

DAILY ROGUE RIVER COURIER

Published Daily Except Saturday

A. E. VOORHIES, Pub. and Prop.
Entered at the Postoffice, Grants Pass, Ore., as second class mail matter.

ADVERTISING RATES

Display space, per inch.....15c
Local or personal column, per line 10c
Readers, per line.....5c

DAILY COURIER

By mail or carrier, per year.....\$6.00
By mail or carrier, per month......50

WEEKLY COURIER

By mail, per year.....\$1.50

MEMBER

State Editorial Association
Oregon Daily Newspaper Pub. Assn.

MEMBER OF ASSOCIATED PRESS

The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and also the local news published herein.

All rights of republication of special dispatches herein are also reserved.



THURSDAY, MARCH 28, 1918.

OREGON WEATHER

Fair, moderate southeasterly winds.

LEST WE FORGET

From the beginning of the present world war let it be said of the leaders of the republican party that they have thrown politics to the wind and have loyally supported a democratic president. Even when his own party representatives have stood against him, republicans have come to the center and supported his measures. In response to such support a democratic senator who stood with the Huns early in the struggle, delivered in the senate a vicious attack on republicans and shouted of his fealty to the government he had twice betrayed. His clacking jaws had scarcely closed when wiser heads in the party choked him off and the teapot tempest soon blew over.

Now, the hydra headed monster of Hunism rises in Wisconsin and a republican is nominated for senator against that brand of treason known as LaFolletteism. The loyal support of the republican party is forgotten in a wild scramble for political pap and the vice president of the United States is sent into the field to wage political warfare. Does the administration stand for this sort of thing? If not, why is it permitted?

Let it not be forgotten that we are in the midst of a bloody war and American citizens will not stand for politics at this time. If it is forced on the people there will be a scrap at home, in the halls of congress and in every political division of the country and everybody will want to know why the trouble was started. We seriously doubt the desire of the administration for the recent move of his party leaders in Wisconsin, for he is too astute a man not to realize what serious results must follow.

It may be that every physician in the state when he goes out on a "baby case" hereafter will include a supply of thrift stamps and war savings stamps in his little black bag. It has become quite the thing in Portland for proud fathers and prouder mothers to want their offspring lined up for Uncle Sam at the earliest possible moment after arrival, and thrift stamps and war savings stamps offer the best and most convenient way for such service. Whether the physician adds the price of the thrift stamps or war savings stamps to his regular fee or collects at the time of sale, is a matter left to the discretion of the physician himself.

You Save Money

Each Time You Buy

LIGHTHOUSE CLEANSER

Sani-Flush
Cleans Water-Closet Bowls

KINNEY & TRUAX GROCERY
QUALITY FIRST

COMING EVENTS

March 30, Saturday—Annual Easter egg hunt at Riverside park, 1:30 p. m.

March 30, Saturday—Meeting of Pomona grange at Rogue River Valley grange hall.

May 17, Friday—Primary nominating election.

March 27, Wednesday—Easter party at home of Dr. Clement, by Women's association of Presbyterian church.

April 1, Monday—All Fools party, given by Presbyterian ladies at the E. T. Ludden home.

April 3, Wednesday—Meeting of Public Service commission in Grants Pass.

April 27, Wednesday—Dr. Coan in the Baptist church, free lecture on the Turkish atrocities in Armenia.

HAVE YOU REGISTERED?

All electors who were registered but did not vote at the primary or general election in 1916, and those who have changed their residence must re-register.

Electors not registered must do so on or before April 17, 1918, at 5 o'clock p. m.

E. L. COBURN,
County Clerk.

Enjoy Yourself.

Do not put off pleasure any more than duty. Take your good times as you go along. Plan for some fun in every day, and, yes, more than that, plan for a good time all the day. Work as well as play should be enjoyable, a part of your good time.

NEW TODAY

CLASSIFIED AD RATES.—25 words, two issues, 25c; six issues, 50c; one month, \$1.50, when paid in advance. When not paid in advance, 50 per line per issue.)

WANTED—Good second-hand cook stove or range with heating coil for hot and cold water. Address P. O. Box 450. 20

FRIDAY—Good proposition to rent for summer, of house at 301 West Rogue River Ave. See me Friday, Mrs. Roy Bush, 109 West D street. 20

FOR RENT—Small house on Lawrence Ave. Phone 323-L. 25



ON GUARD

At this time of the year people feel weak, tired, listless, their blood is thin, they have lived indoors and perhaps expended all their mental and bodily energy and they want to know how to renew their energy and stamina, overcome headaches and backaches, have clear eyes, a smooth, ruddy skin, and feel the exhilaration of real good health tingling thru their body. Good, pure, rich, red blood is the best insurance against ill of all kinds. Almost all diseases come from impure and impoverished blood. It is to be noticed in the pale or pimply face, the tired, haggard appearance or the listless manner.

