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A PROCLAMATION FROM NORTH SALEM

To the Non Resident Owners of Vacant Property in North Salem: For three months the North Salem Improvement Association has been doing preliminary work for a civic improvement campaign in this part of the city. It is as much for your benefit as for any one else. In many cases your vote is the deciding vote that is to make or block progress.

The movement has been spontaneous. It has been wide open. Every step has been discussed at public meetings and thoroughly advertised in the newspapers. The cards are all on the table. We are ready for a complete line-up of those who are anxious to promote civic progress and those who would prevent it.

The time for decision and action has come. We know that a majority of the resident home owners want improvements.

We know that as a rule the men who hold vacant property for an increase, have more capital and wealth at command, and are better able to help pay for improvements than the small home owner who must depend for his living on a monthly wage. We know that such value as your vacant property has, is largely due to the homes which these residents have built and kept up. We know that every new home built in this district adds value to your property. When a majority of these home owners come to you asking you to do your share toward civic improvement, are you going to refuse, to balk, to hide behind every shadow of excuse, argument or camouflage, in order to side step the issue?

That is the big question in North Salem. If Salem has reached its limit, if you are convinced that the tap roots of its economic growth have already struck hard pan, you are quite justified in blocking useless and foolish improvements. But before deciding to follow the dictates of pessimistic conservatism, the logic of disappointments long past, we urge you to take a day off and study the new industries in Salem.

Study the map of market roads to be paved. Study the remarkable increases in bank deposits, post office receipts, and school attendance.

Study the development of national markets by national advertising, which Salem firms have undertaken.

Observe the crowds that throng the movies. Visit the real estate offices and listen to the plaintive pleas for more houses to rent.

Count the number of solid blocks of parked autos on Saturdays. Note the development of highway truck service. Look at the new stores that have been fitted up in the last few years.

Keep your eye on the Oregon Growers' Co-operative Association. Inquire into the present prosperity of the hotels that were so frightened when prohibition became law.

Get a jolt of that new live wire spirit in the Commercial Club. Compare attendance records at the state fair in recent years.

Compare all these conditions with those of five or ten years ago, and see if the fog of pessimism surrounding your mental processes does not begin to disappear, and the clear light of a new day for Salem begin to dawn upon your consciousness, and the thrill of a real enthusiasm begin to quicken your blood, so that you will decide to be a game sport, to take a chance, and to bet on the side of a better Salem and not against your home town.

Submitted on behalf of the Executive Committee of the North Salem Improvement Association by

—E. S. TILLINGHAST,
Chairman.

You will be surprised tomorrow at the showing made by the gooseberry industry in the Salem slogan pages.

Governor Olcott was born lucky, or he carries a rabbit's foot in his pocket.

There will be no construction of public buildings in 1920, according to the Republican programme in congress. It is absolutely necessary to trim expenses somewhere and there is no better place to begin.

The women of the country are demanding equal representation on the Republican National Committee. If they are of the proper age we don't know but we favor the proposition. There have always been too

COMMERCE OR FARMING

WHICHEVER branch of business you are interested in—you may be sure that a connection with the United States National Bank GAINS OUR INTEREST TOO.

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many old women on the national committee.—Eychange.

What the Democratic party in this country needs more than anything else is the rest cure and the country proposes that it be accommodated.

When it is possible to raise a campaign fund of \$600,000 for the Republican presidential ticket in Texas it would seem that the solid south was able to be split into smithereens.

In some parts of the country where accommodations are scarce the jails are being used for temporary homes. Not a bad idea since in these bone dry days so many of them, are vacant.

Col. E. M. House has returned to his Texas home and that, too, after failing to call on his old friend at the White House during all the weeks the colonel was recuperating from illness in New York. Something's wrong.

AFRAID OF POPULATION

Australia's official statistician has put the world's population at 1,649,000,000 in 1914. He declares that the annual rate of growth between 1906 and 1911 was 1.170 per cent, and that since the war this rate has shown signs of increase rather than decrease.

The war and the flu were mere trifles in offsetting the wholesale figures for the world.

So the world probably numbers 2,000,000,000 now.

And just when every city in the United States is hopeful that its population has doubled in the last ten years the sociologists and statisticians are telling us that they "view with alarm" this rapid increase to tax the world's resources and confidently predict a world catastrophe as the result.

It is mighty hard to get an ambitious city to become really anxious over dizzy increases in its population. Yet these pessimistic fellows draw a most uncomfortable picture of starving millions in conjunction with the decrease in production and the H. C. of L. Something like 800,000,000 more mouths to feed every five years or so—and the child welfare people all doing their best to see that the new babies are robust with wholesomely-rampant appetites; and the scientists equally busy and determined to see the old folks get new monkey glands and frolic in eternal youth. And every state setting its face against birth-control; vast armies of doctors everywhere cooperating to prolong the lives of weaklings and invalids; stern sentiments against the death penalty; and still more virulent sentiments against wars and death-dealing epidemics.

