

GRANTS PASS DAILY COURIER

Published Daily Except Sunday

A. E. VOORHIES, Pub. and Prop.

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...\$2.00

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THURSDAY, JANUARY 16, 1919.

OREGON WEATHER

Rain, strong southeasterly winds.

JOHN LIARD, CRIMINAL

John Cyril Liard shot Deputy Sheriff Twombly to death when that vigilant officer threw up his hand and commanded Liard to stop for violation of the speeding law. It was an act of diabolical villainy and no plea can be made for Liard that it was due to any sudden impulse.

Liard obeyed the controlling instinct of his lawless and desperate nature when he killed Twombly. He is a murderer without scruple, a desperado who lives by excitement and an adventurer who matches his wits against the law-abiding that he may get unearned money. He is more. He is a betrayer of women in a double sense.

Liard cannot be hanged as he should be, but he will go to prison for a life sentence. It is likely that a man of his intelligence and rare cunning will be a model prisoner.

TWO OF A KIND?

In his biennial message to the legislature, Governor Withycombe points out no way of straightening out the tangled finances of the state, which have become badly involved as a result of his extravagance during the previous term.

Indeed, what an awful mess. And then there's President Wilson who, in regard to the miserably tangled mess of the railways of the United States, says he has no solution to offer and nothing to say as to how the controversy is to be straightened

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out, but leaves the matter for congress to solve.

There are those who live in glass houses.

PORTLAND MAN TELLS OF WORK OF 91ST DIV.

The following story of the 91st division is told in the Oregonian by Lieutenant John Clark Burgard, formerly a member of the 91st and a resident of Portland:

"Those boys of the 91st? Are they fighters?"

Lieutenant John Clark Burgard, late of Company H, 362 Infantry, just home from France after fighting through the Argonne and Flanders with the famous division, laughed as he repeated the query.

"The only difficulty we had with them," he made answer, "was in holding them back. They plunged ahead too fast. They wouldn't keep under cover. They had seen their 'buddies' fall and they wanted a hand to hand argument with the Germans."

"We were in the Argonne ten days before the drive started," recited Lieutenant Burgard last night. "All that time we were subjected to heavy shell fire and gassing. The order to go into action came on September 26th.

"You see, the French had been holding the Hun in that Argonne district for four years. It was a tough proposition. All the open places were woven into devils' nests of barbed wire. The only place where troops could advance was through the thick wood. And the woods were the cloak for hundreds of German machine gun nests. Well, we went in.

"We drove so fast in that first rush that in a few days we got ahead of our own artillery and had to slow up and wait for the guns. The artillery support was wonderful. I do not believe that in any sector anywhere during the entire war there was a greater concentration of artillery.

"Our casualties from the very first were heavy. It was guerilla warfare, mostly—a stiff and continuous proposition of surrounding and wiping out the machine gun nests. And the Germans fought to a finish. They had their orders. When the boys had them surrounded, however, it was the usual thing for the enemy to throw up their hands and yell 'Kamerad!'

"At such times it was difficult to restrain the men. They had seen their 'buddies' drop and they wanted payment. There isn't anything human about the typical German soldier, anyhow. With his little round cap and steel helmet, his vacant eyes and his general air of abject ignorance, he is a repulsive spectacle. No initiative, no spirit, absolutely brutish. These were the fellows who had been potting our boys.

"I talked with many of the German prisoners. Some of them were intelligent men. The most astounding thing was to be told by them that they expect, in many cases, to come to America and settle down as soon as peace is declared. They seem to have absolutely no conception of the feeling their acts must have engendered.

"Our heaviest casualties were on September 29, when we took the town of Gesnes. That's where Lieutenant 'Spec' Hurlburt, son of Sheriff Hurlburt, was killed by a machine gun bullet. He was second in command of K company, the 362d at the time.

"We took Gesnes that night, advanced to a high hill beyond it and dug in. But we'd hardly made ourselves snug when we received orders to withdraw, as the outfits on the right and left of us hadn't come up with us and our flanks were exposed.

It was in Flanders, fighting on October 31, that Lieutenant Burgard was wounded. A high explosive shell burst but a few feet away as he was advancing in command of his company. Fragments struck him in the back, injuring the vertebrae and knocking him senseless. A few minutes later, as he struggled to arise lifting himself on his hands another shell landed squarely before him, inflicting a wound just over his heart.

"There was real comradeship between the British and American troops, officers and men," testified Lieutenant Burgard. "Often you'd see an American soldier sharing his issue of cigarette tobacco with an English 'Tommy,' while the latter was dividing his ration of toffee, Candy and tobacco. It was share and share alike, each giving freely that which the other lacked. As for the English people, they put themselves out to welcome and care for us, high and low; it made no difference. When you hear anyone say that the English and the Americans didn't get along together, tell them for me that it's a lie."

RADICALS AND I. W. W. TAKE BIT IN THEIR TEETH

Chicago, Jan. 16.—Socialists and members of the I. W. W., after defeat in the organization of the National Labor Congress, called to adopt a program for obtaining a new trial for Thomas J. Mooney and Warren Billings, made a determined attempt to capture control of the body later in the day.

