

# THE OREGON STATESMAN

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## AGAIN, IT IS TIME TO DO MORE IN THE FLAX INDUSTRY

The following letter was received yesterday by a member of the editorial force of The Statesman from E. J. Hansett, superintendent of the flax mill at Turner of the Oregon Flax Fibre Co., under date of March 15:

"As you are doing your best to promote the flax industry in Oregon:

"Having received a letter from my brother who is in the flax business in Belgium, it may interest you to know what the market conditions are over there:

"He sold lately a lot of dew retted flax at 22 francs per kilogram, or about \$2 per pound. Water retted flax is worth from \$2.75 to \$3.75 per pound. Scutching tow is selling from 70c to 90c per pound. For flax seed, for sowing, he had to pay \$19.60 per bushel. He had rented out 19 acres of land to sow flax at \$150 per acre.

"He sold lately 8000 pounds of oats at 10c per pound. The sugar beet factories are contracting with the farmers at \$25.40 per ton. Before the war they were getting \$4.40 per ton. In Yakima, Wash., they are contracted at \$6. (Shame on the profiteers.)

"My brother claims that the short hours and high wages are some of the causes of those exorbitant prices, and he is of the opinion that cheap labor is something of the past.

"Most happy are the ones living in the United States."

Belgium grows good flax. But not as fine as that which is produced in the Salem district; not as fine for the manufacture of fine linens and strong twines on any one of the nine points by which judges test flax; as shown away back in 1876, at the Philadelphia Centennial, and known ever since—where an Irish manufacturer said he could take two pounds of Marion county flax fiber and spin a thread that would reach AROUND THE WORLD.

We also have the soft water here needed in manufacturing; and the air, too, free from electricity.

Nature has done everything—  
Everything to make Salem the linen manufacturing center of the world.

It is bound to be such.

Again, it is time for our people to gather up some of the flax experts from Belgium, Ireland, France, and all over the world, and get them busy manufacturing the articles of commerce out of flax that ought to be manufactured here—and that will be eventually. Now is the accepted time.

While numbers of these men are loose.

There will probably never be a better time.

With all the sparring, and all the fond hopes of the world dashed to earth again and again, a few wilful men in the United States Senate still oppose their wills to the will of a still more wilful President of the United States, and we have no reason to hope for a breaking of the wasteful deadlock, as near as it at times appears. It would take a miracle. And this seems a time for miracles in the history of the world; as much so as any period in the progress of the race.

The allies have dispatched a severe note to Turkey. What, again, way the hens up here in Oregon have. But they are feminine—they are heroines.)

Another thing, there is not so much business in the psychopathic ward at the county hospital since the advent of national prohibition. —Los Angeles Times.

Attorney General Palmer is still waving his wand and the orchestra is playing madly, but lower prices still refuse to come out of the hat.

There are champions in almost every walk of life, but our idea of a real hero is the hen up in Oregon that laid 330 eggs the past year. —Los Angeles Times. (That is a

Eyes dim? What is the reason? Find the cause, and the remedy naturally suggests itself; but do not put it off. Delays are dangerous. If your eyes need attention

**HENRY E. MORRIS**  
Eyesight Specialist  
308 State Street

ago. But that was long before he married a Pullman car fortune.

If we understand the situation the Herbert Hoover fly refuses to walk into the parlor of the Democratic spider. The grief of some of the esteemed California Democrats must be something fearful to contemplate. —Los Angeles Times.

William Pinkerton, the detective, says much of the crime in this country has been suggested to young men who have witnessed moving pictures, showing how easy it is to crack a safe or enter a house in the role of burglar. And some day there will be a law forbidding the showing of such pictures. The criticism of a man with the reputation of Pinkerton is well worth considering. —Los Angeles Times.

### NOT MUCH LEFT.

Senator Harding declares his belief that the Democrats will not be able to carry Texas this year. At that rate the Democracy will not assemble enough electoral votes to make any controversy over the nomination worth while.

### GREAT SYSTEM.

Uncle Sam is furnishing a series of service bulletins at \$2 a year, the conscientious study of which will enable a man to intelligently compute the correct amount of his income tax. And yet there are a lot of people who have been knocking on our government as being careless and self-centered.

