in Russia, in co-operation with the United States, and under plans proposed at Washington. The nature of the plans is not revealed. One thing may be predicted with confidence, and that is that Japan will do whatever she agrees to do. She will honestly carry out her part, to the letter. And she will be efficient in whatever she undertakes, down to the last detail.

The gentle Germans object to the employment of Negro troops by the United States, and of Moroccan troops by the French. As every tenth man of the United States forces is a colored man, and a fighter, the Germans will have further reason to object, as the conflict grows hotter.

The British are now saying the American soldiers are as good fighters in open warfare as their own Australian troops. Which is saying a great deal, for the Britishers.

## "HIM THAT HAS GETS."

How would you like to be Yale college? It has just been bequeathed \$20,000,000 by a New York lawyer.

Exchange.  
"Him that has gets" is a rule that holds good with colleges and universities.

Williamette University, after many and great sacrifices on the part of its friends, a few years ago made a supreme effort to get into the half million dollar class, in aggregate of endowment and physical property.

After that point was reached, and the permanency of the institution was absolutely assured, things began to come to the old school more as a matter of course.

Now it is a \$700,000 institution, in total of endowment and physical property.

Soon it will be a million dollar school and then its friends may expect its growth in still larger ways, as a matter of course.

It may be a long time before Williamette receives a single \$20,000,000 gift; but the time will come, after this coast shall have grown in wealth for several generations. The sources of potential wealth are here.

One of the results of the war is the revival of the scheme to tunnel the English channel. It is estimated that it could be dug in three years at a cost of \$80,000,000, and Americans are willing to furnish the men and the money. England has always opposed the proposition, while France has favored it. England now no longer fears an invasion of the French.

Many men anxiously await the last round of the mail carriers these days, looking for a letter from the boy "over there." The fathers pretend that only mother is interested, but they are just as much worried as she is.

The Americans who lose their lives in France are buried near where they are killed or die of wounds or disease—and the spot where they are laid away will forever remain a little bit of America in France.

The German soldiers were told that America could not put a million men on the fighting front in France. Now they know it was a lie. The captured Germans intimate that they are now willing to believe there are ten millions, and then some.

## FUTURE DATES.

July 30, Tuesday—Bridge day celebration.  
August 9, 10 and 11—Oregon State Editorial convention at Coos Bay.  
August 17, Saturday—Annual Iowa picnic.  
August 20, Tuesday—Special meeting of Commercial club.  
August 27, Tuesday—Annual Wisconsin picnic at Fair grounds.  
August 28, 29 and 30—Western Walnut Grover Association to tour nut groves of Williamette valley.  
September 25 to 28—Oregon State Fair.

## COUNTY SHERIFF RUNNING BINDER

Needham Gleans Golden Grain on Darby Farm in Shaw Neighborhood

SHAW, Or., July 22.—Sheriff W. L. Needham and family are enjoying a vacation and are camping out on the Darby ranch. Mr. Needham is not too idle so he is running a binder.

Mrs. John Darby is at the home ranch during harvest.

Mrs. John Larsen, Jr., and the Misses Alma and Eva Larsen spent over Sunday with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. Larsen, Sr.

J. Buckel it at home from his duties as Oregon City to attend his ranch for the harvest.

Mrs. Mary Houd of Salem is visiting with her daughter Mrs. H. Keene for a few days.

Mrs. Ernest Towle who has been very ill is improving slowly.

Miss Rosa Amott of Portland is visiting her mother for a few days.

Mrs. Ben Klicker arrived from Eastern Oregon Wednesday to spend the summer in the valley.

Mrs. O. E. Lewis and children visited relatives the week-end in Portland.

Miss Adeline Barr of Salem spent the week-end at the C. L. McAllister home.

Miss Almer Raper and two children of Bend, Oregon, visited the week-end with her sister, Mrs. Vernon McAllister.

the farmerettes is that much of the work they can do better than men.

They make up in care and thoroughness what they lack in "heft."

THE NOONTIDE PRAYER.

Vouchsafe, O Lord, to hear the prayer.

In all our hearts today;

Consider Thou with loving care

The sons we've sent away.

O God, support them in the fight,

Reveal Thy championship of Right;

Yea, give us VICTORY!

—Kate G. Laffitte.

## Idaho Falls Is New Home For Former Rickey Family

RICKEY, Or., July 22.—Mr. and Mrs. Harry Payne and sons Raymond and Hanley, who left here a short time ago are now located at Idaho Falls, Idaho, where Mr. Payne is foreman of a mill.

