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MONDAY, AUGUST 5, 1918

OREGON WEATHER

Tonight and Tuesday, fair with moderate westerly winds.

"GOOD ENOUGH FOR SOLDIERS"

In a certain town where troop trains frequently pass through, carrying men to the seaboard en route to France, the ladies living near the railroad have a pleasant custom of grabbing up anything good to eat or drink that happens to be in sight when a train stops, and passing it around among the boys. Needless to say, they always meet with an enthusiastic reception, and the soldiers' appreciation whets their generosity.

The other day one of these good ladies, in gathering up her usual armful of pies and cookies, happened to include a box of cigars belonging to her husband. They were a specially fine brand, bought for a party. When the owner discovered what had happened, he was much annoyed.

"Those smokes cost a lot of money," he complained. "You could just as well have bought cheaper cigars to give away to soldiers."

"You and your friends can smoke the cheap cigars yourselves," retorted his wife.

She was right about it, too. Nothing is too good for American soldiers.

AN ENGLISH SENTIMENT

The following editorial from the London Times gives an insight into the view and attitude of English people toward the American soldier on English soil:

There is no "Blighty" for the American soldier on leave from the front or recovering from wounds or sickness. England's strength has been in her ten days' leave at home. But what will the Americans do? Have we thought about it yet?

When Sammy comes to us, either as a warrior eager for the fray or as a tired or broken man seeking rest, he does not come home to the one place in all the world where peace holds its place and human love sheds a radiance which floods the heart with a supreme joy.

Britain's sons from over seas, of course, "come home." But for the American soldier it is, and remains, we regret to say, a strange country, despite the fact that there is hardly a town, a village, or a hamlet in all the country from which his father or his father's father did not come. He enters it, maybe, with some family tradition ringing in his ears and stirring the blood within him, which tells how in the days gone by some ancestors of his left the English town or village for the Land of the Free, cutting himself off from "home," founding for himself a home in the United States where he and his have learned to love and venerate "Old Glory" as the symbol of Freedom.

Deep down in his heart there still

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lingers a trace of love for the English home. It only needs an awakening by us to stir it into a life that will grow in strength, to the lasting benefit of the Anglo-Saxon race. The American soldier is "Coming Home." Have we thrown the door open wide enough?

Four years of war have made us blasé. Official repression has shut down the expression of the spirit which, unseen, accompanies our own soldiers to the port of embarkation, and goes with them to the battlefield. We have got into the war habit of "carrying on," without so much as a heart-flutter, when our gallant sons go forth to fight our battles, uncheered and unaccompanied to the edge of the Great Adventure.

And so the American soldier, coming into the war to help to punish the world's greatest evildoer, crosses sometimes three thousand miles of land, always three thousand miles of sea, fired by a holy desire and impelled forward by the spirit of the Crusader. He passes through our country on his way in a cold mist, which, however, does not damp his ardour nor check his enthusiasm. He does not complain; he only feels the sudden change of human atmosphere the change from the impetuous charge across a great continent to a sudden halt beside a still lake.

But one day he will get a well-earned leave or an honourable wound from which skill and science will help him to recover.

Where is he going? "Blighty" is not the place for him, because "Blighty" has no meaning for him. He will come to London, perhaps. London—the loneliest city in the world for the stranger. He may wander along its streets when he becomes convalescent or gets his precious leave. He will find, in a city of more than a hundred and twenty square miles, one square mile in which a door will welcome him and a roof will shelter him among others who have come from the uttermost parts of the earth. Even then he will not have found "home."

Will Mother England take him "Home"—son of her sons, bone of her bone, flesh of her flesh? Of course she will. She is anxious, very anxious to do so.

We know that she is, for the editor of The Weekly Dispatch has possession of a bundle of letters from representative Englishmen full of the anticipated joys which would come into their lives were some central organisation established to make England the home of the American soldier on leave or convalescent.

Fathers who have lost sons in this war, mothers who have mourned in secret the passing of the boy upon whom in the days of peace they had built their hopes and staked their all, will fling open wide their doors to the American soldier, thousands of miles from home, and give him the best that an English home can give.

