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MONDAY, AUGUST 12, 1918.

OREGON WEATHER

Tonight and Tuesday fair and
warmer. Gentle winds, mostly
northerly.

PROFESSIONAL BASEBALL

Professional ball, as everybody
knows, is to be suspended, presu-
mably for the term of the war. Its
passing is now a matter of days. By
September 1, at the latest, this
great sporting institution that has
long filled so big a place in Amer-
ican life will pass quietly out of ex-
istence.

Will it come back? There is no
doubt that it will. Its character,
however, may be somewhat changed.
It is to be hoped, at least, that cer-
tain undesirable features will be
eliminated. The game has been so
wretchedly commercialized that as a
matter of cold fact there is today lit-
tle genuine "sport" left in it.

A team has long since ceased in
any way to represent the city it
stands for on the score board. Play-
ers have become mere hired men, not
playing a game so much as working
a trade for the benefit of "magnates"
with whom baseball is a mere busi-
ness, conducted for the most part
along mercenary business lines. A
player's independence is almost
wholly gone. Specialized skill is
paid far beyond its real worth. Win-
nings or losses may be inordinately
large. The whole thing is a big
commercial gamble, based on the ex-
ploitation of a sport essentially pop-
ular and admirable, but growing
less so year by year.

This deterioration has had its ef-
fect on the public. A calm observer
is driven to the conclusion that pa-
trons themselves are not such good
sports as they used to be.

It is well that we are to be thrown
back, for a while, upon amateur
baseball. The reversion will do the
game a world of good. When pro-
fessional ball is resumed, there may
be brought back into it some of the
wholesome, invigorating amateur
spirit that it has lost.

THEY SAW THE JOKE

A British correspondent at the
front sent back to the London daily
he represented, a little story that
rouses a smile of satisfaction. He
had seen a column of German troops
—headed, by the way, by 30 German
officers—extending a mile in length
and marching in the general direc-
tion of Paris. That is, they were
some of the German troops recently
made prisoners by American fight-
ers at Chateau-Thierry.

As they were passing through a
small French village the inhabitants
could not resist crying out sarcastic-
ally, "Nach Paris?" Some of the
common soldiers actually grinned
appreciatively and answered, "Ja
kohl!" which phrase and grin may
be freely translated into the Ameri-
can, "You said it."

The officers, it should be noted,
did not reply or smile. Prussian

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QUALITY FIRST

efficiency develops in its officers
whether a sense of humor nor the
graces of a good sport.

COMPENSATION

"Fortune never comes with both
hands full," remarks a pessimistic
editor. "You notice that when they
told us we could use more wheat
they also told us we must use less
sugar."

True enough. But there is a more
optimistic point of view than that.
You notice that just as they told us
we must use less sugar they also told
us we could use more wheat.

Why should we use such high-flu-
tin' term as "Franco-Americans?"
The Americans are Yanks, and the
French are Franks. Why not call
them collectively "Yank-Franks?"

Having familiarized Europe with
"shirt-sleeve diplomacy," America is
now surprising her with an exhibi-
tion of shirt-sleeve fighting. And
there doesn't seem to be any objec-
tion to either.

PAT KERN HAD TO HAVE
EXCITEMENT OF SOME KIND

Fort Bliss, Tex., Aug. 12.—Pat
Kern late private in the Eighth cav-
alry, is a soldier of fortune. The
urge for excitement drives him to
where fighting is in progress. While
garrisoned here with his troop Kern
became an expert machine gunner.
Ordered to the Big Bend district of
Texas, routine drills grew irksome
so he and his "bunkie" deserted—
went absent they say in the army.

Across from Presidio was a Mexi-
can federal garrison at Ojinaga being
besieged by Villa's forces. Kern and
his comrade were placed in charge
of the two broken machine guns.
They dismantled these, reassembled
them and made one good, working
machine gun of the parts. With this
they mowed down Villa's men until
the federals evacuated the town
leaving the two Americans still man-
ning the machine gun.

They escaped, recrossed the bor-
der and surrendered to the com-
manding officer at Presidio. While
serving a term in the prison stock-
ade here on the charge of desertion,
Kern escaped, went to Mexico, was
last seen going south on a freight
train with France and the war as
his objective.

POLITICAL CARDS

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SOLDIER LETTERS

The following interesting letter
was received by Joshua L. Given of
this city, from his son, Major Ellis
E. R. Given, of the American Expe-
ditionary Forces.

Somewhere in France,
June 30, 1918.

Dear Father:

This is a very pretty day. Pretty
I say as the sun is shining and the
sky clear and a gentle wind blow-
ing. The roads are dusty and when
an auto passes there is a great cloud
of fine dust over everything.

I have sent you a package which
when you open will show you where
I am, not that there is any state-
ment at all or any reference to loca-
tion. I mean it will show you how
close I am to the German lines, for
the package contains a German sol-
dier's cap. You can see for your-
self the kind of head-coverings the
fiends use. They certainly are a set
of fiends.

