

# THE OREGON STATESMAN

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## WALL STREET GROWING CHEERFUL

Following are some encouraging paragraphs from the current weekly letter of Henry Clews, the Wall Street authority:

"Victory for the Allies is now only a question of time. Patience and sacrifice may still be necessary; but if it be true the Administration intends to send an army of three millions into France, the sooner Germany surrenders the better for her own good.

"This is not the season for expecting business activity, vacations and heat having materially intensified the usual midsummer quiet. The money market, however, continues to be the chief restriction upon all sorts of business operations. Funds are scarce, while credits are practically rationed. Our banks are in sound condition, and their resources ample despite the tremendous strain imposed upon them by the exigencies of war. Preparations for the coming Liberty loan are already well advanced.

"On the Stock Exchange there is a cheerful undertone, based upon the more satisfactory course of the war."

## THE TRIUMPH OVER THE AIR

A dozen years ago men, wise men, were saying that man would never learn to fly. It was contrary to nature and the laws of gravitation, and the more pious were not sure but it was literally trying to fly in the face of providence.

But there were men of other faith. Da Vinci died four hundred years ago with "Man will learn to fly" on his lips and the great artist left in his garret a heap of wings and wires with which he had experimented on aerial navigation.

War has developed in four years an evolution in flying that would normally have required a half century, if not more, of invention and experiment.

Flying has become practically safe. When the war is over this great means of transportation will not be discarded.

Already between certain eastern cities airplanes carry mails. The need of transporting enormous weights of bombs and guns has developed a type of machine that can be adapted for express, and perhaps freight purposes.

The great demand of transportation is speed; and this the airplanes supply as no other means of locomotion.

One may reasonably look forward to great fleets of airplanes that will appear as carriers of commercial commodities; perhaps most importantly, as means of travel.

The automobile may never be displaced; the railroads will probably endure as the arteries of commerce for generations; but mankind, having won a triumph in the air, will not discard it or keep it for war uses only.

All the way from Ypres in Belgium to Soissons, over a hundred miles, the Germans were pressed back yesterday, and many French towns were taken away from the Huns, and such strategic positions captured as make untenable a great deal more ground still under the heel of the invader. So the retrograde movement is sure to continue. General Foch is evidently determined to keep the German armies too busy trying to save something out of their retreat to again assume the offensive; whatever else he may have in store towards ridding France of all armed German forces, and towards speeding the end of the war. And he no doubt has a number of moves that are not yet ready for the public.

There is no longer an alibi that will satisfy the German people. They now know they are whipped. The question is, how much more of the whipping they will stand.

Now, Germany is trying to prove to the outside world that she never intended to keep Belgium. How the mighty have fallen!

Redivivus, General Byng.

General Byng came back with a bang.

Also, it is Byng again for General Byng.

Beyond the Alps is the American soldier.

The German drives go on merrily. It is open season for Huns in France.

The reason why the crown prince had two wings to his army seems deliciously simple. He wanted them to fly with.

If they will only provide General Byng with an efficient follow-up system that will follow, he will go to Berlin in a hurry.

Lord Reading says the English expected a good deal from America, but they did not expect so much so quickly. They will have other surprises. Just wait until the air program of the Sammler gets to going good.

One of the prohibition papers in big type inquires: "Coal or booze: which?" When it comes to a showdown here in Oregon we can get along without both.

**FUTURE DATES**  
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.

One must admire the spirit of the Los Angeles boy who insisted on getting a street map of Berlin as a part of his personal baggage before starting for France.

The Seventh Day Adventists say the world is coming to an end, and, if the Democrats are to continue holding on at Washington, we don't know that we care a cent.—Los Angeles Times.

The disease that is eating out the heart and vitality of the Central Powers is economic and moral bankruptcy. Of course cholera and grippe are assisting. And for this many thanks.—Exchange.

### GIVE 'EM TIME.

People who complain because they are not properly appreciated should not quit on that account. Keep up the good work and some day a responsive community will rise up and call you blessed.

### SUFFRAGE IN ENGLAND.

Though England of late has shown much gratitude and respect for women, and praised them to their faces, a decision has been handed down by the British courts that prevents women from running for parliament.

