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AMERICA THE ALTRUISTIC NATION

America is great because she is altruistic. Or, would you rather have it, she is altruistic because she is great!

Is not altruism the sign of true greatness? In the early sixties, the United States returned to Japan about \$800,000, her share of the fine of Shimoseki of \$3,000,000, damaged by the French, Dutch and American governments for damage done their ships by a bombardment ordered by one of the Japanese provincial governors. The damage to American shipping was about \$20,000. So the fine was largely in the nature of exemplary damages.

What did the United States do with the \$800,000? She returned it to Japan, and that country built with it the Yokohama breakwater, that will stand for all time a monument to the good will of this great country of ours; providing inside a haven of safety for the ships of commerce of the world.

Japan chose Poughkeepsie as the place for signing the peace treaty with Russia, in 1905, because of the good feeling between that country and the United States, on account of the return of our portion of the Shimoseki fine, and many other unselfish acts on the part of our nation and our people in dealing with Japan and the Japanese.

The United States returned to China her portion of the \$50,000,000 fine assessed against China after the Boxer Rebellion.

What did China do with the money? She has since that day invested the returns from it upon the education of young men and women from her country, in the schools and colleges and institutes of America.

The United States fought a war with Spain, and we won all the battles on sea and land. At the conclusion of peace, our country paid Spain \$20,000,000, after setting Cuba free, and taking the Philippines and Porto Rico in training for future freedom.

The whole history of the United States is dotted with such altruistic dealings.

Our country is now helping to end the greatest war of history, pouring out billions of treasure and sending millions of our best men to offer up their precious lives, that the world may be

rendered free and made safe for democracy and be insured against the horrors of war in the future.

Because of this altruism, we behold America, youngest of the nations, assuming the place of leadership.

We have seen it seal the doom of kings. We see that its destiny is to strike off the last shackle that binds men to slavery, and to make the whole world free.

America is great because it has kept the faith of the fathers of the Republic.

It has never drawn the sword except in defense of its own liberties or the liberty of others.

It has never put up the sword except after victory. Our country has put a stop to the primal curse of secret diplomacy.

It will never any more be possible for a clique to rule by keeping secret from the people the nation's affairs.

And because of the new principle in the world that the greatest shall be the servants of all; that right makes might; that thrice armed is he whose cause is just, America is now the richest and the strongest nation in the world. The place that Germany set out to make for itself through blood and iron is taken by America.

America is the money-lender of the world, but it is not and will never be a usurer. It is the strongest, but it is not and will never be a bully.

It will never demand the pound of flesh from its beneficiaries or force an unoffending neighbor to cringe at the threat of its mailed fist.

In these ways, and in others, it also becomes the greatest of the nations, in the true sense of greatness—greater than Florence in its days of song, greater than Athens in the glory of its schools.

All the glories of the storied pasts of other lands shall now be America's.

She shall hold dominion over the world's soul. Into her heart shall flow love's tributaries.

All lands shall hail her. She shall be the Mother of Ships.

For a thousand years and ten thousand years this shall be so if we keep sacred the covenant our fathers made with God when the corner-stone of the republic was laid. If we keep the faith.

Proud as the boast was to have been a Roman in the ancient days, glorious as it was to have been a citizen of Athens, it shall now be a far prouder boast to be an American.

Once more we have rendered our account to the spirits of the mighty dead.

From the bloody reaches of the Marne America reports to Mad Anthony Wayne facing the ghosts of dead Hessian jaegers across the Schuykill's storm-swept tide.

The Banner of the Stars salutes Paul Jones at sea.

Whisky is to be taxed \$8 a gallon. Oregon should worry.

There will be another Hindenburg line. But it will keep moving back, and then it will vanish into thin air; hot air.

All the walking has not been taken up by the Germans; they are still walking towards Berlin, when they are not running.

Thousands of brave Americans are keeping that "rendezvous with death." God rest them and give them an abundant entrance into His kingdom.—Los Angeles Times.

