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D'ANNUNZIO'S DARING EXPLOIT

After indescribable cruelties of Austrian troops in occupied Italian towns, after the needless deaths of thousands of gallant men in Austrian prison camps, after summary execution of other thousands for the crime of seeking political freedom, the people of Vienna had reason for fear, seeing a fleet of Italian airplanes above them.

They were wrong. They had no cause to fear. From the air dropped truth, not destruction. Why had the Viennese "donned the Prussian uniform?" asked the leaflets that fluttered down. "We Italians do not make war on women, children and old men—only on your blind, obstinate, cruel Government, which cannot give you either peace or bread, but feeds you on hatred and illusion."

What else have plain people in Vienna been thinking for months—and sometimes even whispering?

To have made the longest flight of a squadron of bombing planes and to have made it twice over the Alps, despite enemy planes and rows of hostile aircraft guns, is a triumph of Italian skill in aviation. The words of fire dropped instead of literal flame and death were worthy of their author, the poet-Captain d'Annunzio.

This was more than a beautiful Latin gesture; it was one of the war's finest feats.

The more this 800-mile flight of d'Annunzio's airplane squadron to Vienna and back is considered the more remarkable it seems both as a physical feat and a military stratagem.

Can the Prussian mind conceive of flying 800 miles at an elevation of 15,000 feet merely to bombard an enemy city with paper manifestos? Not a house was wrecked nor a child killed, and the fact gives the Viennese something to think of which is of serious moment to Berlin.

Foch is the fiddler.

The Huns dance to Foch's music.

Foch has the initiative; he can go when and where he pleases; only counting the cost.

That man is to be distrusted who thinks as much of another nation as he does of his own.

The chances are that the kaiser is suffering from leaking of the heart. The news is very depressing.

From between the news-lines one gathers a comforting feeling that Germany, save for its navy, is getting to be all at sea.

One beauty about government operation is that if central gives you the wrong number you can tell her that you are going to report her to Woodrow Wilson.

If the political campaign this fall interferes with the fourth Liberty Loan politics will be compelled to take a back seat until the business before the country is transacted.

It is wonderful, these days of conservation, what we "can get along without." We must now take stock of ourselves and our actual needs. We can not go on as we have been going. There is practically no limit to the savings that we must assume voluntarily. Otherwise they will be forced upon us. The wealth of the world is being wasted, the industry of the world has been turned from production to destruction.

Plans are being made for the transportation of the baseball team of aviation school near San Diego, Cal., from place to place by airplane. The flights from San Diego to Los Angeles are becoming quite the regular thing. Next thing we know we will be chasing flies in airships. Everyone has heard of unrepined being up in the air and we may presently be confronted by the real article. To referee a game from the hurricane deck of a battleplane beats dodging pop bottles on the sward of a ball park.

WORK FOR UNCLE SAM.

If the government takes over the packing houses pretty much all of big business will be gathered into the fold. Soon almost everybody

FUTURE DATES.
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 1.
August 26, 27 and 28—Western Walnut Growers' association to tour nut groves of Willamette valley.
September 23 to 28—Oregon State Fair.

to the principles of altruism and progress upon which it is founded—can not afford to neglect its duty to oppressed peoples and to humanity at large.

"The world safe for democracy" is no idle dream. It is a fact of evolution; it is the flower of the spiritual growth of the human race.

BE AN OPTIMIST.

A man who does not care how much or how little he earns or possesses, who has no desire to accumulate either for his own benefit or the benefit of others is devoid of manhood.

The Hindoo widow who yearns to mount the funeral pyre with her deceased husband is happier than the widow who does not believe in the existence of Buddha, and the Christian mother who has been convinced by Darwin and Ingersoll that her lost son died forever when he died is an unhappy woman.

Better be an enthusiastic optimist than a gloomy pessimist.

Better be a collector of meerschaum pipes than to mope in a chimney corner.

He who has lost interest in human affairs is twice dead.

He is dead to the living and dead to the dead.

He lives in a prison yard from which there is no escape except into an envioning desert.

From days barren of hope, from old age in which the soul has nothing to look forward to, we may all pray to be delivered.

BLESSED BE IGNORANCE.

Most of us deceive ourselves when we say we wish to know what the future holds for us. Certainly we do not wish to be apprised of coming evil, and it is just as true that most of us like good fortune to come as a surprise. One of the meanest tricks one friend could play on another would be to tell him what he had bought him for a Christmas or birthday present. On the other hand, the bearer of bad news is unpardonable.

