

GRANTS PASS DAILY COURIER

Published Daily Except Sunday

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, per month .50

WEEKLY COURIER

By mail, per year.....\$2.00

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FRIDAY, APRIL 4, 1919.

OREGON WEATHER

Tonight fair; cooler east portion; light frost southwest and east portions; Saturday fair, gentle westerly winds.

EXPLOSIVES FOR FERTILIZER

Isaiah's promise that swords should be beaten into plowshares and the spears into pruning hooks is given a new and wonderful version in one of the peace measures adopted by the United States government.

The modern equivalent for swords and spears, as everybody knows, is explosives. Instead of cutting up the enemy, we blow him up. And the chief ingredient of our many blowing-up mixtures is nitrate.

Now, it happens, strangely enough, that nitrate is also one of the most necessary and valuable substances used in agriculture. It is just as good to make things grow as it is to smash things—as good to create as to kill. Chemists say, indeed, that the process is very much the same in both cases, and that the stimulus given to plant growth by the nitrate might be described as an infinite number of infinitely small explosions in the plant cells.

So it is perfectly fitting that the war department should be turning over to the agricultural department more than 150,000 tons of nitrate of soda for distribution among American farmers.

That would be enough to kill hundreds of thousands of Germans. It is also enough to produce millions of bushels of grain and save vast numbers of hungry Europeans from starvation. Wonderful are the ways of Providence.

AN IDOL SHATTERED

One after another our traditions are toppled over and our ideals dimmed.

There is the bee, for example. From time immemorial, and pos-

Grant's Hygiene Crackers

And the best line of Hygiene Cookies

KINNEY & TRUAX GROCERY

Quality First

sibly longer, the bee has been a synonym of productive industry and a model for mankind.

"How doth the little busy bee, etc.?" How doth she, indeed! According to recent observations of irreverent, hard-headed, practical observers, this is the way she doth:

She goes around gathering honey for two shining hours, and then she sneaks home to the hive and lays off, stuffing herself from her store of sweets, and lazily working her wings just enough to keep herself cool—sweet food being heating, as everybody knows. She acts precisely like the idle women we sometimes read about who spend the afternoon dipping into a handy bon-bon box and furnishing motive power to a palm-leaf fan.

After a while this gormandizing lethargy palls on Mrs. Bee. The concentrated food she consumes produces so much energy that she just has to get outdoors and work it off somehow. So she proceeds to take the only exercise she knows anything about, and makes her flower-rounds again. Two hours on duty and two off seems to be her usual schedule. The experts say they have yet to find the bee that puts in an eight-hour day.

There is only one hope left—the ant. And after this saddening revelation, we're almost prepared to learn that Mrs. Ant is a hypocritical loafer.

Al Burielon is a jealous mortal, sure as fate. He is seeing to it that no one becomes a greater dictator than himself. And poor Baker—between puffs on his pipe he spits at Chamberlain and leaves the matter to the American people. The voters would soon decide Baker's fate if only given a chance to vote.

It might be said that the citizens of Chicago and Milwaukee gave comfort to the enemy. Chicago by retaining Mayor Thompson and Milwaukee by strongly endorsing Berger. It's a great mixture—Thompson, Booze, Berger and Sedition.

One, but not the only difference, between Secretary Baker and Senator Chamberlain is that Chamber-

lain always lands in office by an overwhelming vote of the people while Baker slides in on appointment.

In advertising her scenery and attractive resorts, California forgot to mention "the trip over the hump from Oregon to Hornbrook," where one may imbibe from many "brooks" and "fords" and forget that there was ever a world war.

In California you pay \$400 per acre for scenery and \$100 per acre for the land. In smaller tracts the climate is sold by the yard. In Oregon you buy the land but the climate and scenery are free.

Hunting bandits along the Rio Grande seems to be the favorite American pastime. And the Yanks generally bring home the bacon.

Among the attractive sights along the Rogue these days are the many alfalfa fields, which are fairly jumping in their growth.

ARMY CHAPLAIN SENDS MESSAGE OF SYMPATHY

Mrs. George H. Parker, whose son, Edward Parker, died in France, the result of a fall from a motor truck, received the following letter of sympathy from the regiment's chaplain:

Headquarters Foregbry, Capleuse (Gironde) France

My Dear Mrs. Parker: Before this letter reaches you, you will undoubtedly receive official notification of the sad accident by which your meeting with your son has been postponed until the time when you shall see him in his Heavenly Father's house, to which he has been called before you. I know well how little anything that can be said by a stranger can help to ease the pain of such a grief as yours must be, and yet I want you to be sure that you have, none the less, not only my sympathy but that of all your boy's companions and officers.