Votes and offices for women must come ultimately, even in England. There is no evading it.

From the day Eve poked the apple core down Adam's reluctant throat, women have got, sooner or later, whatever their hearts were set on.

Any married man is competent to bear testimony on that point.

### THE DIFFERENCE.

General Ferdinand Foch has said: "Every soldier must feel himself in communication with his general and must never be permitted to consider himself a mere pawn to be moved at the whim or mercy of an unknown power."

That is entirely different from the Potsdam strategy, but there is a feeling that it makes for a more responsible and intelligent army and one that in the final must prevail.

A machine is less powerful than the thought behind it, and a French soldier is a thought instead of a cog in a machine.

### BOYS ON JOB.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 21.—"If our people at home have the same feeling as our splendid boys at the front, there will be no premature peace," said Representative Young of North Dakota today, on his return from a visit to the European battle fronts.

### BITS FOR BREAKFAST

A great day in France. Over a hundred miles of Huns were licked.

They were trimmed all the way from Ypres to Soissons.

Now, the American Marines will have a chance to get in a swat that will echo around the world.

The Huns essayed one lone counter-attack, and the rebound took them staggering back beyond the line they started from.

The Huns have lost their pep. They have no stomach left for fighting.

It must keep the back lines rather busy accommodating the repatriates in the recaptured French towns. The troops make a boom for every town and village they turn over to their rightful owners.

Yes, Clarissa, the Hun in a Hunted animal in France.

Pretty soon a man will have to have a mighty big income in order to be able to pay his income tax.

The government wants seven thousand tons of glycerine at sixty cents a pound. Search the beauty shops.

Guess the man in the white house is the only one in America whose first name is Woodrow. Young parents are naming their offspring after Wilson, but they rather shy at the Woodrow. They don't like to call baby "Woody."

Rice pie is the latest culinary conservation idea. The kaiser is going to have a lot to answer for when this war is over.—Exchange.

It is estimated that one out of every four hogs raised in this country is being sent abroad.

There is a reported shortage of machetes in Nicaragua. Why not substitute the American razor; that is said to be admirable for "social" purposes.

It may be necessary to carry your sugar in your vest pocket or have it in your safe deposit box.

## FIRST GREEN PRUNES SENT

Fruit Is On Its Way East Ten Hours After Reaching Big Local Plant

One car of green prunes, the first of the season to be shipped out of Salem, was packed yesterday at the Salem Fruit union preparatory to leaving for Chicago. These are being shipped by express instead of by freight in order to insure a safe transit. It is planned to send out ten cars daily from the packing house as soon as the work is under way.

At present a shortage of packers is hampering the speed. Two nailing machines are at work putting boxes together, one turning out 1700 daily and the other 800. A crew of hand nailers recruited from lathers and contractors will assist in clearing out the immense stores of knockdown boxes stacked on three floors of the building. Twenty carloads of them have been shipped in and four more are on the way.

The green prunes will ripen while crossing the country and will be ready to market upon their arrival. The fruit left to ripen on the trees here will be dried.

Within ten hours after the prunes are brought to the fruit union they are ready to start on the trip, as all are handled immediately. At the rate it is anticipated the crop will be moved, from 1300 to 1500 boxes will be used daily.

### TONNAGE LOSS INCREASES.

LONDON, Aug. 21.—(via Montreal.)—Losses of merchant shipping by Great Britain during the month of July aggregated 176,479 tons, an increase of 19,965 tons over the June losses. Allied and neutral gross tonnage aggregated 136,532, making the total gross tonnage lost during the month 313,011. The loss in allied and neutral tonnage was an increase of 26,552 tons over the report for June.

## IN A SOCIAL WAY

By MURIEL GRANT.

MISS Genevieve Avison, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. A. N. Avison, left Tuesday afternoon for the east. She will visit her brother in St. Paul for a short time and will then go to Cloquet, Minn., where she will be an instructor in the English department of the Cloquet high school.