### THE RANSOMED HOST.

Now that the kidnapping of Americans and holding them for ransom has become the leading industry in Mexico, it is hoped that the president will be able to take his trusty typewriter in hand and dash off a few notes to Carranza on the subject. There ought at least to be a tariff or an upset price on all Americans seized. As matters stand, some ignorant bandits are out to hold some profane well-driller for \$50,000 ransom, just as if he were the head of a smelter company.

There is no system about the charging.

Villa is apt to demand one hundred thousand bucks for some wastrel who wouldn't be worth over ten dollars to the Salvation Army. It would seem that here was matter for the delicate touch of the presidential typewriter.

### THE WAY OF WASTE.

It is represented that the federal board for the vocational training of soldiers has a force of about 3000 clerks and a lot of high-priced officials. Thus far its work has resulted in the training and placing in gainful occupations of 271 injured soldiers. The men who went to France and brought the war to an end were eager to be mustered out, but the grand army of desk walllopers who shed red ink in Washington cannot be pried from their chairs with a stump-puller.

War is all that has been said of it, but it will be necessary to call in a flock of trained lexicographers to describe the horrors of peace. The government grain corporation, which also survives the war, has a dozen district superintendents who are drawing salaries of \$25,000 each. This is twice the pay of a member of the cabinet. Uncle Sam has money to burn. That must be the reason why he starts a bonfire with the stuff every few minutes.

### WOMEN TO THE FORE.

Thoughts of women fill the minds of male politicians. Women are wooed now to gain their influence in obtaining votes. All over the country members of the fair sex who are known as leaders in club work and in other directions find themselves the object of the attentions of an army of male candidates for office. In the words of Frederic J. Haskin, the male politicians are playing up to the women. The votes of the latter counted strongly for the re-election of Wilson in 1916. Now a presidential election year has come around again and the number

### FUTURE DATES.

May 14 and 15—Nineteenth annual convention of Oregon State Association of Master Plumbers, in Salem.  
March 16, Tuesday—W. C. T. U. to observe Frances Willard Memorial and Neal Dow day.  
March 19, Friday—Freshman Glee at Willamette University.  
March 22, Monday—Willamette debate trout for women.  
March 26, Friday—Meeting of Women's Republican club at armory.  
March 27, Saturday—Intercollegiate debate, Willamette vs. College of Puget Sound.  
April 11, Sunday—Baseball, Salem Senators vs. Moscowjaws.  
May 11, Tuesday—Intercollegiate debate, Willamette vs. O. A. C.  
September 27 to October 2—Oregon state fair.

of females who can exercise the franchise has increased. This means that at the party conventions the women will take no back seat. They will greatly influence the platforms which are adopted and will have much to say in the selection of candidates.

### FRANKNESS FROM MR. HOOVER.

Most Americans who admire frankness will have a warmer feeling for Herbert Hoover, because of his manly letter to the Democratic state committee of Georgia declining to enter his name as a presidential candidate for the preferential primaries of April 29. A sufficient number of petitioners had signed for Hoover. The committee ruled that no man not an avowed Democrat could be voted for, and wrote a note to the former food administrator asking his position. In answer he returns thanks to his friends in Georgia for the honor done him, but does not formally class himself as a Democrat, saying: "I was not identified with the Democratic party before the war, and my official connection with the government has been solely a war service, and consequently not of a partisan character."

A time-server, a quibbler, would have replied in the language of a certain great New York statesman: "I am a Democrat." He could have done this without going into the past at all. He could have gone into the Georgia primaries and might have come out in the lead. Mr. Hoover is no time-server and no quibbler. —Brooklyn Eagle.

## "SYRUP OF FIGS" CHILD'S LAXATIVE

Look at tongue! Remove poison from stomach, liver and bowels.



Accept "California Syrup of Figs" on the package, then you are sure your child is having the best and most harmless laxative or physic for the little stomach, liver and bowels. Children love its delicious fruit taste. Full directions for child's dose on each bottle. Give it without fear.

Mother! You must say "California."

### WHAT'S THAT?

By M. B.

