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whom they have been trained, this is another decision which comes clearly within the province of the administration officials. The war can be fought effectively only if the various factors of the army are used where they are most necessary and most useful. It may be that the war department heads have decided that national guard troops should serve in France under officers who have had experience in the battle zone. It may be that the former guard officers have exhibited at Deming a degree of excellence which can best be utilized in the training of recruits on this continent. It may be, too, that it is considered expedient to keep them in this country and near the Mexican border because of the peculiar conditions which have arisen there in recent weeks.

Any of these considerations or any one of several others would be sufficient. They are among the problems which war department officials must decide in the interests of the whole country and without regard for personal or individual preferences. And while their decisions may be open to criticism, as they are at times, it must be admitted that they are in a better position to make decisions on military matters than are non-military persons who cannot possess all the information on which decisions are based.

The Courier holds no brief for Secretary Baker nor the president, and has been frank in criticism of the war department for shortcomings which were patent to all. We have endeavored to limit criticism to the constructive sort, however, and to utter it only on the basis of a showing of fact. General Wood is the most popular officer in the army counting popularity among civilians as well as among military men. We would be glad to see him lead the division he has trained when it goes to Europe. We would be glad, too, to see the Iowa guard officers at Deming command their units in the battle zone. But it is sentiment, not a knowledge of war conditions, that is responsible for that feeling, and sentiment has no place in war.

CENSOR THE BOAST
In his address at Madison Tuesday evening, Colonel Roosevelt declared there should be a censorship on boasting. This coincides with an opinion The Courier has expressed frequently but without visible effect. We do not predict that Mr. Roosevelt's demand will bear fruit immediately, but that it does not weaken our approval of it.

Because America had boasted of years of her great strength and resources it was a shock to many citizens to discover, after we had gone to war, that there is a vast difference between potential military power and actual fighting strength. In numerous training camps throughout America instructors are laboring frantically to instill in the minds of recruits the fact that a battle with the Germans is a mighty serious affair, not to be approached in a condition of unpreparedness nor with a belief in the silly idea that "one American can whip ten Germans."

We boasted of the airplanes we were going to have in Europe this summer, to darken the skies over Germany and carry the war straight to Berlin. And while we boasted Germany built fighting machines. Mr. Hughes has not found out just what we did, but the color of Germany's skies remains unchanged.

We boasted of the victory that would be ours within a few months after war was declared, but we are coming to realize now that the struggle is only beginning, that our army in France, while a wonderful body of eager fighting men, must be reinforced continuously until its members are counted by the million instead of the thousand.

These boasts crossed the Atlantic, and we heard, as if in answer, the plaintive, then querulous query from the shell holes and the trenches. "Where are the Americans? Why don't they come?" Those questions are being still now, as ship after ship unloads khaki-clad Americans in France. We needed time to make good our boasts; we need more time, even now.

The allies are not proof against the criticism Mr. Roosevelt makes of America. While the Germans were making their preparations for the spring drive the public was told by French and British officials and warriors that the enemy could not gain against the strongly entrenched armies along what then was the western front. Day by day, as the long-delayed drive progressed, assurances were forthcoming that this strong hold or that would prove the final stumbling block, but the following day would bring the news that the Germans had forced the allies to withdraw. Only when the rush had been halted before the Aisne and around Ypres, statesmen and soldiers warned the public that the lull in the fighting presaged a new and greater attack.

ing of the line at its point nearest to Paris. These are ugly facts to face, but it is better to face them than to be ignorant of them. No danger is lessened merely by saying it does not exist. The lesson which the German drive has taught America is that Yankee fighting men must be rushed to Europe as rapidly as ships can carry them, that every ounce of energy America possesses must be exerted to the end that this program shall not fall in even the smallest of its intricate details. Americans who stay at home must submerge every other consideration to that of winning the war. We must deal with facts and with what we have done and are doing—not with fancy nor with boasts.

GORGAS' RECORD
Surgeon General Gorgas, who is responsible for the health of the army in America, if anyone can be said to be responsible for anything so important, will reach the age of retirement, 64 years, on October 3. Although there have been some epidemics in army camps within the past year and even one or two scandals which involved individual medical officers, it is greatly to the credit of Surgeon General Gorgas that in general good health has existed and does exist among the hundreds of thousands of young men who have been called from civilian life and introduced rather unceremoniously to a system of living with which they were unfamiliar.

