

TILLAMOOK ARTILLERYMAN IN MARRIAGE ROMANCE.

Clement Martin Wood and Won Pretty Chinook Girl—Relatives Make Objections.

(Chinook Observer)
The Martin-Herring wedding, and the exciting first few days of the married career of the principals, came in for considerable publicity when the Astoria Evening Budget of Tuesday carried the full story, which we reprint below.

The Observer was refrained from comment on the affair, more with a desire, laudable, we hope, to soft-pedal the trouble than to shirk our responsibility to the public. Our sympathies were quite naturally with little Sadie and her young soldier husband. No one in Chinook has ever heard anything but good of Sadie Herring, and the people here are prepared to believe, after having met the parents, brother and sister of the groom, that he is entirely worthy of one of our choicest flowers. His people are people of refinement and culture.

The public reception referred to by the Budget came off according to schedule and was a huge social success. The hall had been tastefully decorated by Sadie's many young friends. Soon after eight o'clock, to the tune of a popular wedding march, skillfully played by Alice Ward's orchestra, the couple marched into the hall, amid vigorous hand clapping and copious showers of rice thrown by the members of the groom's military company. The bridal couple were escorted to seats on the stage after which the large crowd filed up and each offered his or her personal congratulations, and left a present on the table provided for that purpose. When the ceremony was finished the table was piled high with gifts. Dancing then started and at 12 o'clock lunch was served.

The Budget article follows:
Chinook, Wash. May 7.—Social circles of Chinook have been at a high pitch of excitement during the past week, as sensation has followed sensation, and plots have been met by counter-plots, occasioned by the marriage in Astoria, Ore., April 27, of Private Clement Martin, member of Co., 10, O. C. A., stationed at Fort Columbia, and Miss Rohena Sadie Herring, a pretty and popular girl, born and raised in Chinook. Featured in the case were attempts of irate relatives of the bride to have the marriage annulled, and alleged forcible separation of the couple for several days, a dramatic midnight abduction of the newly made wife by her faithful young husband, and a fruitless automobile chase to nearby towns by the relatives while the reunited couple were serenely resting in a neighbor's house but a few steps from where they started.

Young Martin is a son of Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Martin, residing near Tillamook, Ore. Mr. Martin, sr., is a well-to-do dairyman of Netarts Bay. Clement came to Fort Columbia about a year ago with his company, having voluntarily enlisted during the early days of the recruiting. He is a good looking young fellow, and soon became a warm favorite in local social circles. An attachment was formed between him and Miss Herring, a vivacious high school girl and Martin had paid constant attention to the girl, being a steady visitor to her home and accompanying her frequently to dances and shows. The attachment culminated in the marriage as aforesaid.

The wedding was regularly performed and marriage certificate issued by Rev. R. F. Jameson, a Baptist minister of Astoria, the witnesses being Miss Irene Jackson, a schoolmate of the bride, and Private J. C. Corley, close friend of the groom. The marriage license was issued by the county clerk of Columbia county, Or. After the ceremony the young couple came over to attend the Field Day exercises being held Saturday afternoon at Fort Columbia. News of the marriage soon leaked out and the customary congratulations were extended to the happy couple.

Then, to the surprise of the villagers a storm of protest broke out among the relatives of the bride over the marriage. It appears that the girl's mother dies when she was quite young and that her father, following a severe illness, became menally deranged and was placed in the state hospital and treated for several years. He was discharged several months ago as permanently cured and has lived quietly with his children in Chinook since then. In the interim Sadie was raised by her sister and a grandmother, Mrs. S. A. Coleman, the latter having been appointed as her legal guardian, at the time of her father's mental collapse.

The protest by the sisters, brothers-in-law and grandmother was based upon the fact that the girl was not of age, the claim being made that she was not yet 18 years old. It seems, however, that she had received the consent of her father to the marriage. The latter vigorously defends his daughter in her action and declared that this is the only one of his daughters who ever asked his consent for marriage. Young Martin was likewise under the legal marriage age but had received the consent of his parents and his superior officers in the service of his nuptials.