Take a good look  
At me  
Said Humpty Dumpty  
To Alice  
I'm one  
That has spoken  
To a king  
And to show you  
I'm not proud  
You may shake hands  
With me  
Some folk  
Say to the  
Hospital committee  
I've got lots  
Of money  
And just to show you  
I'm not  
Stingy  
Here's a quarter!  
Life takes on new  
Joyousness  
To one  
Who has done  
A good deed  
Helping  
With your money  
To build a new  
Hospital in Salem  
Should bring you  
Enough  
Gladness  
To last a  
Year!

## A CHANGE OF HEART

BY MOLLY BRUNK

Everybody called Jim Higgins a hard man, and he certainly gave them no reason to think otherwise; once he got the name he lived up to his reputation, with a consistency that would have been praiseworthy had it been for a more commendable mode of existence.

Whenever the neighbor women saw him coming home, they would draw their brows into a frown and mutter:

"You could tell a mile off that that miserable Jim Higgins had a grouse! Poor Emmy!"

"Poor Emmy," had become used to his surliness. Her feeling for him had shifted from a mad admiration to an attitude of half fear, half affection. She had hoped through the long years that he might again care for her, something in the way that he had, before little Emily came, but time had run on so long that she had about abandoned hope. Little Emily had entirely usurped her place. It used to be that Jim Higgins was hard and cruel to everybody and everything but Emmy; now he was hard and cruel to everybody and everything except little Emily, and little Emily returned his love with an ardor, peculiar to childhood. Her big rough daddy was to her the most wonderful being in the world, and little Emily was the most wonderful being in the world to Jim Higgins. It was a fair exchange, but in this instance, robbery was perpetrated—Emmy was left desolate.

He was particularly unapproachable as he came in tonight. He paid no heed to Emmy, and even little Emily received only desultory notice. After a while Emmy got her courage together:

"What is it, Jim? What's gone wrong?"

"Everything," he burst out vehemently. "A man can get no peace these days. A while ago it was the Red Cross; then it was liberty loans and war savings stamps, and Y. M. C. A. dues; now it's the hospital that they want. And where does a poor fellow like me get off; building fine big hospitals, so's the rich has a place to go when they get sick. I'd like to know where we'd be if any of us was to get down. We'd stand a big show with that hospital, if we couldn't produce the money!"

"Did you give anything?" Emmy had the temerity to ask.

"I sure didn't! If th' rich wants th' hospital, let 'em build it!"

A year passed. The hospital was completed, and dedicated "to the people of the city." It had not been completed long before sickness entered the home of Jim Higgins. Little Emily, never very strong, drooped day by day. Neighbor women came in and helped what they could, but they knew only antiquated methods of caring for the sick, and to none of them did little Emily respond. The parents grew desperate. They summoned the town's best physician. The moment he looked at the child he discerned her condition. He wanted to know what they had been doing for her, and when they told him, he frowned, and slowly shook his head. He spoke bluntly, brutally:

"You should have called in a physician much sooner. The little thing must be taken to the hospital at once; there is one chance of saving her life, and that is out there."

"But we ain't got th' price," Jim told him, despair written large on his face.

"Tut, tut, my boy. That'll be attended to. Is there a phone near?"

Jim hurried with him across the street to a neighbor's. They had only been back a few moments when the hospital's ambulance pulled up to the door. Jim Higgins carried the frail little body of his only child out to the big machine, and the tears ran like rain down his face. He and Emmy went along, and the kind hearted old doctor, seeing their great anxiety, let them stay by the side of their child, through the long days and nights, when the little life hung by the smallest thread.

The two sat side by side, their frightened eyes never leaving the tiny, pinched face upon the snowy cot. The hard, cruel lines no longer marked Jim Higgins' face, and hatred had gone out of his heart. Emmy had grown suddenly necessary to him. He kept his arm close around her during the seemingly endless period of time, his lips breathing over and over the words of a simple prayer.

Any prayer from Jim Higgins ascended like sweet incense, and merited an answer. The answer came one morning as the sunrise was painting the east with amethyst and gold. There was a slight movement of the little figure upon the cot. Little

## OLD HERB TEA BEST INSURANCE AGAINST FLU, COLDS AND GRIP

It Throws Off Poisons—Keeps You In Shape to Resist Disease

At this time of the year, when colds, flu, grippe and influenza are in the air, it is of greatest importance to keep your liver, kidneys and bowels in good working order. When these organs fail to carry off the poison waste matter your vitality and resistance are weakened. You are an easy victim for infections and disease germs.