For this fact, in a large measure at least, the credit is due Surgeon General Gorgas, and his friends will find many citizens in sympathy with their campaign to induce President Wilson to invoke some law or even get congress to enact a law enabling him to continue the surgeon general in active service after he reached the age of 64. The Southern Medical Journal, published at Birmingham, Ala., is leading in this campaign, and some of the arguments it presents are interesting and appealing. An editorial on the subject in a recent issue yields these excerpts:

Those who are in a position to know, regard General Gorgas as second in efficiency only to President Wilson, and they marvel at the work he has accomplished in the past year. Only a young man in vigorous health could have lived through what the general has done since the war began. Office hours begin in his office at 8 o'clock, but General Gorgas is there by 8 or 8:30, and he is one of the last to leave in the afternoon. He walks to and from his work, more than a mile, every day, and he climbs up and down the seven flights of stairs in the Mills building several times a day, because he likes the exercise and sometimes can not wait for an elevator.

The Gorgas in the surgeon-general's office at Washington today is the same quiet, smiling, genial man who eradicated yellow fever from Havana for the first time in centuries. He is the same efficient genius in organization whose achievement in the sanitation of the canal zone, President Taft said, "made possible the completion of the greatest industrial undertaking in the history of the world." He is the same Gorgas but with greater experience, whom the British government sent for to go to South Africa to study conditions and advise methods for preventing pneumonia that was killing thousands of miners in the Rand and in Rhodesia. All these tasks which he accomplished prepared him for the great work in which he is now engaged; and history does not record anything more remarkable than the training, in less than a year, of the great army of doctors, nurses and hospital attendants who now protect and care for our sick and wounded soldiers in this country and in France.

The Gorgas record is a good one, and if the surgeon general does not remain in his present office after next October it is to be hoped that the standards he has set will not be lowered by his successor, whoever he may be.

AMERICA'S DUTY
Against the fact that the resumption of the German drive has rewarded the crown prince with gains of considerable magnitude in prisoners, guns and terrain, the allies have the reassuring knowledge that the line of defense has not been pierced at any point. This means that despite local losses at whole or part of the front between Ypres and Rheims, the British and French, with the assistance of the Americans, Belgians, Italians and Portuguese, have maintained their lines of communication and defense intact as those lines have moved backward before overwhelming numbers of enemy troops.

This is merely a reversal of the situation which existed during much of last year. In the spring the Germans were withdrawn in a single movement across almost all the territory which they have reclaimed since March 21. Then, throughout the summer and until winter interrupted the fighting, the allies were on the offensive much of the time.

The British and the French attacked alternately as a rule. Each would gain some ground, paying for the advance in dead and wounded. The Hindenburg line, which had been called impregnable, yielded here and there but never was pierced. None of the allied gains amounted to a turning or enveloping movement. Always, no matter how far the British or French might go, they brought up against a wall of gray clad warriors and eventually they would stop and dig in.

seen the surrender by the allies of very little more ground than was given up by the Germans voluntarily last year. Arras and Ypres have been held against the Germans; Soissons has fallen but the crown prince has not been able to advance beyond that city to any considerable distance. Rheims may be given up by the allies in preference to spending many lives in defense of its ruins, but its capture would be more of sentimental victory for the Germans than a military one.

When the allies accepted the defensive role at the opening of the 1918 campaign they accepted the certainty of losing some ground. They chose that loss in preference to an expenditure of men in an offensive move which would have been dangerous in view of the preponderance of German power on the western front. The Germans were forced to attack to hold the numerical advantage which Russia's collapse had given them, and they cannot claim a victory, no matter what their local gains may total, unless they reach the North sea or capture Amiens with its radiating railroad lines.

The real value of the German advance or the allies' loss cannot be computed in square miles of terrain. Both must be measured by a comparison of the expenditure of man power and guns, particularly man power. When the first stage of the German offensive was ended with the defeat of the Germans on the hills below Ypres, the allies were able to cast up accounts and consider themselves the victors despite their heavy losses. For the Germans had lost hundreds of thousands of fighting men—400,000, it is said—while their adversaries had suffered less in that respect and had been able to hold their line intact. Meanwhile, American reinforcements had arrived in France, along with fresh British troops from England, and more Frenchmen had been taken into the armies of General Petain.

One of the biggest things the allies did while the first stage of the enemy's drive was in progress was to unite the armies of the various nations under the leadership of one man. It would have been a miracle if in a place where the allies least expected them an enemy to strike, had not resulted in some gain for the attacking forces. If, as seems probable now, the allies have brought up sufficient reinforcements to offer a formidable resistance, it will be possible for General Foch to pick the best locations for making a stand. Then, if the history of the first stage is repeated, the allies will be able to punish the enemy in his future assaults and eventually to force him to desist in his effort to reach Paris.

