

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, p-r month... .50

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

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.



WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1918

OREGON WEATHER
Rain, warmer in east portion; moderate southerly winds.



THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

According to the latest press dispatches, the former emperor of the once powerful Germany is now just plain Bill Hohenzollern, refugee—the man without a country.

Considerable mystery surrounds the exact locality of Bill. Reports vary, one statement being to the effect that he entered Holland in an inglorious manner, leaning on a cane, dressed in a general's uniform, his long sword dragging by his side.

To add to Bill's discomfiture, some Belgian refugees gathered about the station where his automobile was drawn up awaiting the train and cried "assassin." A little later the train arrived and the drooping figure entered it and changed to civilian clothes.

Bill is to be interned in Holland, according to the report, but the Dutch do not want him; his own people do not want him; he dare not go any other place, and, according to the cartoonists, hell is locking its doors in his face.

Many are the opinions as to just what disposal should be made of Bill. Taft has intimated that he could be taken out of Holland, Gerard wants to take him to London and try him for murder.

But as a mere matter of procedure, Bill should be given a brief hearing before the military authorities—we can trust them to handle his case very satisfactorily. Will Bill have the nerve to face such a trial? If not, will he brave the

WE KNOW THAT
You Pay for the Can
BUY OUR
BULK COFFEE

KINNEY & TRUAX GROCERY
QUALITY FIRST

wrath, the fury, of his own people? The world will impatiently await the outcome.

We have read the book "From Bootblack to Railroad President," and now await the first issue of "From Supreme Ruler to Vagabond."

THE YANKS' BIG DRIVE

There is no longer any question that the American army under General Liggett has won a great victory and amply fulfilled our highest expectations.

Military critics say that the task assigned our First army, in these last few weeks, was the hardest task in Marshal Foch's program for driving the Huns out of France and Belgium. It had to operate in the most difficult territory. And because of the strategic importance of the sector, it had to face the hardest opposition. The Germans knew that a break in their front at that point would certainly bar one great line of retreat—that from northern France through Metz, by means of an admirable railway system—and that any deep penetration of their front there might imperil the northern line of communication and retreat, through Namur and Liege.

Day after day our boys, new to war, fought under those tremendous odds without flinching. Week after week passed, and the people at home wondered what their army was doing; and all the time it was making slow but sure progress, wearing out division after division of the enemy, creeping forward yard by yard, cleaning out the forest and taking the fortified hills and swarming across the famous Hindenburg line, and then one by one it smashed three other strong lines in the rear which the Germans had thought impregnable.

Then the long, bitter effort began to show. The "Yanks" were out of the woods and over the trenches and through the barbed wire. They had their reward—they could face the Germans in the open, on equal terms. At once they swept forward, gaining miles where before they had gained rods. The enemy broke and fled. The southern gap was closed. Germany faced her Sedan, as the French had in 1870.

The dimensions of the victory are

not yet fully apparent. But there is glory enough. The armistice interposed before our troops reaped the full military fruit of their fighting. They themselves have been one of the biggest factors in driving Germany to acceptance of that pitiless armistice, and they will have the eternal credit of having won the last great battle of the war.

Director General McAdoo's statement to the railroad telegraphers who are threatening to strike, in reminding them that they are now "working for the government," is a pretty good hint that the government had better keep control of certain lines of industries until war times are passed and business is again placed on a normal basis.

