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BRUSHES "MADE IN JAPAN"

The enterprising Japs are neglecting no opportunity to increase their sales of competitive articles in the American market. They are aided in that endeavor by the free trade Underwood tariff, which carries a material reduction of duties on such imports, and by our free trade government. For example, brushes. When it was proposed by the Shipping Commission to place an embargo on non-essential imports during the war, the Ames-Bonner Company, of Toledo, O., wrote to the commission and suggested that inasmuch as Japan was sending antimony to this country in big quantities, and we needed all we could get of that metal, brushes, which are bulky articles, be placed on the prohibited list. The suggestion was obviously a sound one, not alone because it would save cargo space, but on account of its advantage to our domestic brush makers and their workmen. Apparently that was the view taken at first in Washington. An Associated Press dispatch announced that brushes were to be included in the embargo. But the importers of Japanese brushes would not have it so. They sent a delegation to Washington and had the brush embargo removed, and American brush makers found as much unfair competition as before in the importation of brushes made in Japan.

A recent issue of Toilet Requisites, an American monthly magazine published in New York, contains the full-page advertisement of a Philadelphia brush importing house, in which the upper half of the advertisement gives a halftone picture of a room full of young girls engaged in making brushes in a factory in Osaka, Japan. These girls are paid wages ranging from 4 to 10 cents a day, while the brush-making operatives in American factories receive from twenty to forty times 4 to 10 cents a day. This vast difference in production cost failed to impress the free trade authorities in Washington, for at the request of American importers they removed the embargo restriction that had been decided upon and have since allowed Japan to send to the United States all the brushes she could find at market for. It is needless to add that the 4 to 10 cents a day labor in Japan could displace and continue to displace American labor that is paid twenty to forty times more than Japanese wages. There is no need to import brushes from Japan or any other low-wage country. American makers could supply the American market and pay American wages. But our free trade government doesn't want that. It prefers that Americans use brushes made in Japan.

Smash the Underwood tariff!

The official French communique was modest yesterday. But it mentioned the fact that the Americans and French took some additional ground in the territory around Rheims, against the fierce opposition of the Prussian and Bavarian Guards. And the Associated Press intimates that further progress there will endanger the hold of the Huns in all the territory around Rheims.

It seems likely that the fierce battle scenes may soon shift; that the armies of the Crown Prince may make their stand at the famous battle ground of Chemin-des-Dames (the Ways of the Women, or the Roads of the Women), and in this case it will remain the choice of General Foch to either continue there or perhaps shift the line of battle to other points, where, perhaps, greater execution and progress may be made, with probability of smaller losses. From now on General Foch will have the staging of the fiercer fighting places. His is the choice; he has the initiative.

Sunday's fighting all but wiped out the famous German salient, and with great losses to the Germans in lives, prisoners and guns and ammunition and supplies.

The German armies have a case of the nerves, and their people at home an attack of the blues.

Watch Foch.

He is not through.

Foch has only begun.

Great summer this for the canner and the cannon.

America has never lost a war. It is too late now to write a new precedent.

Foch can now hit where the hitting is good. He has the choice, the initiative.

He may be neither dead nor as sick as reported, but it is a safe guess that old Hindenburg is not feeling as well as he might.

It is proposed taxing families that employ more than one servant. And while in that line why not have the government pay a bonus to the woman who does her own washing?

The rule having been modified so that sisters of soldiers may enlist in the Red Cross work, many of the

young women are likely to become closer than sisters when the awful war is over.

Hindenburg is promising the German people more drives, in September. But the time is gone when they can be enthused in that way. They know it would merely mean more mountains of dead German soldiers.

The Austrian censor has given a Vienna paper permission to print a prediction of Germany's defeat. All the rest of the world knows it already, including all the people of Germany who are still out of the insane asylums.