I myself was, in a sense, his pastor, being the chaplain of the forestry district to which his camp was attached. Unfortunately I had come so shortly before his death that I had not had the opportunity to know him, though I have heard him spoken of as a good comrade, a loyal soldier and a faithful and willing worker.

I hope you will always feel, as we do, that the manner in which he lost his life makes him no less a hero than if he had been killed on the field of battle. For when a man engages to serve his country, he submits himself to other necessary risks than those of bombardment, and if he loses his life through these, his death is none the less, as the official statement puts it, "in line of duty." To die "in line of duty!" After all, what nobler end could come to any life? As a great soldier said to a grieving mother some two thousand years ago: "You could not hope your son could live forever. The best you could desire was that he should live happily and die with honor. This he has done."

It was with such thoughts in mind that we laid Edward's body to rest in the little American cemetery in the peaceful village of Ponbeux-les-Forges. The Christian burial service was read and all due military honors were rendered, in the presence of his lieutenant, his company commander, and the soldiers of the camp to which he belonged.

One of his friends took pictures which will doubtless be sent to you,

showing the ceremony and the location of the grave. The body lies beside those of four other Americans, and the ground is affectionately cared for by the French neighbors who have bordered the mounds with shrubbery and will doubtless later cover them with flowers.

I know you will want to hear of the dear old French lady, no doubt herself a soldier's mother, who, when our little procession halted a moment before her door, found somewhere an armful of late flowers and laid them tenderly on the flag-draped casket. They were buried with it.

In regard to business matters: The disposition of your son's effects, the payment of his insurance and so on, you will be duly notified by the proper authorities. But if there is any further information of a personal nature that you would like to have, I shall be only too happy to supply it if I can. In the meantime, may I assure you once more of my deep sympathy and of my regret that I cannot speak to you face to face.

Yours in the faith of Jesus Christ,
E. M. LAWRENCE GOULD,
Chaplain United States Army

NOT ABOVE CARRYING BUNDLE

Spirit Shown by New York Man May Explain Why He Has Become a Millionaire.

The following story, which suggests that some millionaires are no more "stuck up" than the rest of us, is printed in Forbes Magazine: A Broadway (New York city) street car conductor was about to forbid a man carrying a huge roll of carpet to enter his car—the bundle was so huge that the conductor feared it would block the aisle. The bearer of the burden, however, smiled at him so amiably and deposited his long parcel promptly at the far corner of the platform that the conductor hadn't the heart to remonstrate. This was at Thirty-third street, opposite a department store. At Forty-second street the passenger shouldered his bundle and walked off. He carried it to one of New York's newest skyscrapers and immediately proceeded to lay it upon the floor of one of the reception rooms there.

He was the owner of the skyscraper! He was Irving T. Bush, millionaire creator of the famous Bush terminal, a veritable city within the city of Brooklyn, owner of a large shipyard and of other projects.

To friends who chaffed him, Mr. Bush explained that the rug caught his fancy while in the store, and he particularly wished to have it laid down before a reception that was to be held at the Buyers' club (in the Bush building) that day. But as the store could not make immediate delivery, why, the only and the natural thing for him to do was to shoulder it himself. The spectacle of a millionaire lugging along such a burden in a street car and in the street did not strike this particular millionaire as in any way funny.

Animal's Strong Instinct.

Some animals are remarkable, indeed, for the wonderful development of love and devotion they possess and show toward men. They are so acute in the sense of their affections that they seem to perceive the feelings of their master in advance of his expressions. Masters of dumb animals have often been heard to declare that their animals were quicker to detect in them a spirit of anger than were their fellow men.

Had Right Idea, Anyway.

My youngest daughter is quite a peachy little person and, it is quite amusing at times to hear her air her views. The day after Christmas several children from the neighborhood came in to see her gifts and to play with her. When exhibiting her presents she said in her best peachy-manner: "I gave away a lot of things and I 'joyed my Christmas so much 'cause it's nicer to be a giver than a taker."—Chicago Tribune.

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E. A. ADAMS
506 South Sixth Street Adjoining Oxford Hotel

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