

# THE OREGON STATESMAN

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## WOMEN WORKERS IN GERMANY

In the bulletin of July 3, of the Treasury Department Bureau of Publicity, the following appears:

"In comparing the man power of Germany with that of the United States it must be borne in mind that a much larger proportion of the manual labor of the man power of the nation is performed, is exerted by the German women than by the women of America. It is said that in peace times the women constituted 42 per cent. of the agricultural and industrial labor of Germany. They work in the fields, in the factories, in the mines, at the very hardest and most laborious tasks, doing the work only done by men in this country. With a great proportion of the German men in the army, it is not improbable that women now constitute by far the larger half of German manual labor."

There has been a large increase in all the warring countries of the number and proportion of women employed in manual labor. Especially is this true of German industrial plants. Some millions of women have been brought in to fill the places of men drafted into military service. With the dreadful drain of the war upon Germany's man power and the death or physical disability of millions of German soldiers the employment of women becomes a permanent necessity. It is with the products of low-paid women workers in Germany that the labor of the United States must compete when the war is over. That is, unless we have a protective tariff as one among the preparations for peace.

A former college football player in Oregon, now over in France, writes that he is "learning the science of kicking the Huns for ghoulis."

Yesterday, a company of American engineers were preparing to build a bridge. The Germans sent a battalion of soldiers to stop the work. A protecting body of American machine gunners let the Huns get into the right position, and then wiped them all out, to a man, without the loss of an American. Now, those Huns "will be good." The Bosches must learn that the American engineers have important work to do, and it is not permissible to allow them to be molested while at their labors.

President Poincare of France was able modestly to say yesterday that, with the help of the Sammies, in the present battle, 35,000 German prisoners have been taken; and 700 cannon; that Paris is no longer in danger; that Soissons and Chateau Thierry have been reconquered, and 200 villages delivered from the Huns. Very fair start, in the way of results.

Foch is now a Marshal of France. He well deserves the title.

German line still going back.

And it will keep on going back.

The Kaiser's six sons are all lilies of the field, but not of the battle field.

The cannon fodder of the dear old Fodderland is being rapidly exhausted.

"Hold fast," says Lloyd George to the British bulldog. Rather a waste of words.

The locusts this year have a perfect "P" on their backs, according to reports, meaning of course that peace is to come. But the exact date is not given. That is something on which even a locust has no information.

Peace negotiations are being urged by the North German Gazette, mouthpiece of the German government. The German people know what it will take to get peace. They can have it at any time. And they know there will be no negotiated peace.

Sir William Osler, who did so much for the Johns Hopkins medical school in Baltimore, said of the American flag which he upfurlled at Portsmouth in England that it stood for humanity, and he hoped it would never be furled until war had been made impossible. That is the hope of the world, and it will not fail through fault of ours.

The new revenue bill will doubtless be formed by the Hon. Claude Kitchin, that fantastic financier from Great Neck, N. C., that can not

## FUTURE DATES.

August 9, 10 and 11—Oregon State Editorial convention at Coos Bay.  
August 17, Saturday—Annual Iowa picnic.  
August 19, Monday—National convention of Women's Relief Corps in Portland.  
August 20, Tuesday—Special meeting of Commercial club.  
August 27, Wednesday—Annual Wisconsin picnic at Fair grounds.  
August 28, 29 and 30—Western Walnut Growers' association to tour nut groves of Willamette valley.  
September 25 to 29—Oregon State Fair.

## GLORY AND INITIATIVE.

During a recent week the king of England had occasion to distribute three Victoria Crosses—which is about the most glorious decoration which can adorn the breast of a fighting man. In each case they were awarded to under officers and for the display of initiative—that quality in which the American soldier excels, but which is so miserably lacking in the makeup of that over-rated Prussian military machine. The English are showing it more in this war than they ever did before and it is in part due to the creation of a system which makes every private a potential major general. From the public statements made in connection with the awards of these crosses it appears that Sergeant Albert Mountain was a member of a company that had dug itself in an old sunken road in the face of a galling artillery fire. The enemy was advancing in mass against them, preceded by a patrol of about 200 men. The sergeant saw that a counter attack or diversion was necessary so he called for ten men and a Lewis gun. The little party managed to creep around on the flank of the enemy and then with an enfilading fire they practically annihilated the patrol. They took thirty prisoners, but the rest of the advance party were killed or disabled. By this time the main party of the enemy came up and the British were required to leave their position. Sergeant Mountain and his squad found a strategic defensive position with his gun and remained until they were surrounded by a force of 600 or more. They held the Germans thus in check for an hour and even then were able to fight their way through and join their company. There the sergeant at once took charge of the flanking post of his battalion and held it for twenty-seven hours and until again surrounded by the enemy. He was one of the few who was able to fight his way through the enemy ranks and regain his original command. He disposed of about 300 Heines in the course of the day's work and was never at a loss what to do when the emergency summoned. He was not merely brave but strategic and resourceful.