Biliousness, weakness and headaches are Nature's warnings. Don't neglect them. Go at once to your druggist and get a package of Lincoln Tea. Take a cup each night and you'll be surprised how soon it will put you in tune and make you feel like new.

Lincoln Tea is a famous old herb remedy for chronic constipation, colds, flu, grippe, influenza, biliousness, headaches and rheumatism. It is gentle but positive and leaves no unpleasant after-effects like violent physics. Nothing is better for the children. An occasional cup keeps them in the pink of condition. 25 cents at all druggists. —Lincoln Proprietary Co., St. Wayne, Ind.



## Worn Out In Mind and Body

Your child is quick to observe disturbances in your mental attitude or physical condition. And when he asks: "What's the matter, Daddy?" there's a tone of solemn anxiety in his little voice. The depression stamped upon you reflects intensely upon him because of his profound solicitude. He at once drops his playthings and rushes to your side, but his happy smile has disappeared and his buoyant spirits are gone—replaced by a countenance of worry and a bearing of hopelessness.

You owe it to the happiness and welfare of your family to keep trim in body and keen in intellect. You are the sun and the inspiration of their lives. Dark, shadowing clouds loom over their heads the instant you show signs of being "out of sorts" or "under the weather." Don't imperil their future by neglecting your health.



## Lyko The Great General Tonic

Will banish that "laid feeling" and dispel that worried look. It will renew your strength and vigor, overcome the ravishing effects of overwork and worry, revive your spirits and increase your hold on life. Giving a refreshing appetizer, a valuable aid to digestion and a worthy promoter of the general health, because of its positive, vitalizing and reconstructive value, its use is especially desirable in cases of subnormal conditions. If you suffer from nervous exhaustion, muscular or mental fatigue, or deficiency of vital force due to general weakness or wasting illness, you'll find "LYKO" particularly beneficial. It tones up the entire system and leaves you feeling fit. Ask your druggist for a bottle today.

Sole Manufacturers: LYKO MEDICINE COMPANY, Kansas City, Mo.

For sale by all Druggists. Always in stock at Perry's Drug Store

the Emily turned slowly toward the watchers, and smiled faintly. The old doctor drew a long sigh, and the other two went down upon their knees, and a new prayer—not one of petition, but of thanksgiving, arose.

When the day came for little Emily's removal from the hospital, Jim Higgins turned in the doorway and said to the old doctor:

"I don't know when I can pay the bill, but I'll do th' best I can."

And this is what the old doctor said to him:

"Don't let that worry you, my

### HAD A COLD ALL WINTER

Colds that "hang on," coughs that rack your body and wear you down, the weakening that comes from loss of sleep—these are afflictions from which relief is a blessing. Nick J. Whres, Zahn, N. D., writes: "Had a cold all winter, but since taking Foley's Honey and Tar it has entirely disappeared." J. C. Perry.

For Sick Benefit  
Local 889

## STREET CARMEN'S BALL

at the Armory

Thursday, March 18

Music by  
Ritchie's Orchestra

Admission—  
Ladies Free  
Gentlemen \$1

## ROSTEIN & GREENBAUM

Bleached Sheets 81x90 Hemmed, Special ..... \$2.00  
Glass Toweling, red striped, Special, yard ..... 15c  
Apron check Gingham, special yard ..... 25c  
Jap Table covers 42x42 at ..... \$1.75  
60x60 at ..... \$2.75  
Jap Dresser Scarfs at ..... 50c and 75c  
100 spool silk, best grade ..... 15c  
50 yards spools ..... 7c

## MILLINERY

High grade millinery at reasonable prices. You are invited to visit our millinery department in rear room. A beautiful display. Nice dress hats, best of materials, correctly trimmed, prices

\$6, \$7, \$8, \$9, \$10

You will be pleased with our showing. We are the leaders in millinery.

240 and 246 Commercial St.

## THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING

**BOYS and Girls** who are members of the United States National Bank PIG CLUB are instructed in the art of raising pigs scientifically, and while a person may be unprogressive enough to scoff at what he calls "theory," still the results those youngsters obtain would put many an old hog raiser to shame.

Enlist your boy or girl in our 1920 Pig Club Mr. Farmer. The experience will benefit YOU too.

