

THE OREGON STATESMAN

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

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

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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.



THESE GERMANS DEMAND THE IMPOSSIBLE

Herr Siegfried Heckscher is head of Herr Ballin's publicity department. Herr Ballin is the shipping king of Germany; or was before the war.

Herr Heckscher is also "Member for the Hamburg-Amerika Line" in the Reichstag.

Herr Heckscher is probably the greatest publicity man in Germany. Recently he wrote an article for the Vossische Zeitung, a leading newspaper of Berlin, and among other things he said:

"Hundreds of thousands of Germans, when they have read, as they did yesterday, a pronouncement by the President of the United States, ask themselves in despondency and bitterness what the German Government says; so there is formed a cloud of discontent and dull doubt, which, in great part, thanks to this North-cliff propaganda, spreads itself more and more over the German people. Against this of what use is it that the Supreme Command publishes its excellent commentaries on the official army reports? Of what good is it that the Admiralty Staff adds its most skillful explanations to the report on the German submarine successes? And of what use is it that the Wolff Bureau appends a lifeless and sober remark to the English, American, and even the French Ministerial speeches?"

"Now, it will not do for enemy pronouncements of any weight to be withheld from our people. But it is as necessary for our people as their daily bread that the English-American-French influence should be opposed by the German view, and that the justice and the greatness of the German cause and of the German idea should be brought into the full clear light of day. But defense is not sufficient. In attack also we must champion our cause before the forum of the civilized world, without any anxious, pedantic fear of repetitions."

"I repeat today, what I have said for years, that Renter and the English news propaganda are mightier than the English Fleet and more dangerous than the English Army. A people which looks back as the German people does on four years of war with such unparalleled achievements and successes has of a truth every right to look to its future with pride and confidence. Is this confidence to be artificially undermined by the refined cunning of the enemy, in league with the hopeless inactivity of German statesmanship?"

"Time presses. Just as the enemy has learned many things from us during the war, so we ought not to shrink from going to the enemy's school if his teachings and his methods have stood the test. So let us create a Propaganda Ministry—a Ministry in which all the threads of German defensive and offensive propaganda will come together."

"This state of things must not continue any longer, unless our people is to be robbed of a great part of the fruits of its sacrifices, its sorrows and its deeds."

There can be no doubt concerning the sincerity and intensity of the wish of such men as Herr Ballin and Herr Heckscher that their country, in which they have been great leaders, might stand well before the world; and that their Government might stand well in the eyes of the great body of their own people.

But the case is hopeless.

They demand the impossible.

They might create a "Propaganda Ministry" and give it plenary powers and unlimited authority, but it would be impossible to prove to the German people themselves the "justice and greatness of the German cause and of the German idea." They know better. They know the German cause is not just and that it is not great and that the German idea of the war is merely attempt of their Kaiser and their Junkers to grab more territory and more power, and to do it without a thought of justice or the rights or feelings of other peoples—and to commit every crime and outrage in the pursuit of their nefarious ends.

As for an effort to "champion our cause before the forum of the civilized world," demanded by Herr Heckscher, it is pitiful.

All the water of Neptune's great ocean could not wash out the blots on the guilty hands of the Kaiser and of the ambitious leaders who have done his bidding.

Germany is a moral leper.

She is an international pariah.

She is an outcast among nations.

Her ruler, stands condemned as a throned assassin.

Pelion on Ossa might be piled in propaganda, and the whole world brought to judge, and the crimes of the present rulers of Germany would be more smelt to heaven and be painted the blacker.

There must be a new Germany.

Saltpeper would not save the old Germany.

The new Germany will be obliged to be on international parole until she shall have re-established herself in the estimation of the world.

The period of her parole will depend upon the completeness of her renunciation of the old order of the military autocracy. If she should decide to rid herself of the Hohenzollerns and all their kindred and kind, the period would not be a long one. If she shall decide to retain the Kaiser, even under a liberal constitutional form of government, guaranteed by equal suffrage, Germany will be looked upon with suspicion for a long time.