The incidents connected with the award of the other two decorations differed but little in the quality of heroism or readiness shown.

Lieutenant Percy Starkey and six men protected his command by a flank charge on a company of 100 of the enemy, bayoneting thirty of them and capturing three officers, fifty men and a machine gun.

Lieutenant Cecil Herring's post was surrounded and he was cut off from his command by vastly superior forces. But he did not hesitate to order a counter-attack in which they took six machine guns and thirty prisoners, besides retaking their post and establishing communication with their own forces.

Never make sport of these Percy and Cecil boys again.

But it is by initiative as well as bravery and resourcefulness that Victoria Crosses are won and it is through the initiative of the individual that the supreme tests of the war will be decided.

And it is in initiative that the Americans pre-eminently shine.

## BITS FOR BREAKFAST

The battle goes on.

And the Sammies score.

And get ready each day to score the following day.

## MOTHERS TO BE

Should Read Mrs. Monahan's Letter Published by Her Permission.

Mitchell, Ind.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound helped me so much during the time I was looking forward to the coming of my little one that I am recommending it to other expectant mothers. Before taking it, I suffered with neuralgia, I had gained in strength and was able to go around and do all my housework. My baby when seven months old weighed 19 pounds and I feel better than I have for a long time. I never had any medicine do me so much good."—Mrs. PEARL MONAHAN, Mitchell, Ind.



Good health during maternity is a most important factor to both mother and child, and many letters have been received by the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., telling of health restored during this trying period by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Now the clown prince of Germany and the crown prince of Bavaria will have to scramble to keep their armies from being cut asunder.

Marshal Foch will manage to keep them busy enough each day from now on to prevent at least their cannon fodder from contracting the gout.

Five Zeppelins tried to get to London yesterday, and not one of them scored. At least one went down in the North sea. Now listen for news of reprisals over in southern Germany.

When the fighting forces of the air get to going good, Germany will have no Zeppelins to spare to kill babies in London or Paris.

It will soon be the Wrist Watch on the Rhine.

Don't say that General Crowder is not a brave man. He has held that the hotel hat boy is engaged in a nonessential occupation. Glad somebody had the nerve to swat him.

In the long run something is going to happen to the profiteers. They may not get their reward on earth, but the fireworks are just ahead.—Los Angeles Times. And the devil will never have too much pitch hot for them.

Everybody is looking to Uncle Sam for assistance. It is now announced that we are to send food to Liberia. Children, get out your atlas and tell us where Liberia is located.

## ACTIVITIES OF COLONEL LIKED

Delegates of Loyal Legion Endorse Disque's Work in Resolution

PORTLAND, Aug. 6.—Delegates representing 85,000 lumbermen of the Loyal Legion of Loggers and Lumbermen visited the government spruce cut-up plant at Vancouver, Wash., today and heard an address by Colonel Bruce P. Disque, commanding officer of the spruce production division. Later the delegates adopted resolutions endorsing the activities of Colonel Disque in organizing the Loyal Legion and in untiring efforts to preserve peace and harmony in that industry. The resolutions were in reply to those adopted by the Seattle Metal trades council last week, and further declared "it is our opinion that any change in the administration of that industry by the removal of or replacing of its present executive, Colonel Bruce P. Disque, would be exceedingly detrimental to the interests of the government at this critical time."

The resolutions were sent to government officials and the American Federation of Labor and Charles M. Schwab.

The delegates also took steps to reduce food wastage in lumber and construction camps.

## IN A SOCIAL WAY

By Florence Elizabeth Nichols

MRS. James Elvin and children and Thomas have returned from a five weeks stay at Boyd, Ore., near The Dalles, where they were the guests at Mr. and Mrs. Robert P. Roberts.

Mrs. August Huckestein, Jr., has been entertaining at her residence, 1125 North Fourth street, Miss Maud Tucker of Clarkston, Wash. Miss Tucker left Monday for Portland where she will visit for several days before returning home. During her stay in Salem, Mrs. Huckestein was a hostess in her honor. The guests passed the afternoon making 900 gun wipers for the soldiers. Later dainty refreshments were served.

Mrs. W. T. Kirk, 1055 Marion street, and her two young sons, moved to Roseburg where they will visit several days at the home of a brother of Mrs. Kirk.

