

DAILY ROGUE RIVER COURIER

Published Daily Except Saturday

A. E. VOORHIES, Pub. and Propr.

Entered at postoffice, Grants Pass, Ore., as second class mail matter.

ADVERTISING RATES
Display space, per inch..... 15c
Local-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

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TUESDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1918.

OREGON WEATHER

Fair; light frost east portion; gentle easterly winds.

THE EMPEROR'S SPEECH

The striking contrast in the address the German emperor has just delivered to his army and navy, and the tone of his speech at the beginning of hostilities, is so perceptible that a child could detect the chilling fear which is creeping through the marrow of the bones of the beast of Berlin—not the mere fear of losing his crown—but the cold, dank fear of death, should Prussian arms lose the war.

There will be no mercy shown those who oppose my will," stormed the emperor, and, "I will stand no nonsense from America after this war." The words were delivered in crisp, sharp tones, and by a man whose authority was never questioned; by a madman obsessed with the absurd idea that he was chosen by God to rule all mankind.

Then today: "I have resolved to extend my hand in peace, but I will accept only an honorable peace. * * * Whether arms will be lowered is a question, but we must not slacken."

Note the arrogant, cock-sure tones of the emperor's former speech and the whining, pleading tones of the man who is a poor loser—the tones of a whipped cur. But to pass quickly on to other parts of the emperor's speech:

Here is the line of oratory that has driven the German people to shed their last drop of blood for military autocracy—to commit such crimes that the waters of the seven seas will be unable, for centuries, to wash away after the waves have hushed over the innocent victims' prayers:

"The Germans are heroically defending the fatherland on foreign soil."

The kaiser's logic holds water like a sieve. On the same principle an Oregonian would be as much justified in going to Africa and fighting the heathen to protect his family at home here in Oregon.

"My navy is holding its own," swaggers the kaiser. Certainly it is, and it always will, so long as it remains bottled up.

"The eyes of those at home rest with admiration upon the deeds of the army and navy," continued the kaiser.

Perhaps so, but how about the innocent victims who were slaughtered in the red shambles of a hundred cities? Man is unable to answer. The Huns—those who still survive

Mason Jars

KINNEY & TRUAX GROCERY

QUIT WHITE HOUSE JOBS TO FIGHT



Charles Swen (on the right), the only stenographer who has taken the president's dictation since Mr. Wilson was first elected, and Warren Johnson, personal stenographer to Joseph P. Tamm, the president's secretary, have joined the army.

after the allies have rightfully done his grandchildren may ask him 20 years hence?

Put in the language of the front. "With God's grace we will win." The morale of the farm is being ruined by the method of the draft. It is perfectly well known that not everybody ought to go to the army.

Why then force ever man held back for public reason to put himself in the light of asking to be excused? Why not definitely assign to farm duty and ease the minds and consciences of thousands of men as well as prevent a possible stampede?

There has been too much talk about exemption and too little about assignment to duty.

ASSIGNED TO FARM DUTY

Now that we have registered every male between 18 and 45, and now that we have a card index of the man power of the country, what are we going to do with it? asks the Country Gentleman.

Are we going to continue to humiliate every substantial citizen engaged in farming by requiring him to file a personal claim for "exemption," or else strip the farms at once of their effective management? Do we not know that this method offends the first fundamental instincts of patriotism? Do we not realize by this time that the government has never yet provided a means by which an able-bodied farmer, for example, can continue in the business of food production and preserve his self-respect? Do we not know that many a young farmer has grown afraid of his small son and of the questions

Worse Than Gas

Kidney disease is no respecter of persons. It attacks young and old alike. In most cases, the victim is warned of the approaching danger. Nature fights back. Headache, indigestion, insomnia, lame back, lumbago, sciatica, rheumatism, pain in the loins and lower abdomen, difficulty in urinating, all are indications of trouble with the kidneys.

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Somewhere in the U. S. A.