APPEALED TO GIRL'S VANITY

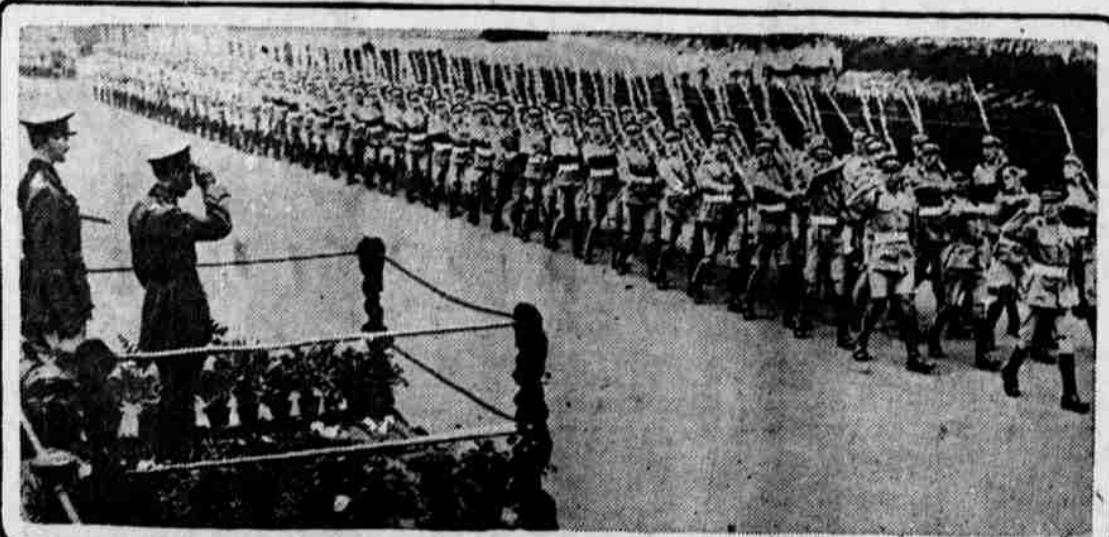
Department Store Clerk Proved That He Had Some Little Knowledge of Human Nature.

Among nonessential citizens, a place must be given to the summer girl who does all her swimming on the beach, in silken togs which never could stand the cruel ocean waves. Whether this type is still in existence or not is a question, but at any rate a conversation overheard recently in a department store gives ground for suspicion.

"Do you ever have photos taken in your bathing suit?" asked the clerk. "Why, sometimes," said the girl, mystified. "Well," said the inspired clerk, "the reason I ask is because often girls have said that they want suits with contrasting colors because they show up so much better in the pictures. That's why you might like this purple with the white border better than the other, which wouldn't show up nearly so well. I didn't know whether you had thought about it or not, but often girls do have their pictures taken on the beach, you know."—Indianapolis News.

Surely a "Real Lady." The caddy was brought before the magistrate for using violent language to a lady. "But she ain't no lady," he protested fiercely. "Indeed!" quoth his worship. "And do you know a lady when you see one?" "Of course I do!" indignantly answered the man. "Why, only the other day I saw one; she give me a parnd note for a shillen' fare and walked away. 'I, mum, I calls, 'what abart yer change?' 'Don't be a blin' old fool!' ses she; 'keep it, and git drunk enough to kiss yer mother-in-law.' 'Now, yer worship," he ended, triumphantly, "that's what I call a real ldy."—London Tit-Bits.

KING GEORGE INSPECTS THE ROYAL AIR FORCE



King George recently made a tour of inspection of the Royal air force and reviewed the entire cadet corps. The photograph shows the king returning the salute while the cadets march past.

PUBLIC OPINION

Grants Pass, Ore., Nov. 8, 1918. To the Editor of the Rogue River Courier, Grants Pass, Ore.

Dear Sir: Grants Pass has again suffered its yearly visitation of hallowe'en similar to many which have gone before, and although numerous inhabitants may be bereft of a certain amount of goods and chattels, a feeling of security is once more settling over the vicinity, and as one of the townspeople remarked: "Now I think we are safe for another year."

How long must this nuisance endure, and to what good does this "Wild West" custom tend, of free license for an annual reversion to hoodlumism and savagery on the part of the younger generation, so that wild hordes of irresponsible children must be permitted to roam the streets at night with the obvious intention of destroying the property of the patient and unoffending population, and of the commission of any lawless acts which their untrained and undeveloped brains may dictate?

I have seen communities where parents believed that the place for their children was at home after dark, and where the authorities deemed it consistent with their duty to protect the property of the citizens.

I have seen communities where hallowe'en could pass and not a gate or flower be disturbed; where Johnnie and Susie could make a Jack-o-lantern out of a pumpkin, and playing their tricks at home have just as good a time as if turned loose on the streets to give free rein to their hoodlum inclinations.