Mrs. Thomas Wallace is entertaining her sister, Miss Fannie Bowler, of Arizona, and Mrs. W. H. McDevitt of Springfield, Or.

Frank Harris who is stationed at Vancouver, was home on a short furlough last week.

Frank Gesner accompanied by his little nephew, Louis Updegraff, left Friday for Rose Lodge, Or., to spend a few weeks.

Mrs. James Budlong who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. Dickman, left for her home in Portland Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Everett Lewis spent Sunday with Mr. Lewis' father at Scotts Mills.

Mrs. John Caplinger who has been ill, is convalescing.

Miss Mervyl Whitney left Saturday for Portland and Astoria to visit with friends.

Miss Irene Sweeney of Portland who has been visiting Miss Hazel Harris left for her home Saturday.

Sumpter Valley Rate Is Not Considered Lawful

In a statement issued for the press, Public Service Commissioner Corey informs shippers who patronize the Sumpter Valley railroad that the 25 per cent rate increase now being assessed by that road is not considered legal and shippers are advised to retain their freight bills until an adjustment has been accomplished.

Shippers are reminded that director General McAdoo's office has informed the commission that the Sumpter Valley is not under federal control. The commission some time ago allowed the Sumpter Valley an increase of 15 per cent and the shippers are told that this should apply in lieu of the 25 per cent increase. The order allowing a 15 per cent rise does not apply to ores which are still under the old rate. Sumpter Valley officials have already been notified that the commission does not regard the 25 per cent increase as legal.

Wynter Willis, Trusty, Escapes From Penitentiary

Wynter Willis, who was sentenced to the state penitentiary from Multnomah county a year ago for stealing automobiles, and who was recently made a trusty, escaped from the prison yesterday afternoon. He served a previous term in the state prison for burglary committed in a store at Highland and prior to that was at the state training school. He is 22 years old.

Prison authorities think Willis will find work on a farm. He is described as 5 feet 7 inches tall, weight about 135, complexion medium, dark brown hair, worn long and combed back, gray eyes. He has a pit scar under the right jaw and a scar between the eyes. His clothes bear the prison number 7690.

Convict Strolls Away From Flax Picking Gang

Albert N. Jennings, who was committed to the state penitentiary from Coos county in January, 1916, for robbery and given an indeterminate sentence of from three to fifteen years, walked away from a flax gang near Turner some time after midnight Monday night. He was employed as a flax picker. Jennings is 25 years old and of light complexion. He is believed to have gone east toward the mountains.

## IN A SOCIAL WAY

By Florence Elizabeth Nichols

Mr. and Mrs. Byron Brunk (McNe Runcorn) will leave this morning in their motor car for a two or three week's vacation at Belknap Springs. Mrs. Brunk has visited at the Springs for the past five years. The springs, not easy of approach, it grows more about sixty miles from Eugene and the resort is situated upon the highest point in the Cascades. It is a chosen spot of artists and although are located near McKenzie Pass, popular each year.

Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Barnes and daughter, Miss Ruth Barnes, and guests left yesterday morning for Newport, making a motor trip out of the journey. Mr. Barnes will return in a fortnight but his family will remain for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Ronald C. Glover are home from Washington, D. C. where Mr. Glover acts as private secretary to Congressman W. C. Hawley. They expect to leave during the present week for a vacation trip at Cascadia.

A merry crowd of relatives laden with baskets of good things to eat, gathered at the Fairgrounds on Sunday, to have a little reunion. Participating in the day's frolic were: Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Chapman and Grandma Chapman, Winona station; Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Morrison and Allan Morrison, North Yakima, Wash.; Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Byers from West Salem; Mr. Leon B. Rowland, Portland; Mrs. J. F. Lan, Stayton; Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Southwick, Gen Southwick and Vera Southwick, Mountain View; Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Ringle and Donald Ringle, North Salem; and Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Cross from South Salem.

Miss Amelia Babcock has returned from a week-end visit at Macleay where she was the guest of Miss Genevieve Patton. With a group of friends, Miss Patton and her guest motored to Silver Creek falls on Sunday.

Miss Amy Marvin of Everett, Wash., who has been visiting Miss Vivian Golden ten days was accompanied as far as Portland, Saturday by Miss Golden and her mother, Mrs. T. A. Golden, the party later visiting at Vancouver, Wash. The Golden returned home yesterday accompanied by Miss Annabel Golden who has been in Portland for a month.