Hindenburg has no line.

The Hindenburg line was hot air.

And the Rhine line will prove a mirage.

General Retreat is one general the Kaiser can not cashier.

Germany does not want Spain for

FUTURE DATES.

August 28, 29 and 30—Western Wall-nut Growers' association to tour Mt. Grove of Willamette valley.

September 23 to 25—Oregon State Fair.

The American army has forced back the enemy lines abroad and routed the last vestige of pessimism in the United States.

General March is right. The American army is "all cream." The phrase will stick.

The German armies in retreat know the way—they did it before. That is, part of the way.

Billy Sunday says Kaiser Bill will do mighty well to get his Christmas dinner in Berlin; to say nothing of getting it in Paris.

The armies of the two crown princes are now under a general who is a retreat specialist. They are better run out by armies that are largely made up of advance specialists.

The specter of a dictated peace is hanging over Berlin like a nightmare. She will get no other kind, and the sooner she acknowledges what she already knows, the better it will be for Germany. The longer she fights against the inevitable the less she will have left.

Although Joe Cannon is past his 80th year he is doing his usual stunt of running for congress, where he has already served forty-two years. If Uncle Joe can hold out a little longer he will cop the world's legislative record. Nobody wishes him anything but good luck in these times.

The German people have been told from headquarters that their army has already accounted for more than 600,000 Americans, which is a much vaster number than it was ever before admitted were in France. It's a wonder that some of the more curious Germans don't want to see a few of the sculps.

So pressed is Berlin for housing space that the municipal building commission proposes fitting out two-thirds of the city's school houses as tenements. The commission takes into consideration, perhaps, the fact that the education of Germany is now being conducted largely on the battlefields of France.

On railroads operated by the government the employees are ordered to be polite and affable to the traveling public and to quit blaming the lateness of trains on McAdoo. He can't be in every engine cab. As a rule politeness doesn't go with a government job, and if the conductor is merely as friendly as he used to be most folks will be satisfied.

"There are two ways of prosecuting this war," said Secretary Baker to the house committee on military affairs the other day in discussing the new manpower bill. "One is to make every possible effort to do it now, and the other is to proceed more leisurely and do it later. The obvious advantage from every standpoint, social, military industrial and economic, is to put forth every effort in this country and win the war as soon as possible." (So it will be done as expeditiously as possible).

BITS FOR BREAKFAST

Still beating it.

Huns beating it out of France.

British trimmed them in four places yesterday.

And the French licked the famous Prussian guards to a frazzle.

Never again can those Prussian Guards, by merely rattling their sabers, make anyone afraid of them.

There is not a bunch of American or allied armies that would not be glad to take them on.

A few towns a day will soon get the Huns away.

Now, the British will find out what is behind Arras. The Rhine.

Haig is using the nipper process when he catches the Huns napping.

And all the rest are giving the Hun the hook.

As Billy Sunday would say, to hell with the Hindenburg line. It is headed that way.

A man who attends closely to his business usually has some business to attend to.

Seems a bit difficult to make a bosom friend of one who tells the truth about you. Eh, what?

Ranchers in Argentina are selling their corn for 40 cents a bushel, while American farmers are trying to figure on about \$2 for theirs. This is another one of those reasons which should make rural life in America quite endurable.

BEZDEK GETS JOB.

STATE COLLEGE, Pa., Aug. 26—Hugh Bezdek, manager of the Pittsburgh National League baseball club and formerly director of Oregon athletic director, was today appointed director of physical education at Pennsylvania State College.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children

In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of

Wm. H. H. H. H.

Mr. and Mrs. S. A. McFadden spent Sunday with friends in Salem. Mr. McFadden is employed by the Grant-Smith-Parker ship building concern located at St. Johns.

Miss Alyce Hollister is in Portland this week as the guest of her sister while in Portland she will undergo an operation in St. Vincent hospital.

Miss Fred A. McIntyre and children are spending the week at their home in Salem, preparing for their temporary removal to Portland.