Drink hot water a half hour before meals, and for a vegetable tonic there's nothing better than Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the old-fashioned herbal remedy, which has had such a fine reputation for fifty years. It contains no alcohol or narcotics. It is made from Golden Seal root, Blood-root, Oregon grape root, Queen's root, Black Cherry bark, extracted with glycerine and made into tablets and liquid. Tablets sixty cents, at most drug stores. In order to insure pure blood and to build up the system try this tonic known as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Get it now!



FRENCH FIGHT HAND TO HAND

(Continued from page 1.)

bound to tell on tired men, and eventually the allies were forced to give way. But they did so still fighting. It is known that one Bavarian division lost 50 per cent of its strength.

It was clearly apparent that the German high command rely on this method of sacrifice to break through. The French staff derives considerable satisfaction from the fact that many German divisions were thus put out of battle, at least for the period required for their reconstitution, and in this way a great part of the German reserve was used up, while the allies merely called upon their immediate reserves.

Washington, Mar. 28.—An official dispatch from France says the chaplain and two nuns of the hospital of St. Elizabeth at Antwerp were executed by Germans, in the courtyard of the barracks, at the same time that the Belgian oculist Dr. De Mets was also executed.

Paris, Mar. 28.—A number of German soldiers, wearing allied uniforms to create confusion on the Somme front were taken prisoners and executed according to the newspapers.

Berlin, Mar. 28.—The crown prince's troops, after taking Mont Didier advanced their lines as far as Pierrepont on the Avere, four miles northwest.

THE BOOK A SOLDIER WOULD LIKE TO READ

Are you wondering what sort of books soldiers read? A good test is: "Would the men of my acquaintance enjoy this book?" If so, it's a good one for camp libraries.

This week the Boy Scouts will assist in collecting books for the soldiers by making a house to house canvass on Friday and Saturday. The scouts are always ready to "do a good turn." Encourage the boys at the same time you are helping our soldiers by having some of your best books ready for them when they call.

Give the book you value most, it will mean more to some soldier boy.

All kinds of Commercial Printing at the Courier Office.

GERMAN GOVERNMENT MURDERER OF BABES

A gripping lecture by Dr. Frederick G. Coan, in which he gave light on the true situation of the suffering Armenians, was given at the Baptist church last night to a good sized audience. The tales he told are too horrible to be retold and added to the burden of grief that the public is now compelled to bear

as the dispatches come in from the western front.

Brutal murders in wholesale lots, babies piled up in pyramids soaked in coal-oil and burned, women pressed into slavery and worse, children starving and eating the refuse from the dung of cattle, hundreds of men bound together and thrown into a lake and drowned, these and hundreds worse are some of the things that have happened since this war began to these helpless people.

And Dr. Coan says the German government is entirely responsible for it all. In this, he but confirms what has been said by German teachers who have been away from Hunland so long that they were shocked and horrified at what the Turks under command of German officers were doing to the Armenian population.

At one time Dr. Coan with five other men, ran up the American flag over a mission with 20,000 Armenians. "Fortunately," he said, "the attacking force was composed entirely of Turks and they respected the American flag and let us alone. If they had been Germans I am confident I would not be here to tell the tale."

A committee appointed last night will meet tonight to plan for public work, which will be commenced next week. The drive will be under the personal direction of N. E. Townsend.

"Over the Top"

By An American Soldier Who Went

ARTHUR GUY EMPEY
Machine Gunner Serving in France

(Copyright, 1917, by Arthur Guy Empey)

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Fired by the news of the sinking of the Lusitania by a German submarine, Arthur Guy Empey, an American, leaves his office in Jersey City and goes to England where he enlists in the British army.

CHAPTER II—After a period of training, Empey volunteers for immediate service and soon finds himself in rest billets "somewhere in France," where he first makes the acquaintance of the ever-present "oodles."

CHAPTER III—Empey attends his first church services at the front while a German Fokker circles over the congregation.

CHAPTER IV—Empey's command goes into the front-line trenches and is under fire for the first time.

About five that night, we reached the ruined village of H—, and I got my first sight of the awful destruction caused by German Kultur.

Marching down the main street we came to the heart of the village, and took up quarters in shellproof cellars (shellproof until hit by a shell). Shells



A Bomb Proof.

were constantly whistling over the village and bursting in our rear, searching for our artillery.

These cellars were cold, damp and smelly, and overrun with large rats—big black fellows. Most of the Tommies slept with their overcoats over their faces. I did not. In the middle of the night I woke up in terror. The cold, clammy feet of a rat had passed over my face. I immediately smothered myself in my overcoat, but could not sleep for the rest of that night.

Next evening, we took over our sector of the line. In single file we wended our way through a zigzag communication trench, six inches deep with mud. This trench was called "Whisky street." On our way up to the front line an occasional flare of bursting shrapnel would light up the sky and we could hear the fragments clapping the ground above us on our right and left. Then a Fritz would traverse back and forth with his "type-writer" or machine gun. The bullets made a sharp cracking noise overhead.

