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THE NEW GERMAN PEACE OFFER

The German military autocrats let the world know yesterday that they would like to have a peace conference, predicated like this:

Germany to give up all claims to territory in the west; to have her colonies returned; no indemnities.

The treaties with Russia and Rumania to remain. Everything else to be settled at the conference.

Germany will have to speak again; and in a louder voice.

Her treaties with Russia and Rumania were signed under duress—like a robber holding a gun to a man's head while he signs a deed. A deed secured in that way is worthless.

Germany would fare much better at the hands of the peace conference if she would forthwith withdraw her troops from all occupied territory; cease her submarine campaigns, and throw herself upon the mercy of an outraged world.

That is the state to which she will come—voluntarily or by compulsion.

The civilized nations cannot think of leaving unsettled any issues that would cause other wars. This one must be final.

WHAT BUTTONS SHOW

At frequent intervals for the last four years the Republican press of the country has been calling attention to the importance of a protective tariff for the development and maintenance of the button industry. It has been shown repeatedly, at no expense to the government but at the expense of Republican editors that we have here the raw materials, the labor and the machinery, but that Germany and Japan had lower wage scales and limited the operation of our factories, especially after the Democratic Congress in 1913 cut the import duties.

Now comes the Tariff Commission with a report showing these same facts with the additional information that since the war cut off German competition, America has taken the lead in producing buttons.

The war has served as a greater protection than a tariff ever did.

But the war will not last forever.

Neither will Japan and Germany, or other nations, be content to leave this country free from competition if they can again invade our markets. The only safe course for America is to restore an adequate protective tariff and do it before the end of the war.

We have had enough of postponing preparedness.

The Tariff Commission is deserving of credit for confirming what the Republican press has been saying for years, but that gets us nowhere. What this country needs is a Congress that will act in anticipation of the trade competition that is coming as sure as a peace treaty is ever signed.

More women than men have registered to vote in California. It will be ladies first down there, at the primaries, and at the election in November. There are few women candidates for office in California, but the men who are running for office will have to go through their paces before the women voters of the state—and may the best men win; though the best looking ones probably have a little edge on the others.

Here are a few words from the current weekly financial letter of Henry Clews, the Wall Street authority: "Germany is not likely to be allowed to hold her winnings in the East any more than to retain her grip on Belgium or France. . . . So much for the war, which has by a strange fortune made him (President Wilson) the greatest democrat and the greatest temporary autocrat in the world."

The mouth of the gigantic pocket enfolding the German armies in the bloody salient around Rheims and Chateau Thierry was rendered narrower yesterday, British troops adding their help in the paring process. In a day or two more, at the present rate of progress, the Germans will have to get out with great losses, or stay in, with perhaps greater losses. The jig is up with them.

The recent rains helped a little in the Willamette valley's contributions to the 1918 wheat yield of the United States, which is now expected to reach a billion bushels. Every little bit helps.

There will be peace.
But not a German peace.

Not even a hyphenated peace.

Yes; the Huns now have a chance to tell it to the Marines; after they are captured.

In the absorbing and interesting game of grab, the Sammies are playing a star part. They are grabbing off their full share of German prisoners, and then some.

With the Austrians licking their wounds on the Italian front and the Huns counting their dead on the western sector, it looks as if the judgments of the Lord were working full time.

FUTURE DATES.

July 20, Tuesday—Bridge day celebration.
August 9, 10 and 11—Oregon State Editorial convention at Coos Bay.
August 17, Saturday—Annual Iowa picnic.
August 19, Monday—National convention of Woman's Relief Corps in Portland.
August 20, Tuesday—Special meeting of Commercial club.
August 21, Tuesday—Annual Wisconsin picnic at Fair grounds.
August 26, 27 and 28—Western Walnut Growers' Association to tour but groves of Willamette valley.
September 25 to 29—Oregon State Fair.

of. It is gratifying that our school board is in line with this point of view, and that on this account new people are constantly coming to Salem to take advantage of our superior educational facilities. This movement is bound to increase.

SOUTH TAKES TWO MORE.

The war department announces the selection of sites for two pieric acid plants for military uses. One, to cost \$7,000,000, will be located at Brunswick, Georgia, and the other, costing \$4,000,000, will be at Little Rock, Arkansas.

In making the announcement the department adds that "sites were chosen in the South after careful investigation of housing, labor and transportation."

A cynic at the writer's elbow inquires: "Why drag these in?"

SPANKING AND FEEDING.

Los Angeles Times: The Italians are repeating the feat of the ancient Romans by restoring order, hygiene, discipline and law among the Albanians in the territory taken from Austria.

Go to it, sons of Italy!

That is exactly what the United States, England and France are trying to do for every country in the world that needs assistance—although some nations, like bad babies, have to be given a good spanking before they can be reasoned with, or even fed.

STRAIGHT TALK.

William Howard Taft is a man of conservative thought, and diction. Yet at the solemn memorial commencement at Yale, Mr. Taft said: "If any man, be he pro-German, Irishman or anything else, questions the honesty and motives of England in her associations with the United States in this war, he is a liar and a traitor."

