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MONDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1918.

OREGON WEATHER

Generally fair; cooler in east tonight. Gentle, southwesterly winds.

THE NEXT "SCRAP OF PAPER"

In reference to the agreements to be arrived at as a result of the coming peace conference, certain cynical critics of a league of nations point to the Belgian "scrap of paper" as a dire warning against ever again trusting in the sanctity of treaty stipulations.

Many people have looked only upon one side of the "scrap of paper" referred to—possibly the wrong side, so far as arriving at a comprehensive and sane conclusion of how to bring about lasting peace is concerned. The German side of that "scrap of paper" is only one side of it—there is the other side, the action of England. In covenant of the Belgian treaty England went to war, thereby risking the existence of her empire—but she never broke faith, never wavered when Germany foamed at the mouth and sent her millions of trained soldiers against her.

THE ACID TEST

T. M. Hiveray, a discharged soldier who fought on the western front and who for the past six months has been in a hospital in New York is a candidate for sergeant-at-arms in the Oregon legislature, says the Marshfield Record. The parents of the returned soldier reside in Roseburg; his wife, formerly Miss Ruth Haines, of Forest Grove, is now, because of war's necessities, teaching high school at Hood River. Opposing the man who "went over the top" is Joe Singer, a Russian Jew, who has served several times and whose main reason for having been selected in the past is attributed to a "drag" politically.

The acid test to show just how much Oregonians think of men who risked their lives over in France will come up at Salem and it is sincerely to be hoped the legislators will not turn down a man who defended his country for a striker who is strong politically in some city ward.

From the east comes the intelligence that McAdoo did not have to resign on account of his "poverty."

AT THE RIGHT PRICE

Naval Oranges 40c Dozen

KINNEY & TRUAX GROCERY

QUALITY FIRST

that he did not have to depend upon his \$12,000 salary for his daily bread. Be that as it may, this is a free country and Mac has a perfect right to begin to set his political fences for 1920, if he chooses. The only disquieting part of it is, Wilson let the most able member of the cabinet escape.

Says the federal reserve board at Washington in its monthly review: "The future is regarded with general confidence and but little pessimism or fear. The readjustment period is expected to be short." That has the right ring.

There are all kinds of people. Some believe that we should not bother about what congress is doing or reflect on what Wilson is going to do at the peace conference, but would rather debate on whether chipmunks hibernate.

A man said the other day: "Marriage is a failure; also, remaining unmarried is a failure." Is everything a failure? Hardly—merely the difference between an optimist and a pessimist.

Irrigation is the backbone of many a small city in the west. Hasten the day when all the river bottom land near Grants Pass is under the ditch.

Portland is again "pointing with pride." The latest murder was committed in that city.

FROM MINDS' SECRET PLACES

Come the Materials for Dreams Which Sometimes One Finds So Hard to Explain.

You read a book and forget every word of it. Years later a scene from the same book will come into your mind as a dream; you will not recognize it and will marvel where it came from. Or you will see a person casually on the street and be perfectly unconscious of it. But every experience is registered in the mind somewhere, and some day you may see that same person in a dream. Perhaps some of the great store of impressions hidden away in your unconscious mind will come to the surface in a dream in such a way that you will feel that there is something mysterious about it.

An old lady once told the writer of a dream she had, citing it as a complete justification of her belief in spirits. While on a shopping tour she mislaid a valuable umbrella, and for the life of her could not remember what she had done with it. It worried her considerably, and that night she had a dream in which she saw herself go into a restaurant, hang up the umbrella, and after eating her lunch go away, forgetting it.—New York World.

Monarch's Costly Whim.

King Alfonso's ruined palace of San Ildefonso at La Granja is one of the freaks and one of the glories of Spain. It was a Bourbon monarch who invented it—at the beginning of the eighteenth century. Philip V was out hunting one day and rested at a sunny farm called the Grange, occupied by monks. The monks had humored the mountain upon whose slopes the farmhouse was built and had made their beautiful gardens conform to the ways of the giant.

But the king compelled the mountain to obey him. He blasted smooth places on precipitous slopes, carrying away thousands of tons of earth and stones, and from the valley below he brought up miles of fertile earth to form new fields and gardens. By the time he had finished creating a new landscape and filling the new Versailles with the best pictures his taste suggested, Philip was ready to die in debt to the tune of 45,000,000 pesetas. For that is the sum which the monarch spent on San Ildefonso.

If you have anything to sell try a classified ad.

SOLDIER LETTERS

From Albert M. Allyn October 29.

Dear Folks:

I am at last well settled so that I have a little time to write letters. We have been moving continually ever since we landed in France on October 15, but now are through moving for a while.

I am going to a signal school and will probably be here for about six weeks. The school is on an old estate and the grounds are just like a park and very pretty—great big shade trees of all kinds and pretty walks and drives and it makes an ideal place for a school. We do most of our signal work out on the grounds and it surely is a nice place to work. We are just about a mile from the little town of St. Aignan, not the St. Aignan, however, which is straight east of Paris.

I went into town last Saturday and it was very interesting. The streets are only about as wide as our alleys and most of the shops are little dinky affairs. There is an old castle in the town that is very interesting. You can only go through on Saturday afternoons with a "Y" man, and I was too late for the Saturday trip but I intend to see it some other time if I possibly can. They say it is 1,000 years old. It is way up on a high hill, all terraced up and is a typical old castle. I went part way up and the grounds and view from there were beautiful.

There wasn't much else in the town of special interest. Of course everything is so very different from what we have been used to. There are no plumbing or sewage systems and no modern improvements whatever. A lot of our men are billeted in the French homes in the upper story and they have to get in by climbing a ladder on the outside. I guess very few of the houses have inside stairs.