Miss Sophia Townsend of Tacoma is the guest of her uncle D. D. Keeler and family. Miss Townsend is a graduate of Willamette university and formerly taught in the Salem high school.

Mrs. George Hibbard has returned to her home in Westport after a fortnight's visit with her mother, Mrs. M. E. Bewley.

Mrs. John Ackerman and her daughter, Miss Edna Ackerman of Owen street, returned Monday for a two week's visit in Portland where they were the guests of friends. Motor parties and informal dances filled their stay with delightful diversion.

Mrs. Effie Hamthrey and daughter Marian have returned to Oakland, California, after an extended stay as the guests of Miss Amanda Matthews.

The woman's guild of St. Paul's Episcopal church will meet this afternoon at 3 o'clock at the home of Mrs. W. B. Gilson, 945 Chemeketa street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Doran are in Portland for a few days stay.

Mrs. Effie Humphrey and daughter Marion have returned to Oakland, California, after a three weeks visit with Miss Amanda Matthews of Shaw, Oregon.

# We Have Moved

## Into Our Former Domestic Department

You will find all of our Dry Goods there and in the Economy Basement.

Our Men's Clothing Store has not been changed  
OUR BIG CLOSING OUT SALE Still Continues

WE RETAIN THE USE OF THE COURT ST. ENTRANCE. YOU CAN FIND US AS READILY AS EVER

**Stockton**  
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 I

HOW LILLIAN GALE STARTS OUT TO MAKE MADGE REALLY LIKE HER

Curiously enough, my first distinct emotion after hearing Lillian Gale calmly tell me that her husband fell in love with every new face he saw, that he was attracted by me, and would probably try to make love to me, was resentment against my husband.

Why, I asked myself passionately, had Dicky insisted upon my friendship with these people? Suppose they were his most intimate friends? I was his wife, and I had nothing whatever in common with them. Knowing them as well as he did, he must have known Harry Underwood's propensities. He must have known the gossip that connected his own name with Lillian's. He should have guarded me from any contact with them. I felt my anger fuse to a white heat against both my husband and Lillian.

An ugly suspicion crossed my mind. Lillian Gale's absolute calmness in the face of her husband's wayward affections was unique in my experience of women. Was the secret of her indifference, a lack of interest in her own husband, an excess of concern in mine? Did she hope perhaps to gain ground with Dicky with the development of this situation? Was her warning to me only part of a cunningly constructed plan, whereby she could stimulate my interest in Harry Underwood?

I was ashamed of my thoughts even as they came to me. Lillian Gale seemed too big a woman, too frank and honest of countenance for such a subterfuge. But I could not help feeling all my old distrust and dislike of the woman rush over me. I had a struggle to keep my voice from being tinged with the dislike I felt as I answered her:

"I am very sure you must be mistaken, Mrs. Underwood. Such a possibility as that would be unpeppably annoying. We will not consider it."

### YOU'LL LIKE ME

"I think you will find you will have time to consider it," she returned brusquely, with a curious glance at me. "But we do not need to squall our afternoon discussing it. Let's wait something we can do while we are waiting for those onions? This bread ought not to be cut until the filling is already spread between the slices."

Like an animated answer to her question, Katie appeared at the door. "Oh, Missis Graham, vot you do dose nuts? Heem dry like bone You feex now?"

"I will be there in a minute, Katie," I said, and when she had gone I turned to Mrs. Underwood.

"I have some almonds ready to brown in the kitchen. But I really do not need any assistance with them. Won't you talk to Dicky while I do them?"

"Indeed, I'll do no such thing, child," she returned. "You can't get rid of me that easily. Dicky's no novelty. I see him every day; you know our studios are on the same floor; but I'm not acquainted with you yet, and I've made up my mind to make you like me."

"That oughtn't to be hard to do," I replied and felt myself a fraud and a cheat for the answer.

"I don't know about that," returned Mrs. Underwood. The shrewd glance that accompanied her words was an illumination to my mind. I realized that this woman read my dislike of her, my prejudice against her, as she would read the pages of a book. She did not press the subject farther, however, to my intense relief, but led the way into the kitchen as if she were at home.

"Aren't you the ambitious lady, though, to prepare your own salted almonds," she said, as I lifted the towels and she saw the rows of white nutmeats. "Never mind, my dear, two years from now you'll be buying them at the corner delicatessen like the rest of us. I can remember ages and ages ago I did this same stunt, but I got bravely over it. I'm always glad to be invited to the home of a newly-wed. Brides are the only women ambitious enough to do these things, and there is no denying that the nuts you get at the shops are not to be compared in flavor to the ones you fix yourself."

