

THE OREGON STATESMAN

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THE SINNERS' CLUB AT THE PENITENTIARY

There is a small room in a little house back of the main building at the Oregon State Penitentiary over the entrance door of which appears this inscription: "SINNERS' CLUB."

That would seem a superfluous handle in the institution of which it forms a part.

But it is much better than it sounds.

In that room there is the embryo form of a very important industry.

It is the broom making plant of the state's prison and the name is merely a whimsical expression of one of the men engaged in making brooms.

The brooms turned out would serve a very good purpose in any home or office or institution.

Already the prison is making not only its own brooms, but those used by some of the other state institutions.

The plan is to go further, and make all the brooms for all departments of the state government, down to the last broom—and to go still further and raise the broom corn on the state's land.

That is what Superintendent Compton proposes doing, this year. He is planning also to raise the sorghum and to manufacture it, for the prison; with the idea that this may be carried further—to the other state institutions, at least.

These two experiments are well worth while.

They may point the way to the farmers of Oregon generally to help reduce the high cost of living.

The state of Oregon owns a lot of land here.

Numerous experiments should be tried, in a modest way, to show the farmers and gardeners better methods.

The writer knows of a farmer who, both in Eastern Oregon and in Southern Oregon, raised all his sorghum for his large family; and he made his own appliance for squeezing out the syrup, in each case; made it from two logs.

So Superintendent Compton does not need an appropriation for making all the brooms and sorghum for all the state institutions.

He can get and grow everything necessary right on and out of the state's land.

And thus cut down by that much the appropriations for maintenance.

A lot can be done at that institution that has never been done—by merely keeping everybody at work.

Several people are advertising strawberry plants for sale, in the columns of The Statesman publications. They should be cleaned up, to the last strawberry plant. Not one should be allowed to go to waste. The canneries and jam and jelly plants will gladly take all the surplus strawberries at good prices; and they will not have anything like enough. Strawberries are staple. And the section surrounding Salem is the best strawberry country under the shining sun. Growers should be careful to get the varieties together that will fertilize one another; and give them good cultivation. Nature will do the rest.

Next slogan subject, goats.

Salem people can hurry the day when this city will become a mining center, by standing back of every legitimate effort to develop the Santiam country.

Now would be a good time to take a census of the ex-kings, ex-princes and ex-nobility in Switzerland. One cannot in that country show a tramp the door without taking a chance that it is an ex-king.

Another thing, the Germans have only six months more to restore the skull of Sultan Mikawa stolen years ago in South Africa, to the British empire. It would strike some of us

that the peace terms are very exacting.

Herbert Hoover says he is not in favor of making the peace treaty and covenant of nations a campaign issue this fall; also that he favors certain reservations. That indicates at least that he is not a Wilson Democrat.

A Nebraska man sold 45 head of Hampshire hogs for \$22,000. There doesn't seem to be much chance for a slump in bacon at that rate.

Herbert Hoover says experiments in socialism and communism in Europe have resulted in every case in the decreased production of necessities. And the European experience

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of Mr. Hoover ought to count for something. He is a close observer.

Don't let a single available strawberry plant go unused. Marion and Polk counties must maintain their places as the leading strawberry counties of Oregon. There is big money in the industry, directly and indirectly.

Salem is the center of the greatest pure-bred goat industry in the world. Tell us what you know about goats, for The Statesman Salem slogan pages of next Thursday.

A New Jersey candidate for the legislature promises to exterminate the mosquitoes if elected. But that will not get him very far. The folks in New Jersey, like the rest of us, have been stung so often that they don't care.

There is much doubt as to when the world is coming to an end, but we should select that date on which the senate finally votes on the peace treaty. But we may be wrong.—Los Angeles Times.

THE ROAD TO HAPPINESS.

There have been almost as many answers to the question, why is the cost of living so high? as there are individuals capable of giving the problem coherent thought. More, indeed, because some of the answers show a lamentable lack of either coherent or cohesive thought and wander at large through the realm of phantasy.

Most of the people have wondered and have asked the whereabouts of the millions which formerly went to placate John Barleycorn.

These millions are still circulating, even though John has laid him down to pleasant dreams.

Nothing was so easily spent as booze money.

A man would cheerfully pay \$3 for a round of drinks who would bite his wife if she asked him for six bits for the ice man, and it is this same sort of reckless spending, regardless of return, which has been going on to the fattening of the profiteer and the booming of retail trade in all sorts of luxurious gew-gaws.

It is estimated that \$1,000,000 was spent for liquor every day in New York City alone, and it is agreed that much of this sum, and the other millions which were passed over bars throughout the country is now going, in large part, into the coffers of amusement purveyors and silk-shirt vendors.

Men who were accustomed to spend a considerable sum on booze felt that

they must keep the outlet open. They conceived that the only real use for money was to speed its parting, and it is this fund, to no inconsiderable degree, which has necessitated the opening of new stores and the enlarging of so many retail establishments to keep pace with the liquidation.