If we could know that within a given time, whether of weeks, months or years, our friends and relatives would be taken from us, or we from them, our every meeting would be heart-breaking and every temporary parting full of almost unbearable sorrow.

If we were sure, when we meet even a casual friend, that we would never see his face again, how filled with solicitude we would be for his welfare, how kind and considerate we would be toward him, and yet how poignant would be our hidden grief in bidding him good-by.

It may be, as millions believe, that every forthcoming event is as well known to the Manager of the universe as is every past occurrence.

If this be so, then kind indeed is Providence to keep man in blessed ignorance of the pain that, for some good reason, he is destined to suffer, while ever holding before his eyes the shining star of hope.

CONFLICT AND PROGRESS.

With nations and with communities the struggle by which the fittest survives is a permanent factor. Agitation, tumult, the warring of repellent forces, the clashing of alien elements, the ferment of inharmonious constituents, these seem to be the order of nature, the spur and potency of progress. Thus hath the world been builded; thus has man been advanced. Every atom of living matter, from the flower at our feet to the farthest star that glitters in the heavens, obeys this primal law. This law prevails not only in the domain of action, but in the domain of ideas. Every thought that has thrilled the world, and set the pulses of men beating with joyous ecstasy, has met a counter-thought, opposing and warring against it—a counter-current of adverse opinion.

Every scheme of progress, every movement toward human advancement, every revolution in the direction of human culture, has been opposed by counter-forces, fought at every step by hostile principles, buffeted by waves of adverse criticism; and the more vital the principle, the more thorny its path of progress; the more sacred the truth, the more persistent the opposing error. Yet when the battle is ended—when the roar of the conflict is over, it is found that the truth has survived and the error perished. Well has the poet said:

"God never leaveth utterly this world that he hath rounded.

Each human we is by the sea of his dear pity bounded.

Upon no Israel to its ill the grip of Pharaoh closes

Without the liberating skill of some anointed Moses."

BITS FOR BREAKFAST

Salem is growing.

Vacant houses are filling up.

Our schools are helping a lot.

And there is a general impression that Salem is solid, and will grow fast when peace comes.

All's well along the western front.

Foch bit three big slices out of the Hun lines yesterday, and made a lot more territory untenable for the Germans.

They will have to move on and back towards Berlin.

And, Mr. Reader, watch the march of events down around ancient Ararat and around the Caspian sea. There will be things doing down there. And in Mesopotamia.

And there may be thrilling news one of these mornings from Constantinople. There are great possibilities, and General Foch has not studied geography, history, politics and war in vain.

A rule of patriotism as well as of the road—keep to the right.

We must either lick the kaiser or his boots. Which will it be?

To the kaiser, greeting: Why don't you get busy with your fleet?

Report has it that King George has essayed the task of explaining the great American game of baseball to the queen. And just imagine the queen trying to understand it.

IN A SOCIAL WAY

By MURIEL GRANT.

THE Belgian fete will be held Tuesday afternoon, postponed from last Friday owing to questionable weather. The fete will be given in Willson park, commencing at 1 o'clock, when the children's parade will take place. The children are to meet in front of the city library, for drill formation. Many clever costumes will be worn by the kiddie. Some of the tiny girls will be cunningly dressed in little Red Cross uniforms.

Many attractive booths have been arranged throughout the park where goodies and dainty articles will be sold for the benefit of the Belgian relief fund.

The cooked food booth will be under the direction of Mrs. W. H. Stensloff and a request has been made that those who have not been solicited to leave cooked food articles at the booth, should they wish to contribute aid the coffers of the relief society.

Miss Mable Patrick, returned Monday from Springfield, where she had been the guest of relatives the past two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. E. V. McMechan, Mrs. Edward Dillon, Mrs. Thomas W. Roberts and Miss Eunane Craig returned Monday afternoon from a delightful outing at Newport. While there they were at the "Big Four" cottage. Many delightful dinner parties and luncheons were given during the past two weeks, with a number of officers and enlisted men as guests.

Mrs. F. M. Jordan, who has been the house guest of Mrs. Henry W. Meyers, of 249 North Summer street left Monday evening for her home in Seattle. Mrs. Meyer accompanied her home which she will visit a week.

Mrs. J. C. Crowder of Condon, will arrive in the city the first of the week to spend a few days at the home of Mrs. James Wilson.

Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Upjohn of 163 North Thirteenth street are receiving congratulations upon the birth of a daughter, Margaret Elizabeth, born Monday, August 19.