We have moved a little and the
country is very nice. The old church
where we were, was selected this
morning by them for a target to
which they directed their fire at a
time when, if there were any peo-
ple at all about they would likely
be in church at the time. They shelled
that place during the time when
the people would be in church, that
is they shelled it from 6 o'clock to
9:30 o'clock a. m. What fiends to
select that time to shell a church,
and why should the church be shel-
led at all? That is the way they did
when they shelled Paris. They
struck the church on Easter Sunday
and killed many who were there at
that time.

Flying machines are over us many
times during the day. They look us
over and take pictures of us, and
some times drop bombs from their
place in the air. The other day I
was out, and the machine would not
go. I was in my motorcycle side-car
and I was in the woods. While the
driver was trying to fix it so it
would run there came a German shell
singing and screeching and lit in
the woods and I said to him: "This
certainly is not a healthy place for
us at this time." In a very little
time after, another came singing
over and lit still closer and I said,
"Now I know it is not a healthy
place," and climbed over the side of
that car in short order and he gath-
ered up his tools as rapidly as he
could for we were in almost perfect
darkness and we pushed the car to
the side of the road, and lit out of
that place. The air was resounding
with the shelling of both our own
and the enemy batteries. One place
where I had a room the shell lit out-
side of my window in the garden and
the potatoes certainly were a mess.
Some of the shells are certainly big
ones I can assure you. The hole
they make when they strike the
ground and explode is big enough to
bury a small house. They make a
funnel shape hole and the dirt and
stones fly. I was in a certain place
the other day when the Huns started
to shell and the dirt and stones
flew in all directions. One shell
struck about 12 or 15 feet from a
tree and the blast from the explo-
sion was so great that almost every
leaf was shaken from that tree and
it stood there just bare stalk and
stems. You can hardly realize that,
but you could if you had seen those
bare stems, the leaves lying on the
ground underneath and the branches
looking as if they had had the leaves
picked off by hand. One man was
out on the road sometime ago riding
one horse and leading another when
a piece of shell struck one horse in
the neck, passed through and hit
the other horse in the neck and both
fell right down there and the rider
was not hurt. One shell struck in
the roof of the house where some of
the men of my medical department
had sleeping quarters and the roof

and the floor of the upper story were
a wreck.

I have a horse and am also sup-
plied with a motorcycle and side car
and in that way I can get around for
we have quite a large space to cover.
When the big guns go off it seems
as if an earthquake is shaking the
ground. The blast alone from the
exploding shell is enough to break
the glass in the windows and the
flying glass and broken pieces of
wood is enough to make it desirable
to keep cover unless there is some
real necessity to be out.

The gas the fiends send over is
sure some gas. It is detected at
once and with the first breath the
masks are in position and you would
not recognize your son when wearing
such a thing. Look almost like one
of those deep sea divers when he is
ready for his trip down into the
salt water. The gas irritates the
eyes and they get red and sore and
water a great deal. That effect soon
wears off under treatment when
the gassing has been slight. Some
other kinds of gas set up irritation of
all of the breathing organs and I
have seen some patients with very
severe symptoms.

Rabbits are very plentiful here in
this country. They are kept by the
different village people as chickens
are kept at home. They seem to be
very tame and are very good. I
have had the lady where I have my
room prepare one for me the other
night and it was very, very good.
It was sweet, firm and very tender
meat, different from that which we
have at home, and they here do not
wait until the fall weather to do
their eating. Eggs are expensive and
not particularly easy to obtain. They
cost usually from 75c to \$1 per
dozen. For some time we were is-
sued French rations in place of the
standard U. S. army ration, but now
we are getting the regular U. S. ra-
tions. The officers have the most
difficulty in getting good food. The
enlisted men have good food, but
the officers must provide for them-
selves and that is not at all easy.
We buy what we can at some of the
stores and some of the foods there
are reasonable, and some expensive,
much of food is canned and comes
from the U. S. That type of food is

very good and much comes from the
west and northwest. The salmon
seems familiar when the wrapper
shows Washington or Oregon as the
state from which they come packed
already to eat. U. S. coffee is one
of the much desired drinks, and it
is very welcome. Sometimes there
is only French coffee.

This is the last day in June and it
seems strange indeed to be wearing
the heavy wool underclothes, but if
we did not have that on it would not
be comfortable, and the thin under-
wear which is necessary at home at
this time of year, would not do at
all. I am wearing a full thick wool
combination suit from neck to an-
kles, then have a very heavy wool
army uniform of heavy cloth which
I bought in Canada, and had made
for me in Philadelphia. Then I have
wool leggings wrapped around my
legs from the ankles to just below
the knee and with high shoes and
spurs to end the outfit. Of course
there is a very heavy coat of same
material and the coat has a high

standing collar which must be but-
toned at all times. There is no get-
ting about with any of the uniform
gear. If the overcoat is worn in the
fall on slightly cool days or nights,
it must be buttoned entirely from
the top to the bottom. You would
be surprised at all the things we
carry with us when we are out on
the road. We have a "Sam Brown"
belt which is a big broad leather
belt about the waist and a little
narrower strap across the right
shoulder. Then we have a map case
of leather hung from one of our
shoulders, and a big gas mask over
the other. Also in addition I have
an officer's medical belt which is a
great big band of different things
which might be needed in treatment.
On top of the head we wear a steel
helmet for protection against the
flying shrapnel or shell fragments.
These helmets are about the most
uncomfortable things I have ever put
on.

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