Miss Marguerite Ryan, of Stayton is visiting relatives and friends here on her way home from Portland where she underwent a serious operation.

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IN A SOCIAL WAY

By MURIEL GRANT.

MRS. E. HOFER proved herself a delightful hostess Monday afternoon when she entertained at an informal knitting party at her charming home at 756 South Commercial street, in honor of her sister, Mrs. Anna B. Hofer of Pasadena, who has been spending a fortnight in Salem. Mrs. Anna Hofer will leave Wednesday evening for her home in California. The afternoon was enjoyably spent in knitting, after which a collation was served by the hostess, assisted by Mrs. Allan Bynon, Miss Marie Hofer and Miss Florence McKinney. A dainty color scheme of yellow was carried out in the refreshments. Those invited to call were Mrs. John Carson, Mrs. Richard Cartwright, Mrs. R. S. Wallace, Mrs. Alice H. Dodd, Mrs. Charles Parks, Mrs. G. S. Gephart of Los Angeles, Mrs. E. Curtiss Cross, Mrs. H. B. Thielson, Mrs. Charles Snyder, Mrs. Mae L. Kellogg of Alaska, Mrs. A. L. Brown and the hostess.

From Eugene comes word of the coming wedding of Miss Maud Joy Beals, who has been well known as one of the music supervisors in the grade schools of this city, and Lieutenant Harold Turner, a former manual training instructor in Salem high school. The following clipping from the Eugene Register will be of interest to the many friends of the two young people:

"An event of this week will be the marriage of Miss Maud Joy Beals, of Eugene, daughter of Mrs. Christine Beals, to Lieutenant Harold Turner, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Turner, also of this city. The wedding will take place in San Antonio, Tex., where Lieutenant Turner is instructor in aviation at Kelly Field. Miss Beals left Eugene on Thursday for Texas, where she will meet her brother, William Beals, who is stationed at Fort McArthur, Waco, Tex., and who will be present at the ceremony. Both Miss Beals and Mr. Turner were former students at the University of Oregon. Miss Beals graduating in 1912 and Mr. Turner finishing his course at the Oregon Agricultural college. Miss Beals taught music in the Salem schools after her graduation, and it was there that she met Mr. Turner, who was instructor in manual training in the high school. Miss Beals is a member of the Delta Gamma fraternity and of the Mu Phi Epsilon, woman's national musical fraternity. Lieutenant Turner was a member of the Kappa Sigma National fraternity at O. A. C., which last year received its charter from the Phi Delta Theta, national fraternity. Lieutenant Turner enlisted in the aviation corps last year."

Miss Myrtle Albright of Marquis will arrive in Salem the last of the week and will be the guest of Mrs. Allen Bynon.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Hofer and children are at Newport this week. Mr. Hofer will return to the city the first of the week.

Lloyd E. Stiffler and family have returned home after a week pleasantly spent at Newport. They report the weather there during the past week as cool and pleasant.

Miss Lena Goodin of Portland is spending this week here as a guest at the home of her father, R. B. Goodin. She is a graduate nurse in the employ of the Portland city schools.

Miss Marie Hofer of Pasadena, Calif., who has been the guest of Mrs. E. Hofer of 756 South Commercial street during the month of August, will be the honored guest at an informal knitting party this afternoon. The rooms will be adorned with a profusion of gay colored phlox. Dainty refreshments will be served by Miss Marie Hofer, Mrs. Allen Bynon and Miss Florence McKinney. Those calling during the afternoon will be Mrs. E. Curtiss Cross, Mrs. Mabel Robertson, Miss Mabel Withycombe, Miss Cathryn Carson, Mrs. William Mytle, Mrs. Donald Eyer, Mrs. Hugh McCammon, Miss Allen Bynon, Misses Dorothy and Marie Hofer, Mrs. Anna Hofer and Mrs. E. Hofer.

Mr. Albert Millspaugh, formerly Miss Hallie Watson, returned to her home in Portland Sunday after having passed some time with her father, H. H. Watson, while he was recovering from a serious operation.

Guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Z. K. Ferguson, 333 Mission street, are C. R. Hutchins and his daughter, Mrs. Minnie Beuchamp of Burnell, Neb. They have been attending the G. A. R. encampment in Portland. Mrs. Beuchamp is delighted with her first glimpse of Oregon and anticipates making her home here at some future time.

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MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING

At Bargain Prices—Buy All-Wool Clothing While You Can.

SAVE MONEY BY BUYING NOW

THE BIG CLOSING OUT SALE CONTINUES THROUGHOUT THE STORE

MEN'S IRON
CLAD AND
BEAVER
KNIT HOSE
25c pair

HANSEN'S
GLOVES
FOR MEN
AT
REDUCED
PRICES

GORDON
HATS
REGULAR
\$3.50 QUALITY
NOW
\$2.45

A GOOD
ASSORTMENT
OF
PAJAMAS
AND
NIGHT SHIRTS
AT OLD PRICES

BOYS'
CLOTHING
LONG AND
SHORT PANTS
20 Per Cent Less

SILK
HANDKER-
CHIEFS
25c Each
MEN'S
NECKTIES
25c

ONE BARGAIN
TABLE OF
SHOES
FOR WOMEN
Values to \$5.00
Now
\$2.95

GENERAL
BARGAIN
TABLE
OF
SHOES
In the Rear of the
Shoe Department

MEN'S COLLARS

2 for 25 Cents

STANDARD BRANDS
and
STANDARD STYLES

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 LXVII

Why Madge Made Dicky Change to the Car Ahead

"This way—Jamaica express. Way stations to Babylon."

We could still hear the man at the train gate directing passengers as we went leisurely down the steps and over to the platform of the waiting train. I was glad that we had plenty of time. I do so hate to be hurried when I take a train, or indeed, at any other time.

"How can the express stop at way stations?"

I asked the question idly. I knew it was insane, but Dicky was looking for the girl in the car ahead, and I did not wish him to know I observed his interest. So I tried to make conversation on any topic.

"We change at Jamaica," Dicky explained patiently, his eyes roving over the people on the platform.

"This train is an express to Jamaica. Then it goes on to Long Beach by way of Lynbrook. At Jamaica we get a red upholstered motor of a coach in which we ride to Marvin. It ambles on after that to a lot of other stations on the south side of the island. I've never been out that way, although I've heard it's a mighty interesting trip. We'll take it some time this summer."

He guided me into a coach with the clean rather seats, but I gave a little exclamation of dismay as I saw the coaches were like those of the elevated roads, four cross seats, accommodating only sixteen people in the middle of the car, and the rest of the seats long benches on the side.

Of course there was a man in each of the corners on the four seats facing forward, the only seats in which I could sit comfortably. Men always do that on the elevated trains. I made a mad rush to pre-empt those unheeded good on this suburban coach.

"What did you say?" asked Dicky. He motioned me to a seat on one of the side benches.

Dicky is "All Eyes."

"Nothing of any importance," I replied lightly, sitting down. I detect the kind of a woman who is always trying to change seats, or to alter arrangements made for her in traveling. I would rather suffer any inconvenience than to be so fussy.

At any other time Dicky would have pressed me for an answer to his question, would have insisted upon my telling him what I had said. But just then he had seen at the railway station, came through the door with the same air of regal unconsciousness of her surroundings as she had shown while running the gauntlet of the admiring and critical eyes in the waiting room.

She carried in her hand a small traveling bag, which while not new had received much good care that it was not at all shabby. She spent no time in selecting a seat, but with an air of taking the first one available sat down directly opposite Dicky and me, depositing her bag close to her feet.

As she sat down she calmly crossed her knees, something which I hate to see a woman do in a public place.

"Gee, she has the hands and feet all right!"

Dicky has a trick of mumbling beneath his breath, so that no one can detect he is talking save the person whose ear is nearest to him. It is convenient sometimes, but at other times most embarrassing, especially when he is making comments upon people near us.

