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MONDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1918.

OREGON WEATHER

Rain; moderate easterly winds.

THEN AND NOW

Here are a few words from the description of the Poland horror, by J. C. Walcott, of the American relief expedition, who was an eye witness. This is how Germany would have treated the allies, had she won the war:

"Along the roadside from Warsaw to Pinsk, 230 miles, nearly a half million people had died of hunger and cold. The way was strewn with their bones picked clean by the crows. With their usual thrift the Germans were collecting the larger bones to be milled into fertilizer; but the finger and toe bones lay on the ground with the mud-covered, rain-soaked clothing. In the refugee camps 300,000 survivors of the flight were gathered by the Germans. There were no conveniences, they had not even been able to wash for weeks. Filth and infection from vermin were spreading. They were famished, their daily ration a cup of soup and a piece of bread as big as my fist. Every able-bodied Pole was bidden to Germany to work. If he refused he was not allowed to have anything to eat. He had to go or starve."

And here is the teaching and opinion of one of the German leaders—one of the "upper class"—von der Goltz:

"It is better to let a hundred women and children belonging to the enemy die of hunger than to let a single German soldier suffer."

Such were the ways of the Huns so long as they were in power. That was yesterday. Today they are cringing, and with bloody hands uplifted are calling out "kamerad" and pleading for food.

Most Americans have been somewhat incensed because the impression was conveyed through advices sent out from Washington that America was "going to feed Germany." Relief is felt, therefore, by Food Administrator Hoover's statement that we are not going to send great shiploads of food to the Huns, but that the water-tight blockade will be lifted, after which Germany can take care of herself.

BE SURE OF YOUR HERO

A number of cities, including Glendale and Medford, have been beautifully duped lately by fake heroes. These heroes are generally smooth of tongue, and very courteous. They may appear in different guise later on—as "rubes," or "foreigners," or in various other manner—but they will be the same

No Comparison

BETWEEN OUR WILAMETTE BURBANKS AND ORDINARY POTATOES SEE THEM—BUY THEM—TRY THEM

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QUALITY FIRST

"smooth fellows," capable of pulling off a three-shell game in any community.

The American public, big of heart and anxious to do something for the "fighting man," fall easy prey to these fakirs. Our boys will soon be returning to civilian life—and along with them will come a few who are fakirs and who will choose well their field of operation. Some of them will tell you that, single-handed they beat off a regiment of Boches; that they worked the machine gun so fast the enemy was corded up like an Oregonian would pile slabwood; that had there not been a boat nearby into which they could hop and row out of the lake of blood they had created, they would have drowned, etc., etc.

The advanced guard of this band of fakirs has already arrived—the balance will follow, thinly sprinkled among our genuine, true-blue soldiers—therefore be sure of your hero before you bestow lavish entertainment upon him. Our own boys, right here from Oregon, those of whom we are sure, are the ones who should receive our deference. Let us prepare and give them a great reception.

CLOTHES, OR FIG LEAVES?

Contemplative of the fact that several million soldiers will soon have to be re-clothed, now that hostilities have ceased, clothing salesmen in the cities have already begun to urge people to do their shopping early to be sure of sufficient wearing apparel to keep out the winter blasts. Suits and overcoats, they say, are likely to go as high as \$100.

One advertiser says that at the close of the Civil war, suits sold for \$75 and \$85, cotton was \$2.25 per

pound, and calico 75 cents per yard. Think of it! The \$25 or \$30 per week man paying \$100 for a suit to go to the "movies" in, or perchance to church, if his better half can so persuade him. Said \$30 per week man cannot afford it. Further, if he has no "Sunday clothes" he has an excuse for not going to church—he can play solo or pinocle. It's an ill wind that blows no one any good, figures the \$30 man.

In spite of the fact that word has been sent out from Washington that soldiers will be permitted to wear their uniforms for three months after receiving their honorable discharge from the service, clothing may take a skyward jump. But there is a limit to human endurance. If prices persist in playing tag with the moon and Jupiter, Mr. Average Man may be compelled to sew a mammoth patch on the broader portion of his trousers during the winter months and resort to the proverbial fig leaf with the coming of Spring. Clothing merchants, have a care, else a new style may be created.