Whatever may be the outcome of the present struggle, America must be the reservoir for reinforcements, not only of fighting men but of morale, fighting spirit, determination, courage and loyalty to the cause for which our armies and those of our allies are fighting so gallantly against great odds.

It is a time for facing the facts squarely and realizing that the situation is critical and deadly serious. But it is a time, too, for a renewal of the determination to see it through. America's program has been speeded up wonderfully; it must be pushed along more; the recruits who are leaving our shores so rapidly must carry the assurance that back here at home a united public is building ships, saving food, furnishing money and redoubling its enthusiasm and interest in the war on which depends the future of civilization.

Reverses must be accepted as a portion of the defensive program which was accepted by the allies because it is safer than an offensive against an army of overwhelming strength. But reverses must not be permitted to discourage Americans, on whom not only the men of Pershing's gallant armies but the peoples of the allied countries depend for inspiration, encouragement, and an example of untiring, undiminished loyalty.

Every day brings the numerical strength of the opposing forces nearer to an equality. The allies gain fresh men as the Germans lose their veterans. America's resources, speed, and determination must reward the endurance of the allies by proving superior to Germany's reserve fighting strength.

THE BASIC EVIL
In Chicago, statisticians are keeping a record of the number of women accused of murder who are acquitted by juries. At Waukesha, Wis., a jury has decided that Grace Lusk is guilty of murder in the second degree, rejecting the theory of the defense that she suddenly became insane a moment before she killed the infant. A Sob-squid journalist wrote columns of shallow, sentimental stuff about this woman while she was on trial. Yellow dailies printed her denunciation of the man with whom she had intrigued and her slushy advice to girls against falling into the errors which brought her to a felon's cell. But the hard-headed jury was busy trying a murder case. The facts which it considered were that the defendant had first wronged a woman by means of the age-old triangle, then killed her with one well-aimed bullet.

code of social conduct taught by sociology professors of the Thomas stripe. The proper sequel to the Lusk trial would be the arrest of Roberts under the Mann act. Certainly he should not be permitted to remain at large. Such sordid tragedies will recur, no doubt, but the Waukesha jury has done its bit toward reducing their number in the future. Now if an aroused public conscience will demand an inventory of college courses and an abolishment of the trashy sociology which professors of the Thomas sort teach, there will be justification for the publicity which was given to the Lusk case and something wholesome will have been accomplished for the future of society.

THE PRICE
One of the features of the present battle in France which attracts the attention of the student of war news is the absence of that statement which appeared so often in the dispatches during the fighting which began March 21: "The Germans advanced in waves and thousands were mowed down by the allies' guns, but still they continued to attack, new ranks being rushed forward to take the places of the fallen, and they advanced literally over a carpet of corpses." Some such gruesome word picture was to be found in the stories from the front almost every day during the first stages of the drive in Picardy and Flanders. Meanwhile, we were assured, the allies' losses were far less than those of their enemies.

Since the battle began at the Chemin des Dames we have read more of barrages with gas shells which preceded the advancing Germans. The dispatches of attacking soldiers but are strangely silent as to the losses which the defenders are inflicting as they retire.

This, more than the distance of the day's advance or the names of the minor towns which are swallowed up in the German tidal wave, must spell the real results of the battle and the whole campaign. In all their attacks in the past the Germans have traded lives for territory, and the odds have been with the allies when the smoke of battle cleared away. If the enemy has discovered a method of winning ground without continuing the big sacrifice of man power America must add more speed to her preparations, no matter whether that may seem possible or not.

The best the allies can hope to do is to hold the German tide in check and reduce the preponderance of German man power until America's millions can balance the scale and turn the advantage of numbers against the Kaiser.

Great Britain's report of casualties for May shows a total exceeding 165,000. Most of these losses were suffered during the drive in Picardy and Flanders. The casualties sustained by France doubtless are greater in proportion to the relative sizes of the two allies' armies. As to Germany's losses we can only guess, but there is ample reason to believe they exceeded those of the allies. If this is true of the present battle also, the losses of terrain thus far may be regarded with a measure of equanimity. It would be no little consolation to know that Germany is paying the price.

