

THE OREGON STATESMAN

Issued Daily Except Monday by
THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING COMPANY
215 S. Commercial St., Salem, Oregon

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and also the local news published herein.

R. J. Hendricks, Manager
Stephen A. Stone, Managing Editor
Ralph Glover, Cashier
W. C. Squier, Advertising Manager
Frank Jaskoski, Manager Job Dept.

DAILY STATESMAN, served by carrier in Salem and suburbs, 15 cents a week, 50 cents a month.

DAILY STATESMAN, by mail, \$6 a year; \$3 for six months; 50 cents a month. For three months or more, paid in advance, at rate of \$5 a year.

SUNDAY STATESMAN, \$1 a year; 50 cents for six months; 25 cents for three months.

WEEKLY STATESMAN, issued in two six-page sections, Tuesdays and Fridays, \$1 a year (if not paid in advance, \$1.25); 50 cents for six months; 25 cents for three months.

TELEPHONES: Business Office, 23.
Circulation Department, 583.
Job Department, 583.

Entered at the Postoffice in Salem, Oregon, as second class matter.



REPRISALS ON PRISONERS OF WAR

It is not likely that Germany will treat American prisoners of war with such cruelties as she visited upon British prisoners in the beginning of the struggle, and continued to practice upon French prisoners up to a short time ago; the latter excesses of brutality being excused under the pretended rule of reprisal.

There are too many German prisoners in American hands, and the Germans imagine the American commanders might stoop to reprisals upon the poor cannon-fodder under their control.

Which they would not, of course.

Reprisals upon prisoners of war is a relic of the hostage system of the dawn of civilization.

It has no place in our day.

If the United States authorities should have any reason to exact reprisals, it should be against the military officers and their imperial superiors.

If it were permissible, in case of any cruel treatment in German prison camps of American soldiers, the people of the United States would justify a warning to the kaiser that he himself, and all his high officials, would be held strictly accountable—that they would all suffer the penalties after the war.

And hanging would be mild enough for any high official who ordered reprisals on common soldiers.

"And in that victory there will be no tearing up nor greed; yea, no vengeance," said Lloyd George yesterday. That is the spirit of President Wilson. And these two are the outstanding spokesmen of the great struggle. It is a war for principle, not for self.

There is every prospect that the German armies will very soon be back of the lines from which they started in March; and still hitting the high places towards the Rhine.

The Sammy boys and the Canucks are bringing in the bacon. The Germans may have the Rind, temporarily, if they will step lively.

Montdidier is next. It will be Montdidn't for the Boches.

And the Sammys would not be still. They made another crossing of the Vesle and took another town.

Boches don't seem to be popular in France. 'Raus mit 'em.

The Canucks had to go.

Let the Huns cheer up. The worst is yet to come.

The Canadians could not think of letting the Sammys have all the victories.

It was Halp's turn, but his impetuous Canadians and Australians went farther than he sent them, and are still going.

The kaiser will show no sympathy for King Ferdinand of Bulgaria. He will need all of his tears for the Hohenzollerns.

The kaiser is forming a new army to defend the Rhine. Too late. That will be just "one more river to cross," when the Sammys get ready.

Mrs. Trotsky is reported to be in Stockholm with a million dollars. The Trotskys evidently got theirs before the Bolsheviks fussed up the Russian situation.

A number of the attaches of the various departments at Washington have enlisted and gone to the can-tonnements, but George Creel is yet in our midst.—Exchange.

A book recently published in Germany bears the title, "What Does Wilson Want?" Just what he wants has been stated on many occasions and he is going to get it. The Germans know it, too, now.

Money must be kept moving and working, the wheels of industry and business kept turning. When people are asked to abstain from buying necessities as well as to observe unnecessary deprivation business is injured and the financial strength of the nation curtailed.—Los Angeles Times.

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 Falls grounds.
August 28, 29 and 30—Western Walnut Growers' association to tour nut groves of Willamette valley.
September 23 to 28—Oregon State Fair.

unwise counsellors, or worse. This recalls, to some persons blessed with good memory, a characteristic story about President Lincoln. As it is told, after listening one day to a long, adverse discussion by the cabinet of a subject concerning which he had been making up his mind during the debate, he adjourned the meeting by saying: "The vote stands seven ways to one aye; the ayes have it."—Christian Science Monitor.