NOTICE

I will be in Portland until January 1st, for the Johns Manville Co. My office will be handled by Miss Galbraith, who is both competent and reliable. Any courtesies extended her will be appreciated by me. L. A. LAUNER, 19 190 Church St., Portland, Ore.

"Bear" Proved Harmless.

A white bear had been seen in the Alps near Ofenburg, Switzerland, peasants reported. The alarm created some excitement in the mountains. The authorities were forced to arrange a great hunt to run down the "animal." The hunt was successful and the "animal" was cornered. He turned out to be a poor Russian deserter clad in a sheepskin coat who had been running around aimlessly.

TANKER "TOMCAT" GUNNER

(Continued from Page One.)

by the French, always watched each other closely, or endeavored to, the idea being to keep a hundred yards or so apart for their mutual protection, and it being important also that they not get too far ahead of the infantry.

"Just beyond the hump was a clump of woods, and we began to pour bullets into that," Sergeant Averti continued, "and for a time there was some smoke arising above the tree tops so we know there were Boches in there. About four of us opened up in full force and showered that woods with lead.

"The machine gun answers were pretty stiff for awhile, as we went forward, but I just kept peppering away and talking to my 'buddy' all the time and telling him what we were going to do—clean out that woods. My 'brothers' on either side somehow had the same hunch. The doughboys back of me too were firing right along with us and the Boche in that thicket must have thought all hell had broken loose, because first thing I knew the firing virtually stopped and I figured all the Boches had been killed or had decided to beat it before we all got there in force.

"Along about this time I noticed that the tank boys on the right were swinging around the side of a clump of trees, and from the positions of their guns and the speed of their tanks I judged that they were giving fits to some Fritzes running away. I then switched so as to run along side the thicket, at a distance, and joined the tank boys going around the end.

"Just about that time there was a volley of machine gun bullets, and some anti-tank gun stuff too, from a hill a bit to my left, suddenly my tank just began to tremble or something, and then stopped, and shuddered all over. I looked down and my 'buddy' was limp in his seat. One of those damned bullets had come in through my 'buddy's' peep hole and hit him square in the face.

"My 'buddy' was dead. His final clutch on the throttle shut off the gas and the old tank stopped, and there I was, and the other boys went on. That's about all I know about that fight, or whatever it was, and I am waiting around now for another tank and another 'buddy' too to take me up front again where things are doing every minute. This tank business is great business for the boys who like to shoot!"

Averti said that when he went into action he determined to keep count of the number of Germans his machine gun "touched off" but when he began to use his gun he could think of nothing but a purpose to spread death and destruction and that he quickly lost count of the number he saw fall.

