

SCHENECTADY GAZETTE

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YOUR HELP IS NEEDED

Schenectady has yet to fail to subscribe all—and more—that the government has asked of it in the various requests the latter has made for the loan of money.

The fact has been brought home to every citizen that he had a personal responsibility in regard to the matter—that America asked him as an individual to contribute in the form of a loan.

Now the country is asking each Schenectadian to loan it his money in the form of Thrift stamps and War Savings certificates, just as it has done before in the case of Liberty bonds.

IT MAKES THE SAME CALL ON HIM TO BUY THESE AS IT DID TO BUY LIBERTY BONDS.

Don't assume that because the Thrift stamps are of small denomination they are not important. The government expects to sell over two billion dollars' worth of them. And it needs the money.

There is exactly the same obligation resting on you to buy these stamps that there was to purchase Liberty bonds. In one sense there is a greater one, for the small sum for which they are issued makes it easier for you to buy them.

Make this matter apply to yourself. It is YOU that the nation is asking to lend it money—at compound interest.

Buy the stamps—buy all you can. And let the government know how many you will purchase, for it wants to know how many are going to be taken in order to get a better idea of its income for next year.

If it does not get the sums it needs in the form of loans, it will get them through taxes, from which those who pay them will receive no money return.

To maintain Schenectady's record of loyal responses to the nation's appeals requires that YOU help.

UNIMPORTANT

Dr. Richard von Kuehlmann, German foreign secretary, in a speech to the Reichstag Monday, outlined in a general way what he asserts are Germany's aims and terms. They are entirely unacceptable to the allied nations.

It is idle for Germany to state its peace terms. The time has gone by when any announcement from Berlin on the subject attracts more than casual notice. We are no longer interested in what it proposes. The war will be settled on allied terms.

RECKLESS DRIVERS

It is about time the police took some notice of the habit some automobile and delivery rig drivers have of speeding through the residential streets, including those branching off the more traveled thoroughfares.

The first and only thought in the mind of any driver who has any consideration for the rights and safety of others is what is a safe speed—a speed that will make accidents practically impossible. There are some who are not governed by such a consideration. They ought to be made to think about it and a good big fine might be conducive to thinking.

It is intolerable that reckless drivers—and that includes many who do not realize that they are reckless—should imperil the lives of little children and of others in the way some of them do. If the police department is unable to deal with this problem it is unable to carry out one of the most important duties falling to it.

UNIMPORTANT

The statement of the entente powers will not quarrel at all with the leading affirmations of Foreign Secretary von Kuehlmann in his latest speech to the Reichstag. Nobody asks or expects Germany to "bind herself to any pledges in regard to Belgium."

Exactly. The important question is not what Germany proposes to do, much less what it would promise to do; it is what the allied nations intend to compel it to do along the line of making reparation for the damage it has done, of restoring stolen territory and of giving up its plans for domination. Germany's peace terms are immaterial. The war will be settled on the allied terms.

CHOOSING A CALLING

Under the Red Triangle

With our Boys in the Y.M.C.A. Huts in France by Carl J. Balliett

LETTER No. 22. "The Artist Chauffeur." This war has been so full of great tragedy that the little tragedies do not get even passing notice.

I happened to think of a chauffeur, recently discharged from our transportation department, who is a good pianist. Maybe his artistic temperament hindered him from mastering

the balkiness of over-worked Ford's, but he has developed a habit of stalling his motor either on a railroad crossing or in the midst of a cross-fire thundering five ton trucks, and would try to hide his chagrins by exclaiming "Gee!" and acting as if he were the injured party.

SAYS SOLDIERS AT SPARTANBURG ARE WELL CARED FOR

James Tregurtha of This City Writes Regarding Conditions There.

Following are extracts from letters recently received by John Tregurtha of 37 Parkwood boulevard from his son, James D. Tregurtha, who left this city May 25 with the Schenectady contingent for Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, S. C. Private Tregurtha was graduated from the College of Agriculture, Cornell University, on May 22, three days before leaving camp.

"Dear Pop—We are having a few minutes of this morning while the guns are being handed out. It is slow work outfitting so many men, as they do not have all the supplies they need such as uniforms and guns. There is one good thing, we can take our baths by the score. Some are not used to it and it is a funny thing to see them go at it. The fellows in each tent have a right to make each man take a bath twice a week. I can see that a person cannot be too careful in the care of their body and their habits. I certainly do enjoy washing my own clothes! You know we boys always like to get up early Monday morning and help get the washing out. The sun is strong and bleaches them out readily. The messes that are dropping them in the clay dust after they are all washed.