BLACK AND WHITE.

The Germans have announced that when they take enough American prisoners they intend putting Negro soldiers in quarters with the white men. They have an idea that this will be the refinement of cruelty. The Germans are brutal, but they are seldom successfully cruel. They haven't the necessary refinement of feeling.

So the net result of what they imagine to be a monstrous outrage will probably be a great benefit to the United States and to our soldiers.

The magnificent unselfish loyalty and courage of our colored soldiers is going to do a great deal to settle the Negro question. The better the white soldiers and the black soldiers get acquainted in the German prison camps, the quicker the solution.—Los Angeles Times.

BITS FOR BREAKFAST

Beating it towards Berlin.

That's what the Huns are doing.

If they were real good runners, they would have the lanky Yanks and Canucks fagged out trying to keep up with them.

The poor kaiser cannon fodder must think it is raining tanks and Yanks.

They call the little tanks whippets. The French adapted them. But the invention is the caterpillar engine idea, invented by a California man.

By the time they get to the Rhine, the Boches will think it is raining fire and brimstone from heaven. It will be sent down from a sky full of airplanes, for which the spruce has been sent from Oregon.

Foch may hit them next in Italy. Or over in Macedonia. Or around Constantinople, from three sides. His is the choice. He is the judge. He will hit them where the hitting is good.

King Ferdinand of Bulgaria is trying to save his dirty skin. The day of kings in this little old world is well along towards the late afternoon, if not almost in the shank of the evening.

The victory along the western front will be Yanked away from the Huns.

There is a pot of money for the man who invents a noiseless lawn mower.

Purpose, perspiration and patience will accomplish anything in this workaday world.

The agitation for cheap fish has brought up the subject of carp—but carp are not fish.

While the conservation board is about it why not do something to reduce the supply of mayonnaise?—Exchange.

Conservation is being carried to an extreme. The wash ties do not seem to be washed as often as usual.

Whenever we see a woman wearing a vest we always look twice to see if she has a cigar in the left top pocket.—Exchange.

With the draft age fixed between 18 and 45 some intimation of the sacrifice required of the nation in this war will be appreciated.

Progressive Contentment. I wouldn't go profiteering; mere money is nothing to me.

From all the annoyance of millions I'm glad to be perfectly free. Of course, I'm in debt just a trifle. I can't say "I don't owe a cent." But were these few debts of mine settled, I'm sure I'd be wholly content.

A hundred or so would be ample To pay every penny of debt; If I only had that I am certain I'd be in my glory and yet— I wouldn't mind one or two thousand.

You see, I am still paying rent. And if I could be my own landlord, I'm sure I'd be wholly content.

It's nice to be quite independent. And not have to work like a slave. My tastes are the tastes of refinement.

It isn't my nature to save— If I had a cool hundred thousand. Just drawing, say, seven per cent. Or possibly six and three-quarters. I'm sure I'd be wholly content.

I hate the base struggle for millions. The longing for riches galore; If I had a million, believe me, I wouldn't be wishing for more. I wouldn't be hoarding it, either; I'd see it was properly spent. If I could be free with my money, I'm sure I'd be wholly content.

—T. A. Daly.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children
In Use For Over 30 Years
Always bears the Signature of *Charles H. J. H. H.*

DAIRY BUSINESS IS THREATENED

Herds in Danger of Going to Pieces—Deckebach Offers Comment

F. G. Deckebach, who has been for years closely associated with the dairy interests in this valley and an influential factor in building up the industry in Salem, has frequently called attention to the grave dangers that menace the cream business. Hence he has been appealed to by Food Commissioner J. D. Mickle in a recent circular, asking for cooperation in the effort to check the disintegration that is going on continually in the dairy industry. He cites the fact that the consumption of dairy products is decreasing, and that dairy herds are being sold off at an alarming rate and that dairy production is decreasing.

The situation is such that it has enlisted the efforts of the food administration, Oregon Agricultural college and leading men in the allied industries.

The first and chief concern has been to head off the slaughter of herds, which Mr. Deckebach has pointed out as a most serious mistake, notwithstanding the handicap of high priced feed. He warns that the shortage of dairy products will not only menace the health of the children of Oregon but that it will require years of time and immense capital to build up the herds again. He was in attendance upon the recent conference of dairy representatives in Portland and took part in the discussions.

