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TUESDAY, JULY 23, 1918.

OREGON WEATHER  
Fair; gentle westerly winds.

POTASH AND CROPS  
We learn from German authorities that the United States is suffering grievously for lack of German potash. Germany, as everybody knows, has the largest known deposit of this mineral fertilizer.

Before the war the rest of the world depended on it to a great extent. Now, deprived of potash, so the German professors assure the German people, our agriculture is languishing, our fields are barren and starvation for the allies is certain. Germany's potash monopoly cripples us more effectively than our blockade cripples Germany. Her potash, mightier than arms or gold, will bring her a triumphant peace.

To paraphrase the words of an ancient sage, it is just as well not to know so much as to know all that a German professor knows. It happens that we are cultivating about 20,000,000 more of our "barren acres" than ever before, and doing it with what we honestly take to be considerable success. We are going to have probably 300,000,000 bushels of wheat more than we had last year, a far bigger corn crop than usual, and more barley, rice and rye than ever before. The staple food crops are also excellent in Canada, England and France. As for Germany herself, all accounts from neutral sources agree that her crops this season are extremely poor.

What's the matter? Isn't Germany taking her own potash medicine? Or is the success or failure of the war, after all, not dependent on German fertilizer—or any other German product?

BEDS

The conservation of beds, recommended by the war industries board, can surely be agreed to by a patriotic public without any great sense of hardship. If the brass and steel are needed for war purposes, we can surely get along without asking manufacturers to make us new brass beds for some time to come.

Wooden beds are surely as tolerable as wooden ships, and both were found tolerable for a good many hundred years. Indeed, what middle-aged man or woman of us was not born in a wooden bed? What was good enough for the fathers and grandfathers is surely good enough for the children, always excepting the old, round, knobby four-poster with a creaking rope cat's cradle instead of springs.

There are fewer beds needed, too.

WE HAVE IT

California Head Lettuce

REGULAR SHIPMENTS  
ARRIVE MONDAY, WEDNESDAY AND FRIDAY

KINNEY & TRUAX GROCERY

QUALITY FIRST

because a couple of million young men have left them for a bedless occupation, and there may be another couple of million beds left vacant before long. We can make them go 'round till the boys get back.

As for children, the matter is comparatively simple. One big brother's bed, supplied with a stout partition in the middle, will serve nicely for two youngsters. Cradles are out of style. There is no ban, apparently, on the baby's crib. If there should be, father can make one himself.

Cuba has adopted July 14, France's "Bastille Day," as her own national holiday. We should have been pleased if our little neighbor, lacking any special national festival of her own, had chosen the day on which we declared war on Spain and clinched her independence. But as long as France gets the honor, we won't quarrel about it.

The war industries board has cut the number of bed davenport styles from 75 to 20. This is intolerable. How can we ever get along with only 20 kinds of davenports?

SOLDIER LETTERS

Pettinger Now Captain  
Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Pettinger received a letter from their son, Luther, who left Grants Pass six years ago to accept a position as manager of the advertising department of the Star Bulletin, the largest paper in Honolulu.

When war was declared he enlisted with the national guards and was made sergeant and held that position until he was called to his present position. His letter is as follows:  
Honolulu, H. I.,  
July 7, 1918.

Dear Father and Mother:  
Your letter of June 18th and 25th received today and am glad to hear that you are both well.

This morning I got a telephone call to come to the office. When I got there I was informed that I had been made captain of the quartermaster corps of the national guard of Hawaii, and assistant to the U. S. property and disbursing officer.

A property and disbursing officer is appointed by the secretary of war for each state and territory, he is under bond and all equipment and supplies are charged to him personally and he is personally responsible for all property in his state or territory. He in turn issues the property to other organizations of the national guard. He pays all bills

incurred by the national guard. So you see there is a multitude of detail and work to be done. I also have to take care of most of the work in connection with ordnance and quartermaster departments as well. I have a clerk and a sergeant instructor from the regular army under me. It keeps me busy from 8 a. m. to 10:30 p. m. most every day and sometimes on Sunday.

The first thing out of the box I was put on the reception committee to aid at the governor's reception for Secretary Lane from Washington, D. C.

