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SENATOR LODGE CASTS ASIDE GENERALITIES

Senator Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts, in the upper branch of Congress yesterday, speaking on the new man-power bill, outlined the "irreducible minimum" which the United States and the Allies should agree to in making peace. This is his outline: Restoration of Belgium. Return to France of Alsace-Lorraine. Restoration to Italy of her colonies stolen by Austria. Re-establishment of Serbia and Rumania. Security of Greece. Establishment of Jugo-Slavs and Czech-Slovaks as independent peoples. Independence for Poland. Restoration to Russia of provinces taken from her by the treaty of Brest-Litovsk. Relinquishment of Constantinople by the Turks and making Dardanelles a free international waterway. Elimination of Turkish influence from Palestine.

Senator Lodge should have added the elimination of Turkish influence from Syria and Armenia and Mesopotamia, and the Caucasus region. But this goes without saying. It is already gone, almost.

Senator Lodge declared that there is only one way to secure the safety of democracy and the preservation of freedom and civilization, and that is by "reducing Germany to a condition where by no possibility can she precipitate another war of universal conquest with all its attendant horrors, upon an unoffending world."

Senator Lodge said there must be a general disarmament of the nations.

He declared that there must be no condoning of the crimes of Turkey; that Turkey and Bulgaria must share the fate of their master; must be so treated that they will not be able to again trouble the world.

Because Senator Lodge is to become Republican leader of the Senate, succeeding the late Senator Gallinger, his speech is taken to place the Republicans on record as "bitter-enders."

So must it be. Not bitter-enders in the sense of any sort of injustice, but bitter-enders in the sense of having the issues fought out, and the world cleaned up for lasting peace and civilized progress.

When the Kaiser reads the news from France, and the speech of Senator Lodge, he will look twenty years older. But he will not be that much older before the principal aims of the speech are realized.

See the Huns run.

The Huns want to go home.

The Huns almost pass the bullets.

Senator Lodge is right. There can be no peace by agreement. It must be a dictated peace.

The Germans scarcely needed a retreat general. The soldiers themselves are hitting it up strong.

"It is beyond question that the victories of the last four weeks would not have been possible except for the American divisions which have taken their place in the battle line," says Premier Borden of Canada, just back home from the front. Thanks.

The power of the country has scarcely begun to move. It is thus far like a great rock that is being loosened at the top of a mountain. Our munitions factories, shipyards, training camps are loosening and starting the power of this land. Wait till it gets really started; wait till the rock comes crashing down at full speed from the mountain top. Then Prussia will know something about the nation whose men, taken prisoners, were insolently exhibited in the glass cage at Cologne.—Washington Times.

A "POOR" GENERAL.

Let's see.

How long ago was it that the German military authorities were pointing out that Foch was a poor general because he didn't use up his men?

Maybe Hindenburg wouldn't give his right arm or something for some of those soldiers of his whom he needlessly wasted.

A BRIGHT RECORD.

The Marine Corps has been fighting in France for many months. "First to Fight" is its traditional

FUTURE DATES.
August 24, Saturday—Registration of youths who have become 21 since June.
August 25, 27 and 28—Western Walnut Growers' association to tour nut groves of Willamette valley.
September 23 to 28—Oregon State Fair.

glory. It has fought hard and distinguished itself so that the Germans have conferred upon it the enviable title of "Devil Dogs." Yet, up to a few days ago, it had lost but ninety-three men as prisoners or "missing," though its casualty list runs close to 3000.

The Germans have no doubt found that there is much more comfortable work in this world than taking Samnites as prisoners.

THE DEAR OLD DAYS.

Speaking of camouflage, does anybody now believe that an old-fashioned scarecrow ever really fooled a bird? Or that a lightning-rod ever scared the lightning away? Or that "doodle bugs" are actually frightened when children inform them that "their babies are at home and their houses on fire?" Or that a granddaddy long-legs was ever capable of pointing out which way the brindle cow went? Yet, who, with all the knowledge of his riper years, would ever wish to forget those sweet superstitions of the golden yesterdays?—Los Angeles Times.

PUTTING OUT THE CAT.

The Audubon societies, which, in the nature of things, are friendly to useful birds and animals, are now against the all-pervading American cat. It is represented that there are upwards of 200,000,000 of him—or her—as the case may be, and that the numbers show no diminution as a result of the war.

