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SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 7, 1917.



SUPPRESS THE I. W. W.

WHAT the organization known as the Industrial Workers of the World, backed by some other powerful agency, aim to cripple industries, prevent or destroy production of food stuffs, and otherwise harass the United States during the war, is to be seen all over the country. Oregon is not to escape, for already there are strikes in progress wherever there is shipbuilding, and efforts are being made to cause strikes in the camps where lumber is secured to furnish material for shipbuilding. Information received by Governor Withycombe shows that the I. W. W.s are planning to burn the wheat fields of eastern Oregon, to cause strikes and to "kill or disable" all workers who refuse to join in the nefarious plans.

Realizing what has been brought about in other sections of the west, it is evident that the menace of the mailed fist at home is as great as at the front in Europe. Strikes have been caused in every mining camp of importance in the west where copper, lead and zinc are produced. These things are of vital importance to the United States in conducting the war. If our supply of copper and lead can be reduced it will be of advantage to Germany and if strikes can be turned into riots more soldiers will be held back from the front to quell the disturbances, and Germany will be given a respite. If shipbuilding can be prevented or even delayed Germany will profit. If our crops can be destroyed and the production of food stuffs prevented, we as well as our allies will suffer and Germany will be given that much strength.

Governor Withycombe has warned the people of Oregon and in this warning he has stated his fears that attempts may not be confined to industries, but that lives of some of our citizens may be endangered. The situation is far more serious than most people realize and it is time that action was taken, and the governor promises to use all the power of his office to put down this rebellion against the nation and the people of the nation.

A year ago it was freely stated among German sympathizers in this country that should the United States join the allies there would be a civil war, and it seems that this is the method adopted to bring about such a condition. While there is no direct evidence to connect German money with the I. W. W. proceedings every indication points in that direction. If it be war, then the government should take a hand in the matter. Every man who aids and abets the enemy at home should be treated as an enemy. The people—the workers—should join forces with the state and the nation in suppressing every agitator who attempts to create dissension between employer and employee. The situation is fraught with too much danger to continue lenient.

BACKING THE PRESIDENT

THE bone dry amendment to the food control bill was defeated in the senate yesterday because it did not meet with the approval of the president. Now certain prohibitionists are complaining that the president is aiding the liquor interests.

During the period of this war the people of the United States will learn that it is necessary to "give and take." President Wilson realized that in trying to enforce absolute prohibition on sections of the country that were not ready to accept it, there would be dissatisfaction and dissension and this should be avoided if possible.

It is right that congress should enact a law forbidding the use of grain in the manufacture of liquor in order that the people may not go hungry. We can do without the strong drink, and most of us can do without alcoholic beverages of any kind, but there are many who do not see the necessity of going too far at this time, especially in view of the fact that foodstuffs are not depleted by making of lighter beverages.

The president has enough trouble on his hands without having more thrust upon him, and his request that a compromise be effected should be respected, for no one knows better than the president just what is before him. Oregon's senators, one a democrat and the other a republican, have joined hands in backing the president. It is right that they should, because the chief executive of the nation needs all the support he can get, for the burden he is now carrying is great. So long as no fatal blunders are made every American citizen should overlook minor mistakes and back the president to a man until the

war is over. Then we can pick out political quarrels and settle them between ourselves. Any disturbance created unnecessarily now is an aid to the enemy, and we know that the president does not intend that Germany shall profit by any act of the United States. Therefore it is our duty to back the president.

A war correspondent goes to the trouble and expense—for the newspapers—of sending a despatch telling how the French desiring to stop the singing of the Missouri mules, performed a slight operation on their nostrils. Any old miner, who was in the Indian country in earlier days, could have told the Frenchmen how to reach this result without bothering the mule's nose. A good cinch drawn tight, then a rope from the mule's tail drawing the latter down tight—effectually puts an end to all braying. This fact was discovered, just as the French operation was said to be, by observation. Some old miner noticed that a mule raises his tail along with his voice, and the remedy naturally suggested itself.—Salem Capital-Journal.

Secretary Redfield has declared that German insurance companies leak information to Berlin. It is within the power of the Government to suppress them in the United States, and officials who have enough facts to back their assertions should exercise the authority vested in them, else they are derelict in their duty.