Under the harrowing circumstances—and it is a lugubrious picture—every country will urge that it is the duty of every other country to practice a little judicious birth-control; some of our United States senators feel that way about Japan already. But it isn't going to make the slightest difference to the wel-

come of our own particular little strangers.

Babies are the one lone product in which the law of supply and demand does not operate.

Each proud parent will continue in sublime faith that his particular mighty atom is a special brand which the world could not have dispensed with.

Every mother will persist in making the most elaborate preparations for the babe that her means will allow and treating it as a remarkable and precious addition to the universe.

Wise and wily old Nature knows how to deal with the sociological alarmists. She has hedged the miracle of birth around with too many human emotions, exalted tribulations, privileges, responsibilities and love wonders. The commonest thing in the world is also the most wonderful thing in the world—and the childless couples are indeed entitled to all the consolation the statisticians can give them.

The United States in general and Salem in particular will continue to begrudge every little life, every new, little, hungry mouth that fate has denied to us.

And we are very anxious, too, just now, that the census enumerators should find all the babies in Salem, and all the other children from 1 to 100 years old.

We will run the risk of scaring the statisticians over the increasing population of the world—if we can show a little increase for 1920 over our population figures of 1910; and, confidentially, we might add that the enumerators will have to go some.

We Salemites don't believe in the Malthusian theory, any way.

FRUITS MEET FOR REPENTANCE

Senator Hiram W. Johnson of California wants to be the Republican party's nominee for president. He has announced his intention to make a country-wide speaking tour in behalf of his own candidacy. One of his managers has already been in Minnesota looking over the field.

The time does not seem ripe for Hiram W. Johnson even to expect such an honor at the hands of the Republican party. That day may come, perhaps in four or eight years.

Before it does come Senator Johnson will have to atone for certain things which happened in California back in 1916. The country has not forgotten that it was this California senator, who stood in the way of the election of a Republican president. By almost a wave of the hand Senator Johnson could have insured the election of Charles Evans Hughes over Woodrow Wilson. He chose to do otherwise, with the result that Hughes lost California by 3836 votes, while Johnson himself received a majority of several hundred thousand for United States senator.

To be sure, there were factional differences in California when Mr. Hughes went there to speak. Senator Johnson felt he had been slighted. But he placed his own personal feelings above those of the interests of the Republican party. For that act he will have to do penance. The best way for Senator Johnson to regain the confidence of the party nationally is by disinterested service for some time to come. He has already demonstrated his ability as a leader in the senate. In the coming campaign he will have plenty of opportunity to use his splendid oratorical ability in behalf of the Republican nominee.

The Republican party can ill afford to nominate a man for president who, when the power was his, let his personal "peevishness" stand in the way of the election of a Republican president at a time when the country sorely needed a change of administration.—Minneapolis Tribune.

HIS REWARD

Behold the man at break of day,
Grab coat and hat and rush away,
Anxious to join the vast array
Of those who push and hustle:

All day long in the noisy fray,
Sober, stern, no time to be gay,
Not a moment to stop and play,
And rest his weary muscle.

Year in and out it's plan and toil,
Nothing can hinder, nothing foil,
And oft he burns the midnight oil,
Like some old musty scholar;

Rushing here and following there,
Uphill and down and everywhere,
Just like a hound chasing a hare—
Chasing the fleeting dollar.

He spends his best days in the chase,
And as he almost wins the race,
In every movement you can trace
His eagerness intense;

And when at last he grasps the prize,
And holds it to his waiting eyes,
To his disgust and great surprise,
'Tis only thirty cents.

—E. L. Aultman.

HOME PERILS

The explosion of a private still partially wrecked a home in Portland. This is not the first home that has been ruined by strong drink, either. Among other perils of the

THERE'S A REASON



Will Rogers says—"The reason they kept our soldier boys over there so long was so that they could get the mail that was sent over to them."

American home must now be added that of being blown up by amateur brewers.

WORK AND WOMEN

In a dozen industries in New York the women employees introduced are producing more than the men they displaced. In mastering the national problem of production won't someone arise and strike up that grand old hymn: "Let the Women do the Work."

BACK TO THE BARN

Now it costs a dollar a day to board a horse at the livery stable—but, thank heaven, we have no horse.—Exchange.

IN RED RUSSIA

It would seem that all these orators and agitators who are so eager for anarchy would be glad to be transported to a country where they are having it three times a day and between meals.

Deals in Real Estate

R. Brown and wife to Ole Glau Opasahl, 1.09 acres, T. 6 S. R. 1 W., \$430.

Mrs. S. R. Donnell to Alice Pugh: Lots 5, 6 and 7, block 5, Englewood Addition, Salem, \$1400.

J. S. Rhodes and wife to Mrs. Mary A. Pearsall: Lots 1, 2, 3 and 4, block 11, Highland Addition, Salem, \$1850.

A. O. Condit and wife to Ella McCaffry: Lot by State Fairgrounds, \$600.

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