In this conference W. K. Newell pledged the support of the food administration. O. D. Center, director of the extension division of the agricultural college; Dairy Commissioner J. D. Mickle, C. C. Chapman and W. F. Woodward were present and addressed the meeting. Among other things they advocated a statewide campaign of education both for the dairymen and the consuming public. To this end Mr. Center, who has been elected chairman of the conference, appointed the following committee to take charge of an organized movement.

State Dairy and Food Commissioner's office, J. D. Mickle; Oregon Agricultural college, Professor P. M. Brandt and O. D. Center; Portland Bureau of Health, Dr. D. D. Mack; consumers and child welfare, Mrs. Sadie Orr-Dunbar and Walter Asher; business men, R. L. Sablin; dairymen and milk shippers, Thomas Carmichael, of Hillsboro; cream shippers, William Schillerick, of Gaston; producer and distributor, W. K. Taylor of Corvallis, and H. M. Selvert, of Portland; milk distributors, W. D. Wheelright and Fred O'Donnell, of Portland; butter and cheese manufacturers, A. Jensen and O. G. Simpson, of Portland ice cream manufacturers, J. E. Dunne; condensed milk manufacturer, Carl Schallinger of Portland.

Another meeting will be held with the Portland Commercial club in the near future, at which all details will be worked out.

This Camouflage Didn't Work



Emil Picht, forty-two years old, who came here from Germany in 1914, was recently arrested in New York City dressed in a blond wig and feminine attire. He told the detectives that he was impersonating a woman in order to catch a man who had insulted a woman friend Picht will probably be interned.

Knife and Gun are Gifts at Young Man's Majority

CLOVERDALE, Or., Aug. 9.—Walter Blake motored over to Newport last Wednesday. He was accompanied by W. Wright and George Weatherill.

On the occasion of Ivan Hadley's 21st birthday, the young folks of the neighborhood surprised him last Fri-

day night. The evening was spent in outdoor games. Mrs. W. J. Hadley served melon and cake for refreshments. He was presented with a knife and a gun as gifts from his parents.

T. A. Wood and sons have been threshing in this neighborhood for a week, and George W. Farris' machine is busy again.

Mrs. Grace Thomas and children and Mrs. Eva Cummings and children drove to Salem last Saturday.

L. E. Hennis is building Gas Drager's prune dryer. He has completed one for J. E. Whitehead.

Miss Raso Drager returned from a short visit in Portland yesterday.

Mrs. Myrtle Graybill and family returned home from the berry yards yesterday. They were picking loganberries near Salem.

AT THE LIBRARY

Young women who are considering the opportunities for war service as nurses or other war helpers will be interested in a number of the few books this week on these phases.

"A war nurse's diary," sketches from a Belgian field hospital. An English nurse's records here experiences in thirteen months of service in Belgium.

"War nursing," a textbook for the auxiliary nurse. Goodnow.

"A surgeon in arms," the personal narrative of a member of the Canadian medical corps, Capt. R. J. Manion.

"American women and the world war," a record of the work the women of America have done toward winning the war, by Ida C. Clarke. It gives in detail the work of the Woman's committee, and distinguished the work of the various states.

"History of the world war, v. 1," by Simonds. This is the first of a five-volume set, and covers the attack on France. The author gives a fair, comprehensive view in a readable style, well illustrated with maps and pictures.

"Ladies from hell," a grim and dramatic picture of the war by one of the "Ladies from Hell" as the Germans have called the killed Scotchmen, Douglas Pinkerton.

"White morning," a novel of the power of the German women in wartime, by Gertrude Atherton.

Other recent books of special interest to women are "Mademoiselle Mrs.," "Green Kent in Flanders," "Women of Belgium," by Mrs. Vernon Kellogg, and "Women's work in war time," by Bullard.

Picked Up On The Street

THE STEUSLOFF COMPANY, commenting on the meat situation, notes that within the past week pork has reached the highest point on record in the Portland market. Within a few weeks pork on foot may be selling for 20 cents. The government regulation of grain products is tending to put stock raisers out of business. It is not a matter of adjusting prices to feed costs, but of obtaining feed at any cost.