It is claimed that the friendly companionship of the cat is no compensation for its keep; that the mice it catches may be as easily and effectively destroyed in traps, and that for the birds it devours it merits the death sentence. The birds live almost entirely on vermin and insects that are destructive to plant life and therefore must be protected.

The cats persist in hunting the birds, and therefore the friends of the feathered flock must hunt the cats.

Also in most households the cat is a positive expense—which in itself is a condemnation in a time of thrift and conservation.

Most families buy meat or milk

THE WANDERING FOOT

GUY FITCH PHELPS

Like a fool I thought to settle
Where the man-made fountains scatter,
And the parks are laid by tapeline row on row;
Where the trucks slambang the curb rims,
And the interurbans clatter,
And the high-heeled dupes of fashion come and go.

Leaps the glad light of my fire
In a chimney tiled and tinted,
There's a Venus on the mantle, there are pictures on the wall;
There are rugs and lace and portiers,
With the best designs imprinted,
And a woman crooning love songs in the hall.

There are guests that come in plenty,
Writers, painters and musicians;
And they loiter in my mansion, and they walk it o'er and o'er;
Every class who feeds on fire,
The elite of all conditions,
With the bloods and vagabonds of every shore.

But through all the mirth and tinkle
There's a voice that never leaves me,
Clear as that which tells the wild geese when to go;
I can hear it in the night-wind, in the moonlight on the sea
And it's in the moan of all the storms that blow.

Oh, it calls me, calls me, calls me!
And it tells me I must listen,
How the aspens all are sighing in the glade;
That the white cliffs of the mountains
In the clear clean sunlight glisten,
And how the wild things all are waiting in the shade.

From the beaver streams, and passes,
Where the ranges meet and part,
Comes the call which haunts my spirit like a crime;
And it grips my will and throws it,
And it dangles with my heart,
For it trembles in my spirit all the time.

Oh, it calls me in the night time,
When she lies beside me sleeping,
All in white, and rosy rest and softly pale;
And it tells me I must leave her,
Broken hearted, dazed and weeping—
It commands me to get up and take the trail.

Down the white lake tossed and lippy,
With the grizzle on its mane,
I must shoot my quick canoe and take the spray,
For its calling, calling, calling!
In each hot cell of my brain—
It is calling and I know I must obey.

for their cats, and what they eat might easily go to something of more value to society or humanity.

The Audubonists are a gentle folk, but when it comes to cats they have no felices.

"EQUAL PAY" AND MOTHERHOOD.

An important decision on the "equal pay" question was reached at the spring conference of the British national union of teachers. The union has only 36,000 men among its 97,000 members in normal times, and of the men about 20,000 are now in the army.

Yet, with this preponderant representation of women, a motion calling for equal pay for men and women was defeated.

These women teachers, moved not in the least by considerations of personal advantage, agreed to support unequal rates of pay "until such time as the state shall make adequate provision for wifehood and motherhood." In other words, they recognized that a man's wages must be a provision not merely for an individual but for a family.

It is not always that, but the assumption is founded on the generality of cases.

The teachers' union is not a socialistic body, but the demand for the endowment of motherhood, while hardly revolutionary from the point of view of morals, is based on socialistic theory. Under such a scheme the state would pay a grant to every mother with children needing her constant care, with an addition of a weekly sum for each child. These payments would supplement the husband's wage, and would insure that a family had an income proportionate to its needs. Such proposals involve a radical departure from the ordinary theories of wages, and it is significant that they are regarded with favor by an influential body like the national union of teachers.

BITS FOR BREAKFAST

Defeat and disaster.

And death and destruction.

Hohenzollernism is damned and doomed.

The Hindenburg line will go on in a few days more.

And then it will be a race for the Rhine line.

Byng was in the thick of it yesterday.

And the Australians and New Zealanders tore off a large strip of glory.

The places where the Germans made stands were where the greatest number of dead Germans were found and the most prisoners taken.

The Germans made a stand in Happy Valley, and it is now one of the most unhappy valleys on earth.

It is intimated that Foch has a new trick up his sleeve, to be played

with the assistance of the Americans. Foch is getting to be a glutton for fighting. The Germans did not think he had it in him.

The Red Cross has carried the gospel of service around the world. Our consul-general at Shanghai sends word that 100,000 residents of that city have joined the American Red Cross as associate members. The time has gone when it was possible for anyone to assert that the United States was without friends in a warring world.