"The heat is the only thing we have to complain of. The grub and treatment we get in general is fine. Yesterday was the hottest so far, top degrees in the shade, but today there is a little breeze stirring. The boys seem to keep in pretty good condition and are happy and cheerful. Otto Kuntz keeps something going all the time. I am scheduled to have a novice wrestling bout with some fellow from Company G tomorrow night. We are going to have an entertainment for the company, boxing, wrestling stunts, singing, etc."

(From a later letter.) "It is reported here at camp that someone has been printing dope in the Albany papers that we are starved and misused. It is all a mess of bunk and the truth is, I don't know because I want the truth to be known and unnecessary worry stopped. The officers treat us very kindly for the army. If we are sick we are put in the infirmary, where we are well taken care of. During work hours if any are weak they can secure permission to fall out and rest. We are not dying from the heat. Of course it is warm, but not unbearable. We do not get very fancy grub but we do get plenty of good, wholesome and nourishing food. When I hear of any one writing home a pack of lies it makes me sick. It only adds to the anxiety and worry of the folks at home. Anyone that does what is right will get a square deal. If I am getting misused I will let you know about it.

"We have had a rather unique day of it—about 3,000 of us were sweating flies all day. We certainly did have a strenuous day. Most of us feel slightly lame but we are all full of pep yet. We got our third and last jab in the arm today—this is supposed to be a mild one. Well, I must quit now and resume the swatting. I'll write again tomorrow. "With love to all. "JAMES."

INSPIRING CONFIDENCE News from Italy continues to show how demoralized the southern Austrian army is becoming, following its defeat. The world is watching with eager interest further developments of the Italian campaign. The victory thus far won is not only important in a military sense but it has greatly strengthened the confidence of the Italians, and, conversely, demoralized the Austrians.

THE POET PHILOSOPHER BY WALT MASON

It Will End The captain and the colonel still heavily charge the foe; but nothing is eternal in this punk world below; some day when we are snoring around with spirits drooping, fair peace will come kerwhopping, and end the reign of war. They're shooting and they're blasting, as they have done for years; but nothing's everlasting in this, the best of spheres; all things on earth are ended, the fighting and the splendid, when Father Time has waded a white, knee deep in tears. Today is charged with sorrow and comfort is denied; but there'll be a tomorrow all cool and three feet wide; it's worth one while repeating that mundane things are fleeting; the trials we are meeting some day will have died. I'm glad the world keeps shifting until we are perspiring; I'm glad we're drifting from one thing to the next; I'm glad that every Sunday is followed by a Monday, that I am happy one day, the next day sorely vexed. So let us all endeavor to keep our smiles on straight; the war won't last forever, and that's as sure as fate; some morn'ning we'll awaken to see the flag flying again upon a world forsaken by every war lord skale.

If Houses Could Write

By RUTH CAMERON

What wonderful books we should have, if houses could write the stories of their lives!

Having concluded an interview with the order man, I lingered on my back stoop the other morning, enjoying my stolen moments the more, doubtless because a dozen reproachful tasks awaited my rising and going inside. The air was fragrant with the fragrance of spring and the May sunshine lay sweet on the green fields and on all the houses, little and big, scattered over the countryside.

As I sat there, idly looking at them, that thought came to me: The Little White Bungalow Would Write of Married Life.

The little white bungalow where the C's used to live, for instance. What a story of married life it could write! What a typical tale of two high spirited, intense young people who alternately found they could not live with, and could not live without, each other. I remember the story takes me back to hear of the night she threw her wedding ring into the river and the night that she took a dose of poison. (This story became public property because her husband had to awake a neighbor at midnight to telephone for the doctor and the neighbor, a sturdy bachelor, being wakened with the cry, "I want to use the telephone. My wife has taken poison," succinctly advised "Go home and give her another dose.") I am afraid that little house however would have a hard time making its story for it did not have the conventional happy ending.

A Dramatic Tale by the Big House. And then the big house that used to belong to the A's before they lost their money in the panic of 1907, and which was bought by their poor relatives who had been saving money tortoise-like while the hare spent it. If that house could tell all that it knew, I am sure we should have an interesting volume.

Wouldn't You Buy These Books? Just think what a volume of short tales the old yellow house could bring out, about the dozen or more families that have lived there from time to time—stories sad and stories happy—of their births, their deaths, their romances, their ambitions, their tragedies.

