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MONDAY, JANUARY 13, 1919.

OREGON WEATHER

Fair tonight, except rain in the northwest portion, colder. Tuesday fair, fresh easterly winds.

LIBERTY BOND PRICES

No owner of Liberty bonds need be disturbed by the fact that these securities have been dumped on the market lately in large quantities and at comparatively low prices.

Most of the selling has been due to perfectly natural causes. The holders had to have cash, or thought they did. In most cases their selling was either necessary or else a piece of financial folly which they may regret later.

The current market price of the bonds, though below par, is not so far below normal as that of most other standard securities. Financial experts point out that the "slump" in these government issues is really trivial—that they have dropped along with the whole list of securities, but have dropped less than any of the rest. That is to say, the whole stock and bond market at present is "weak," but Liberty bonds are the strongest thing in it.

Naturally, then, as the general market rises, these bonds will rise. A return to normal prosperity is considered certain to send them above par.

This, then, is a time for buying the bonds rather than selling them. Anybody who wanted to buy them merely as a speculation could almost certainly make money on them.

The opportunity is likewise good for the man who buys as a permanent investment. At current prices, the latest issues will bring about 4 1/2 per cent. Even at par, these bonds would still be a bargain, paying a higher rate of interest than the banks pay, with absolute certainty of interest and principal, and with freedom from the income tax.

DOVES OF WAR

A little has been heard about the work of the carrier pigeons at the front in Europe and in many of the remoter scenes of conflict. There is still more to hear, and when the whole truth is known some one will be wishing to decorate the birds for distinguished service.

On the western front the French were the first to employ pigeons as messengers. In March, 1916, the first English pigeons were put into action. They proved so valuable that their use was soon established in Egypt, Salonika, Mesopotamia and wherever British troops were fighting.

Pigeons were particularly helpful to the tank battalions. They were the tank crew's only means of communication between battlefield and

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base. Neither gas clouds nor artillery fire prevented the messenger birds from doing their work. Almen have been rescued through the pigeons. The birds were even carried behind the enemy's lines and from there carried important information back to the allied armies.

There are three branches of pigeon war service, the naval, the military and the air. Pigeons did necessary work in home defense, too, but it was at sea and on the battle fronts where the work seem most marvelous.

About 20,000 of these carriers were added to the service every year. In a war in which so much highly developed machinery was employed, it is more remarkable to read of the work of these feathered members of the armies. The carrier pigeons have won deserved honor and respect in the past four years.

A MINISTRY OF THRIFT

The British government is considering the establishment of a new administrative department called a "ministry of thrift." It is intended to encourage national saving and make permanent the thrifty practices adopted by the British people during the war.

The idea is not merely paternalistic or philanthropic. It is meant for the welfare of the people themselves, to be sure. But it is also meant to accomplish two very important things: First, to enable Great Britain to take care of her huge war debt; and second, to undermine the tendency toward radical socialism and Bolshevism.

If this is a good thing for Britain, it is surely a good thing for America. An English government official is quoted as saying: "Great Britain needed to learn the lessons of thrift and economy, but our American friends needed it much more. I wonder whether they have been in the war long enough to have gained the benefits from it which France, Italy and England have gained."

A definite, persistent campaign for continued economy, carried on under the direction of a governmental department, would surely help our people to make up any such deficit in the lesson of war.

Triumph of American Dyes.

The latest official reports for the fiscal year which ended with June show that the American exports of aniline dyes for 1918 amounted to \$7,296,080. This, when compared with our imports of aniline dyes in 1914, is significant of the strides made by American chemists in the dye situation. Germany supplied these coal dyes before the war and America paid more than \$7,000,000 a year for the products. Today America makes enough of the leading colors for home needs and is supplying other countries in large quantities, as the exports indicate.

In the early days of 1915 there were but seven companies in America producing colors. Today it is estimated that there are about 150 concerns in this line.

Interested in Firearms.

When brother returned from Sunday school, mamma explained to him that he soon would be old enough to sing in the vested choir and probab'y would be accepted as a member, if he was a good boy. She emphasized the matter of deportment and said some who were good and faithful in attendance got to carry the cross in the processional, others to carry flowers. "Do any of them carry revolvers?" little brother inquired.

Legal Blanks at the Courier.

SOLDIER LETTERS

Sherman Had Hell Overestimated, Says Donald Morrison

November 27, 1918.

Dear Mother:

Since I wrote last the censorship has been raised to a limited extent so I will be able to tell you some of our experiences over here. It is just three months ago today since I left England. We landed at La Havre, France, and from there we went to southern France to be outfitted for the front. While there we were billeted, which was Napoleon's headquarters in the Franco-Prussian war.

His office and fixtures are there, just as he left them. We were there about two weeks, and since then we have been on the Metz and Verdun fronts. What I have seen of war in that time makes me think that General Sherman had Hell overestimated beyond conception when he said that war was Hell.