He does not want to see our towns, although he shares our pride in the historical features of so many of them. To him, as to the British soldier, there is no place like home. Let us give him what we give to all who count England "Home."

Down in the depths of this country, right in the heart of England, there is a spot hallowed for ever in

the hearts of all who speak the English tongue. In Stratford-on-Avon, the birthplace and death-place of Shakespeare, born, and dead upon the feast-day of the patron saint of England, is a glorious heritage of "Home."

Is there any reason why the rest home, the leave home of the American soldier, should not be in the spot sacred to England, representative of England, and honoured by the English-speaking peoples throughout the world? What is there that stands in the way of such a home for the tired and broken American soldier? Is it that cold-blooded formula: It has never been done, there is no precedent? Or is it that those who should think and act in these matters have a sterile imagination.

The roses of England will soon be in bloom, the hearths and homes around which they grow have their doors wide open. All offer the American soldier a warm welcome.

He is here to help us—to see this world nightmare through. He may be here for a long time to come. He will not go home until he has done the work he set out to do. Haig did not wait for his numbers to conform to regulations of the Army Council before giving the American soldier the chance to stand side by side with British and French, cementing in blood a bond of friendship which nothing may ever sever. And when he does "go home," what then? As we sow we shall reap, and if we sow well today we know that when he goes home he too will sow the seeds of everlasting concord.

The American mother is watching—and waiting.

FIRST AMERICAN TANK

Continued from Page One.

tank service, and certainly none calculated to test the nerves more, for within the very small fighting space there is combined the roar of the heavy ordnance, the rattle of the machine guns, the acid smell of burning powder, and the suffocating fumes of burning oil and gasoline. Into this little space, not more than eight feet long, and four or five feet wide and with a ceiling so low that a man cannot stand upright, there is crowded the crew.

The actual experiences of the British instructors, many of whom were in the first tanks used in the war, have been reproduced in the most minute detail for the instruction of the Americans. Little has been left to the imagination; the practical has been substituted for the theoretical. Huge shell holes, not dug out with pick and shovel but blasted by mines as though by the German shells, have torn up the training field; trenches identical with those that mark the battlefields of France and other obstructions that tanks encounter have been built and it is over these that the Americans have been drilled and drilled until, in the opinion of their instructors, they are prepared to take their place on the line.

Practical problems of getting out of tight places have been provided, and in anticipation of some of the predicaments that may be encountered careful instruction in reconnaissance work has been given. Strenuous work in target practice has been a daily schedule. Indeed almost the only experience not yet undergone by the Americans is the pounding of the German fire.

Another bit of training the tank man has had is in the use of the

compass and just as a lesson demonstrating the reason for this they have been given the experiences of handling the tanks at night, when the analogy between these land warships and those of the sea is seen.

Although the Americans have been trained in British tanks it is not expected they will find any trouble whatever in operating the newer and heavier machines from the United States. The differences between the two tanks are technical and have to do with the mechanism but they are not radical. The fighting and operating principles are the same and it has been explained to the Americans that the man who can handle one can handle the other, much as the pilot of one make of automobile can easily learn to drive another type.

BIG ENEMY STOREHOUSE

(Continued from page 1)

No estimate is given of prisoners captured by the British and French, who outnumber the American forces in the great fight.

London, Aug. 5.—On the British front the Germans have withdrawn between Montdidier and Moreuil, a distance of ten miles.

The French hold the slopes down to the western side of the Avre river. The situation around Albert is somewhat obscure, but the British have been closely following the enemy and it is probable that the Germans have by now evacuated the eastern bank of the Avre. The villages of Hamel and Derancourt are in possession of the allies.

Indications are that the Germans do not intend to make a permanent stand on the banks of the Aisne, but that they will retreat to the Chemin des Dames ridge, which is one of the strongest positions in France. For the moment the enemy may try to hold the French while getting away with their stores.

The allies captured the Chemin des Dames once.

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