Mrs. Arthur Benson will return soon from Portland, where she has been spending the week-end with friends and relatives.

Miss Bessie Simeral of Salem was married to Carl Erdt of Tillamook on Sunday afternoon, at the Leslie Methodist church parsonage. Rev. H. N. Aldrich performed the wedding ceremony. The couple left immediately for a few days honeymoon trip to Portland and from there will go to their future home in Tillamook.

Mrs. Carl H. Elliott will leave September 1 to make her home in Oberlin, Ohio, where her son will enter Oberlin college. Mr. Elliott is doing Y. M. C. A. work in France.

Mrs. Elliott will be the honor guest at a tea to be given at the home of Mrs. George Pearce, 267 North Winter street, the latter part of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Vick, accompanied by Miss Freda and Miss Emma Christensen left Sunday on a motor trip to Pittsfield, Calif., where they will spend several weeks with relatives.

Mrs. J. B. Heckert, wife of Lieutenant Heckert of the Sunshine division, is in Salem this week with friends and is the guest of Miss Greta Richmond. Her home is at San Diego.

The wedding of Miss Norma Hendricks of Eugene to Chester Starr of Dallas, Texas has been announced to take place Thursday afternoon, at four o'clock. Only relatives and close friends of the contracting parties will be bidden to the nuptials.

Mr. and Mrs. Starr will leave Thursday night for Dallas, where they will make their home. Mr. Starr is a member of the Kappa Sigma fraternity, and is a son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Starr of Brownsville. Miss Hendricks is a popular member of the Kappa Alpha Theta sorority, and has been society editor of the Morning Register for several years.

We Are In Our Former Domestic Department

We have our old ENTRANCE on Commercial Street and have also RETAINED a right to the entrance on Court Street.

Our Men's Clothing Stock and Shoe Stock

Are IN THEIR USUAL PLACES. All kinds of merchandise is soaring sky high. BETTER BUY NOW AT OUR BIG CLOSING OUT SALE AND SAVE MONEY.

ALL FURS
ONE-THIRD LESS

Beautiful Soft Silky Furs
A-1 Quality, One-Third
Less Than Old Prices.

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 LXI

A QUIET HOUR AT HOME

He helped me from the bus and we started toward the sign I had seen. As we came to the door of it I paused and extended my hand, although I hated the thought of touching him.

He grinned sardonically. "I have to slip it to you. You certainly handed me a lemon this time. Of course, I don't believe you have any more idea of going to a dressmaker than I have. A bride of a few weeks doesn't usually need a dressmaker you know, too many dressmaker clothes to wear out. But you know I like nerve and deviltry wherever I see it, so I'm going to give you a little regard of merit. I'm going away from here."

He squeezed my hand tightly, and then bent over and kissed it, to the infinite delight of some ebberturchins who saw him. As he lifted his hat he grinned.

"I think I scored one anyway," he said as he walked away.

With the street boys capering up and down and calling derisively after me, I hurried into the dressmaking establishment, made a few conventional inquiries about prices and materials, then came out again, and going in an opposite direction to the one he had taken, came finally to a street car in whose shelter I safely rode to a corner near my home.

Not until I closed my own door did I feel safe from the possibility that I might meet him again. I sank down in my easy chair, angry and humiliated.

Harry Underwood was becoming an unspeakable annoyance to me. Yet, I felt helpless under the situation.

"Well, old girl, what sort of a day did you have?"

Dicky's cheery voice came like a fresh breeze through the stale air of a closed room. I had been brooding all afternoon. The discourtesy and ingratitude of the woman across the hall, and my experience with Harry Underwood on the omnibus had depressed me.

I sat pretending to read, but in reality I was thinking over since I had come back from my unpleasant bus ride. I had eaten no luncheon for we had breakfasted so late, and this was the first time I had seen Dicky since morning.

"A perfectly horrid day, Dicky. Oh! but I'm glad to see you!"

I clung to him as he kissed me. He evidently read my need of sympathy, for he picked me up and carried me to our armchair, and sat down, gathering me close to him, and smoothing my hair.

"Now tell me all about it," he said. "Get it out of your system and you'll feel better."

I had to decide swiftly how much I should tell him of Harry Underwood's annoying persistence in seeking my society. I knew Dicky's unreasoning childish jealousy. I did not wish to arouse it if I could possibly handle the situation myself. I made up my mind to hold my tongue concerning his friend's ridiculous actions for a while, at least.

"You were right and I was wrong this morning about those people across the hall," I began.