FARMERS PRODUCE COMPANY—the shipping price on eggs has just gone to 40 cents and still going. "I wouldn't be surprised to see eggs go to 75 cents or \$1.00 a dozen before January 1," said a member of the firm. "People are getting rid of their chickens as fast as they can get them to town. We have shipped a ton of poultry within the past few days and have a ton more ready for shipment. There is a poor show for the small poultry grower with the present price of feed."

OFFICER KNOWLAND—I want you to notice that the honest people ain't all dead yet. I lost my pocket book last week, with a bunch of money in it. I took a chance and advertised it in the papers. Yesterday it came back to me—picked up on the street by Allen Royce—and he refused to take \$5 as a reward.

CONSTABLE VARNEY—There is need in Marion county of just such an institution as Multnomah county has—a sort of industrial home half way between the parents, who cannot control their boys and the reform school. There are a lot of kids who are just wild enough to be too much for their parents but not vicious enough to be sent to the reform school. What is needed is an intermediate institution where the boy will be under rigid discipline and yet not be allowed to feel that he is branded as a criminal. The industrial school has its place, and I have no criticism for it. But I am in favor of establishing the other type of institution to go along with it.

A SALEM BOY who quit a \$15 position to go after an \$18 and board job in Portland, wants to come back to the capital city, declaring he can save more money on a small salary in Salem than on a big salary in Portland. The price of room, board laundry and all the other outlets will make a hundred dollar salary in Portland look like 30 cents in a fog.

A FRUIT MAN exhibiting samples of Gravenstein apples cut in two shows them honey-combed with dry rot. He thinks it is the result of dry weather, and he gives the growers a warning tip to the effect that if their apples are showing this defect they should get them off the trees and make some disposition of them as soon as they are mature enough. If left on the trees until ripe they will be entirely worthless.

FORMER DALLAS MAN MARRIES.

DALLAS, Or., Aug. 9.—(Special to The Statesman.)—J. D. Bevens, a former resident of this city, was united in marriage recently to Miss Ella Moffitt of Salem. Miss Moffitt also formerly lived here. The couple will make their home on a farm near Jefferson.

DALLAS, Or., Aug. 9.—(Special to The Statesman.)—A. E. Young, a Monmouth resident who was committed to the state hospital for the insane at Salem several weeks ago, escaped from that institution the first of the week and up to this time has not been apprehended. Young is said to have attempted to kill Deputy Sheriff Hooker at the time of his commitment and it was only after the man had been overpowered and the shot gun taken from him that he submitted to arrest on an insanity charge preferred against him by his son.

They wouldn't let him go to war, so he started a war of his own at home.

COMEDY "LADIES FIRST" PATHE WEEKLY

THE OREGON

Read the Classified Ads.

To Mothers and Fathers

If you have a youngster who is earning some money this summer, don't you think it would be practical to bring him (or her) in to the United States National Bank and open a Savings Account? We know it will help the boy or girl to more fully realize the value of money—and we should very much like to have your youngster numbered among our many youthful patrons.

Liberal Interest on Savings



United States National Bank
Salem Oregon

REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

The Story of a Honeymoon

A Wonderful Romance of Married Life Wonderfully Told by ADELE GARRISON

CHAPTER LIII

"Sticks and Stones," said Harry Underwood.

"Do you smoke, Mrs. Graham?" I'll bet a ten-spot that you don't, but you ought to begin."

Harry Underwood leaned toward me, a case of cigarettes in his hand. Dicky has just provided cigarettes in a quaint antique jar, one of the two things he had brought home from the studio to the apartment. But Mr. Underwood evidently wished me to try his own brand.

The question was the only thing needed to complete my anger at this man. I had vaguely disliked him from the first time I had met him. His bold words and manner in the afternoon had deepened my dislike. Then when his wife had warned me that he would in all probability make violent love to me, as I was a new type to him, my feeling had become an unconquerable aversion.

Lillian had added that she would straighten him out if he annoyed me too much, but as I looked out from my armchair in which he had imprisoned me by the simple expedients of pushing me into it and standing in front of it, I saw that she was still too absorbed in her art discussion with Mr. Lester to come to my rescue. Mrs. Lester, with little bird-like glances and chirpy giggles, was talking rapidly to Dicky. He was listening to her with the smile on his face which I knew meant absorbed amusement.