Immediately after returning to Chinook the newly made wife was taken in charge by her relatives and it is said was severely lectured on her folly, while hurried steps were made

to lawyers and the officers of the post in the effort to have the marriage annulled. These efforts appear to be unavailing. On Thursday night occurred a romantic feature in the case, when by a clever prearranged plan, Martin rushed into the Coleman house, where the girl lived, seized his waiting and willing bride, carried her across the street to the home of a neighbor, Mrs. J. W. Phillips, then shouted "we're off," slammed the door of a waiting auto and went quietly into the Phillips home to spend the rest of the night with his life-mate. In the meantime some boys, properly rehearsed to their parts, made a commotion in the hotel corridors, dropped a suitcase out of an upper story window, jumped into the auto which headed toward Ilwaco. This auto went but a short distance when it was run into some brush on the tidelands, the occupants quietly waiting until a machine containing two irate brother-in-laws dashed past in hot pursuit, to meet with disappointment in Ilwaco, seven miles distance.

The affair has occasioned no end of talk in Chinook and neighboring towns. Public sentiment is overwhelmingly with the young couple and a linen shower and demonstration of popular approval of them was planned to be pulled off in the public hall here Tuesday night. It promises to be the leading social event of the season. The parents of the newly made benedict arrived here Saturday and are prepared to defend son in court if necessary. The allege under age of the girl is warmly disputed by several oldtimers of Chinook, who declare that they can prove that the girl was born in the year 1899.

Two Million Men.

There is now no longer ground for doubting that the next twelve months ships can be found to transport to France not less than 2,000,000 men in addition to the troops now in training. Two million men added to the present and prospective allied preponderance can make next summer's campaign decisive, if indeed the mere certainty of their advent does not in the meantime produce a collapse of German military power. We must then have 2,000,000 men called to the colors, and at the earliest possible date. There is not too much time for training them, and we should be forever disgraced if next year's fighting should open with America lagging behind.

General Foch Has the Reserves.

General Grant's historic pledge and defiance, "We will fight it out on these lines if it takes all summer," is paraphrased in a sense by General Radcliffe, chief director of military operations at the British war office. The successor of General Maurice said, in discussing the Flanders situation, with special reference to the Ypres sector where German success on Kemmel heights caused popular alarm, that the fight as it was being waged probably would last all summer. The hopeful thing is the confidence it exhibits in the ability of the allies to continue their resistance. That Radcliffe elucidated somewhat. He said final victory "is a question of who has the last reserves" and "so far General Foch has employed only a small proportion of his available reserves." This is definite and in it the public must find grounds for confidence that when the German push becomes really alarming, those reserves will be used effectively. That General Radcliffe described the situation at Kemmel as no more than "inconvenient" should allay fear of disaster which sensational presentation of the news arouses.

Had Enough of the Culture Stuff.

Field Marshal Paul von Hindenburg commander of the German army and super-exponent of Prussian culture, who failed to make good his boast to be in Paris April 1, has not changed his overbearing and dominating treatment of those under him since he was a lowly captain 31 years ago, according to Emil Reschke, of Chicago, who when a boy worked in the Hindenburg estate in West Prussia.

The same disregard for the lives of others, the inborn views of family and caste, and the overwhelming determination to crush all opposition without thought of consequence, outstanding features of Hindenburg's famous drives in which his ranks have been slaughtered by thousands, were demonstrated to Reschke when the latter was 15 and received the hardest and soundest beating he ever received at the hands of the then Captain Hindenburg when Reschke came to blows with Hindenburg's son.

That thrashing marked the turning point in the boy's life and he decided he had enough of Prussian junkerism and came to the United States. There by Kaiser Wilhelm lost a good soldier and Chicago gained a good citizen, who now has a family of six sons, one being at Camp Grant and a second to be in service soon.

Road to Happiness.

Be amiable, cheerful and good natured and you are much more likely to be happy. You will find this difficult, if not impossible, however, when you are constantly troubled with constipation. Take Chamberlain's Tablets and get rid of that and it will be easy. These tablets not only move the bowels, but improve the appetite and strengthen the digestion. For sale by Lamar's Drug Store.—Paid Adv.

FOOD CONTROL MEANS VICTORY

European Shortage Places Problem Before American Government—Farsighted Policy Adopted.

NEED 75,000,000 BU. WHEAT.

Food Administration Asks Aid of Every American in Gigantic Task of Feeding Millions.

It is the food problem over there that makes a food problem over here. If we wished to be supremely selfish—and supremely shortsighted—we could go on eating as much as we like and whatever we like, without much difficulty or interruption—at least, until the Germans came!

But we are not doing things in that selfish and suicidal way. We are trying to make a great common pool of all of our food, and all of the food of the allies, and all of the food we can get from South American and other neutrals, and dividing it up fairly among America, England, France, Belgium and Italy.