EDDIE AND HIS MATE
Reading the dispatches from the American army's headquarters in France one is constrained to wonder whether the resourceful Lieut. Edward Rickenbacher is the only American aviator on the Toul sector. The lieutenant, by the way, used to tinker with automobiles in Des Moines before he became a speedway king and then chauffeur for General Pershing. In those old days he was merely Eddie. Occasionally, after he took to the speedways, his name would appear in the sporting news, but now it is full of day indeed that he is bringing front page stories of some thrilling aerial battle from which he has emerged with a whole skin and a new crop of fame.

Nor do his old friends over here begrudge him one iota of the glory he is winning. Instead they are glad to read, from day to day, that he is fighting on and adding to the score of his victories. The frequent references to him which are to be found in the dispatches may mean merely that he is one of America's most daring pilots or that an indulgent censor lists his name slip through while others are blue-penciled, or that he has an industrious press agent. Who cares? If we had influence with the censors we would plead thus: "Let us have more stories of Rickenbacher's victories, and with them let us have the names of our other flying heroes. Let us, back here at home, learn to know more about the identities of whose adventures we read with so much interest, but each of whom we know only as 'an American aviator' or 'another American aviator!'"

GUILTY FEAR
The people of Cologne, through their clergy, asked that the allied aviators refrain from raiding the city Thursday so the celebration of the feast of Corpus Christi might proceed without fear of death among the civilians. The promise was given, and, as far as dispatches indicate, it was kept. But the people of the German city dispensed with their religious processions, fearing that their appeal would not be honored.

dismembered bodies in No Man's Land to test the valor of the murdered men's surviving comrades. They boast of the churches they have destroyed, of the babes they have killed, of the cities they have laid waste in wanton ruthlessness, of the tribute they have wrung from helpless communities under penalty of death and worse. Their ruler, inhuman and degenerate, claims partnership in his career of unspeakable crime, with the same Delty whose precepts mark the path of righteousness on which the Kaiser and his race have turned their backs.

Is it any wonder that the people of Cologne, if they have any shred of conscience remaining, feared vengeance and reprisals? Is there any question as to how a promise such as the allies had made would be regarded by those "glorious forces" of which the Kaiser writes so boastfully?

Evening Story.
"MAINS-MADE"
(By Imes MacDonald.)
Within five minutes of the same time, at least five mornings out of the week, Irene Wedgewood reached the corner on Fifth avenue and turned Washington squareward. His punctuality was so noticeable that the little maid in the kitchen of the great house at the corner involuntarily glanced over to see if her clock was right, and quite often the people of the great house lunched and dined according to the time set for them by the modest Mrs. Mains.

Mains believed in sunlight and air as a brain stimulant and he scheduled his day so as to cater to that belief. At eleven every morning he stopped his work, and at two he was usually before his desk or at his drawing table ready to begin his afternoon's labor.

To look at Mr. Mains one might think he was a rather well set up stenographer or shoe clerk, or possibly a shipping clerk—or just a clerk. As a matter of fact he was none of those. Not a single man you met in the West Washington square to Columbus circle would be likely to know who you meant if you mentioned Westly Mains—yet if you asked any reputable architect in New York, he could tell you in a minute. But Mains wasn't an architect, either.

In a few of the houses on upper Fifth avenue and the drive might be found a room, or an alcove, that contained some such furniture as would only be produced by the application of constructive genius for the application of art to utility. And underneath somewhere on each table or chair, you might find burned with a close pressed red-hot iron this simple legend: "Mains Made."

Many an unscrupulous imitator has branded his own things in the same manner, but all to no purpose, for in each one of the Mains designs there is an identification key, some trick in the design or some piece inlaid in the making, known only to Mains and recorded in the little book that lies in a certain safe deposit vault. So the Mains made things are made on the integrity of Mains, and are, and will be for a long time to come the highest achievement of art in furniture.

At 11 o'clock on a certain morning the young mistress of the great house at the corner banged up the receiver of her telephone on its hook and stamped her foot angrily. She had just been in conversation with her architect and, as a consequence, she was disgusted and disappointed beyond measure. It seemed that although her new summer home out on Long Island would be completed within the time specified, there was one thing which the architect had been unable to do. She had set her heart on a Mains made music room, and Mains had refused to take the job. He had informed the architect that the limited capacity of his shop would prevent him taking any more work for the next two years.