The party of American congressmen on the western front, when a shell fell in their vicinity, adjourned sine die without any one putting the motion. (And you may pronounce it in the popular way, if you want to; thanks to the haste of the sine die adjournment.)

Word from the battle front says that Sergy changed hands nine times in twenty-four hours. Wonder if the easy-going citizens of Los Angeles, who sit in their comfortable homes and kick on the sugar allowance when not looting in their soft cushioned automobiles, know what that means?—Los Angeles Times.

GOOD NEWS.

The war department has modified the orders regarding the relatives

of soldiers going to France in order to permit sisters of soldiers to enlist as Red Cross nurses.

This will be good news to thousands of young women who could not understand why they were barred from the danger zones to which their brothers are sent. God bless them; if they want to go, let them go! The very knowledge that their noble sisters are near them will be of infinite comfort to the brave men "over there."

BARRING THE BUGGY.

Los Angeles Times: "Even the old buggy will be standardized if the War Industry Board has its way. This board has asked the vehicle manufacturers to restrict their output to two patterns or designs of wagons and but one style of buggy. Just look up the catalogue of a carriage manufacturing plant of a generation ago and see what this means. Possibly the board finds it advisable to mussy up business and standardize everything it can, and it really doesn't make much difference what happens to the buggy any more; but what sort of a roar would go up in America if only one design of buzz-wagon could be used? Even the rakish side-bar buggy, with its narrow piano box, which was the joy and pride of the Sunday girl, has disappeared and will exist only in the misty recollections of Romance. After all, it was not the fittest—although a mighty snug fit—and therefore may not survive. It has gone the way of the one-hoss shay, which lived but a hundred years and a day."

EUROPE KNOWS NOW.

To the initiated reader last week's battles were the finest achievements thus far scored by the American troops in France.

In the earlier days of the battle the point might have been raised that the Germans were, in the first instance, fighting an advance guard action on difficult ground at Chateau Thierry; in the later fights the Americans were contending against a rear guard whose purpose plainly was to slowly give ground to protect the withdrawal of the great German army.

But there were no two ways about the fights for Cierges, Serky and Seringes.

By no stretch of the imagination could these fights be regarded as strategic retreats. They were knock-down and drag-out fights. The German general staff had previously selected a line at which the withdrawal was to stop. It was on the books that the Germans should take their stand in these villages and hold them at all costs.

The Huns were no longer fighting at a disadvantage in any way. They had all the physical facts in their favor. They were again in close contact with their line of communications. They had the advantage of being able to choose the ground where the fight should take place. The eyes of all Germany were upon them when the great general staff said, "Now!"

The German troops who were chosen to make the stand were the pick and flower of European soldiery. In temperament, fighting quality and morale the finest troops ever developed were supposed to be the famous Prussian Guard; and second to them were ranked the equally famous Bavarian Guard.

Not one of these, but both, were sent into the fight to hold the towns against the long-shanked boys from America—boys from the Iowa prairies, from the sidewalks of New York, and from the shadow of old Harvard.

It was a grim and terrible battle. There is a conspicuous absence of news about the taking of prisoners. It was kill or get killed.

In the face of these appalling conditions the American boys wrote their names in imperishable glory.

Many, many battles have been fought in days gone by upon these same bloody fields! The ground has been soaked with the blood that welled from many a brave heart now long forgotten; but it is not too much to say that no finer troops have ever been seen on these or upon any other battle grounds than the Yankee boys who swapped shot for shot with the Kaiser's proud Prussian Guard.

The fight at Serky, where that town changed hands nine times in twenty-four hours, and remained in the hands of the invincible Americans, is an earnest and a pledge for the future. The Yanks have answered the anxious question that has trembled upon the lips of Europe.

Will the Americans fight?

Can they stand up against Germany's best soldiers?

They will. They can. They do.

And that will be a continued story, written in glorious chapters, till the world, heretofore half slave and half free, is all free, and all safe for democracy and decency.

BITS FOR BREAKFAST

They go marching on.

