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TUESDAY, JANUARY 14, 1919.

OREGON WEATHER

Rain west portion, increasing cloudiness east portion. Brisk southeasterly winds.

GETTING A FOOHOLD

Mayor George L. Baker, of Portland, in his address to the members-elect of the present legislature, warned them of the menace of a workmen's and soldiers' council which has been organized at Portland. In his address the mayor said:

"In the organization of this council you have as fine a Bolshevik body as ever existed either in Russia or in Germany. Dominated by the I. W. W., who appear to have plenty of money from some source or other discharged soldiers who are without funds are being fed, clothed and sheltered by this organization. These revolutionists captured the convention of the State Federation of Labor in this city this week, notwithstanding 60 per cent of the membership of organized labor is loyal and patriotic.

"With soldiers being discharged in this vicinity at the rate of 600 a day and with no employment for them, the I. W. W. agitators and organizers are finding a fertile field in which to spread their dangerous propaganda. We must meet and solve this situation immediately. We must put down this Bolshevik movement, and do it now, or they will put us down."

Portland's mayor certainly deserves credit for having the nerve to speak out publicly and denounce what promises well to be a first class Bolshevik organization. He has warned the legislators and the governor—it is now up to them.

This soviet or Bolshevik doctrine may yet prove to be rather disastrous to the United States if measures are not taken immediately to check it. It has not only spread from Russia to Germany, but has sent its agents into France, England, the United States and South America. At Buenos Ayres hundreds of people were killed the past few days in riots instigated by Bolshevik agitators. Like the Spanish influenza, the people are slow to arouse to its danger, nevertheless it appears to be steadily gaining a foothold in America.

The very title of such an organization is significant and worthy of serious consideration: "Workmen's and Soldiers' Council!" Just think of that word "soldiers," and the boys barely out of the service and still wearing the United States uniform. But it is safe to say that those soldiers who are flocking to the Bolshevik organization, as Mayor Baker terms it, are but a few of the boys who are not, and never were, loyal American citizens. They donned the uniform under protest and by force of the draft. Most of them are foreigners who, just as soon as they are free from military authority, strike at society and attempt to drag it down to its lowest strata. What a contrast they are to

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that great majority of the American army.

The red flag—which stands only for anarchy and has for its aim the lowering of the human race to the status of an uncouth tramp—is being displayed in many of the larger cities over the United States. The red flag is a danger signal, a direct insult to our national flag, and we need more men in public office who have the nerve to stop such insults to Old Glory. We have room for only one flag. Mayor Baker had the nerve to denounce it and Portland should be proud of him. This is no time for wearing kid gloves and using soft words.

The soldiers who are now flocking to these "soldiers' councils" in the United States are not doing so because they need food and clothing. It has not yet come to that. They are still wearing their fine army uniforms and they all know that that uniform is good for food—if they are "broke"—any time they make their wants known to the mayor of any city. They are either ignorant of the workings of the organization they are joining, or else their minds are warped to such an extent that red flag doctrine appeals to them.

Hunger and lack of clothing may be, and perhaps are, making Bolsheviks out of many of those in Russia, but that condition does not prevail in the United States today. The trouble is in the head. Just why each of our many states should be compelled to pass legislation to protect itself against the red flag is peculiar and rather hard to understand, for should the membership of that organization continue to increase at its present alarming rate, the government will eventually be compelled, anyway, to take a hand in the matter and crush it.

Local residents state that the water in the Rogue is the lowest they have seen it for many seasons, while from the northern part of the state come reports saying the water in the streams is the lowest since 1861. Oregon comes pretty near being "bone dry."

Many men have died whose wealth was worth more to the country than the man himself. Not so with Roosevelt. His estate is estimated to be worth not over half a million dollars, but Teddy himself was worth much more than that to his country.

DOES NOT WORRY

Her Husband and Nine Brothers Are in the War.

At a large commercial school in Chicago, studying office work so as to do her part in the war, is a Frenchwoman who has nine brothers and a husband in the fighting forces of the allies.

She is Mrs. Alice Carter, whose husband, W. J. Carter, although considerably over the draft age and a veteran of the Boer war, is now in the United States aviation service in Texas. He is an expert machinist and was formerly in the automobile repair business in Chicago.