For the moment I was as much alone with Mr. Underwood as if the room had been empty.

He saw my glance, interpreted it correctly, and bent closer to me smiling mischievously.

"You see it is useless," he said, answering my unspoken thought. "You can't get away. I promised myself a little uninterrupted conversation with you and I always get what I want, always."

He bent closer to me, his eyes holding mine. He spoke slowly, emphatically. I shivered. I felt the sudden momentary dread of this man I had experienced in the afternoon. He laughed suddenly with hearty mischief.

"Scared you stiff that time, didn't it? Do you know I thought the melodramatic stuff would get you, I swore one. You'd better light one of these. I can recommend the brand, and it's mighty fine for the nerves."

I looked haughtily at him, but before I could open my mouth he began humming:

"Everybody's doing it, doing it, doing it."

I looked around my living room. The air was already heavy with the scent of the cigarettes. The men were all smoking. Lillian Gabe was consuming one after another, while even little Mrs. Lester was toying with one. She looked like a corn silk girl playing at smoking a corn silk cigarette.

But before my guests had ever arrived I had made my decision concerning smoking. I had smoked my first cigarette with Dicky at his earnest request, almost his command. But it had been against all my principles and prejudices. I had done it only to please Dicky and in the seclusion of our home. Not for worlds would I repeat the experience in the presence of other people, especially at the behest of the man I hated.

"Well!" Harry Underwood's face still held his mocking smile as he held out the case toward me.

"I am sorry"—I tried to speak courteously—"but I do not smoke."

"I knew that. But you are going to try one with me. The combination of a cigarette and your mouth is something I should like to see."

His words were almost the same as Dicky had used when he had begged me to smoke. I had faintly resented them in Dicky. From the lips of this man they were an offense.

He was waiting for an answer. He still bent toward me, the cigarette case in his fingers. I had never been so ill at ease in my life. I did not dare answer him as I wished, as I told myself he deserved. If I had I should have forbidden him ever to speak to me again. On the other

hand, if I gave him a courteous answer he would be encouraged to annoy me further.

Suddenly he took a cigarette from the case, and bending forward placed it against my lips. With his other hand he struck a match.

"There," he said, lighting the end nearest to him, "now just draw in your breath and you'll be a smoker before you know it."

The familiarity, the persistence of the man made me furious. I forgot that he was my guest, that he was Dicky's friend. I sprang to my feet, pushing him away from me violently.

The cigarette fell to the floor, but on the way the lighted end grazed his hand. He uttered a muttered exclamation, and I rejoiced that he had suffered even so slight an inconvenience.

"Mr. Underwood," I said tensely, "will you please understand me once for all that I do not smoke, nor do I mean to learn? Will you also allow me to tell you that I do not like you, and that the language you have been using toward me is extremely distasteful to me."

I had spoken purposely in a low tone so as not to attract the attention of others. If I had thought to disturb Harry Underwood, however, I had been greatly mistaken. He looked at me as I spoke through half-closed eyes, with his lazy exasperating smile.

"Very pretty, very spirited, my lady, but it doesn't bother me. 'Sticks and stones'—you know the rest of it."

(To be continued)

Man Who Was Violent Makes Escape From State Hospital

DALLAS, Or., Aug. 9.—(Special to The Statesman.)—A. E. Young, a Monmouth resident who was committed to the state hospital for the insane at Salem several weeks ago, escaped from that institution the first of the week and up to this time has not been apprehended. Young is said to have attempted to kill Deputy Sheriff Hooker at the time of his commitment and it was only after the man had been overpowered and the shot gun taken from him that he submitted to arrest on an insanity charge preferred against him by his son.

They wouldn't let him go to war, so he started a war of his own at home.

COMEDY "LADIES FIRST" PATHE WEEKLY

THE OREGON

Read the Classified Ads.

Read the Classified Ads.

Read the Classified Ads.

Read the Classified Ads.

Read the Classified Ads.

Read the Classified Ads.

Read the Classified Ads.

Read the Classified Ads.

Read the Classified Ads.

Read the Classified Ads.

Read the Classified Ads.

Read the Classified Ads.