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The plans to aid the Czech-Slovak movement, aimed to put Russia on her feet, are under way—in fact, already being worked out. The United States has participated by the landing of troops, and the information was given out at Washington last night that two regiments of United States Regular Army soldiers now in the Philippines are to be sent. It is not expected that the United States will send very large bodies of troops to aid that movement; but the information is vouchsafed that Japan will employ "all the forces necessary." Japan has them, and they are well trained, and they are superb fighters. Further, they have every necessary equipment, down to the last detail; down to the last Red Cross bandage. And the Japanese are fair fighters. They will live up to the rules of The Hague tribunal, and they will abide by their agreements made with the United States in the present undertaking. Down to the last detail.

Henry Clews, the Wall Street authority, introduces his current weekly financial letter with the following well written paragraph: "The war has now entered upon its fifth year; and though victory may not be immediate, it is more assured than at any time during the struggle. The German offensive, which began March last, has completely failed in its prime objectives; the initiative now having passed to the Allies, whose strength increases daily through the rapid arrival of fresh and eager American soldiers who are already making themselves a telling factor in the military situation. The day cannot be very far distant when the German military power will be broken; and the vast structure will disappear from the map. Germany, by continuing her methods of warfare, faces ruin, misery and hate as penalties for the exercise of ruthless cruelty and ambition; while the allies face freedom and the loftiest hopes in human history."

Berlin gives out the information that perhaps the Bolshevik government in Russia will have to declare war on Japan. That would be a "scrap of paper" that would cause no worry. Japan, with the consent and aid of the other enemies of Germany, is undertaking to help the Czech-Slovaks to clean up Russia, and that will mean the end of Bolshevik rule, and of German intrigue, in that country.

The French are bragging on the Sammies, enough to make them vain. But the Sammies up across the Vesle river, which they crossed yesterday, with their French comrades, are too busy to bother over compliments now. They will let their acts speak—louder than words.

Foch is preparing more pockets.

"Saw wood," the order for returned penitentiary escapes, is mild enough.

The call has gone out for more chaplains for the army. The men must not only be taught how to fight, but how to die.

The armed forces of the United States in the war are more than three million men. Some "insignificant" army, eh, kaiser?

"Our expenses \$50,000,000 a day," writes the unimaginative headline author, when there was a chance to say "\$35,000 a minute."

President Carranza is no longer speaking with a German accent.—Los Angeles Times. He has discovered the direction of the band wagon.

Lloyd George announced yesterday that the British navy had destroyed at least 150 German submarines—half of them this year. He knows.

Chancellor von Hertling says Germany will demand indemnity before giving up Belgium. As soon as the airplane program is fully developed, Marshal Foch will attend to this little chore.

The new peace demands of Germany, outlined by Chancellor von Hertling, are merely for home consumption. His idea is to attempt to prove to the German people that Germany is not licked. But it will not work. They know better.

The German submarine crews have been surrendering. In this way they have avoided suicide—for it is suicide now to operate against the efficient patrols of the naval forces of the allies and the United States. Germany has practically

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 23, Wednesday—Annual Wisconsin picnic at Fair grounds.

August 24, 25 and 26—Western Walnut Growers' association to tour nut groves of Willamette valley.

September 25 to 29—Oregon State Fair.

retains that wonderful voice that is the very music of human speech the people of all lands will ever be ready to welcome her in another faraway tour.—Los Angeles Times.

This grand young old woman was the great attraction of a Red Cross money raising enterprise in Los Angeles a few days ago.

IN A SOCIAL WAY

By Florence Elizabeth Nichols

The 18th birthday of Miss Annabelle Golden was merrily celebrated at the home of her mother, Mrs. T. A. Golden on Saginaw street, recently with an anniversary dinner. The rooms and guest table were artistically decked with large shaggy yellow and golden dahlias. During the evening Miss Golden was the recipient of a gold wrist watch from her parents. Miss Veva Golden assisted her mother in serving. Circling the festive table were the Misses Annabelle Golden, Gretchen Brown, Isabel George and Messrs. Harold Millard, Dewey Hamel and Kenneth Wilson.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Watson of Fairmount Hill have had an interesting bit of news from their sons who are in war service. George M. Watson is at Fort Crockett, Galveston, Texas, and has recently been given a medal as an award for expert marksmanship. He is taking intensive training in caterpillar gun work and expects soon to go overseas. The younger son, Lester G. Watson, recently arrived "over there" and was disappointed because he did not see a submarine. He wrote his parents that the trip was a calm one. He is a member of the machine gunners. Company B, 103rd machine gun battery.

To visit with relatives and have a vacation in southern Oregon, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Kurtz, 428 Church street, have motored to Roseburg.

Mrs. Robert Paulus, who went to California about a fortnight ago, is continuing her sojourn in the south and will remain in Oakland, Calif., for some time.