This is straight-from-the-shoulder talk. It will do many Americans good to hear it.

"OLD GLORY" IN PORTO RICO.

The natives of Porto Rico who fired upon the Stars and Stripes when it was first displayed in their island, twenty years ago today, little thought that their sons would now be fighting under that same flag in the war for freedom and democracy.

It was in this date, in 1898, that the first American flag was sent out into the breeze over Porto Rico.

It was the crew of the U. S. S. Gloucester under command of Lieutenant Commander "Fighting Dick" Wainwright, that first planted the Stars and Stripes on those shores.

The expedition to capture the island started from Cuba on July 21, several war vessels and transports laden with troops taking part. The Gloucester, when the island was sighted, was sent ahead, being a small ship of light draft. Two boat loads of sailors arrived with rifles and a few six-pounders were put ashore and soon drove the handful of natives into the hills. The Spanish flag, which fluttered from a mast in the midst of a cluster of houses, was lowered and the Stars and Stripes run up, with appropriate salutes, July 25, 1898.

BITS FOR BREAKFAST

The Chautauqua is great.

Really, the best in the U. S.

And Salem knows it, too, and appreciates it.

"Burns of the Mountains" is in a class by himself—the greatest man in the world in his line.

"Americas won't fight, eh?"

How now, Mr. Hohenzollern?

The best troops Germany has are doing their level best to hold the Sammies back; but they just won't go back. They are headed the other way, and all hell and all the Hohenzollerns out of that region cannot stop them.

When that gigantic pocket the Sammies are helping to make is emptied, it will likely yield a good many Germans, dead or alive.

Fair and warmer, says the weather man. The grain farmers can use that kind.

Fech is furnishing the strategy, and the Sammies are supplying their full share of the brains, brawn and bravery. It is all together a combination that cannot be stopped.

Our boys over there are taking enough German guns to arm the advancing forces, if they needed them; if they did not have better guns than the Krupps have yet made.

American is not kidding in this war, as the Kaiser would now be willing to affirm by affidavit.

Our idea of a hard job is that of the politician who thinks he has the only recipe for the saving of the country. Why not send him to the western front?—Exchange.

The representation of Red Cross nurses on the service flag is proposed. Why not? There is no question as to how the men "over there" would decide the issue.

IN A SOCIAL WAY

By Florence Elizabeth Nichols

THE king of the Belgians is said to be very fond of babies. His great-grandfather in years gone by was the collector of "babies" pictures, hundreds of which decorated one of the private rooms of the palace. How it must wring his tender heart to see the children wan, pale, suffering for food, starving because he made his country the barrier, protecting the other nations of the world, from the devastating armies of the most cruel and barbarous assaults in the world's history. Can we ever forget what Belgium has done for us.

The opportunity now comes, in the celebration of Saturday, of the queen's birthday by purchasing and wearing the favorite flower of her majesty, the forget-me-not.

The money derived from the sale will be the direct means of saving the lives of hundreds of Belgian babies. All the cities of the Pacific coast are joining in this little testimonial, as a token of appreciation of the sacrifice made by the Belgian nation.

Mrs. Mary Weldon of Portland was a guest of Salem friends yesterday.

Accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. Ida Morris of Looking Glass, Mrs. M. E. Herron has returned from visiting near Roseburg.

Mrs. Emily Moir and her niece, Miss Davis Ryan have gone to Seattle for a ten-day visit. They will also be in Bremerton and Camp Lewis during their vacation trip.

Mrs. Annie B. Coon and daughter, Miss Arvilla Coon passed the weekend in Portland.

Among the Salem teachers who will work in new fields next year is Miss Lucille Chase who will become a member of the faculty of the Oregon Normal school at Monmouth. She will be over the department of domestic science and art in place of Miss Myra Butler who will enter canteen work in France.

Dr. and Mrs. B. L. Steeves have returned from a fortnight's motoring trip in Washington. Part of the time they were at Paradise Inn at Mt. Ranier.

Mrs. Edna White and daughter Velva, and her sister Mrs. Marion Putnam and little daughter Helen will leave today for Newport, where they expect to remain for several weeks.

REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

The Story of a Honeymoon

A Wonderful Romance of Married Life Wonderfully Told by ADELE GARRISON

CHAPTER XLV

Her Artistic Soul

When Dicky told me he had just had a telephone message, saying that Bess Marsden would not be able to come to our little chafing dish supper because of her brother's illness in Chicago, my first feeling was that of relief. I had so dreaded to meet this woman, of whose life I disapproved, that the postponement of the ordeal appeared to me very much as I imagine a reprieve must be to a condemned murderer.

I suppose my face must have reflected my feeling, for the scowl on Dicky's face deepened.

"You seem so pleased over your escape that it would be a pity not to gratify you further," he said slowly. "I think I had better telephone Lill and the Lesters, and call the whole thing off for tonight."