Mrs. L. S. Hopfield of McMinnville was in Salem Tuesday visiting at the home of Mrs. L. L. Nicklin of 1297 State street. She is en route to California where she will spend a few weeks with her husband, Captain L. S. Hopfield who is stationed at Palo Alto. He with an ammunition train and his company is making preparations for departure for France within the next few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Albert who have been in California during the past two weeks will return to their home in Salem the last of the week. They have been visiting with friends in San Francisco and Santa Cruz. Mr. Albert was a delegate from the Capital National bank to a bankers convention held in San Francisco.

Mrs. George M. Brown returned Monday from Harrisburg where she had been the guest of Mrs. Lloyd Shisler during the past two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Andrus are in Salem from the east and are the guests of friends and relatives. Their home is in Aberdeen S. D. and they came west to attend the meeting of the Grand Army of the Republic which was held in Portland this week. After visiting here for a short time they left for Portland but will return to Salem the last of the week and they will visit at the home of Mrs. Roy Baker and Mrs. W. F. Foster. Several winters have been spent in Salem during past years.

Mrs. Bertha J. Darby returned Wednesday from Astoria, where she was the guest of friends. Motor trips to Seaside, Cannon beach and other points of interest were enjoyed.

Mrs. Elbert Thompson is entertaining as her house guest this week her sister, Mrs. Ella Jones. Mrs. Jones is a member of the faculty of the Northwestern College of Music in Portland.

Miss Genevieve Yanke is the guest of Miss Carolyn Wright in Albany this week. She will return to her home in Salem the last of the week.

Miss Carolyn Wright, who has been spending a few days in Salem visiting with friends, returned to her home in Albany Monday evening.

Mrs. S. A. Kozar of the Court apartments is in Portland this week and is the guest of her mother, Mrs. B. A. Belcher at the Keeler apartments.

Mrs. Della Crowder Miller left the latter part of the week for a few days visit with friends in Portland. She will return Friday to her home here.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Frink of Portland were in Falls City, visiting relatives the first of the week. Mrs. Frink spent a few hours on Wednesday with friends in Salem, en route to Eugene, where she will spend a few days with her mother. Mrs. Frink will be remembered as Miss Clytie Hall, a former student of the University of Oregon, and while in Eugene she was employed on the Eugene Daily Guard. Later she was with the East Oregonian of Pendleton.

## LASSIGNY FALLS TO FRENCH FIGHTERS

(Continued from page 1).

ter part of the Carlepoint wood and reaching the Oise east of Sempigny. This advance enabled them to take on the flank by their artillery fire the position of Mount Renaud on the other side of the river, which is still occupied by the Germans.

Further east Selens and the Pomeroye were occupied giving the French command of the entire valley of the Oises south and southeast of Noyon.

The fighting has extended all along the battle front from the Aisne to the Oise with the aid of the aviators who are favored by ideal weather for flying. The airmen have hindered greatly the movement of the enemy troops, bombarding bridges over the Oise and convoys and concentrations of troops. They also have accompanied the infantry in its progress, attacking the enemy's infantry with machine guns.

## No Mercy Is Shown to Careless Camper Gentry

DALLAS, Ore., Aug. 21.—(Special to The Statesman)—A Mr. Johnson, a resident of the Pudee community, was arrested and brought to this city the last of the week on a charge preferred by Fire Warden W. V. Fuller, charging him with having left a camp fire burning on the Pudee-Bald mountain trail a short time ago. Johnson pleaded guilty before Justice of the Peace Hardy Holman and was fined \$10. This is the second offense of this nature to be prosecuted by the Polk county fire warden this season who is taking every precaution to lessen the damage by forest fires during the summer months and which during past years has caused millions of dollars worth of Polk county valuable timber to be destroyed.

# Revelations of a Wife

## The Story of a Honeymoon

A Wonderful Romance of Married Life Wonderfully Told by ADELE GARRISON

### CHAPTER LXIII

How Madge Told Dicky The News I picked up the newspaper, read the headlines without in the least knowing what they were, and threw it down wearily.

A book and a magazine shared the same fate. I had made Dicky angry by giving up a delightful trip with him for the sake of keeping a business appointment with Mrs. Helen Brainerd Smith, president of the Lotus study club. After he had left me angrily for a long walk, Mrs. Smith had called me up and airily asked me to postpone the appointment because the day was the one for the coming of her masseuse.