We are living in new barracks here and it is a lot better than we have had since we have been here. The "grub" is the best we have had also, so I am well satisfied.

I haven't received any mail yet but we have been moving around so much that I suppose our mail hasn't had a chance to catch up with us.

I haven't met anybody I know, although I have talked with men from nearly every part of the United States.

The country here reminds me a whole lot of Grants Pass. You can see hills on all sides, and the general slope of the country is about the same as where you are. They raise a lot of grapes here, too, to make their wines out of and the grapes make me think of the Pass. Of course all of the work is done by the women, the old men, and you very seldom see a middle aged man not in uniform.

The war news we get certainly sounds encouraging now and we are all hoping it will be settled soon. I suppose this letter will reach you a little before Thanksgiving and I sure would like to be with it although I am thankful we are not going to be in some of the places we have been in since we left the States.

I must stop now, as I want to shave before I go to bed. Don't worry about me because I am getting along fine and am well satisfied with everything. Just forget the previous address and use the one below.

November 3.

Dear Folks:

It is raining this afternoon and is a good time to write letters. We haven't a thing to do on Sundays here, except eat and look after our wants. I wrote to Marney this morning and this afternoon I intend to shave and take a bath. We have stoves in our barracks so that we can heat water for shaving, and there is a place down the road where

we can get a good hot shower, so everything is lovely. We can also have our clothes washed by the French women for about two francs or 40 cents for a week's wash, so I don't think I have any kick coming at all.

Ever since I have been here I have been eating like a pig. I go back for a second helping nearly every meal and everything tastes good to me. The meals are very good compared with what we got before we came to this school. This morning we had pancakes and molasses for breakfast, and this noon we had pumpkin pie—not the kind that mother use to make of course—but pumpkin pie nevertheless and I got a second helping. A soon as I get paid I think I will spend most of my dough down at the Y, drinking hot chocolate and eating jam sandwiches. I even got a bar of chocolate down there yesterday and it sure was a treat.

I guess I had better write about something besides eating or you will think that is all I do. We can't go to town from here except with the Y man on Saturday afternoon so I haven't an awful lot to write about.

I didn't go to see the old castle yesterday either but I surely intended to. They say it was built in the Eleventh century. There are several other old interesting places that I want to see too.

I just heard that the kaiser had abdicate, but don't know how true it is. We get news bulletins from Paris every day and also a Paris edition of the New York Herald and the Chicago Tribune. The war news certainly looks encouraging now and it must be the beginning of the end. I must stop now and go down and take my bath, I hope you are all well and I assure you that I never felt better in my life.

As ever, ALBERT, PVT. ALBERT M. ALLYN, Base Signal School, First Depot Division, A. P. O. 727, American Ex. Forces, France.

Finding Broken Wire.

It is a difficult matter to locate a broken wire in an ignition cable, unless one knows how. Here is how: Draw each individual wire out somewhere along the cable. Hold a compass within a half-inch of the wire. If the current is flowing through the wire, the compass will be deflected from its normal position in one way or the other. A broken wire will have no effect on the instrument, which thereby acts as a detective.

Chinese Wedding Presents.

In social circles of the celestial empire the family of the bridegroom makes presents to the family of the bride of various articles a few days before the day fixed for the marriage. The presents generally consist of food, the leg and foot of a pig, the leg of a goat, eight small cakes of bread, eight torches, three pairs of large red candles, a quantity of vermicelli, and several bunches of firecrackers.

Oiling the Wheels.

No one can afford to let another person exceed in politeness, and there is nothing in the world that will oil the wheels of life like the lubricant of courtesy. Try it in your daily life and see. No one will chide you for not being in good form, even if you should slip in a few obsolete terms. For in this busy age each one is an arbiter of fashion himself. It would be a refreshing thing to introduce a few of the old-fashioned variety of social amenities—at least it would be refreshing to the elders of some of the boys and girls of the period.

Printing that pleases—We do it! Courier Job Department.

Legal Blanks at the Courier.

Utility Gifts for Christmas.

Grants Pass Hardware Co.

Grants Pass & Crescent City Stage Co.

W. T. Breen, Prop. H. Giddings, Agent

Big Pierce Arrow Cars Easy Riding

Office—Old Observer Bldg. Corner Seventh and G streets—Phone 26 Telephone—228-J and 163

Bought Island Cheap.

There is a good story telling how the captain of a British warship came into possession of a small island near the New Hebrides. The captain was in search of a place to hold the annual prize firing, but the only suitable location was on a small island in Southwest bay. This was tribal property and, as the natives had been taught to fear the power of big guns they insisted that they should be paid for the island, as it would likely be destroyed. The negotiations ended in a chief going off to the ship, and it was agreed that the commander of the warship should become the owner of the island upon the payment of five sticks of tobacco. A target was then erected and the shooting took place.

Town Has Long History.

Mannheim isn't an old town. The village that preceded it dated back a thousand years, but the real Mannheim has just entered its fourth century. It was founded by Protestant refugees from Holland, who gave it a strongly fortified castle and brought no end of trouble on the place. During the Thirty Years' war that castle and the town were taken and retaken no less than five times. In 1794 it was in the hands of the French and then an Austrian army bombarded it so severely that scarcely a building was left unharmed. In 1803 a grand duke had the fortifications razed and Mannheim became an open town.

Alas, Too True.

"Many Millions Short."—Newspaper headline. Lots of persons go on the supposition that you can't believe everything you read in the newspapers, but how few, oh, how few, will doubt this!



SEARCHING PRISONERS AFTER A BATTLE IN FRANCE



The notorious treachery of the Germans is minimized by the allies, who simply refuse to take chances. prisoner brought back is subjected to a close scrutiny and thorough search.