You should have seen me all decked out in my white uniform, white cap, white shoes, white gloves and a shiny silver sword hanging at my side. It was some reception too. I guess I met all the muckymuks in the island as well as Secretary Lane's party from the capital.

I went out to the fair Tuesday and saw the exhibits and entertainments. It certainly was some well little show for these small islands to set up. There were about 26,000 people there and when you consider that some days at the exposition in San Francisco there was only about 75,000, I think that going some for Hawaii. Only wish you could have been here to have attended with me for I know you would have enjoyed it.

I would like to be there and get some of those cherries and berries that you are canning. I haven't tasted cherries over here except in a piece of pie now and then.

We have strawberries all the year round and bananas and papai (sort of cross between a cantaloupe, pumpkin, watermelon and other things, it has a lot of peppermint in it and tastes real good after you learn to like it). The cantaloupes are just coming into the market.

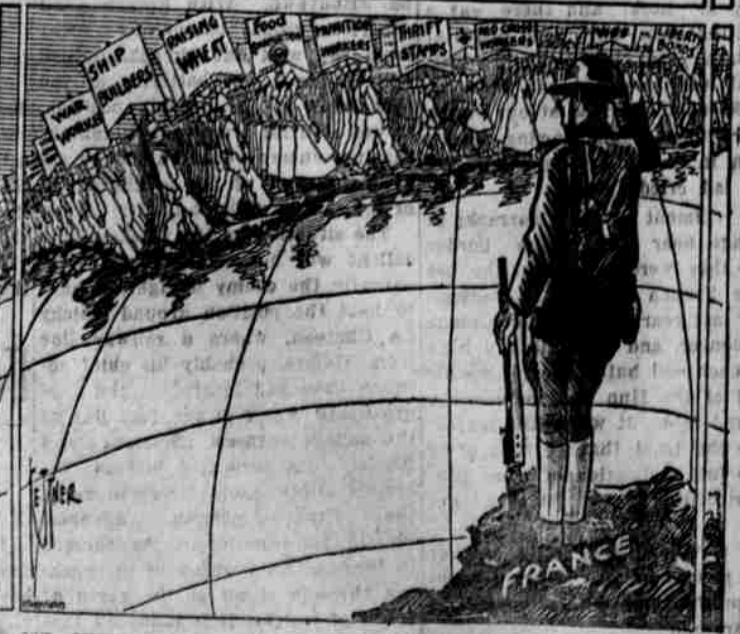
Well it is time to go to work again, so will bring this propaganda (as Earl calls it) to a close with love from your son.

LUTHER  
CAPT. J. S. PITTENGER,  
Office of the chief quartermaster and U. S. property and disbursing officer.

Drawing Lots for a Wife.  
I love the way they once faced the grim realities of life and fought fire with fire. Marriage was a lottery, or they settled it by lot. The way of man with a maid might upset the calculations of the wise man in Proverbs but it didn't faze the early Moravians. They got out the lot bowl, put the names in; prayed that the drawing would be providentially guided, and went ahead in faith. And those marriages so arranged were such successes that one is almost tempted to wish for a return of the custom, in disuse now for many a year.—Exchange.

Progressing.  
Widower—Before I married I couldn't save a dollar; now that I'm married and my wife is dead I save almost half my salary.

One Hundred Million Strong



BROTHERS REUNITED AFTER MANY YEARS



The war has brought together in New York city two French brothers who had not seen each other for ten years. One is Rene Humbert, a member of Pershing's army in France, now home on furlough, and the other is Marcel Humbert, a member of the division of the famous French Alpine chasseurs, now visiting the United States. Both Rene and Marcel Humbert were born in France. Ten years ago the Humbert family emigrated to America, Marcel remaining behind. He joined the famous "Blue Devils" at the outbreak of the war and has been in many battles. Meanwhile Rene joined the regular American army and went to France with Pershing's first troops, returning two weeks ago with a detachment of Americans who were sent to the United States to aid the Liberty Loan drive and also to boost army recruiting. The two brothers were attending an outdoor meeting in New York city a few days ago when they recognized each other, and the reunion began right then and there.

Eyes Tell the Truth.  
When the eyes say one thing and the tongue another, the practical man relies on the language of the first.—Emerson.

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