Not so the youth of this community; too long has their lust for destruction been indulged to be content with Jack-o-lanterns and hallowe'en pranks in their own dooryards. Johnnie Smith's only fun on hallowe'en consists in the performance of a few such cute and original little tricks on the neighbors as stealing Mr. Brown's gate or demolishing Mrs. Brown's flower bed. In these acts he is animated by the same spirit as the Germans in their devastation of France,—malicious destruction of property, and without even the excuse of war is doing in his small way what he can to imitate them, and still the bulk of the people, with the exception of the victims, encourage, laugh at and applaud him. Yet, no doubt Johnnie signed a pledge in school not to "waste anything," but if he has five minutes' joy in laying waste Mrs. Brown's flower bed, what imports it that she loses the labor of months? It is such fun to Johnnie to watch the beautiful flowers droop their unhappy heads at an untimely death, while he strikes them down in his insane glee! It is his mother's flowers demolished, or his father's gate stolen, no doubt Johnnie would receive his just reward, but his parents connive at and permit him to work his evil deeds secretly in the dark on the neighbors, just as a joke, you know, hoping that under cover of the darkness he will escape detection. And then, what fun for the Smith family to laugh at the discomfiture of the Browns.

Another phase of the matter is the effect of such unrestricted conduct on the character of the children themselves and still another, the encouragement and opportunity given to the hoodlum of more mature years to execute his evil designs without fear of penalty on a night given over to lawlessness and pillage.

But until the sentiment of the community is changed and civilization strikes the "Wild West," or until the youth of the day are taught to have regard for the rights of

others, I see no relief for the Browns but to procure a bull dog and watch until the danger hour is past on next hallowe'en for it is hallowe'en and something like Carthage must be destroyed. NELLIE O. MILLER.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS
THE DIAMOND BRAND
Largest and most famous of all pills in the world.

NOTICE
E. G. Holman, having bought the interest of N. G. Clark in the Clark & Holman business, all persons indebted to the firm are notified that all accounts are payable immediately to E. G. Holman or N. G. Clark, 17 * CLARK & HOLMAN.
Calling cards and Envelopes at the Observer office.
Letter heads that will please you, at the Courier.

The Youth's Companion

is worth more to family life today than ever before

Still \$2 a Year 52 ISSUES

THE COMPANION gives the greatest amount of everything worth reading, an abundance of Fiction, of Entertainment, of Informing Reading, of Fact and Humor, besides the Special Pages for each one of every age. It appeals to the families with highest ideals.

OFFER No. 1
New Subscribers to The Youth's Companion will receive:
52 WEEKLY ISSUES 1919 All for \$2.00
Remaining 1918 Issues Free
1919 Companion Home Calendar Free

OFFER No. 2
THE YOUTH'S COMPANION All for \$2.50
Including all of \$2.00 Offer No. 1
McCALL'S MAGAZINE \$1.00

Check your choice and send this coupon with your remittance to the PUBLISHERS OF THIS PAPER, or to The Youth's Companion, Boston, Mass.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED AT THIS OFFICE

HEAR THIS CALL
from OUR HOME TOWN BOYS
OVER THERE

LETTERS from our boys in the trenches and from the women in canteen and other war work, all bring to us the same message—SEND US NEWS FROM HOME.

World news is all right, but OUR BOYS want NEWS OF THIS TOWN. They want the home newspaper. Publishers are prevented from sending their papers free to anyone, even boys in the service. Consequently a national movement has been started by Col. William Boyce Thompson of New York, who is acting as President of the Home Paper Service of America to give the boys what they are calling for. Every community is joining the movement. Let us see that our boys are not forgotten.

Send to the publisher of this newspaper whatever amount of money you can—5 cents or \$50.00. We will publish a list each week of those contributing, and the amounts contributed.

Every cent received will be used to send this paper to our boys at the front. If at the end of the war, there is any surplus, it will be turned over to the local Red Cross Committee.

There is no profit in this to the publisher—even in normal times, subscriptions are not sold at a profit. With war prices prevailing, and the high rate of postage on papers sent to France, our cost will scarcely be covered by our full subscription price.

Remember that over in France, some brave soldier or sailor from this town—perhaps even some splendid woman working within sound of the guns—is depending on you to "KEEP THE HOME LOVE KINDLED."

They are calling to YOU from "Over There"
GIVE WHAT YOU CAN

SUBSCRIPTIONS HAVE BEEN RECEIVED AS FOLLOWS:

Table listing names and amounts: Herman Horning \$2.50, Frank M. Leland 5.00, Adah M. Morrison 2.50, L. S. Morrison 2.50, Whitney Allyn 1.50, Alonzo Jones 1.50, Mrs. Wm. H. Bergman, Washington, D. C. 1.50, Geo. S. Epperly, Corvallis 2.50