A COMFORTING HOUR

"Why? what did they do? Were they rude to you?" Dicky bristled at the mere idea of rudeness to me. "I'll tell you all about it, and you can judge for yourself."

So for a second time I related the petty little story of the rudeness of my neighbor across the hall.

"By Jove!" Dicky ejaculated when I had finished. "I never heard anything to equal that. We saved her baby's life among us, and she considers it a bore to meet you. Well! I guess the next nursemaid who rushes in here with a dying infant will be told to beat it to the nearest hospital."

I could not help but smile at Dicky's indignation and his way of expressing it.

"Tell me all about it this minute. There couldn't anything like that happen again. It is too strange an occurrence to come more than once."

"I should hope so." Dicky's tone was still wrathful.

"Let us forget all about it. I'm sure I never want to think about it again."

"All right. What did you do when you walked away like a tragedy queen?"

"Nearly walked into an automobile and had to be saved by a policeman." I smiled at the recollection.

"What! You're joking. Madge!"

"Indeed, I'm not, but there wasn't any danger, I think, even if the policeman did scold me."

He listened quietly until I had finished, then took me by the shoulders and shook me playfully, yet the grip of his hands hurt me. But I did not mind, for both the clasp of his hands and his scolding warmed my heart with the message of love and concern for me they betrayed.

"Don't you ever do such a thing again," he said. "What do you think would become of me if anything should happen to you? I don't want to think or talk of it."

He shook his shoulders as if throwing off the memory of the occurrence.

"I hope you had a pleasant ride. I surely should have been a dandy to make up for the rest of the morning."

I smiled grimly to myself at the hateful memory of the ride. But I must not let Dicky suspect the truth.

"The ride was well enough," I said indifferently. "Mr. Underwood boarded the bus a few blocks after I did and rode a number of blocks with me. He's rather tiresome, don't you think so?"

Dicky looked at me keenly. "Not many women would say that about him," he replied.

WHAT DICKY SUGGESTED

"Well, I think him decidedly tiresome," I returned. "When I want to ride on the top of a bus, I either want to be alone, or have a really congenial companion with me."

"Like me," Dicky teased, smiling at me.

"Like you," I answered returning his smile.

"Dinner ready," Katie's voice broke in.

"And here I have not even my overcoat off. That's what comes of comforting down-hearted wives," Dicky hurried into his room.

The little talk with Dicky had restored my cheerfulness. We were both hungry, and we made a most excellent meal, neither of us talking much until the coffee came in.

"I have a dandy scheme for tomorrow."

Dicky lit his cigar as he spoke, and stretched himself luxuriously.

"What is it?"

"Well, if tomorrow is like today, I've just got to get a whiff of country air. Today was like spring, and the minute anything like spring comes, I'm like a fish out of water until I get to the country. There's the bluest piece of country out on Long Island about 25 miles, real brooks and woods and meadows and things like that. And there's an old inn that dates back a hundred years or more where you can get the bulkiest meals you ever ate."

AN APPOINTMENT REMEMBERED

"We'll go to bed early tonight, and get up tomorrow win time to take the 8:15 train from the Pennsylvania station. That will get us out there at nine, and we'll have a long glorious day."

"Oh! Dicky, won't that be splendid? I don't know of anything in the world I would rather do. I have always wanted to live in the country ever since I left it when I was a little girl."

"Well! I don't know about living in it the year around," Dicky said dubiously. "I imagine it would be an awful bore in the winter time. But in the summer time it is the only thing to do. That's one thing I want to go out there for tomorrow. Perhaps we can pick up some place we would like for the summer."

"Oh! Dicky!" I repeated incoherently. To live the whole long luxurious summer in the real country! It was too good to be true. I had had short trips to summer resorts, weeks of vacation spent at farmhouses devoted to the entertainment of summer guests, but housekeeping in a real country home—it seemed like a glimpse of Paradise.

"I know you will enjoy it tomorrow," Dicky said. "By the way, amuse yourself with this for a few moments. I'm out of cigars, I find. I'll run out and get some."

"This" was a box of sugared almonds, my favorite bonbon. I settled myself luxuriously in my chair to wait for Dicky's return when a sudden disquieting thought struck me.

Tuesday was the day I had arranged the meeting with Mrs. Smith to discuss my leader ship of the history section of her club.

I could not go with Dicky after all.

(To be continued)

Just imagine the folks back in Laclede, Mo., speaking of General John J. Pershing as "Sir John." Oh, fudge!