A Story of Married Life REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

By Adele Garrison

How Did Miss Sonnot Come to Have Jack Bickett's Picture?

My mother-in-law's proposal that I should go back to teaching while she took charge of our domestic affairs troubled me more than I would admit even to myself. Long after Dicky was asleep I lay wide-eyed and wakeful, turning her proposition over in my mind, looking at it from every angle.

The first flush of resentment against the idea was spent. I could see that from more than one standpoint the proposition was a logical one. My mother-in-law was compelled to be an inmate of our home. I had a profession at my finger tips. She was an experienced housekeeper; I an inexperienced one. The arrangement would give her happiness and restore to me the economic freedom I had had before my marriage.

My own mental attitude in the matter was extremely complex. One part of me, the part which had so rejoiced at the opportunity to earn the money paid by the Lotus Study club, advised the acceptance of the elder Mrs. Graham's plan. From a feminist point of view the proposed arrangement was the only possible solution to our domestic problem.

But another part of me, the primitive cave woman, resented any attempt to take away the tending of "her man's hearth." I fancy more women than I are facing this same dual personality in these new days of women's work outside the home.

I tried every device I could think of to go to sleep, but could not lose myself in even a dozen. Finally, in despair, I rose cautiously, not to awaken Dicky, and slipping on my bathrobe and fur-trimmed mules, made my way into the dining room.

Turning on the light, I looked around for something to read until I should get sleepy. I had resolved to put all thought of my mother-in-law's proposition out of my head. Dicky did not wish it. His mother might make things unpleasant, but I did not believe she could force her plans against the opposition of both of us.

"What is the matter, Mrs. Graham? Are you ill?"

Miss Sonnot's soft voice sounded just behind me. As I turned I thought again, as I had many times before, how very attractive the little nurse was. She had on a dark blue negligee of rough cloth, made very simply, but which covered her night attire completely, while her feet, almost as small as a child's, were covered with fur-trimmed slippers the same color as the negligee. Her abundant hair was braided in two plaits and hung down to her waist.

"You look like a sleepy little girl," I said impulsively.

"And you like a particularly wakeful one," she returned, mischievously. "I am glad you are not ill. I feared you were when I heard you snap on the light."

A Boarding School Party.

"Did I wake you?" My voice was contrite. She had had so many wakeful nights with my mother-in-law that I was sorry indeed to have disturbed her. When her patient became convalescent, so that the nurse could sleep at night instead of watching, I had arranged a comfortable bed on the couch in the living room for her. It was just outside my mother-in-law's door, and Miss Sonnot could hear every sound her patient made in the night.

"No, you did not wake me. In fact I have been awake nearly an hour. I was just about to come out and rob the larder of a cracker and a sip of milk in the hope that I might get to sleep again when I heard you."

"Splendid!" I ejaculated, while Miss Sonnot looked at me wondering. "Can your patient hear us out here?"

"If you could hear her snore you would be sure she could not," Miss Sonnot smiled. "And I partly closed her door when I left. She is safe for hours."

"Then we will have a party," I declared triumphantly. "A regular boarding school party."

"A perfectly devilish time on chocolate creams and lemonade?" she queried, laughing.

"Exactly," I laughed back. "Only I have no chocolate creams in the house. I believe there are lemons, unless—" I looked at her, quizzically. "I suppose you would think me crazy if I suggested a cup of coffee?"

"Are you a coffee fiend, too?" she ex-

claimed in delight. "I would rather have a good cup of coffee than anything I know."

"But you have always said you preferred to prepare a cup of tea for your midnight lunch when you were watching Mother Graham. That was why I hesitated in speaking of the coffee."

"Tea keeps me awake," she explained, "while coffee makes me sleep. Isn't it queer?"

"We must be soul-mates," I exclaimed, dramatically. "Coffee puts me to sleep, too, unless I have a headache. Then I cannot drink it. But my head is perfectly clear tonight."

The Surprising Scrap Book.

"Then on to the kitchen!" She raised one of her long braids of hair and waved it like a banner. We giggled like 15-year-old school girls as we tiptoed our way into the kitchen, turned on the light and searched refrigerator, pantry, bread and cake boxes for food.

"How will we ever manage to grind this coffee without being heard?" I asked, sitting down despairingly.