Who? The Sammies of course.

They have scored every single day.

It was a big score Sunday, and a little one yesterday.

And all hell and the Prussian and Bavarian guards have not stopped them.

Splendid harvest weather.

Germans about to lose the Rheims section. Those stately ruins will feel lonesome.

Germans feverishly trying the strength of the allied lines, at different points—by long range guns. From now on, they will be chary of trying out the strength of the lines at closer range.

Liggett, Bullard, Wright, Read and Bundy are the names of our corps commanders in France, and they are good, solid names that will read well in American history. There was a fine corps commander named Wright in the army of the Potomac.

Red, white and blue are the three stripes of the new Yugoslavian flag, which was unfurled on July 4 at Washington. It takes in the Serbs, the Montenegrins, the Bosniaks, the Slovenes and the Croats, and it will go well with the red, white and blue.

Since General Foch has had a liberal share of General Joffre's credit for the first victory at the Marne, he will not mind if General Petain comes in for a share of the credit for the second. Honor which goes to a subordinate never diminishes the laurels of a commander-in-chief, who gets the blame in case of defeat.

The oxygen treatment is being administered to Austria. It is preliminary to the undertaker.

The khaki men over there are certainly making the supreme sacrifice. What are we doing?

WAR SUMMARY

(By The Associated Press)

The Germans are now imposing a strong opposition to the further advance of the allied troops along the Vesle river from the east of Soissons to the region west of Rheims.

At the same time the main bodies of the enemy army continue to make their way toward the Aisne to the north of which stream they hope somewhere to reach haven of safety from the persistent onslaught of the allied troops which in less than three weeks have blotted out the Soissons-Rheims salient.

Notwithstanding the bringing into play by the enemy of large numbers of machine guns and artillery of heavier calibre the employment of large numbers of picked troops, including the well-tried Prussian guards and the Bavarians; and in spite of the fact that the rains have sent the Vesle out of bounds and turned the lowlands into quagmires, the Americans and other allied troops have forced crossings of the river and at a number of new points and on the north side of the stream are engaging the enemy.

The latest French official communication, which recently has been extremely modest in chronicling gains made by the allies, says that Monday saw only local engagements and that the situation on the battle front is without change. Correspondents with the allied headquarters say at several points between Sermeuse and Soissons and Fismes, and between Fismes and Muizon the French and Americans have taken further ground across the Vesle and have nullified German counter-attacks delivered in an endeavor to recoup the losses. Between Muizon and Compiègne the Prussian guards and the Bavarians again suffered casualties in their efforts to hold back their antagonists.

The Germans are jealously guarding this part of the line, and advance through which to any considerable depth would compel them entirely to lose their hold on the territory around Rheims. Violent bombardments are in progress here.

It is not expected the Germans will face their enemies south of the Aisne. The hill region to the north of the Aisne—probably the old Chemin-des-Dames battle front—is considered the more probable sector on which the crown prince will elect to make his stand. The battle front is expected to undergo material changes in positions. From the southeast of Amiens near Montdidier northward to the region around Ypres the German front seems all atremble with expectancy. In addition to a retreat near Montdidier to the west bank of the Aisne river retrograde movements in the face of attacks around Albert and an evacuation of territory over a front of a mile and a half north of La Bassée canal the Germans are nervously bombarding the British and French positions at various points, possibly with the idea of ascertaining their strength. The Bethune, La Bassée, Hazebrouck and Ypres sectors are being particularly chosen for the attention of the German artillerymen.

TO THE POLICYHOLDERS OF THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA. NOTICE is hereby given that a meeting of the policyholders of The Prudential Insurance Company of America will be held at the Home Office of said Company in the City of Newark, New Jersey, on Monday, the second day of December, 1918, at twelve o'clock noon, for the purpose of selecting four persons to be voted for by the policyholders' Trustees as members of the Board of Directors at the annual election of Directors of the Company to be held on the thirteenth day of January, 1919. For each meeting every policyholder of the corporation who is of the age of twenty-one years or upwards and whose policy has been in force for at least one year last past shall be entitled to cast one vote in person or by proxy. FORREST F. DRYDEN, President.