At 11 o'clock on the 11th, when the armistice was to go into effect, many of us were holding our watches and betting whether or not it would stop on the minute set; but at 11 o'clock there came a sudden hush and I said to a lad who was betting it would not stay, "You have lost your money," but he said, "Lost nothing, just wait." But we only had to wait a moment to tell plainly that it was all over, the roar of cannon for miles, the quaking of the earth from bursting shells, all had ceased and the whole world seemed to fall asleep. That evening trucks and automobiles were running with full lights; in the distance lights were shining in windows; bon fires were burning along the trench lines; the heavens were filled with flares and rockets; the big guns resumed activity and it sounded like war had started up again—Fritze thought so too, for he sent word to headquarters that we were not complying with the terms of the agreement.

This kind of celebration lasted for a day or two. After everything had quieted down, another lad and I walked out over the battlefield where the last and fiercest artillery barrage of the war was carried on. Going up to the front line we met thousands of doughboys coming back, their faces wore a vacant and solemn expression—they were not jubilant over the victory won, as you read in song and story and perhaps have read of in this case—even knowing they were instrumental in bringing to an end the world's greatest war. The end seemed to cast a sort of tense gloominess over them, in fact I was touched a little with it myself—I don't know just what it was, whether we wanted further vengeance for the crimes of the Bosche or whether we were so glad it made us sad—as the song goes. During my whole time in the zone of action I never saw an American downhearted or discouraged until it was all over.

If you have never head the poem by William Service, "The March of the Dead," you should read it—it is so significant of the prevailing spirit of how the end came to us. If you have kept up with the history of the war you will know that there is over a million and a half of men buried on the Verdun front and as we walked towards No Man's Land I judged it to be the most devastated piece of land on the face of the earth—not a living thing was left. What the shells and bullets didn't kill, poison gasses had. We never saw a living thing, not a bird or even a little bug. We walked until darkness overtook us out in No Man's Land, and in coming back over the shell holes and trenches by the light of the moon we could realize a glorious peace it was "it seemed like it was the first time the dead could rest," for they had been blown from

one shell hole to another; mingled to atoms and mingled with the earth, and now everything, "quiet as death," the first time I ever realized the significance of that sentence, for the thundering of cannon and bursting of shells that had been roaring in our ears for many days had all ceased. Not a sound could be heard, not a living thing could be seen; everything seemed to be in such a profound sleep as though matter had been transformed into space.

Well mother, I will not try to give you a history of the war in one letter, but will hold some back to tell you when I get home, and if letters don't travel any faster going back than they do coming over I will be there before the letter will.

With love to all, DONALD MORRISON, U. S. A. S., 186, American Ex. Forces, France.

OREGON SETTLEMENT PLAN BRAND NEW IDEA

Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis, Jan. 13.—The Oregon land settlement plan, which provides for the reclamation and purchase of lands for resale to soldiers and other desirable settlers, and which practically guarantees the success of the settler by supervision of the farm management department of the Oregon Agricultural College, is the first project of the kind ever attempted, according to H. D. Scudder, professor of farm management, who has just returned from Washington, D. C., where he received promise of favorable legislation on the plan.

"This plan of ours has captured everybody," he says. "We have been promised just the legislation we want—broad enough to provide for cooperation of the states with the federal government and permitting us to carry out our Oregon land settlement plan.

"Model farm management farms for settlers in every part of the state will be our program in future land settlement, and the federal legislation will provide the funds for reclamation and purchase of lands for resale to soldiers on the easy payment, low interest plan. We expect to get the necessary state legislation to go with this at the coming session.

"The authorities at Washington tell us that the application of the farm management idea to settlement is brand new and our model farm management farm is the first thing of the kind ever attempted. The office of farm management has promised us funds for both investigation and demonstration work in farm management in Oregon."

TRAGEDY ABOVE THE CLOUDS

Individual Combats and Disasters That Test the Nerves and Wits of the Flying Fighters.

Though airplane battles are tremendously exciting for all those participating in them, it is not always in actual conflict that the nerves and wits of flyers are tested to the utmost. Many adventures may be met in tamer pursuits.

Every now and then comes the roar of a gun from below, followed by flashes of blue and red, harsh, angry explosions right and left, front and rear; the disappearance in flames sometimes of what till then had been a welcome companion on the wing, the drone of some hardy adventurer strenuously endeavoring to climb into the night, and now and then the awful spectacle of a machine emerging safely from a smoke cloud only to go smash into another traveling in a different direction.

An awful smash, a hideous explosion, smoke, human cries, flames and then, with volcanic intensity, the sudden plunging into the abyss not only of what a few moments previously were two magnificently equipped bomb throwers, but four human souls, brave, proud, youthful and adventurous.—Washington Star.

The Man Who Knows.

No one knows better how some great task intrusted to some one else ought to be done than a man of no practical experience of his own.—Ohio State Journal.

Business Woman.

"Ah, here comes Mr. Rocks. I'll be nice to him and maybe he'll make love to me so my husband can sue him for alienating my affections."

Gains Through Distress.

The best qualities of mind and character—courage, sympathy, self-mastery—have been forged on the hard anvil of distress.

Speed of an Antelope.

It is estimated that an antelope can travel at the speed of 40 feet or more for each second.

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