"That's easy," said the little nurse. "Give me the grinder and two of those kitchen towels."

She sat down in one of the chairs and tucked the grinder wrapped in the towels, between her knees.

"Stand in front of me," she commanded. "Close up. That's right."

Thus shielded, she ground the coffee, an' true to her promise the sound of the grinding was so muffled that no one outside the room could possibly have heard it.

"The hot water will be ready in another minute," I announced. The first thing I had done after turning on the kitchen light was to put some water on the gas stove. "Would you mind seeing if the percolator is all right?"

"Conditions perfect, general," with a fetching little military salute.

"Good," I turned off the gas, and putting the proper proportions of coffee and hot water into the percolator carried it into the dining room and attached it to an electric light socket.

"Now for our plunder," I said, as we rapidly inventoried the eatables we had found. Bread, butter, a car of sardines, eggs, sliced bacon and a dish of stewed tomatoes.

"I wish we had some oysters or cheese; then we could stir up something in the chafing dish," I said, mournfully.

"Do you know, I believe I have a chafing dish recipe we can use in a scrap book which I always carry with me," responded Miss Sonnot. "It is in my suitcase at the foot of my couch. I'll be back in a minute."

She noiselessly slipped into the living room and returned almost instantly with a substantially bound book in her hands. She sat down beside me at the table and opened the book.

"I couldn't live without this book," she said extravagantly. "In it I have all sorts of treasured clippings and jottings. The things I need most I have pasted in. The chafing dish recipes are in an envelope. I just happened to have them along."

She was turning the pages as she spoke. On one page, which she passed by more hurriedly than the others, were a number of kodak pictures. I caught a flash of one which made my heart beat more quickly. Surely I had a print from the same negative in my trunk.

The tiny picture was a photograph of Jack Bickett or I was very much mistaken.

What was it doing in the scrap book of Miss Sonnot?

Johnny Strachan Improves in His Game of Tennis

(By The Associated Press)

San Francisco, July 7.—Johnny Strachan, of San Francisco, has been playing some excellent tennis of late, his most recent exploit being a match against the former champion, William Johnston, in which he compelled the ex-national title holder to play a full five stiff sets in order to be declared the winner. Those who saw the match declare that Strachan's driving was superior to anything that he had shown in the past and it was only on account of his errors that he was finally succumbed.

An analysis of the two men's play

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Traveling Bags At The Old Prices

FRANCE NEEDS MORE AMERICAN METHODS

Edouard Herriot Says They
Need to Be Taught American
Ways of Organizing.

(Correspondence of The Associated Press)

Rome, July 7.—"Talk, words, won't whip Germany in either a military sense now or in a commercial sense after the war," said Edouard Herriot, senator of France, war mayor of Lyons, member of the French Economic council and a delegate here to the International Commercial Conference.

"So far as concerns France and the United States, I want to see the business men of the two nations get together now and talk business and do business in a big way. I have been invited to the United States and may go there in August or September. I have never been there, but now that we are allies, I wish to in order to meet people and understand the country better. In the Lyons fair which we have now held for two years and which we will again hold next March, there will be an especial branch for business men."

"Only since the United States became an ally have we determined to establish at the Lyons fair a branch, to be known as the Business Men's Exchange. This branch will not be for talkers but for doers. I am said to be more like an American than a Frenchman, and I want to get American men of action to come over to this fair. Last March Americans did business to the amount of forty-eight millions there, and I hope this next March they will do more. Americans need to know more about the things we have to sell in France, and we in particular need the heavy machine parts made in America for construction work. We need to be taught some of the American ways of organizing business, of doing it quickly."

"This Business Men's Exchange will give Americans a chance to do business not only with us, but with Italians, with Englishmen, with Spaniards and others. For instance, it might lead to the building of the projected canal from Geneva, Switzerland, to Lyons, the center of industrial France, on down to Marseilles, connecting with the great river Rhone. Marseilles canal now being completed. This exchange ought to lead to the electrification of some of the French and Italian railroads; to the building of plants to utilize the water power of the mountains streams of these two countries."

"There's plenty of big business doing over here and we want the big business men of America to help us, to share in it."