IN A SOCIAL WAY

By Florence Elizabeth Nichols

Miss Mabel Withycombe, one of the popular members of the younger set, who was very active in Red Cross work before the illness of her soldier brother, Earl Withycombe, began the duties yesterday in the office of her father, Governor Withycombe, taking the place of Chester A. Moores, who is studying in the military department at the University of Oregon.

Many attractive features are being planned for the Belgian fete which will be given for the benefit of Belgian babies, Friday, August 16, in Willson park. The benefit will be under the auspices of the Belgian Relief committee.

Mrs. Max Pochouz, and Misses Bertha and Mary Friedman of Portland were the recent guests of Miss Esther and Agnes Bellings.

Miss Margaret Schreder of Bend is passing a short visit in Salem as the guest of Miss Lucile Saunders, 405 North Liberty street. She arrived last night and will return today.

Mr. and Mrs. John Maurer and Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Gardner left yesterday morning for a motoring trip to the mountains. They will camp for a fortnight.

Mrs. George H. Alden and her daughter, Miss Margaret Alden, left yesterday for Seattle where they formerly lived. They will be the guests there of Mrs. Alden's mother.

Mrs. Robert Paulus is expected home tomorrow following a fortnight's sojourn in San Francisco and Oakland, Calif. En route home she visited in Medford with relatives.

A delightful evening of music was the diversion at the home of Mrs. Ella Watt, recently, when she entertained a group of musical guests. An original song cycle was sung by its author, Mrs. Lois Peebles Junk. Later there was an informal supper party. The participants were Dr. and Mrs. H. C. Epley, Mrs. Laura Osborne, of Berkeley, Calif., Mrs. A. Bowen, Mrs. Mattie Endicott, Mrs. Lois Peebles Junk, Miss Joy Turner, Mrs. Leona Peterson, Miss Lena Belle Tartar, Ivan G. Martin, Ralph Zercher and the hostess.

SOUR STOMACH

Mi-na-na Puts the Stomach in Fine Shape in Five Minutes.

If your stomach is continually kicking up a disturbance; if you feel bloated and distressed; if you belch gas and sour food into the mouth then you need Mi-na-na Stomach Tablets.

Mi-na-na stomach tablets give instant relief, of course, but they do more; they drive out the poisonous gases that cause fermentation of the food and thoroughly clean, renovate and strengthen the stomach so that it can readily digest food without artificial aid.

Mi-na-na stomach tablets are guaranteed to end indigestion, acute or chronic, or money back. This means that nervousness, dizziness and biliousness will disappear. Druggists everywhere and Daniel J. Fry sell Mi-na-na.

IOWA FOLK WILL MEET AUGUST 17

All Former Hawkeye People in State Invited to Fair Grounds

The annual picnic of the Iowa Association of Oregon will be held Saturday, August 17, at the state fair grounds, Salem.

All former Iowa people from all parts of the state are urged to be present on that day. The business meeting is scheduled for 2 o'clock in the afternoon. After the business meeting there will be sports, speaking and a musical program. At 6 o'clock all will sit down to an old-fashioned Iowa supper. Everybody should bring well-filled baskets, as everything will be spread on a large table where all will be accommodated. Coffee will be served by a committee of women from Salem. After supper a program will be given consisting of speaking and a musical program arranged by the entertainment committee. Talk this over among your Iowa friends in your locality and lay everything aside for one day and come to Salem. There will be no program in the morning.

HUSBAND AND WIFE

Mrs. Frank B. Wood, Box 18, R. F. D. 2, Morrill, Mo., writes: "Foley's Kidney Pills help me so much. My husband also has received much benefit from them. He was so lame he could not stoop over and now he feels no pain." Lame back sore muscles stiff joints, rheumatic aches and pains quickly conquered by Foley's Kidney Pills. J. C. Perry.