This does not mean that all of the people in the great pool are going to have the same ration, but means that we are trying to arrange to have enough for everybody, so that the soldiers—our soldiers and their soldiers—will be well fed, as they have to be to fight hard and continuously, and that the munitions workers and the workers in all the other necessary industries, and the men and women at home will all have enough to keep alive and well. It is absolutely necessary to do this if the war is to be won, and we are going to do it, but it means planning, working, arranging, co-operating, being careful, not wasting, saving.

And it means that each and every one of us has got to help.

Now, we have enough and more than enough food for ourselves, and the Government is going to see to it that we keep here at home a sufficient supply of every essential kind of food to support our people. But over there they simply have not enough. Lord Rhonda, the English food controller, recently cabled the American food administrator, that unless we can send the allies before the next European harvest 75,000,000 bushels of wheat in addition to what had been sent up to January 1 of this year he could not assure the people of the allies that they would have a sufficient supply of food to carry on the war.

He did not say anything in this cable about the other food necessary, but he has told of these needs in other cables—and by his actions in England. For example, his latest regulation compels a reduction of meat eating in the United Kingdom to a maximum of one pound per week per person, this pound including the bone and other waste parts in the meat as bought in the shop.

The allies must have more wheat, more meat, more fats, more dairy products, more sugar. Their harvests were very short—France had less than half her normal crop of wheat—and the available shipping is small in amount and constantly being lessened by submarines, so that it is now practically impossible to use any ships for the long voyage necessary to bring food from Australia and other remote markets. The food must come chiefly from America. In specific figures it is necessary for us to send to the allies 1,100,000 tons of foodstuffs a month. This is a great responsibility and a great problem. The food must be found, and also the ships to carry it. It is being done, but can only continue to be done by the help and full co-operation of all of us over our broad land. We must produce and save more.

To supply the wheat necessary until the next harvest, we must reduce our consumption by from one-fourth to one-third; we must cut down our usual average consumption of meats and fats by from 10 to 15 per cent. and dairy products by about 10 per cent.

Over there they are tightening their belts and doing everything they can. They are eating war bread; they are cutting down their sugar in England to two pounds per person per month, and in France and Italy to one pound—how much are you eating?—and they are using ration cards for most of the staples. We must meet sacrifice with sacrifice. If we don't, we are helping to lose the war instead of helping to win it.



Buy Local Food.



"A great net of mercy drawn through an ocean of unspeakable pain."

"I'm afraid that's all I can spare."

"You're a regular, red-blooded, true-blue American. You love your country. You love that flapping, snapping old flag. Your heart thumps hard when the troops tramp by. You're loyal—100 per cent.

You intend to—you want to—help win the war in a hurry.

"Sacrifice? Sure," you've been thinking. "Just you wait till they really need it." And you've honestly thought you meant that too."

But—look yourself in the eye, now, and search up and down inside your heart—did you really mean "sacrifice?"

Listen: You feel poor. This third Liberty Loan, the high prices, the Income Tax—you've done your bit. You feel that you've given all you can spare.

What? Then what did you mean? What's that you said about loving your country? What did you think the word "sacrifice" means?

Surely you didn't mean, did you, to give only what you can spare?

What about our boys who are giving their lives in the trenches? Are they giving only what they can "spare!"

How about those mothers and little "kiddies" in the shell wrecked towns of that war-swept hell—hungry, ragged, sobbing—alone! Giving up their homes, their husbands, their fathers.

While we—over here with our fun and our comforts—we hold up our heads and feel patriotic because we have given—what?

Some loose bills off the top of our roll. "We've given all we can spare!"

Come! Come! Let's quit fooling ourselves. Let us learn what "sacrifice" means. Let us give more than we can spare—let us "give till the heart says stop!"

Every cent of every dollar received for the Red Cross War Fund goes for War Relief.

The American Red Cross is the largest and most efficient organization for the relief of suffering that the world has ever seen.

It is made up almost entirely of volunteer workers, the higher executives being without exception men accustomed to large affairs, who are in almost all cases giving their services without pay.

It is supported entirely by its membership fees and by voluntary contributions.

It is today bringing relief to suffering humanity, both military and civil, in every war torn allied country.

It plans tomorrow to help in the work of restoration throughout the

world. It feeds and clothes entire populations in times of great calamity.

It is there to help your soldier boy in his time of need.

With its thousands of workers, its tremendous stores and smooth running transportation facilities, it is serving as America's advance guard—and thus helping to win the war.

Congress authorizes it.

President Wilson heads it.

The War Department audits its accounts.

Your Army, your Navy and your Allies enthusiastically endorse it.

Twenty-two million Americans have joined it.

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