I had a strong inclination to say curtly: "Please yourself," and thus get rid of the whole affair. I understood, Dicky's explosive temper well enough by this time to know that any irritating remark of mine at this juncture would result in his telephoning his prospective guests

to stay at home, regardless of what they might think.

But my pride urged me to save the situation at all costs. The Lesters, whom I had never met, might accept whatever excuse Dicky might choose to give, but I knew that Lillian Gale would realize the true situation in a flash. She would know that Dicky and I had quarreled over our guests, and I was horribly afraid that she would imagine that the primary cause of the quarrel was my jealousy of herself.

A DIPLOMATIC DECISION

Fear of this last possibility had become almost an obsession with me. I would not admit even to the most remote secret cell of my brain the thought that I was jealous of this old friend of Dicky's. Disapprove of her, most certainly; dislike her, I admitted it; but stoop to be jealous of her—never! I told myself fiercely. I realized I would do almost anything to keep her from guessing my dislike of her, for fear she might call "dislike" "jealousy."

So I put down with an iron hand my inclination to say something irritating to Dicky, and thus at one

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stroke eliminate all possibility of ever having to entertain Lillian Gale. Instead I forced a smile to my lips, and all trace of annoyance out of my voice.

"Don't be absurd, Dicky," I said pleasantly. "You are imagining things. I certainly am not pleased to learn of Miss Marsden's trouble, and you are surely jesting when you speak of doing so discourteous a thing as recalling my invitations for tonight. I never should be able to face Mrs. Underwood again, if you did a thing so humiliating to me as that."

"I don't think that last possibility would cause you any very great grief," muttered Dicky, but I knew from his face and manner that I had won, and that he would soon be over his irritation.

"By the way, Dicky," I was glad of the opportunity to ask him a friendly question, "did you get the flowers?"

"Right here," Dicky's voice was pleasant as he sprang to his feet and handed me an enormous box which lay on a chair near him. "I hope they will suit you."

"Suit me!" I exclaimed. I had undone the box and uncovered a great cluster of golden daffodils and snowy narcissus, with the feathery green of the maiden hair ferns completing the incarnation of spring they seemed. "They are exactly what I want against that rather dull green of the diningroom paper."

"You have an artistic soul!" commented Dicky idly, and I felt my face flush. I new he meant nothing by the remark, but I am both foolishly sensitive and self-conscious, and it flashed over me that I had been prating of color tones and combinations when my knowledge of such things was as nothing as compared to that possessed by an artist husband.

"Will you arrange them for me?" I asked to cover my confusion.

"Sure," assented Dicky heartily. "They won't take any arranging. They should be put in something as carefully as possible. Do you want it done now?"

"Why, I suppose they ought to be put in water, and then I can put them in her until after dinner. When I arrange the table for tonight it will be a simple matter to set them in there. Or do you want some of them in here?"

"I don't think so," returned Dicky. "Flowers for a table where people eat are a necessity, but it would look too much like a formal function to have them scattered all over."

"COMMON BROWN DISH?"

"That is my idea, exactly," I asserted heartily. "Now what shall we put them in?"

Dicky's glance swept the room.

"Nothing here," he said. "I removed several horrors belonging to the woman who rented us the apartment," I returned. "One of them is an imitation cut glass vase, an immense thing, but I am afraid it is the only thing in the house big enough. It is in the kitchen cupboard."

"Lead me to the kitchen," returned Dicky non-committally. As we entered Katie's sanctum she stared at Dicky in consternation.

"Dinner ready right queeck," she said worriedly.

"Don't worry about the dinner," Katie said kindly. "We are seeking food for our eyes, not our stomachs."

Katie stared open-mouthed as she generally did at Dicky's nonsense, but Dicky's eyes were roving over the kitchen.

"Aha, my shy beauty, I have spied you," he cried at last, and took down from the cupboard a large, dark brown jar of the very coarsest kind of kitchen crockery. "The very thing!" he held it off admiringly.

"Come on, Madge."

"Dicky," I protested, for I could not believe him serious. "You don't mean to put those beautiful flowers in that coarse kitchen crock?"

"Just wait until you see them in it," he said. "You are blinded by prejudice. A brown dish on the kitchen shelf, a common brown dish is to you, and it is nothing more."

The parody of the quotation stung me more than I was willing to admit even to myself. I always had quite prided myself upon my taste in arranging things. It seemed to me now as if Dicky put my opinions to one side as if they amounted to nothing.

(To be continued)

Hair Often Ruined By Washing With Soap

Soap should be used very carefully, if you want to keep your hair looking its best. Most soaps and prepared shampoos contain too much alkali. This dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle, and ruins it.

The best thing for steady use is just ordinary mulified coconut oil (which is pure and greaseless), and is better than the most expensive soap or anything else you can use.

One or two teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excessive oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and it leaves the scalp soft, and the hair fine and silky bright, lustrous, fluffy and easy to manage.

You can get mulified coconut oil at any pharmacy, it's very cheap, and a few ounces will supply every member of the family for months.

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