Miss Abbie Davis has joined Miss Julia Iverson in Portland and the women have planned a vacation at Seaside. They taught in the Salem schools last year.

Neskovin will be the destination of a trio of Salem women who will mo-

tor there today. In the party will be Mrs. Milton L. Meyers, Mrs. Frank Durbin and Mrs. W. H. Dancy. Mr. Dancy and Mrs. Meyers will join their wives over the weekend. Mrs. Durbin will remain at the coast until September and expects to be joined soon by her husband and daughter, Miss Maude Durbin.

Following a several weeks outing at Newport, Mrs. Helena Yanneke and her daughter, Miss Genevieve Yanneke, have returned to their home 555 Chemeketa street.

BITS FOR BREAKFAST

Huns trimmed three times.

By the British, who cut out a nasty salient.

By the French, gaining a most important strategic point near Rheims.

By the Americans and French, who crossed the Vesle river in the face of the hottest kind of fighting. They held their ground, against fierce counter-attacks, and are now ready for another advance toward Berlin.

The Huns cannot stop the Sammie boys when they are ready to go, and the French would not think of letting the Sammies get very far ahead of them.

Told you the Sammies would put punch into the war.

They are in a hurry. They want to end the show, and come home, where they have business needing attention.

Lloyd George paid the Americans a great compliment yesterday, when he said the battle that is still going on was the most brilliant in the war. The Sammies started it, and they have been in the thick of it every day. And they are still setting the pace, across the Vesle river, which they crossed yesterday.

Some of them crossed on bridges built by the American engineers, and some were in such a hurry to get across and trim the Huns before supper that they waded the river. Probably only the little fellows with short legs used the bridges.

These messages which the state department is receiving from allied governments in praise of the valor of our soldiers on the French front constitute a new chapter in our national history. The old isolation to which the United States once seemed committed has gone never to return. We have become a part, and a very important part, of the world's great democratic family. This means that the cure for the evils of democracy, more democracy, is to come all around the globe.

REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

The Story of a Honeymoon

A Wonderful Romance of Married Life Wonderfully Told by ADELE GARRISON

CHAPTER LI

How Lil Managed to Save the Day

I called Dicky to place the things in readiness for his rarebit and the cooking of his oysters, and went to my room to dress, leaving Mrs. Underwood to assist Dicky or talk to her husband, whichever she wished.

One problem was solved. I did not need to put on an evening gown for this simple little supper. Mrs. Underwood and her husband were in afternoon costume, so I slipped on a little white lingerie gown I had with a broad, black sash, square neck and sleeves reaching just below the elbows. It was entirely suitable for a hostess, although I could not have worn it as a guest. It was a favorite of Dicky's, and as I came back into the living room after putting it on I saw and welcomed the gleam of approval in his eyes. I resented a similar look, however in the eyes of Harry Underwood. The thought of what his wife had told me was like a chill upon my spirits.

It was now well after 7. The ringing of the doorbell told me that the Lesters had come. Katie hurried toward the door, but stopped half-way, as Dicky went to the door himself.

"Come right in," said Dicky hospitably. As the Lesters crossed the threshold I heard a little stifled cry from Katie. She was gazing at Mr. Lester as if spellbound, her face quivering with anger and terror.

Whatever her other faults may be, Lillian Gale is a tower of strength in an emergency. I discovered this fact when Katie, my maid of all work, uttered a frightened little cry at the sight of Mr. Lester coming through the door and then stood, like a statue of fear, gazing at him.

Lillian was standing at my side when the Lesters came in. With a quick unobserved whisper to me: "Get Mrs. Lester in your room quickly," and moved swiftly to Katie's side. Dicky said afterward that the muttered "Hush! Come with me," with which Lil propelled Katie into the kitchen, was regular third-act-to-the-rescue stuff. I could not see what she was doing, however, for I was too busy trying to obey her whispered injunction.

It was a hard task, however. Of course I had to wait until Dicky had introduced me to both Mr. and Mrs. Lester. As I murmured the conventional things and started to escort my guest to my room, Harry Underwood barred the way.

"Nay, nay, my child, you do not pass me this way without a word or look that I may cherish," he said grandiloquently to my guest.

Mrs. Lester dimpled and giggled. "You awful man, I'm not going to talk to you at all tonight. Frank says you are a bad man for little girls to know."

"Please unsay them cruel words," he burlesqued, and then turned to me, as he saw me trying to draw Mrs. Lester toward my room.

"Aha, my proud beauty; you do not like to hear me make pretty speeches to another. I shall humble your pride yet."

He bowed mockingly, and I reached my own room with Mrs. Lester. As I crossed the threshold I drew a deep breath of relief. The danger of an unpleasant scene was over. Katie was safe in the kitchen, where, if I gauged Mrs. Underwood's powers correctly, she would soon be reduced to sanity, while my guest, all unsuspecting, as I hoped, was removing her wraps.