The boy in front of me named Prentice crumpled up without a word. A piece of shell had gone through his shrapnel-proof helmet. I felt sick and weak.

In about thirty minutes we reached

Practical Patriotism

If you want to do your part toward food conservation you can do no less than follow Hoover's advice—"Use more vegetables."

The best way, the most economic way, is to grow your own. And it's easy, provided you buy the best seeds—in other words, Morse's.

Get the right start for your garden by preparing the ground now. Morse's 1918 Garden Guide tells how—also tells what to plant and when to plant for best results. There is a copy waiting for you. Write today. We'll send it free.

C. C. MORSE & CO.
728 Front Street San Francisco
Morse's Seeds are sold everywhere by Florists, Druggists, Grocers and Hardware Merchants

We Sell

MORSE & CO.

GARDEN SEEDS

J. PARDEE

SECOND-HAND FORD FOR SALE

Completely rebuilt and painted—New tires

\$300

C. L. HOBART CO.

the front line. It was dark as pitch. Every now and then a German star shell would pierce the blackness out in front with its silvery light. I was trembling all over, and felt very lonely and afraid. All orders were given in whispers. The company we relieved filed past us and disappeared into the blackness of the communication trench leading to the rear. As they passed us, they whispered, "The best o' luck mates."

I sat on the fire step of the trench with the rest of the men. In each traverse two of the older men had been put on guard with their heads sticking over the top, and with their eyes trying to pierce the blackness in "No Man's Land." In this trench there were only two dugouts, and these were used by Lewis and Vickers machine gunners, so it was the fire step for ours. Pretty soon it started to rain. We put on our "macks," but they were not much protection. The rain trickled down our backs, and it was not long before we were wet and cold. How I passed that night I will never know, but without any unusual occurrence, dawn arrived.

The word "stand down" was passed along the line, and the sentries got down off the fire step. Pretty soon the rum issue came along, and it was a Godsend. It warmed our chilled bodies and put new life into us. Then from the communication trenches came dixies or iron pots, filled with steaming tea, which had two wooden stakes through their handles, and were carried by two men. I filled my canteen and drank the hot tea without taking it from my lips. It was not long before I was asleep in the mud on the fire step.

My ambition had been attained! I was in a front-line trench on the western front, and oh, how I wished I were back in Jersey City.

CHAPTER V.

Mud, Rats and Shells.
I must have slept for two or three hours, not the refreshing kind that results from clean sheets and soft pillows, but the sleep that comes from cold, wet and sheer exhaustion.

Suddenly, the earth seemed to shake and a thunderclap burst in my ears. I opened my eyes—I was splashed all over with sticky mud, and men were picking themselves up from the bottom of the trench. The parapet on my left had toppled into the trench, completely blocking it with a wall of tamped-up earth. The man on my left lay still. I rubbed the mud from my face, and an awful sight met my gaze—his head was smashed to a pulp, and his steel helmet was full of brains and blood. A German "Minnie" (trench mortar) had exploded in the next traverse. Men were digging into the soft mass of mud in a frenzy of haste. Stretcher-bear-

ers came up the trench on the double. After a few minutes of digging, three still, muddy forms on stretchers were carried down the communication trench to the rear. Soon they would be resting "somewhere in France," with a little wooden cross over their heads. They had done their bit for king and country, had died without firing a shot, but their services were appreciated, nevertheless.

Later on, I found out their names. They belonged to our draft.

I was dazed and motionless. Suddenly a shovel was pushed into my hands, and a rough but kindly voice said:

"Here, my lad, lend a hand clearing the trench, but keep your head down, and look out for snipers. One of the Fritz's is a daisy, and he'll get you if you're not careful."

Lying on my belly on the bottom of the trench, I filled sandbags with the sticky mud, they were dragged to my rear by the other men, and the work of rebuilding the parapet was on. The harder I worked, the better I felt. Although the weather was cold, I was soaked with sweat.

Occasionally a bullet would crack overhead, and a machine gun would kick up the mud on the bashed-in parapet. At each crack I would duck and shield my face with my arm. One of the older men noticed this action of mine, and whispered:

"Don't duck at the crack of a bullet, Yank; the danger has passed—you never hear the one that wings you. Always remember that if you are going to get it, you'll get it, so never worry."

This made a great impression on me at the time, and from then on, I adopted his motto, "If you're going to get it, you'll get it."

It helped me wonderfully. I used it so often afterwards that some of my mates dubbed me, "If you're going to get it, you'll get it."

After an hour's hard work, all my nervousness left me, and I was laughing and joking with the rest.

At one o'clock, dinner came up in the form of a dixie of hot stew.

(To Be Continued)

Political Cards.

Paid advertisements

EUGENE L. COBURN
Republican Candidate for
Nominee for
COUNTY CLERK
Present incumbent