With the galleries packed with radicals they did about as they pleased at the afternoon session until the proceedings were ended by adjournment. The conservatives were compelled to change their plans in several particulars because of the unexpected show of strength made by the radicals.

Beet-Sugar Industry. The United States and Spain are the only countries which produce both cane and beet sugar in any considerable quantity. The development of the beet-sugar industry in the United States has been one of the great agricultural and manufacturing growths of this country.

DAILY HEALTH TALKS

Where Most Sickness Begins and Ends

BY FRANKLIN DUANE, M. D.

It can be said broadly that most human ills begin in the stomach and end in the stomach. Good digestion means good health, and poor digestion means bad health. The minute your stomach fails to properly dispose of the food you eat, troubles begin to crop out in various forms. Indigestion and dyspepsia are the commonest forms, but thin, impure blood, headaches, backaches, pimples, blotches, dizziness, belching, coated tongue, weakness, poor appetite, sleeplessness, coughs, colds and bronchitis are almost as common. There is but one way to have good health, and that is to put and keep your stomach in good order. This is easy to do if you take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is a wonderful tonic and blood purifier, and is so safe to take, for it is made of roots and herbs. Dr. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., stands behind this standard medicine, and it is good to know that so distinguished a physician is proud to have his name identified with it. When you take Golden Medical Discovery, you are getting the benefit of the experience of a doctor whose reputation goes all around the earth. Still more, you get a temperance medicine that contains not a drop of alcohol or narcotic of any kind. Long ago Dr. Pierce combined certain valuable vegetable ingredients—without the use of alcohol—so that these remedies always have been strictly temperance medicines. If piles are torturing you, get and use Pierce's Anodyne Pile Ointment. The quick relief it gives is hard to believe until you try it. If constipated, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets should be taken while using Anodyne Pile Ointment. Few indeed are the cases which these splendid remedies will not relieve and usually overcome. They are so good that nearly every drug store has them for sale.

SOLDIER LETTERS

30 Grosvenor Gardens, London, S. W., December 2, 1918.

Dear Mother: I received 14 letters within the last week. I wish I could do that good every week. Three of the letters were from Aurelia and four from Thelma. I get more mail from them than I do from my mother. But of course you are working hard so I can forgive you.

I hope you enjoyed your Thanksgiving as much as I enjoyed mine. I shall give you the events of the day in chronological order. At 9:30 a. m. I arose, shaved and dressed. This was rather early as I usually get up at 2 or 3 p. m. But owing to the scarcity of Thanksgiving days I made an exceptionally early evacuation of my bed. It was compulsory for all of us to attend church on this day, so at 10:15 we fell in, in front of headquarters to answer roll call. After the captain was convinced that we were all present or accounted for, he dismissed the company and ordered us to our respective churches. I, being Catholic, went to the Westminster Cathedral, where our navy chaplain was holding divine services. Most of the boys attended this church because it was near headquarters. I thanked the good Lord for giving me what was good and delivering me from evil. Then a bunch of us marines got into a car and went to the Albert Hall where we were entertained and fed as the guests of the British admiralty. The food and ale was nothing to cause our mouths to water but the port wine was exceptionally good.

We left the Albert Hall about 2:30 p. m. when the port wine made itself conspicuous by its absence. At a little after 2:30 we arrived at the Stamford Bridge grounds where the first American game of football was played between the navy headquarters and the U. S. S. New York, champion of the grand fleet. Owing to the usual dampness of London weather only a half a game was played with a tie score of 0 to 0.

At 5 o'clock I went to my room and doled up in my best uniform and made myself presentable for the strenuous evening. I saw ahead of me. At 6 o'clock I arrived at Stanhope Garden where three of my pals had apartments. Fifteen minutes later 15 petty officers and myself were placed around a table set with foodstuff that could not have been bought in London at any price. Most of the material came from America. Enclosed you will find a menu which will give you some idea of how we eat in war worn London. Sounds pretty good, eh? Well, it was just twice as good as it sounds. After having fully convinced ourselves that it was a physical impossibility to eat any more we retired to the sitting room and puffed our "Corona" cigars.

We were all veterans of the "Battle of Paris" so we told stories of our most embarrassing moments spent in fighting in said battle. I have to blush to even think of them.

At 8:30 the whole mob of us went to Albert Hall where the U. S. navy headquarters was giving a grand ball and reception. Believe me it was some ball.

Next Tuesday is moving day for me. I am leaving because the landlady believes in the conservation of coal. She keeps the thermometer in my room at freezing point—that's too cold. I have been taking my meals at restaurants and huts or any place I should happen to be when I am hungry, but at the place where I am moving I shall have board and room. I think that will be cheaper than eating anywhere at any time.

Thanks for the pictures you sent in the letter—please send more. Your loving son, FLORIAN FLORIAN SAUER, U. S. Marine Corps, 30 Grosvenor Gardens, London, S. W.-1.