No wonder I could not settle myself to read. Hot, angry tears came to my eyes as I remembered my day, such an annoying one. The woman in the apartment opposite had angered me by her insolence and ingratitude in the morning. Harry Underwood had annoyed me by forcing his presence upon me while I was riding on the stage, and now this unpleasant experience had come.

How I longed for the country outing which Dicky had proposed! If I only knew where Dicky was, I told myself, I would eat any amount of humble pie in the hope that we might go after all. But he had said he would be late, and I knew that if he did not go to bed before midnight there would be no use planning any outing. Dicky, like most men, is cross if he is sleepy, and to go on the proposed trip would mean arising early the next morning.

No, there was no use wasting regrets. The outing was gone. I settled myself again in my chair and picking up my book determined to read and forget my troubles. The doorbell rang before I had finished the first page.

I knew Katie was busy in the kitchen, so I opened it myself. The man and the woman from the apartment opposite stood in the hall, both in evening attire.

The woman's face flushed as she met my astonished gaze. I was glad she had the grace to be ashamed of herself. She knew that I must have overheard her drawing comment to her maid in the morning, when I had called at the door to inquire about her baby.

"We want to thank you for all you did for the baby last night," the man said, in a rapid embarrassed fashion. "Believe me we are deeply grateful."

"No thanks are necessary," I returned stiffly, for the memory of his wife's attitude of the morning rankled. "The baby was brought to us in a convulsion. We simply did the best we could for it, as we would have done for any child in a similar emergency. I am glad to see that it must be fully recovered or you would not be leaving it."

I could not resist that malicious little fling. I owed them something for the wife's discourtesy. Besides, I was repelled by the callousness of these parents in leaving for an evening's pleasure a baby who had been so near death the night before.

"Oh, the baby is much better," the physician says. "The man wiped his forehead nervously as he spoke. The trained nurse is still there, and she has our telephone number."

"Our engagement is one we could hardly break," drawled his wife, speaking for the first time. "I am sure the baby will be all right. I am sorry I did not see you this morning."

"There was no possible reason for your doing so," I returned, with my voice as frigid as I could make it. "I had no intention of disturbing you. I simply wished to inquire after the baby. The maid could have told me, and when she left the door I went away for I was in a hurry."

Not for worlds would I have acknowledged to this woman that I had heard her biced words to the maid—"Oh, the woman from across the hall. I suppose I shall have to see her," and had rushed away on that account.

"I think the machine is here," the woman turned to her husband. I knew she was not anxious to prolong the interview.

"Yes, we must go," the man said. "You will understand that we are very grateful for all your kindness." He lifted his hat and bowed ceremoniously.

"Thank you," I said, perfunctorily. "Good night," and closed the door upon them.

Thank goodness that incident was closed! I felt that I never wished to see either of them again. To my personal grievance against this woman's discourtesy was added the repugnance I felt to a father and mother who could go to any social affair while their baby was in such danger.

I sat down again to my book, but the picture of the sick baby with no mother near it stayed before my eyes. If ever a baby came to me, I told myself fiercely, I would not leave it ill, no matter how pressing the engagement was.

I resolved to wait for Dicky, even if he were very late. I felt that I owed him an apology. But how I dreaded telling him that Mrs. Smith had broken the engagement. I remembered his second words when I had told him I could not exchange my business appointment with her except for the gravest reasons.

"Fiddlesticks," he had said. "I'll bet she'll change it fast enough if she happens to think of any little thing like getting her hair dressed or her nails manicured that she wants to do."

My cheeks flushed as I remembered how I had defended Mrs. Smith from Dicky's words. And she had proved the truth of his assertions. She had broken the engagement for an appointment with a masseuse!

A strong temptation came to me. Why tell Dicky the truth and bear the ridicule I knew Dicky would heap upon my head? Why not let him think I had broken the engagement myself to please him?

I had quite a battle with myself. But finally I conquered the temptation. I had tried to play fair with Dicky ever since I had married him. I would not deceive him in this thing.

