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W. C. Squier, Advertising Manager
Frank Jaskoski, Manager Job Dept.

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THE BELGIAN ARMY IS ON THE MOVE

The brave little Belgium army is on the move. It has stood guard for upwards of four years over the little strip of sand dunes that was all of Belgium not under the heel of the Hun. The world has never witnessed greater patience and hope and fortitude on the part of any people.

And now the remnant of fighting men, aided by the British, is commencing the work of clearing the ruthless invader from their sacred soil. The first day they took 4000 German prisoners. The hearts of the peoples of all lands where the people rule, and where they love justice and regard sacred contracts and have regard for decency, will beat high as they watch the victorious march of the little Belgian army—for they will be victors, as they will have the aid of every great nation of the world outside of Germany and her allies; or rather her whilom allies—for Turkey and Austria are slipping away from the hold of the Potsdam pirates, and Bulgaria has already gone.

From the very dawn of history, the Belgians have been a brave people. But the remnants holding the sand dunes for over four years have shown as great fortitude as history records for any people. Hurrah for the Belgians!

"Whenever things go wrong in Germany, listen for an outcry for a parliamentary form of government."—Springfield Republican. And we will not have to listen long. It has already begun, in fact. As The Statesman predicted, some time ago, and has repeated several times, Berlin will soon be claiming a patent on the fourteen conditions precedent to a peace council. She will be declaring that they embody the very principles for which Germany has been fighting all along. But President Wilson has added a footnote, in his last speech. It is this: "Germany will have to redeem her character not by what happens at the peace table, but by what follows." She may still have peace on the fourteen terms, but her word will not be taken unreservedly. She must give hostages. Bertha Krupp must quit making guns. The Krupp gun works must be dismantled. All her soldiers must be disarmed. Her battle ships must be taken away from her or turned to the arts of peace.

Bulgaria asked for no conditions. She just quit, and turned over all of her fighting facilities and implements. Her soldiers will go home and go to work. Her political fate will be settled at the peace table, and she will get better than she deserved for following her ambitious king who bet on the wrong horse.

The back door of Austria is wide open. It will be used, too, very soon, to the advantage of the forces of democracy.

With Turkey out, the splendid Macedonian and Mesopotamian armies will have more chances for glory.

Willamette university is going fine.

It is cold Turkey for Turkey.

Busy school days.

Turkey will have to quit. There is no choice for her.

On Sunday the Yanks downed thirty-three German planes, without a single loss. Just getting to going good.

Austria is still crying for an "unblinding discussion" of peace terms. She has the unblinding idea on the brain.

The crazy kaiser is still making speeches, trying to encourage his

people. But there is no magic left in his voice or his name.

The men of the draft boards have become the father confessors of millions of their fellows. What a lot they could tell, if they were mean enough to do it.

An investigation is going on as to the cause of the death of the late sultan of Turkey, and there is one report that Osman is divided between his swallowing his earrings or his glass beads.

It is only fair to Editor Arthur Brisbane to quote what he says of himself: "I do not think there is any editor in the United States who has been as bitterly, as violently and as persistently pro-silly and anti-German as I have been."—Springfield Republican.

Fourteen states have abolished the study of the German language in their schools. Sixteen states are in process of doing the same thing. The crazy kaiser who started out to conquer the world has proved the greatest Jonah his own country ever had.

The consumption of California citrus fruit has increased from 10,000,000 to 18,000,000 boxes a year, largely due to advertising. Oranges, once considered luxuries, have become staple articles of food, all through wise and consistent advertising.—Los Angeles Times.

Patriotic citizens will regard any man who makes a profit out of the war by exacting tribute from his fellow citizens and getting from the general government exorbitant prices for supplies necessary to the successful prosecution of the war, as a traitor and to be dealt with as such.—Exchange.

Negro troops in France are to have a chronicle of their own race. The committee on public information in Washington has commissioned Ralph W. Tyler of Columbus, Ohio, former auditor of the navy department, as war correspondent to specialize on the activities of the colored soldiers. He is to be on the staff of General Pershing. It is claimed that Mr. Tyler, who got his newspaper experience on the Columbus Dispatch and Ohio State Journal, is the first man of his race to be named as a regular war correspondent by any government.

