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WE CANNOT BE A GREAT NATION WITHOUT MILK.

"How to Promote the Use of Milk" is the title of a brochure just issued by the Department of Agriculture. How to get it at the present prices would be more to the point.—Los Angeles Times.

The above flippant remark of a paragrapher calls for the rather startling heading.

Read it again: We cannot be a great nation without milk. And more milk.

Why?

Because we would be under nourished and mal nourished without the free use of milk.

Dr. E. V. McCullum, formerly of the Wisconsin Experiment Station, and now of Johns Hopkins University, has recently startled the world by publication of the results of exhaustive experiments in this field.

He has advanced the knowledge of scientific feeding of man and beast by a decade.

Chemistry had done much before these experiments. It had worked out dietary tables on the basis of calories and proteins and fats.

But Dr. McCullum has shown that before we can anticipate results with exactness we must know what kinds of proteins and fats, as well as how much.

And he has definitely and conclusively proved that there is no substitute for the products of the dairy cow.

Children will not grow normally without milk. Physical and mental and even moral stamina depends upon the use of milk.

The reason for the prevalent blindness in Oriental countries is the lack of milk; also beri-beri and pellagra are due to milkless diets.

The young must have milk.

And any people who wish to achieve must have milk. Science can find no substitute.

So, the United States must do one of two things, in order to maintain world leadership:

First, double or treble the number of cows. Or, second, double or treble the average butterfat production of the present number of cows by proper breeding and feeding.

The latter may be done, as the reader may readily see. Take the Jerseys, for instance.

A Jersey cow is eligible to registration on producing 250 to 360 pounds of butterfat in a year, owing to age.

Vive La France, the greatest Jersey cow in the world, at Marion, Marion county, Oregon, actually produced about 1040 pounds as a senior four year old. She is probably capable of producing 1200 pounds.

The common brindle cow produces around 150 pounds of butterfat in a year.

The reader can readily see from this that the butterfat of the United States could be doubled, trebled, or even quadrupled, and then some, by proper breeding and feeding.

That is, without any substantial increase in cost of feeds; just by knowing how, and care.

In one of the two ways, or by a combination of the two ways, the milk production of this country must be increased; must be doubled; trebled.

It is good citizenship to promote this. It is along the line of efficiency.

Even of patriotism.

And it is good business. It will mean more silos; better barns; better cultivation; higher land values. Better roads, better schools, and a higher plane of country and city and village life will all follow.

No flippant matter, this.

And the wide awake people in all walks of life are fully aware of the great importance of the cow.

And, with Vive La France, the greatest Jersey cow in the world, Marion county, Oregon, stands in the lime light in this movement.

Western Oregon is bound to remain in the lime light in the dairy world, because there is a difference of a good many pounds of butterfat each year for the same effort here over and above the possibilities of nearly every other section of the United States.

Why?

Because it costs so much less to get the cow through the twelve months here than it does where the winter's cold and the summer's heat must be fought. The difference is at least 7 cents a pound of butterfat in our favor, according to good authority.

It is perhaps more.

So the beaten track of the dairy world is to the door of the Willamette valley dairymen. And it will remain so.

Harvey Scott, when he was editor of the Portland Oregonian, once wrote an able article that attracted wide attention; in which he proved to his own satisfaction and to the satisfaction of many of his readers that only the meat eaters were and were destined to be world conquerors; world leaders.

It has frequently been said that the degree of success of the various European nations in science, art, literature and politics runs parallel to their consumption of meat.

Dr. McCullum has shown that this was only a seeming truth; a half truth.

He has shown, after carefully analyzing the effectiveness of the combinations of foods employed in human nutrition, that the efficiency of a people can be predicted with a fair degree of accuracy from a knowledge of the degree to which they consume dairy products.

The use of meat and milk and its products will in nearly all cases run more or less parallel, and Prof. McCullum asserts that it is the milk and butter and cheese, and not the meat, which has the good influence on the promotion of the virile qualities of the people.

Here is one of the concluding statements of Dr. McCullum, in summing up the results of very complete and exhaustive experimental investigations:

"Without the continued use of milk, not only for the feeding of our children, but in liberal amounts in cookery and as an adjunct to our diet, we cannot as a nation maintain the position as a world power to which we have arisen.

"The keeping of dairy animals was the greatest factor in the

history of the development of man from a state of barbarism." In conclusion, does the reader now think the words in the heading of this article are too strong?

Make it even, and unanimous.

Put Oregon on the road map, Tuesday.

It will be a big week in Paris and the wide world.

Read hopes to make it back in one hop. Leave it to Read.

Pickers, and more pickers, will be needed in the Salem neighborhood.

Put Oregon over the top and on the grade, Tuesday. On the up grade.