### BROWNING THE ALMONDS

"I cannot bear the apologies of the salted almonds they sell at the shops," I returned a bit acidly. I did not quite relish the patronizing way in which she dismissed my labor for the evening's supper as the ambitions of a bride. "For years whenever I have entertained my friends I have prepared them myself. It really is very little trouble, and I cannot imagine changing my habit of years, no matter how long I am married."

I took my largest frying pan as I spoke, poured boiling water over it, my invariable practice when using a cooking utensil, and wiped it carefully. Then I lighted one of the jets on my gas stove, put the pan over it, and when it was hot put a large piece of butter in the pan.

"Katie," I directed as I stirred the butter carefully so that it should melt evenly, brown just enough and not burn, "put those almonds in the bowl and bring them here, then spread some sheets of waxed paper over some dry towels on the table, where the nuts have been drying."

"Here, Katie," interrupted Mrs. Underwood, gathering up the nuts into the bowl as she spoke, "hand me the waxed paper and towels. I'll attend to the table. You hold the bowl for Mrs. Graham. She needs your attention every minute."

I knew she was right, so I made no protest, and for a half an hour or more we worked in silence. I put as many nutmeats as would brown well into the pan at one time, stirred them constantly in the browning butter, keeping the gas at just the right height, so that the meats should neither brown too much nor taste of scorched butter. When they were just the desired shade of brown I took them out with a long handled skimmer, shaking them carefully, then turned them over to Mrs. Underwood, who spread them on the waxed paper and sprinkled salt over them.

Before we had finished Dicky and Mr. Underwood appeared at the kitchen door, hearing between them as if it were a heavy barrel the tiny jar of onions.

"Heave ho, my hearties," sang out Dicky. "Here's your cargo."

They set it down with great care

upon the end of the sink, then spied the almonds and simultaneously made a dash for them. Mrs. Underwood was a match for them, however. She got between them and the dainties and spread her apron in imitation of a farmer's wife driving chickens.

"Shoo!" she exclaimed, "or you know me! What I'll do to you both will be a plenty!"

"We'd better shoo, Harry," quavered Dicky in mock alarm, and the two fled to the living room.

We finished the nuts, then went back to the dining room and the sandwiches. Lillian cut the bread and I prepared the fillings. Then we both spread the slices with a very thin coating of butter and a more liberal one of the fillings I had made.

Lillian went at the sandwich bread like a practised hand. She first removed with a sharp knife the entire crust of the loaf, then cut it in thin slices, and finally, with my biscuit cutters, cut these into stars and circles. She also made some triangles with a skill which I could not have equalled.

I was proud of my fillings when I had them completed. One was made of caviar dotted with the tiny onions, so small they looked like grains of rice. For another I chopped anchovies and stuffed olives together until they were a paste, while for a third I rubbed the yolks of some hard-boiled eggs I had dredged Katie to prepare after breakfast, with an equal amount of sardines.

I moistened them all thoroughly with lemon juice. To me there is nothing so delicate, so appetizing, as a mixture of lemon juice with almost all sandwich fillings.

### NO RESISTING LIL

We finished the sandwiches, piled them daintily on my prettiest china plates and covered them carefully with napkins.

"What next?" demanded Lillian. "The next thing is to prepare some sort of supper for you people," I said, stretching my hand to ring the bell for Katie.

"She caught my hand before I could touch the bell."

"Supper for us? Are you crazy, my dear? There will be no supper in this apartment this afternoon. I know what Dicky's suppers at night are. I've attended them before, and if we take anything more than one cup of tea and one of these delicious sandwiches apiece—you have loads too many as it is—we can't enjoy anything tonight. If you'll have Katie brew some tea, I'll serve the tea and sandwiches myself right here in the living room. Then we can straighten up here and get our table ready. Incidentally, those flowers are the most stunning things in that earthen pot. Wherever did you pick it up?"

"Dicky ferreted it out of my kitchen," I returned.

"He has a wonderful eye for those things," she returned. "Come, let's have our tea before anything else."

There was no resisting her. She had her way in everything. We drank our tea and ate our sandwiches in the living room, and she had cleared everything away and restored the room to order in no time. She helped cut up the cheese and cleared away the debris of the sandwich making from the dining room, leaving Katie free for the opening of the oysters. Then she helped me spread my embroidered centrepiece and doilies upon the table and to put upon it the dishes and silver, mostly wedding presents, which I brought out. When we had finished the table, with the spring blossoms in the center, we both looked at it in admiration.

(To be continued)