Visitors in France are greatly impressed by the railroad building which the United States has done there. There will be more of it as the need comes. The war department has just ordered in Philadelphia for use there 510 locomotives, to cost about \$25,000,000. An order for 10,000 freight cars for the same destination is also to be allotted among the car manufacturers.

In the Food Facts cottage on Boston Common, Mrs. Margaret Wiggin Jacobs advises that good fruit should not be thrown away because the present supply of sugar limits the making of jellies and other preserves. The fruits should be pressed and the juice strained, boiled and put in airtight jars. There it might be kept until the sugar shortage is relieved. That sounds feasible, but whether the average housewife would use sufficient care is the question. When this doubt was expressed to an intelligent woman she replied that nine out of ten women would know enough to do it right.

WHY WE LEFT AND CAME.

Why did we leave Nebraska?
The winds blow strong and cold,
And chill the blood in every vein
Of those who are growing old.

Why did we leave Nebraska?
There summer heat is quite intense
The nights are almost sleepless,
And you leave in self defense.

Why did we leave Nebraska?
Electric storms bring doom;
The women flee in terror
And hide in a darkened room.

Why did we leave Nebraska?
We feared the dread cyclones.
To caves we fled in terror
When clouds sent down their cones.

Why did we leave Nebraska?
Not to make money, sure;
The fertile plains of our old state
Made riches quite secure.

Why did we leave Nebraska?
We saw a star in the west.
It stands for good old Oregon,
Where every man is blest.

Why did we come to Oregon?
To find a place to sleep,
Where sunstrokes are unknown
And no man ought to shirk.

Why did we come to Oregon?
To find a place to sleep,
Where sunstrokes are unknown
And no man ought to shirk.

Why did we come to Oregon?
By thunder storms so gentle,
Weak nerves they only cure.

Why did we come to Oregon?
To avoid the age of caves,
As long as he behaves.

Why did we come to Oregon?
To find a balmy winter climate
Where zero seldom fools around
And leaves before his time.

Why did we come to Oregon?
The old was surely dear,
But we better love the new
And mean to stay right here.

Why did we come to Oregon?
To dream of waving corn,
But wake to blessed comfort
In a state of men reborn.

Why did we leave, why did we come?
You can't change Nature's laws;
We left to make life better,
We came for a like cause.
—By a Nebraskan.

HEAR

EVANGELIST

"Billy" Sunday

ARMORY

Salem

SUNDAY, 2 P. M.

August 25, 1918

Under Auspices Marion County Council of Defense in Behalf of National War Service Fund of the Salvation Army. Mayor Keyes will Preside. Adults Only Invited. No Admission Charged. Every Seat Free. No Collection Taken.

COME

Revelations of a Wife

The Story of a Honeymoon

A Wonderful Romance of Married Life Wonderfully Told by ADELE GARRISON

CHAPTER LXV

An Accident Avoided—Mow Madge Explained the Psychology of "Being Guided" Across the Street.

"Is this Missis Graham?"
"Yes, Mrs. Smith?"
"Yes."

I flashed a joyous glance at Dicky. Our outing was safe, as far as this telephone message had power to disturb it. After my experience with Mrs. Smith, I knew no request of hers would have any effect upon any plan of mine.

"Pardon me for calling you up so early," the smooth tones of Mrs. Smith went on, "but I wanted to be sure of catching you in. My massage telephoned me late last night that she would be unable to give me my hour today, and I wanted to reach you before you made any other engagement. Will our original appointment be all right?"

"I am, very sorry—I used the conventional phrase without thinking until I saw Dicky's wide grin—but my husband and I are just taking the train for a long day in the country, and it will be impossible for me to get back in time to meet you."

"Oh, dear!" To my astonishment the smooth tones took on a tinge of impatience. "I have some unexpected engagements for the rest of the week. Wouldn't it be possible for you to get back, say 4, or half-after? Then we could have our appointment today after all."

I was so amazed at her effrontery that I could scarcely gather my wits together to answer her. She had broken a business appointment with me for a visit from her masseuse. The fact that I had insisted upon keeping the appointment before I heard from her had almost brought a serious quarrel between Dicky and myself. Now that her masseuse had disappointed her she calmly expected me to give up part of my day to suit her whim. There was a patronizing note in her voice which I resented. It was almost as if she were speaking to a prospective employee.

"It will be absolutely impossible for me to do as you request," I purposely made my tone deliberate and cold. "You will pardon me for hurrying away now. I am afraid I will miss my train. I will call you up when I return. Good-by."