Put Oregon in the front line of progress to stay. Vote the even numbers all down the line.

American marines are first to fight, and American naval men first to fly.

If you have any red blood in your veins, do not stay away from the polls on Tuesday. It is your duty to vote, and get Oregon started right.

Carranza is ripe enough to pick. But Mexico has few better or abler men, and many worse ones. More's the pity.

There is very little talk, and no argument, against the Oregon good roads program; or against the Marion county market roads program.

"I do not harshly blame the president for yielding to the temptation to join the luxury and adulation which awaited him in Paris," says Speaker Gillett. This makes it certain that the speaker does not intend to spoil the president with adulation when he gets back.—Springfield Republican.

Sergeant Alvin C. York of Pall Mall, Tenn., and the 328th infantry, a church elder and former conscientious objector, who has been called the "greatest" war hero, is back from France. He admits that he killed 25 Germans the day he captured 132 prisoners, and says, "If I hadn't killed them quick I wouldn't be here." The trouble with the views of a great many conscientious objectors was that they didn't see the question of national defense in terms of like concreteness.

VISIONING

A new mental muscle-developer: bidding for attention. It is visioning—visioning as the first requisite toward a happy future. And they tell us this visioning should begin early—when we are learning walking and talking and new words and new places. Visioning means a full life, these visionists tell us. It is the foundation for things which will come if we hang onto our visioning. It is hope made practical. It is no longer enough to rapidly wish for this or that. You must see yourself in the conditions and situations you desire. Your present must be scintillant with the inward sight of other faces and other places—that is, if you yearn for other faces and other places—and most of us do. Furthermore, they tell us that those who have struck deadly ruts have done so for the simple reason that they never learned how to vision. They never learned to see themselves successful in whatever way they desired success. They did not see themselves speaking in their legislatures or congress; they did not see themselves directing great forces of men upon buildings or bridges; they did not see themselves as orators or men of money and power; they slumped early and began to talk about the advantages they had not had, the drawbacks they had had and the general all-around impossibility of ever having anything worth while in this vale of tears. They visioned themselves in exactly the same unhappy limited rut in which they first found themselves and there they stayed. They do not belong to the Sarah Bernhardt class whose motto is—"in spite of everything." It is quite safe to say that all the great accomplishments, the pyramids and all the rest of the monuments of man's determination to make some impression on the earth during his

FUTURE DATES.

June 1 to 6—Commencement at Salem Indian training school, Chemawa.
June 2 to 8—Campaign to raise funds for Marion county Y. M. C. A.
June 3, Tuesday—Special election in Oregon.
June 5, Thursday—Amalgamated commercial clubs of Marion county to meet in Salem.
June 7, Saturday—Annual picnic of Polk County Farmers union, Rickreall Grove.
June 7 to 11—Historic pageant commemorating 75th anniversary of Willamette university.
June 8, Sunday—Willamette university baccalaureate sermon, First Methodist church.
June 14, Saturday—Flag day.
June 18, Tuesday—School election in Salem.
June 20 to July 13—Methodist Centenary celebration at Columbus, Ohio.
June 23 to 30—Salvation Army fund drive by Elks.
July 2, 3 and 4—State encampment of United Spanish war veterans in Salem.
August 14, 15, and 16—Elks state convention at Klamath Falls.
September 22-27—Fifty-eighth Oregon state fair.

transient stay were visioned even greater than they developed.

James J. Hill shortly before his death said that every man worth the name had his great adventure. To some, he said, it was a fortune of dollars, to some it was a wealth of political accomplishment, to some it was a lime of steamships sailing the seas, but to him it was the Great Northern Railroad. He visioned that road, put his heart in it and his shoulder to the wheel and became one of the great men of his time.

Talk to your neighbor and find what his vision is. If it is small and uninteresting, savoring not in the least of adventure, you may look forward to the time when you will call upon him in his little rut and suggest that he teach visioning to his children that they may escape his fate.

And these visionists tell us that visioning puts radiance into life, dulls all the exigencies of today and makes every hour a happy milestone on the way to the realization of our vision, whatever it may be. But they say you must wake up and put a vision ahead of you that is wide and deep and high. No puny vision will do. No hoping for glories that will crush or maim any other human being—for if you do—that will work, too, and your dream come true will bring you sorrow. For visioning, they maintain, once started will become your own condition "in spite of everything."

ON GOING TO CHURCH

Just exactly the advantage of smoking in church does not seem to be clear.

About once in so often there bobs up an unnaturally nervous clergyman who is sure that the churches are going to close and be used for garages. He is, sure that if they issued a notice permitting parishioners to put their feet on the seats in front or to smoke in church or tango in the aisles or use the cellar for a shooting gallery the public would block the traffic trying to get there.