This particular hang-over is wearing off. Merchants report a lessening demand for the nonessentials. Cotton goods are no longer held in quite the contempt they were held in a few months ago, and those who observe such phenomena assert that there is occasionally a woman to be seen who wears lisle hose instead of the customary silk.

So we can enter upon a new era.

Prosperity is to continue; demand is to continue; our budget will remain higher than it was before the war, but so will our earning capacity. The point is that the fever is abating; clarity of mental vision is returning; we're learning that the way to enjoy a \$10 or a \$100 or a \$1,000 unit of unfamiliar profit is not to throw it out of the window just for the fun of seeing the boys scramble for it, but first to produce more than we spend, to differentiate between what we think we want and what we actually need for right living, to remember that true happiness and personal and national solvency and the right to look every man in the eye and be able to tell him to go to thunder lies in remembering and practicing the admonition of Robert Louis Stevenson to "earn a little and spend a little less."

THE MEAT MARKET.

England has a six-months' supply of American meats; Germany cannot arrange satisfactory payment for stocks already on hand. France has ceased meat importations. There are no sales in Holland and Italy. There is no hope for a resumption of trade in Scandinavia through the lifting of the Russian blockade.

Looks as if the packers could confine themselves to the home market for a while, but that is no sign that the average man can get chummy with Hammond Bacon, Sir Loin de Boef or other aristocrats.

THE BOY SCOUTS.

In two or three eastern cities the experiment of using Boy Scouts to help out in taking care of rush-order traffic problems has been successful. Some of the lads are drafted for service Saturday afternoons when they have no school duties. The police officers use them to keep the pedestrians moving and they also check up on the proper display of license plates on cars. Their presence also serves as a brake on the speed fiends. Incidentally, as representatives of the rising generation, they are themselves acquiring a working knowledge of all laws and ordinances and a respect therefor.

As an organization the Boy Scouts can exercise an important influence

on the future by keeping the stream of Americanism pure. They represent loyalty and service and all over the country can be made almost instantly available for any wholesome and patriotic task. They deserve the co-operation and good will of all true citizens.

Salem is better represented in the Boy Scout movement than most cities of her size—perhaps better than any. And the word better does not refer to numbers only, either.

WITHIN THE LIMIT.

Officers of foreign ships will be surprised at the number of warm friends they will find in American ports, and these friends will all be eager for a chance to dine on shipboard. They will even be communicating their wish by wireless as the vessel approaches. The reason is that cocktails and highballs may still be served in lavish numbers on the deck of a foreign ship, even within the three-mile limit.

Under a department interpretation liquor is recognized as a part of the rationing of a foreign vessel and the officers and crews are entitled to have all they want with their meals. Naturally the same right would extend to their guests, and it is possible for a spread on shipboard to assume the proportions of a friendly drinking contest.

If this thing keeps up some of our high-rollers will be owning English, French and Italian yachts which they will keep in or near New York harbor. They will invite themselves out to lunch every afternoon and the festivities will be marked by the opening of a fresh case of Scotch. There is a lot of adventure ahead for the man with money and a thirst before a bogged world becomes a full-orbed fact.

THE GREAT TASK.

Thomas Skelton Harrison, who was for a time United States consul general and minister to Egypt, has left almost a million dollars as a fund for the purpose of "reforming" Philadelphia—not morally or religiously, but in a municipal way.

It is intended to help straighten out her bookkeeping, to see that contracts and ordinances are enforced and to encourage efficiency in city administration. The income may be used in many ways for the betterment of municipal government. Possibly the bequest is laudable, but it will take a good many million dollars to clean up the politics of Philadelphia.

If it can start something, however, it may help some. After a time the Philadelphians may learn to take an interest in their own cleansing.

This is a most unusual bequest. But who is there to say that it is not a wise one?

To Cure a Cold in One Day
Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE (Tablets). It stops the Cough and Headache and works off the Cold. E. W. GROVE'S signature on each box. 30c.



No. 58.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF

Salem Bank of Commerce

At Salem, in the State of Oregon, at the close of business February 28, 1920.

Resources	
Loans and discounts	\$324,222.83
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	3,705.84
Bonds and warrants	282,874.34
Banking house	24,000.00
Furniture and fixtures	2,400.00
Due from approved reserve banks	168,294.55
Checks and other cash items	6,508.29
Exchanges for clearing house	5,693.56
Cash on hand	42,569.14
TOTAL	\$870,962.70

Liabilities	
Capital stock paid in	\$ 50,000.00
Surplus fund	10,000.00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	\$68.29
Individual deposits subject to check	644,760.00
Cashier checks outstanding	19,522.40
Certified checks	348.18
Time and Savings Deposits	142,762.55
TOTAL	\$870,962.70

State of Oregon, county of Marion, ss:
I, H. V. Compton, cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
H. V. COMPTON, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 3rd day of March, 1920.
ROY F. SHIELDS, Notary Public.
My commission expires June 17th, 1920.

CORRECT—Attest:
H. O. WHITE,
J. C. PERRY,
S. B. ELLIOTT,
Directors.

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