## Brackett Writes Lines for Squadron Newspaper

Mrs. I. M. Brackett, mother of Forrest Fillmore Brackett, of the firm of Brackett & Gray's Tire Hospital of this city, has received a copy of the squadron paper published by the 157th Aero Squadron, American Expeditionary forces. It is called the "157th Shrapnel." Mr. Brackett is on the executive staff.

The first issue contained the following:

CHEER UP

(By Brackett)

We're done with meals at Kelly.

We're done with sand and grit.

We've served our time in Texas.

We're sore we left there—nit.

We've had our shots and troubles

We're glad they are no more.

The shots just served to make

Our arms a trifle sore.

We've served our time in snow drifts

We've drilled in ice and sleet

The snow was hard on some, of

course.

The drill was hard to beat:

We've done the things they've told us

Most all have done them right

I hate like hell to kick at things

But there's just a few who might—

Make things a little brighter.

For soldiers over here

It would make life much more pleasant

If they wouldn't sneer, but cheer,

For after it's all over

We're safely back at home.

The memory of the cheerful thing

Will rise above the groan.

Some things that we have gone through

Were rough I will admit.

But one thing's worse than all of

them.

And here I'll score a hit:

When the chronic grouch gets busy

You're gonna hear me yell

For when he starts his dismal line

He should be given—well—

We can stand the "shots" and shandstorms

The snow and hail and sleet

And d "fatigue" in zero

But the crab is hard to beat.

So think it over grouchers

And give 'em all a smile

For the "grin and bear it" fellow

Has the grouch guy beat a mile.

## Men Accused of Killing Are Released Temporarily

Chief Justice McBride of the supreme court has approved bonds of \$5000 each for J. E. Paddock and William E. Holbrook, who were convicted in Klamath county for killing Orin McKendree, a sheep raiser. The men are ordered released from custody in the Klamath county jail pending action by the supreme court to which the case has been appealed.

"What did your coal dealer say when you placed your order for next winter's coal?"

"Told me he hadn't delivered all the orders for last winter's coal yet."

—Detroit Free Press.

# We Have Moved

from the CORNER STORE to the ROOM FORMERLY OCCUPIED by our DOMESTIC DEPARTMENT. THE ENTRANCE near the OFFICE leading from the corner room to DOMESTIC DEPARTMENT will remain open continually, thus giving us the benefit of the COURT STREET entrance.

## ALL GOODS BEING SOLD AT CLOSING OUT PRICES

OLD PRICES ON CANVAS

72 in. 12 oz., yd. \$1.15

60 in. 10 oz., yd. .95c

Only two prices left.

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 XLIII  
A Flood of Memories  
"You want dot hot water, now?" Katie put her head in at the door as I sat in the living room finishing the shedding of the almonds. Dicky and I had spent so much time in our discussion of the personality of the guests who were to come to our clarifying dish supper that evening that I had hurried him out after the flowers I wanted, not wishing to wait until after dinner, when there might not be so good a selection in the shops.

"Right away, Katie. I have just finished the best one. Come and help me take them into the kitchen." Katie came toward me, but as she caught sight of the shells strewn all over the rug, she stopped short and pointed her fingers dramatically at the disaster.

"Who did do it?" Her tone was injured, almost insolent, but I knew that she was justified in her anger. She had worked hard the day before to put the apartment in immaculate order.

"I am very sorry, Katie, but Mr. Graham upset the paper of shells as he was bringing it in here. If you will sweep the rug I will help you dust and polish the furniture over again. You will not have to spend much time on them, just see that no dust remains on any of them after sweeping."

If Katie be easily angered, she is also just as easily mollified. She caught up my hand and held it out admiringly.

"You not get dot hand all black for tonight," she said. "Meester Graham, he always upset things, I used to dot. But when folks come you not want your hands like mads, you be lady."

"All right, Katie, thank you," I answered, going into the kitchen. Katie followed, frankly curious.

"How you feel those almonds?" she asked. "I no know. My other lady she always get dem by the delicatessen. You feel yours yourself."

Her tone was admiring. I felt my self-respect as a hostess and housewife coming back to me.

"First put them into a bowl of boiling water," I directed. Katie brought out a yellow cake bowl and offered it to me.

"That will do nicely. Put the nuts in, and cover them well with boiling water."

Katie did so, pouring on the water with the utmost care. Her attitude was that of a little girl with her first cooking lesson. I reflected that this was one reason that made so many of these raw immigrant girls so efficient, their childlike enthusiastic interest in any new problem of their work.

"Vot we do now?" she asked eagerly.

"They have to stay in the boiling water until the brown coats rub off easily. In the mean time get some clean glass towels and put them on the table here. By the way, can you get along without this table? The nuts will have to stay here, first to dry after the blanching, and then to cool after they are browned."