The foreign trade of the United States, valued in dollars, is certainly phenomenal under war conditions. None of the exports of military supplies and equipment for the American armies abroad is included in the figures, yet our exports of merchandise in August broke all records for that month, and so did our imports, our total foreign trade rising \$16,000,000 above any previous August score. High prices account somewhat for the showing, yet it is a fact that the country's foreign trade is being maintained remarkably well, and this means a source of sustained economic strength.

The first Democratic member of the house of representatives to enter the military service is Congressman Tom Connolly of Texas, a Spanish war veteran. He has been made a captain and ordered to report at Camp Meade for duty as adjutant. Four Republican members of the house have received commissions. General Crowder has ruled that congressmen will not be drafted and that the only way they can get into the army is to resign their seats. Congressman John J. Delaney of Brooklyn, 49 years old and a bachelor, has announced his purpose to enlist.

THE LORDLY PRUNE.

"The men who do our fighting are not to lack for prunes. Italy greatly curtailed the prune yield in California, but the United States government has ordered that the entire Oregon crop be held by the packers subject to its call. It appears that no driers are used in California and the sun failed to shine for curing the prunes. Springfield Republican. The loss in California was not as great as was expected, from first reports.

The soldiers training in the nearby cantonments went to the aid of the prune growers, and they did wonderful work.

But the real prune—the one fit for epicures or soldiers fighting for their country, is the Oregon prune, cured scientifically in driers, clean and palatable.

It used to be the "lowly prune" of boarding house fame.

The Oregon prune has brought it up to the estate of the lordly prune.

Convalescence after pneumonia, typhoid fever and the grip, is sometimes merely apparent, not real. To make it real and rapid, there is no other tonic so highly to be recommended as Hood's Sarsaparilla. Thousands so testify. Take Hood's

BITS FOR BREAKFAST

Great days for democracy.

Watch old Willamette U. hum.

Poils still chasing boches in Bulgaria.

It will be unconditional with Turkey, too.

Turkey will have to take pot luck at the peace table, like the rest of them.

If Turkey does not get off the roost quickly, send Allenby to Constantinople. He will move the old bird.

There are dark days ahead for the black kaiser.

Old Hindenburg hasn't any more line left than a jack rabbit. There won't even be any Rhine left for him.

The goose step will soon disap-

pear from Turkey, too.

The Belgians are about to get the submarine bases in their country.

All those fighters over in Bulgaria will want a whack at Austria.

There must be hope and joy in Roumania.

IN A SOCIAL WAY

By MURIEL GRANT.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Young of Albany will be hosts at a dinner party this evening at their home in Albany to a number of Salem folk, namely Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Van Dorn, Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Thielens and Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Plimpton. The men will make the most of a China pheasant hunt at the opening of the season today.

The Woman's Home Missionary society of the First Methodist church will meet Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. George Metcalf, 1263 Court street. The annual report of the state society, which convened in Portland will be given by one of the delegates. Mrs. A. A. Underhill will have charge of the meeting.

Miss Myrtle Muir returned to her home in Portland after having spent the week-end at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Bishop of South Commercial street as a guest of Miss Hazel Bishop.

Miss Meta Gilbert has returned to her home in Portland after having spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Bishop.

Mrs. Charles K. Spaulding and her daughter, Miss Ila Spaulding, were week-end visitors in Newberg. Miss Spaulding returned Sunday to her home in Salem. They were visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Spaulding.

Mr. and Mrs. John Trager of McMinnville, former residents of Salem spent the last of the week in attendance at the state fair.

Mrs. Edward Hendricks of McMinnville was the house guest of Judge and Mrs. William Galloway, 201 Mission street, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Martin and children, Dale and Alphonse, after having spent the week-end at the home of Mrs. L. L. Nicklin returned on Saturday to their home at McMinnville.

Dr. and Mrs. G. S. Wright were guests of Mr. Wright's father during the past week. They returned on Saturday to their home at McMinnville.