Batting Averages Drop as Weather Becomes Hotter

(By The Associated Press)

San Francisco, July 7.—With the approach of mid season for the Pacific Coast baseball league and the warm weather aiding in limbering up the pitching arms of the various moundmen, batters are slowly receding from the heights of a 400 per cent batting average. Bessler, of Los Angeles, who has been in the lead among the regular players and was the last to step out of the 400 class, fell 10 points further away according to the unofficial averages given out for the 13th week. He has dropped to 357. At the end of the 11th week he was batting 402. At the present rate of retrogression he is likely to lose his

shows that Strachan hit the net oftener than his opponent, and also made more outs. He excelled him, however, in number of place shots. Johnston served nine double in all, to Strachan's four. Strachan's drive was deadly while Johnston seemed to excel at the net. Each scored a point on an ace-serve.

position as the leading batsman of the league before many more weeks.

Fitzgerald, of San Francisco, who has been holding second place came up 11 points, making his average 347 so that only ten points separate the two players. At the end of the 11th week Fitzgerald was 68 points behind Bessler.

The men who made the biggest gains during the week were R. Miller of Oakland who jumped 44 points and Hoff of Salt Lake who made a gain of 65 points. Williams of Portland still retains a comfortable lead of ten home runs. Sheely of Salt Lake, with 7 is his nearest competitor.

Friends Say Ross Is Best All-Around Swimmer Ever Seen

(By The Associated Press)

San Francisco, July 7.—Norman Ross, of the Olympic club, and holder of a half dozen swimming records including both national and American titles, is said by his friends to be swimming at the top of his form with the end not yet in sight. They have set up the claim for him that he is the best all-around swimmer of all time for the reason that while former champions have gained distinction either in the short sprints or else in the longer swims, Ross is showing his superiority in both. Not only this, but it is pointed out that his versatility is apparent in his ability to negotiate the breast stroke and the back stroke in competition with athletes who are specializing in these events, his recent mark of 51.4-5 seconds for 75 yards in the latter event being a world's figure.

Ross' remarkable work has all been done during this year. Prior to 1917, while it was acknowledged he had all the makings of a champion, his erratic performances were the despair of his trainers, who were unable to make him take swimming seriously. For this reason there was considerable opposition in the matter of sending him east early in the year. That he appreciated the confidence placed in him by his supporters in the Olympic club, and rose to the occasion, is evidenced by his triumphant record.

Three Base Hit Wins Game But Breaks Window

(By The Associated Press)

San Francisco, July 7.—A player on an amateur team who made a three base hit in a baseball game and thereby won the bit in the last half of the ninth inning contest has been robbed of the personal glory which usually goes with such a feat. The ball was driven through a pane of glass in the window of a public school building and the town constable is looking for the man who made the hit in order to compel him to pay the cost of a new pane of glass. For obvious reasons the hero prefers to remain nameless.

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GENERAL BAILLOUD CARRIED WATER JUG

French General Chums With
Private Who Hails Him
Road Near Monastir.

(Correspondence of The Associated Press)

Saloniki, July 7.—General BailLOUD commanding part of the French expeditionary force in the Balkans, is popular with his men that nearly every story originating in his corps either about him or attributed to him. The latest anecdote going the rounds tells how a soldier of the rough and ready style was returning to quarters at Monastir with a water-jug in each hand coming across another mud-splattered "polly" sitting beside the road, he had him:

"Hello, old man."

"Hello," replied the other.

"Say, can't you carry one of those jugs for me?"

"Sure," and they went on together. "Would you believe it?" said the soldier, "they've checked me into the grade of corporal."

"What of that," replied the soldier, "didn't they chuck me into the grade of general?"

After nearly dropping his jug, the soldier drew closer and made out the faint stars on a mud-stained sleeve. He drew himself up at attention and saluted.

"Walk on, corporal," said General BailLOUD, who wouldn't consent to put up his jug.

Coast League Standing

Pacific Coast League Standings

W. L. P.
San Francisco 50 38
Salt Lake 48 38
Los Angeles 47 44
Oakland 44 49
Portland 38 48
Vernon 38 54

Yesterday's Results

At Salt Lake—Portland 7, Salt Lake 3.
At Los Angeles—Los Angeles 9, Oakland 3.
At San Francisco—Vernon 5, San Francisco 3.

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