Carter, who is of English birth, married Alice Latour in Paris eight years ago and then came to America, where he was naturalized. He also has three brothers fighting on the western front.

"Unless one of my brothers is killed I will know nothing about them except indirectly," said Mrs. Carter. "Wounds are so—what do you say?—the common thing that we do not fuss over them any more. When a French soldier is wounded it is merely part of the day's work and he only mentions it casually."

SOLDIER LETTERS

The following interesting letter was received by Mrs. C. L. Swinden from her adopted son, C. Reinhardt of the U. S. navy.

U. S. S. Surveyor, Care P. M. New York, N. Y., November 28th, 1918.

Dearest Mother:

I have just a good many things to be thankful for on this day but the most important is that I have such a wonderful mother and that your letter of October 21st reached me the day before yesterday. I am thankful, and also the crew of this ship, that we are afloat and will be able to leave for the State before long. We had a big dinner today and am sending you one of the menus. Will tell you about it further along in this letter.

We have had a few good changes in the ship here lately and I want you to know about them. Our old skipper has been transferred to shore duty in France and that just tickled us to a finish. He was a hard crabby guy and I'll bet that he bowled himself out at times. Too erratic and conceited to be in command of any ship. To say that we were relieved to see him go would be expressing it mildly. Our new skipper, Capt. Dempwolf, of the coast guard service, is some skipper. Doesn't believe in working at sea after standing watches night and day and takes an interest in his crew. He is not much in carrying out uniform regulations and treats us just as fair and square as any one could wish. Today at noon before the crew was seated at dinner he came down and made a good little talk and we gave him three of the loudest and longest cheers you ever heard. You could tell that he appreciated it by the expression on his face. Liberty was granted from 9:30 a. m. till 10 p. m. and all men on the restricted list were allowed to go ashore from 1 p. m. to 6 p. m. Every one was given special liberty that could possibly be spared. All hands are happy and like the captain the most possible. You know most every ship has a drunk or two on board. One of our sailors was on the restricted list and went ashore at 1 p. m. He would not drink at all and said that he wanted to show his appreciation to Capt. Dempwolf.

There were boxing contests ashore at the seaplane sheds where the U. S. navy has its base. I got special liberty and went over. Admiral Niblack was out as well as a good many three or four strippers. The old admiral was enjoying himself as much as anyone. When he came in the ringside everyone stood to attention, but he motioned to sit down as we were out for a good time and not to stand on ceremonies. All the bouts were good and much as it seems a sin to some people, I would have put every cent I ever spent on one bout between the lightweight and welterweight boxers of the Philippine Islands. One captain had a thousand dollars on the fellow that I would have put my money on. You should have seen this captain when he won. Officers and all were jumping up and down. This has been a good Thanksgiving day and it won't be forgotten. As Capt. Dempwolf said, "We are thankful that we are afloat today and be able to go back to the States someday."

Speaking of going back to the States, when do you think that we are going back? It sounds most too good to be true but it seems that we are to leave next week and everyone says for the good old U. S. A. Coming back from ashore this p. m., the captain and executive officer were talking about the depth charges. They don't want to take them back across the Atlantic with us and are going to turn them in tomorrow. According to them we will

be leaving here about Sunday or early next week.

Escorts are not going out with convoys any more so there are quite a good many U. S. boats in here and to relieve the congestion the ships have been sent out to different ports for a few days stay. We got under way the 17th of November with the Cytheria and Yamaacraw and after some rough old seas anchored at Alger, Algiers, the 19th of November. Liberty was granted from 9:30 a. m. to 9:30 p. m. The French people here sure were good to us and even the little tots on seeing us on the street would smile and say "Americaine." We stayed there until 2:15 p. m., the 23rd of November, when we got under way and came back to Gibraltar.