"I no need table. I can feex dinner anywhere. Chairs, sink, stove,

anywhere," declared Katie proudly. "Spread the towels over the table, and call me when you find the brown coat on the nuts is loosened," I said as I left the kitchen and went to my room. I had resolved to give Katie as many steps as possible, for I realized that there would be much more work for her than usual.

I looked around my room, and woman-like decided that I would get out my best things to display before the eyes of the women, who would of course lay their wraps on my bed. One of my most cherished wedding presents was a beautifully embroidered bedspread and set of pillow-cases and sheets, the gift of a semi-invalid friend whose lonely leisure hours were brightened by her skill in embroidery. I had another set which I had embroidered myself, but which was much less beautiful. This I decided to put upon the bed in Dicky's room, reserving the exquisite gift for my own bed. I reasoned that the men whom Dicky might take to his room would never notice anything, while women would be both more critical and appreciative.

A cedar chest, one of the few extravagances of my life before I met Dicky, stood under my window; I raised the lid and took from the chest the bed linen, I treasured so carefully. The set of napkins, and the centerpiece and doilies which I intended to use upon the table, lay next below. As I lifted them out I saw a queerly figured square of silk which Jack had once brought my mother from India.

I laid down the linen and picked up the oriental fabric, my hands trembling. The sight of it brought the memory of my mother to me with overwhelming force. How precious this gift had been to her, and how she had treasured it!

It had never been a secret to me that my mother's dearest wish had been to see me—Jack's wife before she left me forever. I knew that her last years had been shadowed by the knowledge that neither Jack nor I had any other feeling for each other than that of the close friendship, almost relationship, in which we had been reared. I had always been glad that Jack had never wanted to marry me. I did not love him, but I liked him so well that I knew in my heart I never could have resisted the pressure of my mother's wishes and his combined.

A sinister little thought crept into my brain. "If you had married Jack, you would never have met any of these problems, which so complicate your life with Dicky. Jack would never have urged you to do anything you do not approve, like smoking a cigarette. He would have kept you from meeting women of the type you must entertain tonight. He would have thought you perfect in every way, where Dicky seems to want to break your prejudices and ideas at every turn.

Memories of the past came rushing over me, memories, most of them connected with Jack's unvarying kindness to my mother and myself. The son of a distant cousin he had been adopted in his orphaned babyhood by my mother's sister. We had been brought up together. All our childish joys and sorrows were

shared, and after Jack grew up it was to my mother and myself he brought all his triumphs and disappointments.

No brother and sister could have been closer in affection. The fact that we were not related except so distantly added just the necessary filling to make our association a most interesting one to both of us. Jack was the only man of any consequence in my life, as I was certain I was the only woman in his. Then had come his long journey to the wilds of South American, where he could neither receive mail nor get any message out for so long. And I, utterly forgetting almost his very existence, had met Dicky and married him during Jack's absence.

With a little start I remembered that just a week from today he would be home again, expecting to greet me as of old. The letter from him was in the desk now, the letter which had occasioned a quarrel between Dicky and myself. I felt a sudden sense of guilt. For my mother's sake, if not for Jack's, I should have waited for his home coming and approval before I married Dicky.

(To be continued)

## FEWER AT HEALTH RESORTS THIS YEAR

Increased expenses in traveling and at health resorts will keep many hay fever and asthma sufferers home this summer. Foley's Honey and Tar is recommended as a satisfactory remedy for hay fever and asthma. It heals and soothes, allays inflammation and irritation, and eases the choking sensation.—J. C. Perry.

## EX-MAYOR GIVES TESTIMONY.

CHICAGO, July 22.—H. K. Whitaker, former mayor of Missoula, testifying today for the defense in the L. W. W. trial here, told of an L. W. W. lumber strike in Northwestern Montana in 1917. He said the workers accomplished their aims without violence.

## LEMON JUICE TAKES OFF TAN

Girls! Make bleaching lotion if skin is sunburned, tanned or freckled.

Squeeze the juice of two lemons into a bottle containing three ounces of Orchard White, shake well, and you have a quart of the best freckle, sunburn and tan lotion, and complexion beautifier, at a very, very small cost.

Your grocer has the lemons and any drug store or toilet counter will supply three ounces of Orchard White for a few cents. Massage this sweetly fragrant lotion into the face, neck arms and hands each day and see how freckles, sunburn, windburn and tan disappear and how clear, soft and white the skin becomes. Yes! It is harmless.