If men won't go to church for the sake of going to church they won't get all dressed up in a billed shirt and their best shoes and march down there to have a pipe. Meanwhile the old church seems to keep pegging along on the job just the same.

PAYING THE PREACHER

Reports at the Baptist convention were that a majority of the ministers were receiving day laborers' wages.

If they were sure of that they would be faring better than the old-time preacher. The common laborer nowadays sets his mark at about \$120 a month and lots of pastors would have thought that a good income—if they could collect it. It is fine indeed that the ministers have the consolation of a future reward, for certainly they do not all get it here

FORGIVE THEIR FAULTS

(By W. L. Stanton)

If you'd seen 'em a-marchin' as I have,

If you'd seen 'em all night and all day,

With packs that was breakin' their shoulders,

A-fillin' and blockin' the way;

With rain soakin' thru' 'em in torrents,

With mud reachin' up to their knees,

You'd never say no word agin' 'em.

These boys that went over the seas

If you'd seen 'em a-sleepin' as I have,

Their faces so peaceful and young, Forgettin' the things they was livin',

As if there had nothin' gone wrong; Just like when they laid in the cradle,

Or slept in their dear mother's arms,

You'd never say no word agin' 'em.

These boys from the towns and the farms.

If you'd seen 'em a-laughin' and jokin',

When things was the worst that could be;

If you'd seen 'em a-runnin' and swearin'

Right into the Boche enemy—

If you'd seen 'em a fallin' and lyin',

Their faces turned up to the sky,

You'd never say no word agin' 'em.

These boys that was willin' to die!

"Note: Written at midnight in the port of Gibraltar, while on watch in the hole of a transport where hundreds of enlisted men were sleeping. They were packed two tiers deep, lying in all kinds of positions, covered and uncovered; but on each face, as I picked my way in the dim light over packs, rifles and shoes, was the same peaceful expression of "sleep that knits up the raveled sleeve of care."

JUDAS

"It is true that Judas got thirty pieces of silver at the time—but he did not enjoy a great degree of prosperity afterwards," remarked one of the leading preachers of Los Angeles in his Sunday sermon.

And the same can be said of every Judas in all history, whether in religious life, business, family rela-

tions or politics. All the betrayers go down one road.—Los Angeles Times.

IN A FAR-OFF GOD'S ACRE

Why was it that my eyes were dim as we carried his body down to the grave—the latest of all those acres of small white crosses? It was not at the sublime words that fell from the chaplain's lips on the faint autumn air; in them there was hope. It was not at the thought of him we were to leave there. The distant shining of the sea under the vaulted blue; the Italian soldier who stood beneath a pine tree on a little sandy hill, statuesque, his hand raised in that strange Italian salute as though he were shading his eyes to gaze out to sea; the hush that was upon our

gathered comrades—all these things were moving, but it was not because of them that my eyes were dim. Working amid the multitude of graves were English girls, trowsed, hardbanded, with big, heavy boots. And my eyes were dim because I thought of thousands of girls whose lives must now be given to nothing more than that—keeping fresh and green the graves of their men.—R. H. S. in Manchester (Eng.) (Guardian)

LEST WE FORGET!

The tumult and the shouting died— The captains and the kings departed— Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice, An humble and a contrite heart, Lord God of hosts, be with us yet, Lest we forget—lest we forget!

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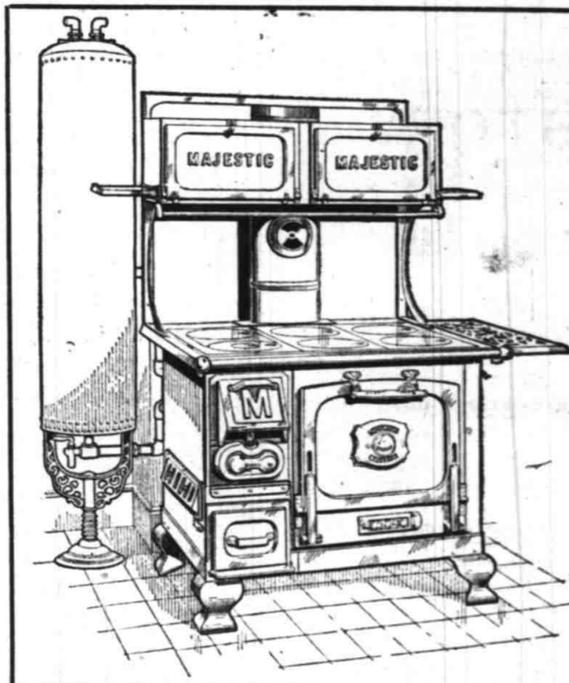
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