ROYAL MOUNTED POLICE TO BE RE-ORGANIZED

Regina, Sask., Jan. 16.—Canada's Scarlet Riders, the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, who left the Dominion to further distinguish themselves on the battlefields of France, are to be re-organized on a pre-war basis, according to an announcement by government officials.

Squadrons of the famous riders who for years have patrolled the prairies, mountains, forests and arctic wastes of Canada, will be returned from overseas and permitted to re-join their old force, which will be recruited to a strength of 1,200 men.

SAYS SOLDIERS CAN FIND WORK IN COUNTRY

30 Grosvenor Gardens, London, S. W., December 2, 1918.

There is no need at present and for some time to come for any returned soldier to go without work in Jackson county for, according to Milton Janes, superintendent of the federal employment service here, although he may not be able to give them just the class of work they want, yet he can furnish them work. Last week he found jobs in orchards and on farms for ten soldiers, and yesterday two more soldiers, one from Jacksonville and one from Texas obtained jobs through Janes at \$2.50 a day and went to work on the Webster ranch.

"The trouble is that a number of soldiers want work in town and that I cannot give," said Janes today. "A few have come into this office and stated that they needed work badly, and when I directed them to an orchard or farm where they could have employment, they turned the offer down, saying they wanted work in the city."

One man turned down a temporary job in town here at 35 cents an hour. I can find jobs for a number of soldiers outside of the city for some time to come.—Medford Tribune.

PORTLAND POLICE RAID BIG GAMBLING DEN

County jail headquarters shortly after last midnight looked like the melting pot usually seen around an immigration office. Fifty-four men, representing seven different nations, assembled before the desk, where they had been hauled by ten deputy sheriffs who had surprised them at a vigorous gambling game in the Commonwealth building, Sixth and Burnside streets. Austrians, Swedes, Americans, Hindus, Italians, Poles, and Finns signed their names to the sheriff's blotter. The largest cash amount of bail that has passed over the sheriff's counter in years was given by the leaders of the "black jack" game. Charles Craig and Harry Tregaskis gave \$2,500 for the release of the 54 men.—Portland Telegram.

More Pleasant to His Ear. "Lemme see one o' dem cuckoo clocks," said Mr. Ernestus. "Here you are." "Could you kind o' change de tune a little?" "What's the idea?" "I wants an alarm clock. I don't take to dese hasty an' excited alarm clock. If you could train one o' dese to cackle like a chicken I could wake up spry an' hopeful every time."

JOHN JACOB ROGERS



Representative John Jacob Rogers of Massachusetts asked his local draft board to have him called into service, and left Washington for Camp Zachary Taylor as a private. His wife is nursing wounded soldiers in Walter Reed hospital.

Proper Locomotive Signals.

Experiments conducted by the Southern Pacific railroad to find the most efficient means of handling the locomotive or pedestrian is familiar with the standard crossing signal—two long and two short blasts—and that, unless the signal is given just so, he is apt to dispute priority right to a crossing. Superintendent T. Ahern, in a letter to engineers, says: "Extensive tests show that a whistle call for a station signal should never be less than five seconds, the long blasts of the crossing signal, two and a half seconds, and the short ones, one second. Particular care should be exercised to cut off the blasts sharply and not to slur them. It is of the utmost importance in causing sound to travel that these instructions be carried out."

Eastern Folklore Character.

A character in folklore with whom the Occidental world has only slightly familiarized itself is Nasr-ed-din-Hodja, the Turkish Till Eulenspiegel. Linedly the Hodja, holy man, as he is known, draws his descent from Aesop; but during the course of centuries his nature became somewhat changed. From the wise man he was transformed, gradually, into the simple bucolic fool, who, in spite of his folly, has certain very winning traits. As a rule, however, poor Nasr-ed-din gets the worst of every deal he is mixed up in, as has his unfortunate and muddling race. Only every now and then does tradition allow him to come off victor in an intellectual encounter.

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KIDNEYS WEAKENING? BETTER LOOK OUT!

Kidney and bladder troubles don't disappear of themselves. They grow upon you, slowly but steadily, undermining your health with deadly certainty, until you fall a victim to incurable disease. Stop your troubles while there is time. Don't wait until little pains become big aches. Don't trifle with disease. To avoid future suffering begin treatment with GOLD MEDAL Haerlem Oil Capsules now. Take three or four every day until you feel that you are entirely free from pain. This well-known preparation has been one of the national remedies of Holland for centuries. In 1666 the govern-

ment of the Netherlands granted a special charter authorizing its sale. The good housewife of Holland would almost as soon be without food as without her "Real Dutch Drops," as she quaintly calls GOLD MEDAL Haerlem Oil Capsules. Their use restores strength and is responsible in a great measure for the sturdy, robust health of the Hollanders. Do not delay. Go to your druggist and insist on his supplying you with a box of GOLD MEDAL Haerlem Oil Capsules. Take them as directed, and if you are not satisfied with results your druggist will gladly refund your money. Look for the name GOLD MEDAL on the box and accept no other. In sealed boxes, three sizes.