PAPER UNIFORMS. Paper uniforms for ball players! How does that strike you, fans? Yet that's what it might come to if the war lasts much longer. Flannel is now used as material for clothing the football heroes, and flannel also is used by their team for rainwear for their fighting nephews. The demand for this particular cloth is keeping manufacturers on the jump in their efforts to supply the necessary amount and the situation may become so acute that the government will take over the entire output. For the last couple of years paper clothing has been the fad in Germany and the day may come when it will be seen on the diamond. Can one imagine the effect of a book slide on a paper uniform? Horrors!

The Sun Never Sets on Sozodont Civilized people the world over know that Sozodont and a healthy set of teeth mean the same thing—also that Sozodont on your washstand indicates refinement. Clean your teeth, gums and mouth with famous Sozodont.

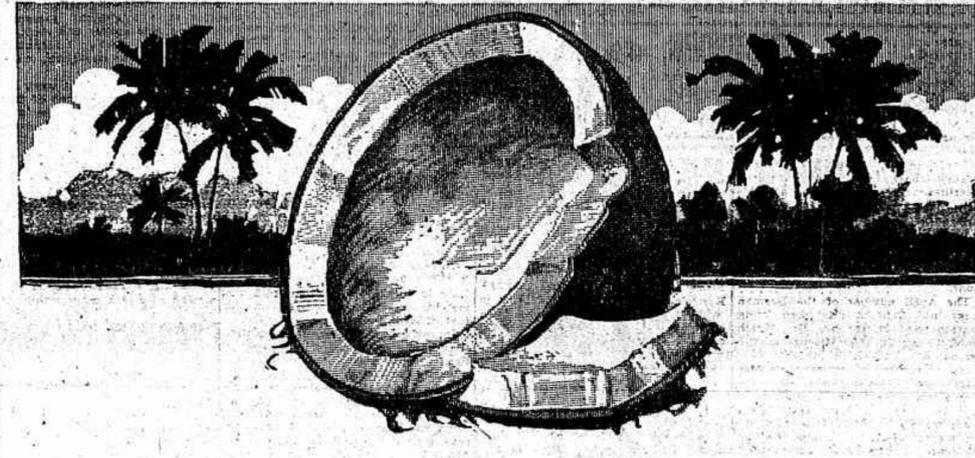
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GAFFERS

Advertisement for Woodbury's Facial Soap. "My skin is so tender" The new treatment for tender skins. Includes an illustration of a woman's face and text describing the benefits of the soap.

MARIAVILLE The annual Fourth of July festival and supper will be held at the Presbyterian chapel and lawn Thursday, July 4. This has been a summer feature for over 45 years. The event is being looked forward to and a good supper will be served. Supper will be served from 8 to 10 o'clock. A children's day program will be given in the Presbyterian church Sunday night. Neighboring churches have been invited to enjoy these exercises. The Red Cross special at the chapel yesterday was a large success.



Science Solves the Butter Problem with Butter Made from the White Meat of Cocoonuts

Just when the price of butter threatens to make it an unattainable luxury, science perfects TROCO, the new vegetable butter made from the white meat of the cocoonut. It tastes exactly like the finest creamery butter and is even more wholesome and pure. It is churned with fresh Pasteurized milk to give true butter flavor.

TROCO

Can't Be Told From Butter TROCO has all the good qualities of fine creamery butter. The only difference you will notice is the cost. It is as nutritious as cream butter, and as easily digested. It possesses the fuel value needed for energy.

Your Dealer Can Supply TROCO If your dealer doesn't already keep TROCO, ask him to get it for you. Tell him you must have this new-day successor to butter. Insist until he secures a supply. For TROCO solves one of the biggest problems presented by our high food prices—The problem of serving appetizing, wholesome butter at a moderate cost. Made by the TROCO NUT BUTTER CO., Milwaukee, Wis.

Goes Farther In Cooking TROCO, used in cooking, gives the same results as butter, except that it goes farther. Cooks should remember this and reduce the amount.

TROCO NUT BUTTER CO., Milwaukee, Wis.

C. R. & W. J. SUTHERLAND Albany Distributors

NOTICE: Under the law, all butter substitutes must be branded Oleomargarine. That law was passed March 4, 1902, before TROCO was invented. So the TROCO package is branded "Oleomargarine." Though there is no oleo in it, all better substitutes must carry the "oleo" label. So the color for TROCO comes in a special, and is printed, as you do with Oleomargarine.