"Then why doesn't he enlarge the capacity of his shop?" demanded Irene Wedgewood, savagely. "Simply because he doesn't want to," said her architect. "Offer him double money," she urged. "I did," said the architect, crisply, "but money means nothing to Mains. 'Perhaps if I see him,' she suggested, with visions of her past success as a ruler of men. "You might succeed," conceded the architect wearily, "but I doubt it." So a few minutes later the imperious Miss Wedgewood sallied down the steps of the great house. At this moment, however, the mind of Mrs. Mains was on other things, and his belated effort to dodge the young woman who came charging out of the gate with head down, was a trifle too late.

value would deteriorate. I really can't undertake any more work for a long time." But she was paying little attention to what he was saying as she moved about the room eagerly touching this piece and that, wondering and exclaiming at the loveliness of his things. "And you made them all?" she asked. "Yes, most of these are originals; made by my own hands," he smiled. "I have other things here. Would you like to see them?" "I'd love to," said the once haughty Miss Wedgewood.

And he led her down the hall where there were other rooms containing odds and ends of Mains' made things. But just then came a man who must be seen, and Mains excused himself and left her to roam about as she chose. Ten minutes later he returned, to find her in the back room where was the orangewood boudoir set. She flung her hat away and was sitting before the dressing table where the afternoon sun streamed through the window.

Mains was startled to see her there for he usually kept this room locked. These things were sacred to Mains, and not for the eyes of the casual observer, but when he caught the picture of her there as her regal young head drooped slightly under the weight of the halo of her pale bright hair, he stopped in the doorway. "You are the first woman," he said, softly, "who has ever looked on these things."

"Oh, I'm sorry," she glanced up startled, an arched indignantly. "They—they are the loveliest things I've ever seen."

"Yes," he said, looking down into her eyes, "I wanted them to be. For seven years I've been making them, bit by bit, in my little shop up stairs. Making them, you know, for the dream girl who might some day be foolish enough to love me." He smiled wistfully.

"She would have—have to be a very wonderful dream girl to be worthy of—of such thoughtfulness and—sense of beauty," said Irene Wedgewood, as she stepped hesitantly past him into the hall. And a few moments later she left, the original intention of her visit to Mains completely forgotten.

Two months later when Irene Wedgewood went out to superintend the arrangement of the furnishings of her new house, she found a certain orange wood boudoir set already unpacked in the room adjoining her bedroom. For an instant she held her hands over her surprised eyes and then looked again. Star-eyed and with flaming cheeks she went to the telephone before which she sat for some moments in deep thought, then suddenly she changed her mind, for she slipped into her coat and drove her car furiously back to town.

At five that afternoon she entered Mains' studio rather breathlessly. "I've come," she demurely said the once imperious Miss Wedgewood, "to pay for—the boudoir set." Mains smiled down into her eyes, standing close. "It was a fancy of mine to send it. You were the first woman to see it, and you were entirely other than financial—so, you see, money cannot pay for it."

"I—I didn't mean money." A tear slipped down her cheek. "I thought—I might be—the dream girl—and pay for it with—love." She stood there with bowed head and warm flushed cheeks. Whereat Mains reached out and gently cuddled her to his heart, collecting his first payment promptly. And the present Mrs. Mains will tell you any time that Mains' made happiness is even more wonderful than Mains' made furniture.

In Memoriam
Mrs. Louise B. Munson Criley. Mrs. Louise B. Munson Criley, widow of the late Wm. Criley, died at her home, 218 North Davis street at 5 o'clock the evening of May 31, 1918. Mrs. Criley was born at New Haven, Conn., August 30, 1848 and moved with her parents to Muscatine, Iowa, where she was united in marriage to E. B. Criley on April 14, 1866 at Davenport and located with her husband at Ottumwa in the fall of the same year. Her husband preceded her in death December 15, 1912 and she also did one daughter, Ina Verma Shupe whose death occurred November 3, 1911. She is survived by six sons, Rev. A. L. of Ottumwa, John R. of Chicago, Paul, III, of St. Louis, R. Fred A., of P. O. one daughter, Mrs. Ina M. Currier all of Ottumwa, one sister, Mrs. L. E. Lewis, one brother, R. C. Munson, both of Davenport and twelve grandchildren. She gave her life to her master in early girlhood and has always been a faithful Christian. The funeral services were held at the Davis Street Church on Friday, June 1, 1918, at 2 o'clock. Mrs. Criley had been a member for several years. Rev. O. W. Boyler conducted the services, assisted by Rev. W. E. Reavis, pastor of the First Church of Christ and Evangelist, R. Dean Morris, of the southeast Iowa missionary district.—Contributed.

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