Of course I had grasped the significance of Katie's frightened cry. I remembered the night she first came to work for me, her terror at sight of Dicky, and her sudden flight. We had learned that the reason that she was in such fear of him was an account of the money he had given her with which to pay a bill. When she was maid of all work in the bachelor apartment which Dicky and three other artists shared she disappeared with the money and he had never seen her again until he met her in our apartment.

The memory of her broken words of explanation came back to me. You know when you left that morning, Meister Lestaire, he was painting too? Well, Meister Graham, I always good girl in old country and here. I go to confession. I always keep good. Meister Lestaire, he kiss me, say bad things. He frighten me. I afraid if I stay, I no be good girl. So I run queek away. I never dare come back. Dot Meister Lestaire, he one bad man, one devil."

Of course, "Lestaire," was Lester. I had thought nothing of the coincidence of names until Katie's cry had thrown a flashlight upon the situation.

I looked at Mrs. Lester who, fortunately, had heard and seen nothing. She was a pretty creature, birdlike in her smallness and daintiness, and a certain chirpy brightness. I judged that her mentality about equalled the calibre of a sparrow, but I admitted also that the fact did not detract from her attractiveness.

She was the sort of woman to be protected, to be cherished. She was loving, innocent, helpless. And her husband had amused himself by persecuting an ignorant, alien servant!

I felt a rush of sympathy for her. I remembered Dicky's comment upon Katie's revelation:

"So that was it! Well, that was just about what that pup would do. That was one reason why I got out of our housekeeping arrangements. He set too swift a pace for me, and that was going some in those days."

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COM'L STREET, SALEM.

Poor little Mrs. Lester. Life certainly could not hold much for her in the future. And then she turned from the mirror with an appealing little smile.

"I'm afraid I shall be very dull tonight. I'm so worried about leaving the baby. She's only six months old, you know, and I have had my mother with me ever since she was born until two weeks ago, so I have never left her with a maid before. This girl we have appears very competent, says she is used to babies, but I just can't help being as nervous as a cat."

"Are you still worrying about that baby?" Mrs. Underwood's loud voice sounded behind us. "Now, look here, Daisy, have a little common sense. You have had that maid over a year; she has been with your mother and you since the baby was born; there's a telephone at her elbow, and you are only five blocks away from home. Wasn't the child well when you left?"

"Sleeping just like a kitten," the proud mother answered. "You just ought to have seen her, one little hand all cuddled up against her face. I just couldn't bear to leave her."

Over Lillian Gale's face swept a swift flash of pain. So quickly was it gone that I would not have noticed it, had not my eyes happened to rest on her face when Mrs. Lester spoke of her baby. Was there a child in that hectic past of hers? I

decided there must be. "Why don't you telephone now and satisfy yourself that the baby is all right, and instruct the maid to call you if she sees anything unusual about her?" I queried.

"Tell her you are going to telephone every little while. Then she will be sure to keep on the job," cynically suggested Mrs. Underwood. "Oh, that will be just splendid," chirped Mrs. Lester. "Thank you so much, Mrs. Graham. Where is the telephone?"

"Dicky will get the number for you," said Mrs. Underwood, ushering her into the living room. I heard her shrill voice.

"Oh, Dicky-bird, please get Mrs. Lester's apartment for her. She wants to be sure the baby's all right."

Then I heard a deeper voice. "For heaven's sake, Daisy, don't make a fool of yourself. The kid's all right." That was Mr. Lester's voice of course. Neither the tones of Dicky nor Harry Underwood had the disagreeable whining timbre of this man's.

Lillian's retort made me smile, it was so characteristic of her. "Who unlocked the door of your cage, anyway? Get back in and if you growl again tonight there will be no supper for you."

As she spoke she hurried back to the door of my room, which I was just leaving. She made an almost

imperceptible gesture with her head, and I obeyed the silent signal, going back into the room with her.

"I sent her to the telephone because I wanted to speak to you alone," she said. "You'll have to settle Katie. She's crying out there, says she doesn't want to wait on table if 'Meester Lestaire is dere.' I don't know but it would be a good idea to send her to bed, say she has a toothache, or anything else convenient. We can wait on ourselves; it will be lots more jolly, and avoid any unpleasant possibilities. I wouldn't want Daisy to suspect anything. Frank's been 17 different kinds of swine in his life, but there's no use bothering her with it. She'll find it out soon enough. We all do."

"Then you know?" I asked.

"About Frank's persecuting Katie when she worked in the apartment? Of course. I rather suspected it at the time, but I didn't think he'd carry things far enough so the girl would run away for fear of him. But Dicky told me all about it the other day, after Katie came back. Wasn't it a coincidence that she should have applied to you for a position?"

"A coincidence, indeed," I replied mechanically.

I felt the old pique rising in my heart. Was there anything about our affairs that Dicky did not tell this woman?

(To be continued)

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