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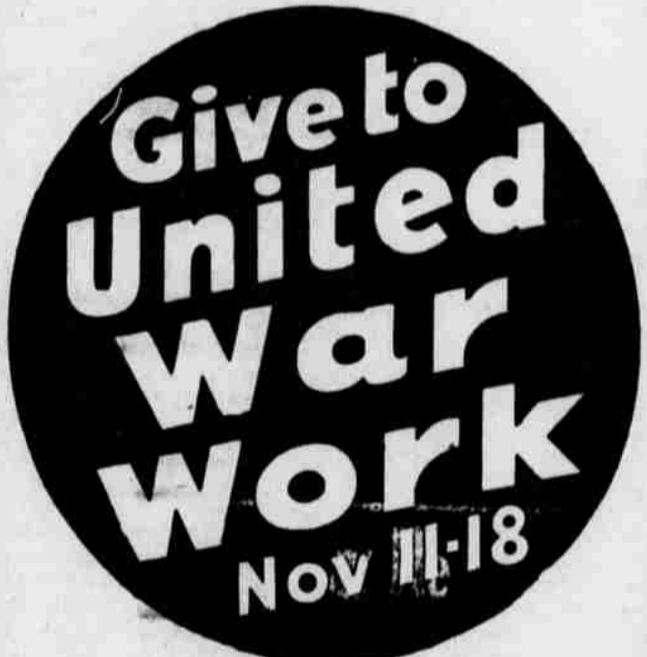
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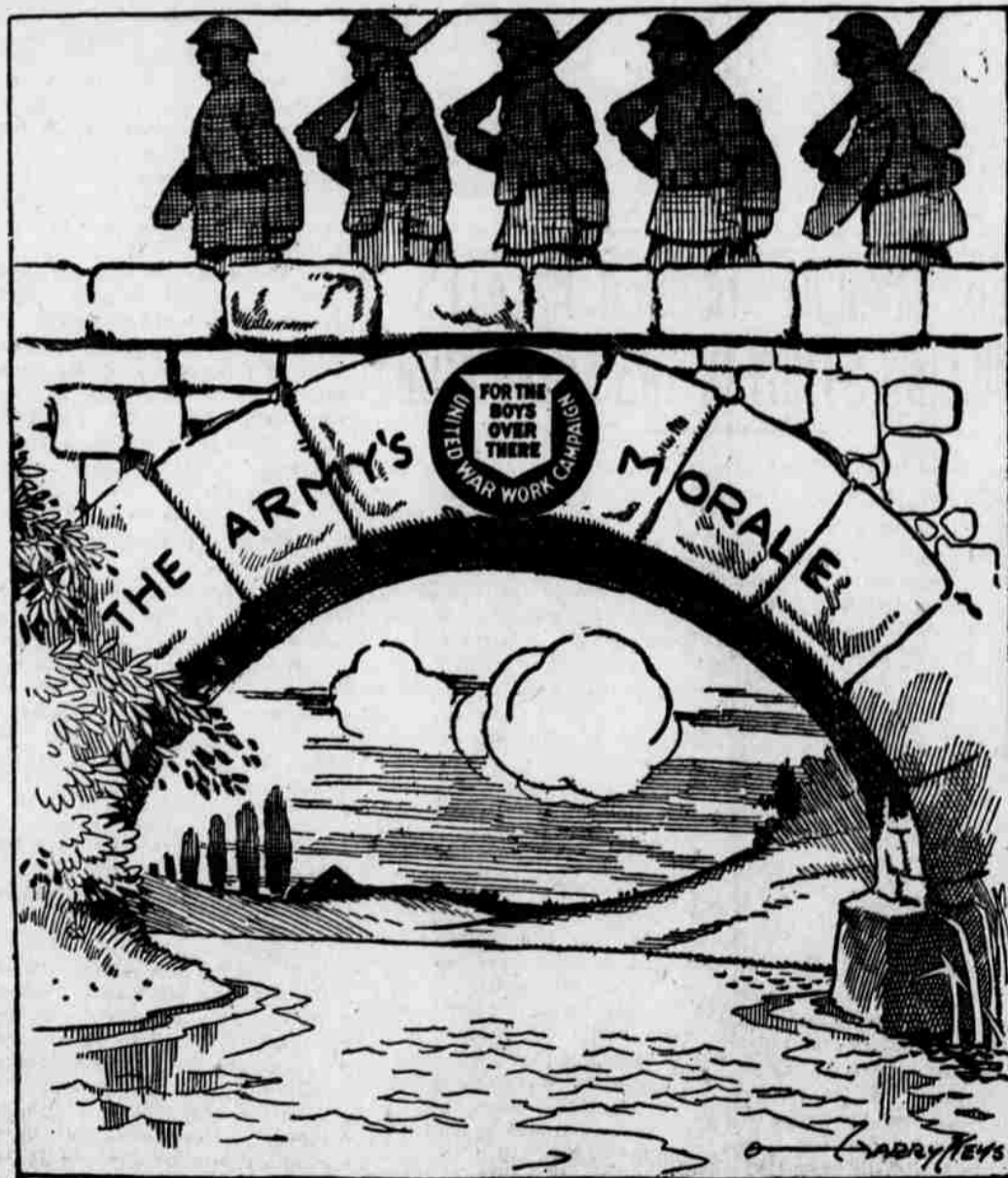
We will win this war— Nothing else really matters until we do!



Be patient here— Our Boys are getting

WRIGLEYS

over there!



The Arch will carry them over if you put the Keystone in tight.