WARRANT FOR SOCIALIST

SEATTLE, Aug. 5.—United States District Judge Jeremiah Nefter today ordered bench warrant issued for the apprehension of Emil Herman, state secretary of the Socialist party, convicted of violating the espionage act and sentenced recently to ten years in the penitentiary. The court acted upon information that Herman had started for Chicago. He was at liberty on \$20,000 bonds pending appeal of his case.

\$5.00 FOR A NAME

We have put in some iron working machinery, with the Steel Furnace Company, and we want a name for the machine shop. We give everyone a chance to submit a name. The rules are that the ones sending a name should write their name and address plain, and the person sending the name that we later adopt will receive \$50.00 in Thrift Stamps. Contest is open to all free of charge. Contest will close two weeks from date of first publication of this notice. Mr. Rosebraugh and Mr. Lamb will be the committee to decide on the name. We repair anything from a sewing machine to a sawmill.

Address all communications to

Lamb Co.

645 South 17th Street

Salem, Oregon

REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

The Story of a Honeymoon

A Wonderful Romance of Married Life Wonderfully Told by ADELE GARRISON

CHAPTER XLIX

Lillian Gale's Confidences

"Hold that pose just a minute. Don't move. It's simply perfect."

Lillian Gale's merry voice interrupted her husband's declaration to me that "I hated him. And he stood looking down at me his hand clasping mine so tightly that I could not pull it away, his brilliant eyes, with the lazy, appraising look I detested, roving over my face. I silently accepted his challenge. I told myself that I did hate him, and that I never, never would change my feeling."

Lillian's nonsense was a welcome diversion. With clever mimicry she had struck the attitude of a nervous photographer just ready to close the shutter of his camera. Dicky stood behind her, also smiling, but while Lillian's merriment was evidently genuine, I detected a distaste for the proceedings behind Dicky's smile, which I knew was forced.

Lillian slipped in an imaginary plate, then springing to one side stood pretending to clasp the bulb of the shutter in her hand, while she counted: "One, two, three, four, five—thank you!"

"Now if you will just change your expressions," she rattled on. "Harry, why don't you take both her hands? Then if Mrs. Graham will smile a little we will have a sentimental gem, or if she makes her expression a trifle more disapproving than it is I can label it, 'Unhand me, villain!'"

"I never take a dare," returned her husband, and snatched my other hand. But I was really angry by this time, and I wrenched my hands away with an effort and threw up my head a trifle haughtily, although fortunately I was able to control my words:

"Do you know, people, there will be no food for you tonight unless I busy myself with its preparations immediately?" Mrs. Underwood, excuse me for a little while?"

"I know a better scheme than that," Harry Underwood's voice broke in. "I'll entertain Dicky and I'll help make the sandwiches. I am probably the best cutter of sandwich bread in the east. Eased my living off it for five years once."

His voice held a touch of cynical amusement in it. I divined that he was enjoying my evident dislike of him immensely. I could not fathom the man. I was beginning not only to hate him, but for some vague, unexplained reason almost to fear him. I detected a menacing glint in his eyes. "You are altogether too eager," his wife said brusquely, with the rough and ready good nature which appears to be one of her strongest attributes. "Mrs. Graham isn't used to your little ways, and you would scare her to death. You'll just sit down here, bucko boy, and keep Dicky-bird company, and I will help Mrs. Graham myself."

"That will be awfully good of you," I heard myself saying. "Dicky tells me you are a sandwich expert. Let me get you an apron."