I heard a shocked, protesting "Good-by" as I hung up the receiver. Evidently Mrs. Smith was accustomed to having other women accommodate themselves to her whims. I felt a rapidly growing dislike to her. But overshadowing everything else was an unholy joy at having paid her back for the unpleasantness she had caused me.

"Was the old girl peeved?" Dicky asked as we walked down the street, with the early crispness of the morning air filling our lungs and stimulating our nerves. "I gather her dear masseuse or chiropodist fell down and she was trying to ring you in as second fiddle."

"You are eminently correct in your deductions, however puzzling your language," I returned mischievously. "I know it's wrong, but I am so glad to have had the chance to get even with her for all the unpleasantness she caused me."

"It gives just the right kind of fillip to the day's enjoyment, eh? That's a good feminine feeling, isn't it?"

"Of course a man never enjoys getting back at anybody," I returned spiritedly.

"Sure. Nothing like winning a good knock-down fight to give a man an appetite. You can't start any argument with me on that question. Great morning, isn't it?"

"Indeed it is," I returned glad of any excuse for getting away from the

subject of Mrs. Smith. "It must be splendid in the country."

"Just wait till you get there," Dicky rejoined in the manner of a Barker describing the virtues of a side show attraction.

We are both rapid walkers, and it seemed no time at all until we reached the imposing structure of the Pennsylvania road.

"Come on, this way," Dicky grasped my arm, and started across Seventh avenue, along which street to the taxi entrance a bewildering procession of automobiles was rushing.

But I hung back, pulling on Dicky's arm. As I did so an auto horn sounded right behind us. Dicky jumped forward, pulling me with him by main force, and the auto glided past, missing us only by an inch or so.

I did not realize the danger we had been in until we reached the curb on the corner of Thirty-third street and Seventh avenue. Dicky had rushed me across the road with such a tight grip on my arm that the flesh felt bruised.

"Dicky!" I gasped. "Please let my arm go. You are hurting me terribly."

"I hope I am hurting you," Dicky growled savagely. "Perhaps if I hurt you sufficiently you will have sense enough next time to keep from killing both of us."

I looked at him in amazement. He was white to the lips and his eyes were blazing.

"What do you mean?" I faltered.

"What do you mean?" he almost shouted the words. "Haven't you grasped the fact that you've been about as near death as you could be and yet away with it? You hung back there just as we were starting, and that machine just missed us as I jumped. You are always doing it. Some day you'll kill both of us."

He still held my arm and I wrenched it free.

"At least you can let go my arm," I said leily.

"Come along, let's get somewhere where we can sit down," he returned. "I'm as weak as a cat. When I think how near that machine came killing you right before my eyes!"

He stopped short, evidently unable

to continue the sentence. My resentment at his manner vanished. After all it was his concern for me that had worked him up to such a pitch.

"I'm awfully sorry, Dicky," I said as we walked rapidly down the incline leading to the Long Island station. "But I'll try not to hang back another time. But you cannot know the mortal terror that seizes me when anyone takes my arm to pilot me across the street. When I am alone I can get across all right, measuring my distance and everything. But the minute I find myself being guided, all my wits leave me. Didn't you ever feel that way when somebody was guiding you?"

Dicky stopped and looked at me as if some new idea was percolating through his brain.

"I never thought of that," he said. "That's probably what ails you. You see, being a man, I never had anybody to guide me across the street."

"Being a man, you have missed experiences which would make you understand what a woman feels," I retorted.

(To be continued)

IT'S IN THE AIR.

Windblown pollen, carrying the germs that cause hay fever, is abroad in the land. One remedy is known to give relief and comfort from choking, gasping asthma and tormenting hay fever. Foley's Honey and Tar spreads a healing coating on inflamed membranes, stops coughs and colds. J. C. Perry.

Soldiers Work in Mill to Speed up Production

DALLAS, Or., Aug. 23.—(Special to The Statesman.)—A party of 27 enlisted men of the 131st S. P. D. in charge of First Lieutenant Joseph A. Duggie with Lieutenant Porter as medical officer are at Falls City where they are employed in the big plant of the Falls City Lumber company. The soldiers were sent in order to speed up the production of the plant on orders for the government. They passed through Dallas on their way to Falls City the first of the week.

Commercial Upbuilding

IT hardly makes any difference what one's business interests may be—he finds the modern bank a "financial-go-between" from production to markets—making the way easier when possible—but never making it HARDER.

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