Mrs. E. C. Apperson and daughter, Miss Mildred Apperson, have returned to their home at McMinnville after having spent a few days in Salem.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hobb of Eugene were in Salem last week and were guests of friends.

Mrs. Hattie Campbell and children, Dale and Pearl, accompanied by Miss Hazel Scott, returned Thursday evening to their home at McMinnville, after having spent the last of the week with friends in Salem.

Miss Ola Kingsbury arrived in Salem Sunday evening from Farrington, Wash., to assume a position as instructor in Washington school.

Miss Gertrude Parrington of Everett, Wash., has resumed a position on the faculty of the Salem high school. She arrived in Salem Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Livesley of 616 South Winter street, accompanied by Mrs. John J. Roberts and Mrs. W. L. McDougal, have returned to their home in Salem after having spent Saturday in Portland.

Dr. and Mrs. R. E. Lee Steiner entertained Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Kerron of Portland last week.

Miss Ada Miller, one of Salem's prominent musicians will appear in a song recital at the Little Theatre in Portland under the auspices of the McDowell club. The program will be given entirely by Miss Miller, and is one of a series of recitals given fortnightly by the Portland McDowell club.

When the kidneys are weakened and failed to throw impurities out of the system and backache, soreness and rheumatic pains develop. Mrs. David Henry, 65 South Lincoln Ave., Washington, N. J., writes: "Foley's Kidney Pills took the dreadful pain out of my limbs and I walk good."

Hard time ahead for the tightwads. A patriot and his money are soon parted.

Nearly two million stalwart Americans have gone overseas. A "contentible army," eh?

Oh, Mrs. Graham. Mrs. Underwood was at the telephone again. "Hurry along over and we'll wait dinner for you. Harry isn't here either, but I expect him every minute."

"Please don't do that, Mrs. Underwood," I said. "You know I have just dined with my cousin, and I couldn't eat a mouthful. I'll be there in about an hour, in time to have an afternoon coffee with you."

"All right then. Be sure that you do. Good-by."

I hung up the receiver, conscious all once that my head was beginning to ache violently. This would never do. I did not want any-

more of that kind of thing.

CLUETT, PARSONS & CO., INC., MAKERS

24 IN. DEVON 24 IN.

ARROW COLLARS

Big Sacrifice of LACES

We have just assorted our choice laces and placed most of them in assortments as follows: Values to \$3 now 59c. Some of these are beautiful copies of rare patterns.

Values to \$1.50 now 35c

We have added several to this lot. Values to 85c now 19c. We have filled an entire table at this price. We must close them entirely out as soon as possible—HENCE THIS EXTREME SACRIFICE.

Black Lace values to \$1 now, per yard 5c

One assortment of White Valenciennes Laces, values to 10c now, yard 1c

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 XXVII

WHY MADGE PHONED FOR A TAXI

"Hello! Who is this? Mrs. Graham, how do you do? I do hope this means you are coming to us right away."

Mrs. Underwood's loud voice boomed heartily in my ears. Whatever else Lillian Gale may or may not be, she is always comfortable. She carries with her an air of good-will and wish-to-be-of-service that is really quite irresistible.

"Thank you," I replied, "I shall be over shortly, I think."

I hesitated for a moment. I did not quite like to ask for Dicky, yet he had told me to call him up at Lillian's when I returned from my dinner with my cousin, Jack Hickett.

Lillian solved the problem for me. "Here is Dicky waiting to talk to you," she said. "I'll speak to you again when he is through talking."

I trembled violently in the interval between Lillian's leaving the phone, and Dicky's taking up the receiver. When he had left me to go to Lillian's he had been furiously angry because I was going to dine with Jack, although I had not seen my cousin for a year. What would be his attitude now?

"Hello, Madge. Where are you—at home? Do you want me to come for you?"

The words were friendly enough, but at the tone my heart sank. I knew he had not yet forgiven me for dining with Jack. But, at least he had recovered his poise sufficiently to play the game before the Underwoods. I did not need to dread one of Dicky's scenes if I went to their home.

"How absurd, Dicky," I replied. "Of course you are not coming for me. What is that address again, and what is the nearest subway station?"