There was never but One able to walk on the water, but the stream

of American soldiers going to France comes mighty near being a parade.

An Oregon physician says that gnawing on jerked beef would improve children's teeth. What is the matter with the gum-chewing habit? Would not that serve as well? The jerked beef is entirely superfluous.—Los Angeles Times.

THE LIGHT ADVANCES.

The beginning of the end is in sight. It is only a question of time when Germany must "drop from her nerveless hand the shattered sword." The author of the world's bright destiny is whispering in the ears of the allied nations, "Arise and shine for the light has come and the glory of God is risen upon thee." And ere many moons shall have passed Germany will hear the just denunciation, echoed by all civilized humanity, "Depart from Me, ye workers of iniquity."

BITS FOR BREAKFAST

Sammy surprised 'em.
Took a town over in Lorraine.
Took it when they were not looking.

And Lorraine is in Germany, too. That is, it was in what was claimed by Germany; stolen from France in 1870.

The Sammys started out to give the Hun a quiet little trench raid, and when they got to going, the going was so good that they just could not stop till they had grabbed off the town of Frapelle, five miles from St. Die.

And they will like Frapelle so well that they will never give it back to the Huns.

And there will never be any more "quiet sectors" for the Huns. Just when everything is nice and quiet, the Sammys will start something. They do not like the quiet life, in war.

Huns are still trying to get the Sammys out of Flammette. They ought to know that it is their kismet to stay there, till they are ready to move east. That is another way of the Sammys; when they take a town they think it is theirs, by right of conquest as long as they want to stay.

Foch is committed to a policy of continuous pressure. There will be something doing every day, and a great deal some days.

The east front grew some yesterday. It will be a lusty front soon.

It was agreed between the emperor of Germany and Austria that Germany should ask for peace again, and make it more tempting than heretofore. But Germany will have to come all the way. She will come, or Uncle Sam and the allies will go.

It seems almost impossible to get up a quarrel over politics these days

FUTURE DATES.
August 18, Monday—National convention of Women's Relief Corps in Portland.
August 20, Tuesday—Special meeting of Commercial club.
August 21, Wednesday—Annual Wisconsin picnic at Fair grounds.
August 24, Saturday—Registration of youths who have become 21 since June 5.
August 26, 27 and 28—Western Walnut Growers' association to tour nurseries of Willamette valley.
September 23 to 25—Oregon State fair.

Revelations of a Wife

CHAPTER LX
How Madge Escaped From Harry Underwood

When I saw Harry Underwood hurrying toward the door of the omnibus on the top of which I was riding, I rose from my seat in a wild idea of flight.

I knew that he intended to join me. I felt that I could not ride up Fifth avenue conspicuously seated upon the top of a bus with this man by my side. But a second thought made me stay where I was. I could not reach the street and get away unobserved. He would meet me coming down. I had experienced enough of his persistence to know that he would turn and walk with me wherever I went. I was afraid he would urge me to have lunch with him.

Unreasoning and silly as I felt the feeling to be, yet I really felt safer on the top of an omnibus than I would walking with him on the street. I resolved to stay where I was, to treat his appearance in the most matter-of-fact way, and to invent an errand in some part of the up-town route of the bus which would enable me to leave him suddenly.

So when I heard his deep voice a moment later I was able to treat his greeting coolly.

"Inspecting the street of the Big Bluff? How do you like it?" He bowed mockingly.

"Very much, indeed. Why do you call it that?"

If I could only keep the conversation at this pitch I need not fear any unpleasantness other than the dislike I had always had of his presence.

"Oh, simply because it holds more Bluffs to the square foot than any other street in the world."

He stood expectantly by my seat. I had hoped he would take either the seat opposite to me or the one behind me, but he laid his hand on the back of the seat as if he were going to sit down, and, willy-nilly, I had to move over.

The seats on the top of the busses are narrow when two slenderly-built people share them. I am slender but Harry Underwood is a big man, tall and massive framed. I shrank over as close to the side of the seat as I could get, but I could not escape being crowded uncomfortably against him.