"I don't blame her for elevating one foot above the other," Dicky rattled on. "Not one woman in a thousand can wear those white spats. She must have mighty small, well-shaped tootsies under them."

The girl sat looking straight ahead of her. The crossing of her knees revealed a swirl of silken petticoat, and more than a glimpse of filmy silk stockings.

Her shoes were patent leather pumps, utterly unsuitable for a trip to the country. Over them she wore spats of the kind affected by so many girls.

I had a sudden remembrance of times in my own life when a new pair of shoes was as impossible to obtain as a whole wardrobe. I had a sudden intuition that the unsuitable pumps were like the rest of her clothes, left over from some former affluence. She had bravely made the best of them by covering them with spats, which I knew she could obtain quite cheaply at some bargain sale.

A Very Tactless Speech.

"Looks like ready money, doesn't she?" murmured Dicky in my ear. I nodded assent. Dicky's open admiration of this girl was beginning to get on my nerves. It was our first day's outing together since our marriage, and Dicky's whole attention since we came into the railroad station had been centered upon the girl opposite.

True, I shared his opinion that she was the most beautiful and stunning creature I had ever seen. The air of complete unconsciousness of her surroundings which she had, although she must have known that almost every eye in the coach was watching her, made her a most interesting study.

But woman-like, while I enjoyed watching her myself I had a distinct feeling of resentment that Dicky should find her so absorbing. I had never heard Dicky express admiration for any woman's beauty before and this enthusiastic praise of his made me wince.

"I wish she didn't look quite so much like a walking advertisement of a rich dad," Dicky went on in my ear. "There would be some chance of her being an acquaintance with her. But I wouldn't dare to risk it. She might summon the conductor to put me off the train. I wonder if she will change at Jamaica too."

This speech made me furious. I do not know whether it was jealousy or not that I felt. But that Dicky should so far forget me as to talk calmly of trying to make the acquaintance of this beautiful stranger was too much. I felt that I must get somewhere where I could tell Dicky what was on my mind. I meant to get off at the next station and go back to New York. He could then follow. At least I would not put in the day listening to his rhapsodies over another woman.

I turned to him and put up my

muff before my face so that no one should hear what I was saying.

"Dicky," I said tensely, "there is something I must say to you at once. Please take me into the next car. I see there is no one in the row nearest this end. I shall be able to talk to you without anyone hearing us."

I rose and walked steadily into the other car, not knowing or caring whether Dicky followed me or not. I had but one desire, to get away from the sight of the beautiful girl across the aisle.

(To be continued)

NOT TO BE IGNORED.

The kidneys are as important to good health as the heart, lungs, stomach or any organ in the body. Lame back, swollen joints, sore muscles, rheumatic aches and pains are most often signals of kidney trouble. Foley Kidney Pills give relief to kidney trouble sufferers. They banish bladder irregularities. J. C. Ferry.

"ALL CREAM."

It can truly be said of the American army, in General March's words, that it is "all cream." The 3,012,112 men under arms August 1 were the pick of the manhood of this country. Those now being called for service are their equals.

In creating a great army for this war no other nation has applied or been able to apply the same strict standards. The physical qualifications required have been so high as to cause the rejection of immense numbers of men who would readily have passed the examinations for other armies. Minor defects so slight as heretofore to have escaped notice have been made the grounds for rejections of tens of thousands eager to enlist or to enter the service through the draft. Physically the American army is "all cream," sound, hearty specimens of a vigorous people.

The nations of Europe have been engaged in war for four years. Their man power has been cruelly weakened, their losses have been fearful, the decline in the physical fitness of their armies as a whole after four years of life in the trenches and in the field has been marked. The United States army is entering the war fresh, untired, morally and physically in its prime, in the peak of perfection. That fact is bound to have an important bearing on the future course of the war.

PREPARE FOR THE HOT WAVE.

The hot sun is doubly dangerous if there is a mass of undigested food in the stomach. Foley Cathartic Tablets give prompt and sure relief. They act gently but do their work thoroughly. They cleanse the bowels, sweeten the stomach and benefit the liver. For indigest