"My hands always feel powdery after gloves," she answered. "Give me the apron and I'll yash up a bit." She disappeared into the bathroom, and I reflected upon the strangeness of the situation. I had resented Dicky's praise of Lillian's sandwiches. I had insisted upon making them myself, and here I was genuinely glad to have her with me in the dining room. Of course my real reason for wishing her with me was my fear that her husband might otherwise insist upon helping me. But when one woman has genuinely welcomed another for whatever reason, it is not easy to go back to any first dislike of her.

I went into the dining room and put on the kitchen apron I had taken off when I had heard the voices of my early guests. Almost immediately Lillian appeared arrayed in the apron I had given her. She came up to the table and surveyed it with approving eyes.

"What ripping sandwich timber! where do you want me to begin? Shall I slice up the bread while you fix up the stuff to spread inside?"

"If you please," I replied. "I see there are two or three things I have forgotten." I touched the bell which still remained on the table and Katie appeared.

"Why, how do you do, Katie! I had forgotten you were here," Mrs. Underwood said casually, while Katie's face beamed.

"Oh, yes, Missis Underwood, I here, I like."

"See that you behave yourself and Mrs. Graham will probably let you stay with her," Lillian returned brusquely. I saw Katie's face cloud, and I hastened to give her something to do.

But I was bewildered and dismayed.

"Bring me those biscuit cutters I bought the other day and that bottle of tiny onions you bought last night."

"I no get onions, Missis Graham," Katie said in evident alarm. "You no tell me to get onions."

I had my mouth open to reprove her, but I did not utter any words of censure. This was no time, I said to myself, to stir up any lurking resentment in Katie's bosom. So I contented myself with saying:

"I really don't remember, Katie, I thought I mentioned onions. Bring me the cutters and that bottle of Mayonaise dressing. I shall have to do without the onions for the caviare, I suppose."

"Indeed you won't," Lillian sprang to her feet, and in another instant I heard her voice in the living room, vigorously issuing orders.

"Harry, rush over to that delicatessen four blocks down and bring back one of those bottles of tiny onions, the kind you use with caviare. Yes, they are open, too, or will be by the time you get there. It is almost 4 o'clock now. No indeed, you will not take the Dicky-bird with you. You will go alone. I know you kids. If you start out together you wouldn't get back here until it was time to serve the rarebit tonight."

I heard a laughing remonstrance from Dicky, a deeper growl from Mr. Underwood, and then the closing of the door and the swish of Lillian's skirts as she came back to the table. I did not wonder, I told myself, that she had made a success of her profession. She had the most dominant personality of any woman I had ever seen.

"I am glad of a chance to send Harry away, for I want to explain to you about him."

She stopped with an embarrassed flush. I gazed at her in amazement. Lillian Gale flustered! I could not believe my eyes.

"You are not used to us or our ways, or I shouldn't bother to tell you this. But I can see that you are much annoyed at Harry, and I don't blame you. But you mustn't mind him. He is really harmless. He falls in love with every new face he sees, has a violent attack, and then gets over it just as quickly. You are an entirely new type to him, so I suppose his attack this time will be a little bit more prolonged. He'll make violent love to you behind my back or before my face, but you mustn't mind him. I understand, and I'll straighten him out when he gets too annoying."

The embarrassed flush had disappeared by this time. She was talking in as cool and matter-of-fact manner as if she had been discussing the defection of a cook.

(To be continued)

Ben F. West Is Named on State Central Committee

Thomas Tongue, Jr., chairman of the state Republican central committee, has announced the personnel of his executive committee which will meet in Portland August 12 to elect a secretary and treasurer and formulate plans for the campaign which will probably open in September. The members of the executive committee are:

C. G. Huntley, of Clackamas county; Roy D. Smith, of Hood River county; S. S. Smith, of Jackson county; Dr. T. W. Harris, of Lane county; Ben F. West, of Marion county; W. W. Smead, of Morrow county; D. W. Dunne, of Multnomah county; Hugh McCall, of Union county; and R. L. Conner, of Yamhill county.

Mr. Tongue will also name a woman's auxiliary committee of seven members.