We have been working in the Mediterranean and using Gibraltar as our base ever since March 8. During this time we have escorted 304 ships and lost 2. That is about the best record of any escort vessel on this side. On the 17th of May at 6:40 p. m. subs attacked our convoy and hit one ship but did not sink her. We did not find any trace of this sub. At 8:40 p. m. the same day another attack, one ship hit and sunk. The U. S. S. Venetia got on the track of the sub and dropped depth charges. A torpedo just missed our bow by a few feet, so we turned and got on the wake of this sub and from the second depth charge dropped there were two distinct reports. We were sure that we at least damaged the sub. At 10 p. m. another attack and one ship hit but floats. When attacked the ships in a convoy scatter and make it hard for the escorts to protect them and give the subs a good chance. On May 11th at 4 a. m. our convoy was attacked and one ship sunk. No trace of sub. At 7:25 a. m. same day another attack but no damage. The U. S. S. Venetia got on the wake of this sub. She came to the surface part of the time and outran the Venetia. Later this sub was sunk in the Adriatic, but two of her crew were saved. They told about attacking our convoy in the Mediterranean and said if the Venetia had only been a faster boat she could have gotten the sub.

The sub that we damaged was lying on top of the water the next day unable to submerge when two French hydroplanes dropped charges on her causing her to put into Cartagena, Spain. She was the U-39 that sank the Lusitania. We got part credit for putting her out of commission. This has been about all of our encounters but we would like to have sunk a good many subs.

We have been to a good many ports in the Mediterranean, including Villafranche, France; Genoa, Italy; Bizerta, Tunis; Alger, Algeria. And in the Atlantic to Tangers, Morocco; Casa Blanca, Morocco; Pembroke Docks, Wales, Berehaven, Bere Island in Bantry Bay, Ireland; Ponta Delgada, Azores Island, and Hamilton, Bermuda. I think that I wrote you while we were in Lisbon, Portugal, undergoing repairs. Were there about six weeks.

What the navy has done in this war is not known to the public and probably won't ever be known. 'Tis said that on account of non-publicity the U. S. navy is efficient as it is today. It has been termed "A No Talk Navy." The boys in the army rate every bit of the credit they get, but naturally after seeing so much in the paper about the army boys and big announcements that a certain boy had been killed and then seeing just a small notice in the papers that the U. S. S. Tampa had been sunk with all hands, it makes a fellow feel a little bit blue. True that some people don't realize what the navy is doing, but perhaps they will wake up some of these days. Then again we read about all the good times the fellows in the training stations and army camps are having that it makes us homesick at times. People did not care about the uniform so much when we were in the States the last time and sometimes I think that it will be that way some time after the war is over. It doesn't worry me though as my friends know what I am. I know surely that mother ever won't think that I am a drunken rowdy and scum of the earth as one ex-president so nobly expressed it.

This will probably be the last letter I will get to write you while on this side of the world as we hope to be in the States before long. I hope this reaches you by Christmas and that you have the best of times with all the family, and a happy New Year ever afterwards.

It is after 9 p. m. so I had better turn in.

C. REINHARDT, U. S. Naval Forces, Europe.

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MAJ. CUSHMAN RICE



After serving with the British army in France Maj. Cushman Rice came home when America entered the war to fight with his own men. He was commissioned a major in the air army. He was badly wounded last spring but refused a furlough. He suffered a relapse and is now at Walter Reed hospital slowly recovering.

Hens Fed by Machine.

As an aid to poultrymen a Massachusetts man has invented a machine that at regular intervals delivers water to a trough and scatters measured feed broadcast.

DAILY HEALTH TALKS

The Many Mysteries of Nature

BY L. W. BOWER, M. D.

You can take an onion seed and a pansy seed, and plant them side by side in the same spot of ground. In one case, you get an onion, with its peculiarly strong odor, and in the other you get a flower of rare beauty. You can plant a poppy seed and get opium (a dangerous, habit-forming drug), or you can plant a rhabarb seed and get something that helps constipation. No scientist, living or dead, can explain these mysteries of Nature. Behind the invisible life germ in each seed is hidden the deep secret that nobody understands. Everything growing out of the ground seems intended for some use in establishing natural conditions. Dr. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., long since found out what is naturally best for women's diseases. He learned it all through treating thousands of cases. The result of his studies was a medicine called Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. This medicine is made of vegetable growths that nature surely intended for backache, headache, weakening drains, bearing-down pains, periodical irregularities, pelvic inflammations, and for the many disorders common to women in all ages of life. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is made of lady's slipper root, black cohosh root, unicorn root, blue cohosh root and Oregon grape root. Women who take this standard remedy know that in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription they are getting a safe woman's tonic so good that druggists everywhere sell it.

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