"Don't be an idiot, Madge, just because you know how," retorted Dicky. "Take a taxi over. You'd be wandering around subway stations for the rest of the afternoon. The number is 1214 West Eleventh street. Here's Lill, wants to speak to you again."

A Short Rest.

The taxicab suggestion annoyed me—it was so ridiculous. When, after one of our discussions, Dicky had turned over his bank account, and his earnings to me, so that I might regulate our expenses and try to save something out of his large income, I had resolved to be as economical as Dicky was extravagant. It was just such little leaks as these that counted, but I was in no mood today to deny Dicky anything. So I resolved to do as he asked.

"Oh, Mrs. Graham," Mrs. Underwood was at the telephone again. "Hurry along over and we'll wait dinner for you. Harry isn't here either, but I expect him every minute."

"Please don't do that, Mrs. Underwood," I said. "You know I have just dined with my cousin, and I couldn't eat a mouthful. I'll be there in about an hour, in time to have an afternoon coffee with you."

"All right then. Be sure that you do. Good-by."

I hung up the receiver, conscious all once that my head was beginning to ache violently. This would never do. I did not want any-

one to know that my meeting with Jack had caused me any emotion. If I went to Lillian's with a headache and reddened eyes, they would surely suspect something. Sometimes, when these headaches of mine started one of the little tablets which my physician had given me for them would allay the pain for a time. The headache always came back later unless I went straight to bed and stayed there at the first suspicion of an attack. But I must risk that. The thing now was to put up a good appearance at Lillian Underwood's.

I went to my bedroom, took off my hat and slipped off my gown. Going to the bathroom, I bathed my eyes, first in hot water, and then dashed cold upon them. I took the tablet and wrapping the covers around me, I crept into bed. My little clock was where I could see it, and I had been trained by long nights of vigil with my mother to awaken after any set interval of time. I closed my eyes hoping to get a half-hour's sleep.

A Disturbing Reply.

I lay for several minutes resolutely putting out of my mind every thought but that of my desire for sleep. Finally, I was rewarded and I awoke in half an hour almost to the minute from the time I lay down.

Slipping my feet into a pair of bedroom "mules" for I had taken off my soles when I laid down, and wrapping a bathrobe around me I went to the telephone.

"Madison Square 947." The number I gave was that of a taxicab company where Dicky kept an account.

"Hello!" The voice that came back over the telephone was an unpleasant tone.

"Is this the Bronson taxicab company?"

"Yeah. Watcha want?"

I resolved to have Dicky report the man, his tone was so impertinent, his manner so uncouth, but I tried to answer pleasantly.

"Will you please send a taxicab in 15 minutes for Mrs. Richard Graham, apartment 4, 46 East Twenty-ninth street?"

"Where?"

"Mrs. Richard—"

"I didn't ask you who. I said where—where?" The tone was rough and impatient as if he had been speaking to some stupid employee.

"You need not trouble yourself. I would not order a machine from an establishment that permits such insolence. And you can rest assured that my husband will close his account with you at once."

"Aw, go to—"

"I could not believe my ears, as the words came over the wire, and the receiver at the other end smashed down upon its hook."

(To be continued)

Marion County Youngsters Make Excellent Showings

With four children winning trips to Corvallis, the county taking two firsts and one third place and receiving \$25 for having its exhibit installed on time, Marion county made an excellent showing in the school section of the state fair. The first prize went for the best poultry and best pig displays. The third was for the general appearance of the exhibit.

Eva Benjamin of Woodburn took first prize on the care of sheep, and three other youngsters engaged in club work took first places. Elmer J. Roth, for the care and management of a brood sow and litter, Nickel Brinkley for the best market hog and Oliver Fustman for the best market sheep. These students will attend Oregon Agricultural college two weeks next summer and have all their expenses paid.

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10c a pouch—and worth it

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MORE Liberty Loans will come—as well as other patriotic duties. So, begin right this moment and save for them. With an account at the United States National Bank—saving is made more practical and more profitable for you.

Accounts of everyone, of every kind, invited



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