"Now we are nice and cozy," he said audaciously slipping his arm across the back of the seat.

I had made many trips on the omnibus in the old cousinly days with Jack. Before we were married Dicky and I had taken two or three blissful rides upon this seat, or one just like it.

The memory of those rides, the peaceful and blissful ones, made this enforced one taken in the company of a man I detested, even more hateful than it would have been ordinarily.

"How is Mrs. Underwood this morning?" I resolved to take the conversation into my own hands and keep it there.

"Very well, I thank you," he put his finger in his mouth and mimicked a small girl repeating a first lesson in courteous answer.

"I am so glad," I said, ignoring his buffoonery. "I was afraid she would be ill after her hard work last night."

"She was a bit upset after we got home but she was all right this morning when she left for the studio."

I wonder what business of profession this man could have to enable him to stroll idly down Fifth avenue in the late afternoon, while his wife was busy at the studio. I meant to ask Dicky about it.

"But I didn't come up here to talk about Lil, my dear Miss Iceberg."

I interrupted him hastily. I had no intention of letting our talk get away from me.

"Do you know I experienced a most embarrassing, annoying sequel to our adventure of last night?"

The speech showed my desperation. Ten minutes earlier I could have imagined no emergency which would lead me to retell my experience of the morning. But I was determined not to let this man begin his embarrassing personalities.

"You don't say!" He was all pretended interest. I saw that he (magined I had dropped my unfriendly attitude toward him.

"Yes, indeed. The maid brought back the hot water bottle early this morning before we were up, and told Katie the baby was better."

"Rather ungracious way to return it."

"That's what I told Dicky. But he said they were probably so upset that they did not think of conventionalities."

"That's just like old Dicky. He always has an excuse for everybody."

"Yes, I know. But when I tell him what happened I think he will admit my first judgment of them was right."

"Tell me. I am sure you are always right."

"When I started for my walk I thought it would only be decent to 'top at the door and inquire about the baby.'"

"Did you get the door slammed in your face?"

"Not quite. But the maid left me standing outside while she went in and told her mistress I was there. Then I heard the baby's mother say in a low tone: 'Oh, that woman from across the hall. I suppose I shall have to see her.'"

"Well, I'll be—" he caught himself up abruptly. "What did you do?"

"Turned away and walked out of the building before anyone came to the door."

He slapped his knee with his open palm.

"By George, that spice of the devil that breaks out in you once in a while is the most attractive thing about you. Got a nice little temper of your own, haven't you?"

How I longed to give this unpleasant ogler a taste of the temper he was commenting on. A primitive childish impulse to slap his face stirred in me. I locked my gloved fingers tightly together. I was afraid I might yield to the impulse.

"I was very much ashamed of myself after I had walked away," I said sedately, ignoring his last speech. "That woman's discourtesy, which, of course, she did not intend me to hear, was no excuse for my being so childish, but I was really very angry."

While I was talking I was racking

Keep the Money Flowing Into the Treasury

THIS is more necessary at the present critical stage of the war game than ever before. Until the 4th Liberty Loan is started, U. S. Government Treasury Certificates of Indebtedness are being issued through the United States National and other banks. These bear 4 1/2 per cent interest, are for a short period of maturity and may either be redeemed in cash or exchanged for War Bonds.

Don't permit a patriotic penny to remain idle.



United States National Bank
Salem Oregon

my brain for an excuse to get down from the bus without his following me. The sight of a modiste's sign gave me a clue. We were passing through one of the side streets before turning on Riverside Drive.

"Here is where I stop," I said quickly. Don't bother to come with me. My errand is with a dressmaker, and you know what a long time that means. Good-by."

I stood up to pass him, but he arose with me.

"You can't get rid of me like this, little girl," he said with his cynical smile. "I'll take you to your dressmaker's door at least." His manner showed that he saw through my ruse, and determined to make me admit I had no errand.

"Very well," I said demurely. (To be continued.)

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