YOU KNOW WHAT I WISH?
BETCHA I KNOW, YOU WISH LIGHTNING WOULD STRIKE THE SCHOOL HOUSE
OH MA, KIN I HAVE SOME BREAD AN' JELLY?
OFFICIAL COMMUNICATION
NOTHING OF IMPORTANCE TO REPORT ON THIS SECTOR

SHE WAS GRATEFUL, ANYWAY

And the Young Lady's Error Was Quite Natural, Under the Circumstances.

Edward Barrett, state geologist, who lives at Thirty-sixth and Meridian streets, was on a Meridian Heights car on his way home recently. At Massachusetts avenue a young couple got on the car. They appeared to be very attentive and devoted to each other. There were only two vacant seats on the car, one at the side of Mr. Barrett, and the other on the opposite side of the car.

The couple looked at each other with longing eyes, as if they wished to sit together. The car was rattling along at a noisy rate, which made it impossible for one person to talk to another any distance away. Mr. Barrett motioned with his fingers to the young man, and pointed to the seat he was occupying, and also to the seat the young man was occupying, indicating a change of seats.

The young man gladly accepted the proffered change of seats, and soon the two were seated together and enjoying each other's talk. The car stopped at the next crossing and Mr. Barrett was surprised and amused to hear the young woman murmur to the young man, as both looked at Mr. Barrett with thanks in their eyes: "It was so kind of that deaf and dumb man to give you his seat."

And the car jostled on.—Indianapolis News.

COLONEL HAD LAST WORD

Officers' Joke Was All Right Until the Commander Got Tired of Hearing It.

A well-known French colonel had a mania for questioning his officers about their families, invariably starting off with: "What is your father's profession, your mother's, and your sister's?"

Some of the subalterns became so wearied of this endless repetition that they decided among themselves to give each in turn the following reply: "My father is a shoemaker, my mother is a laundress, and my sister is very flighty."

On the following Sunday, after the customary church parade, the colonel, who had already received the same answer to his questions from two or three of the officers, turned to another and started off in the old stereotyped strain: "What is your father's profession?"

"He is a shoemaker."
"And your mother's?"
"She is a laundress."
"That will do," interrupted the colonel, "I know the rest; your sister is flighty," and you will consider yourself confined to barracks until she behaves better!"

Dynamiting the Pothunter.

The newspapers of the country have almost everywhere been a powerful force in crystallizing the sentiment of the protection by proper laws of fish and game as important resources of the commonwealth.

A New Jersey editor, a thorough sportsman, says Wild Life, recently received from a reader who desired to take a fish by questionable means a letter that contained this request: "Please advise me how to dynamite a stream."

The newspaper man sent the following advice: Four sticks of dynamite are sufficient. Tie them securely around your neck, attach fuse, light it and run as fast as you can away from the water, to avoid injuring the other snakes and reptiles."

Insects Chum With Aviators.

According to Lieut. Depret Bixio of the French army, who is a naturalist as well as a flying man, many insects follow captive balloons in their ascent. He has seen flies go as high as 2,970 feet, after which they die. Grasshoppers cling to the basket of the balloon until the air becomes too rarefied for them, when they let go and fall. He says the swallows have a glorious time following the balloons and catching these insects.—Scientific American.

Cure for Tuberculosis Claimed.

An Italian physician, Prof. Domenico Lo Monaco, announces that he has evolved a remedy for consumption. The base of his discovery lies in his finding that sugar applied to the bronchial secretions caused the disappearance not only of the secretions but of tubercle bacilli as well. The importance of this lies in that the bronchial secretion is held to be a necessary vehicle for the existence and growth of consumption germs.

Joined the Army.

A private in the quartermaster's corps at Camp Pike decided that he would sooner be in a more active branch of the service, so asked for and received a transfer to the artillery. After bidding him good-by, his bunkmate hung a service flag with one star in front of their barracks. On being asked what it all meant he said: "Our Joe has joined the army."

If you have anything to sell try a classified ad.

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