My decision once made, every minute of Dicky's absence seemed an hour to me. I was anxious to get the disagreeable task of telling Dicky the truth over with. I could not read or sew or sit still. I put aside my book, and jumping up, began to pace up and down the room.

"Doing a marathon?" Dicky's cheerful voice broke in on my rushing walk. Evidently he had walked off his ill humor. And he had only been gone an hour. Perhaps if I managed the situation carefully we might have our outing after the next day. "No, only waiting for you. I have an acknowledgement to make to you."

"Hear mine first," Dicky said ex-

travagantly. "I know I was pretty boorish a while ago and I'm awfully sorry. I have thought up a brilliant plan. There's a train back from Marvin, the little station we go to, at 3 o'clock. It will get you into the station about 3:53, and a taxi will take you to your appointment at 4. You could ask her to change one hour couldn't you?"

Dicky has the most winning voice and smile I have ever known. My heart warmed to his kindness. I no longer dreaded to tell him of Mrs. Smith's defection.

"I can tell you better news than that," I said smiling. "You were right and I was wrong about Mrs. Smith. She called up just after you left and asked me if I would mind her changing the day of the appointment, as she had an engagement with her masseuse for that hour. So if you like we can go after all."

Dicky stared at me a minute. Then he threw back his head and laughed. "What did I tell you?" he jeered good-naturedly. "Than as he saw my face he stopped laughing and put his arms around me."

"You didn't need to tell me this," he said softly. "Why didn't you lie about it and say you had changed your mind and called the lady yourself?"

"I couldn't, Dicky," I faltered. "I wanted to, but couldn't." He tightened his clasp around me. "That makes an awful hit with me, sweetheart. Pretty nice thing to be sure your wife won't lie to you."

"But, Dicky, don't you see it's because I won't lie to anybody that I won't lie to you. That was the reason I couldn't tell Mrs. Smith a falsehood about the engagement."

I always seem fated to say the wrong thing to Dicky. The grasp of his arms loosened ever so slightly.

"Don't spoil it all with a lecture, Madge," he said a trifle impatiently. "Let's forget all the unpleasant part. By the way if we get off in the morning we'll have to get some sleep. Good night."

He kissed me hastily and went to his room.

I felt repulsed, as if he had pushed me away from him. I had not meant to annoy him only to try and make him see my point of view. But it seemed hopeless for Dicky and me to ever look at things in the same light.

I made up my mind that I would not brood over it, however. Nothing should mar my enjoyment of the morrow's outing.

(To be continued)

## Action on Paisley Project May Be Suspended for Time

If the decision of the supreme court on rehearing in the appeal of the Portland Irrigation company relative to the waters of the Chewasaw river is modified in a manner favorable to the irrigation company, action on Oregon segregation list No. 15, in Lake county, known as the Paisley project, will be suspended for not to exceed six months. The reason for the suspension will be to permit the state to submit a full showing of engineering and financial data in support of its application for an extension of the period of segregation of the general land office, so advice State Engineer Lewis in a letter received by Mr. Lewis yesterday. Action relative to the project already has been deferred, and Mr. Tallman asks to be informed as soon as possible of the decision of the court.

AN ECONOMICAL, DELIGHTFUL, LIGHT PLACE TO TRADE

# WOMEN'S HIGH SHOES FOR FALL WEAR

Advance Model for those who intend getting a full season's service from their footwear

You will find complete stocks here, newest styles, good service, best quality and perfect comfortable lasts—stocks that were purchased before wholesale prices reached their present height, and that we offer at lower prices than we think will be in force for a year or perhaps more.



The new shoes arriving almost daily were contracted for some time ago so prices are unusually beneficial to you.

- Women's new shade brown, plain, all kid, newest heel, blind eyelets.....\$9.50
- Women's new taupe shade kid vamp, cloth top, Louis heel.....\$8.50
- Women's steel grey kid vamp, cloth top, new mode last, extra good value.....\$6.50
- Women's all Kid dark grey, military heel, 8 1/2 inch top.....\$8.50
- Women's all kid new brown military heel, 8 1/2 in. top.....\$8.50
- Women's cloth top, grey, full military heel, 8 1/2 in. top.....\$7.50

## Kafowry Bros

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