

THE OREGON STATESMAN

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THE SALEM DISTRICT SHOULD HAVE A BIG ASPARAGUS INDUSTRY

Every farmer and gardener in the district surrounding Salem ought to raise some asparagus— Enough for home use, any way.

And there should be many commercial growers of asparagus in this district, supplying the markets for fresh asparagus in the cities of the Pacific Northwest, and raising a large surplus for canning and dehydration.

There is no other vegetable that lends itself so well for canning purposes; no other vegetable that, when not in prime and tender condition, is improved by the modern processes of canning—made more tender and appetizing.

That the best asparagus, either white or green, can be grown here there is no doubt.

No one in any country ever raised better asparagus than was formerly produced on the Muecke farm near Aurora.

The asparagus grown near Eugene by the Dorris sisters is acknowledged to be the best in the whole United States, according to a well known Salem grower, who handles a part of the product.

The Savage Gardens in the edge of Salem have grown a fine quality of asparagus for the Salem market for the past 35 years.

A very fine quality of asparagus is grown by E. E. Settlemier at Woodburn.

Very fine asparagus is grown at Independence on a commercial scale, and in the Aurora district, and all over this section, in the home farm and city gardens.

The canners say the market demands a white asparagus, in tins. Well, the Muecke asparagus was white. The Dorris asparagus is white.

But the Salem local market demands fresh green asparagus, and the canners admit that the green asparagus is a superior article when canned.

Here is a chance for a little national advertising. Some cannery in the Salem district could specialize on green asparagus, and teach the trade that it is the better kind; with the better asparagus flavor, and more tender than the white; with less of lignin or woody substance—

And, with the support of the growers furnishing the right kind of a product, such a concern could get away with it.

The public would pay a higher price for the better asparagus in cans.

All the writers quoted on the Salem Slogan pages of The Statesman of this morning agree that there is no reason why asparagus should not be generally grown here.

It is good for the health. It is a delicious vegetable. And it will almost raise itself. It is easy to grow. It will produce fine crops with half a chance, and great crops with the right treatment.

These writers point the way to a great industry that has been generally neglected and little thought of here.

Next week, the Salem Slogan editor will try to prove that this is a good grape country; and that our people should raise more grapes of the right varieties. He has also selected this week a new Salem Slogan subject—a drug garden. This district can beat the world in the raising of drug plants, roots, barks and fruits, and there is big money in it. There are twelve unselected Salem Slogan subjects. Look over the list, and suggest one of the twelve; or several. It is important.

Down in Salem, where the lack of housing facilities is very acute, A. N. Bush, head of the pioneer banking house of Ladd & Bush, announces that he is prepared to build one hundred five-room bungalows and dispose of them to those in need of homes on very easy terms and at a low rate of interest. The sole object of this move, it is given out, is to relieve the scarcity of homes which is seriously hindering the growth of the city, and it is an idea characteristic of Mr. Bush, a wealthy citizen, whose fortune has been devoted to the upbuilding of the community in many substantial ways. Always it has been the backing of his banking institution that has brought fruit industries, packing plants, paper mills and a variety of other industries to Salem, and stood back of them once they were located there until their success was assured. That this broad policy of community building is sound in a business sense is shown by the fact that the institution adopting it has grown larger and stronger as the city has expanded commercially and industrially. There are in every community wealthy men who might well emulate Mr. Bush in constructive investments and by adopting a policy of helpfulness to those who are engaged in legitimate commercial and industrial activities, and do it, too, in a quiet, unobtrusive way, as if it was the most natural thing in the world to do, just as the Salem banker has always seemed to view it.—Eugene Guard, April 19.

And by growing it in your own home garden, you will be helping to start and foster a great industry for this section.

We can beat the world in producing tender asparagus with the real asparagus flavor—with the taste that lingers.

Fair and warmer, says weather man. That sounds good. Our farmers can stand at least three weeks of it.

But Nebraska will not be enough for Hi Johnson; the Nebraskans just showed their yellow streak, that is all.

Weakness was apparent in the corn market as soon as trading began.

REDUCTION OF PRICES IS STARTED IN N. Y. (Continued from page 1)

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Let us test your eyes. You may have eye trouble and not realize it. HENRY E. MORRIS & CO. Eye Specialists 305 State Street

Confidence of holders was visibly unsettled by the prospect of industrial shutdowns threatened by continued halting of railway traffic.

Under such circumstances, a job like the break of prices in Wall street was more than the market here could withstand. Buying power seemed to flatten out completely, and during the last 15 minutes whirlwind selling took place with last prices at nearly the bottom point reached.

Oats tumbled with corn. Longs unloaded heavily. Notwithstanding higher quotations on hogs, provisions were depressed by the fall of grain.

Japs Hit By Fall. (By The Associated Press.) TOKIO, April 16.—The silk, cotton and rice exchanges closed today as a result of a ten day's slump in prices. With the close of the week exchange the losses to speculators were estimated at two billion yen.

STRIKE ROW IN BUTTE HAS TRAGIC END (Continued from Page 1.)

The men present were armed and there were so many shots fired that it seems remarkable that more men were not injured.

The mob which surrounded the gates of the Neversweat mine had been assembled for more than an hour at the time of the shooting. Several times officers had been forced to display weapons to maintain order just before the first shot the deputies were responding to order of Sheriff O'Rourke and were trying to get the crowd to disperse when the bullet came from the boarding house. In a second or two, guns were flashing and barking although the crowds ran for cover, the firing which lasted only a minute or two, resulted in the injury of more than a dozen. Bullets apparently flew in every direction and several who ran did not know they were injured until the foot of the hill had been reached.

Sheriff John K. O'Rourke stated that not one of his deputies fired a shot and their guns were examined at his office shortly after the trouble and all showed that they had not been used. The police, also accused of starting the shooting, proved that they had taken no part in the shooting, as their guns had not been used.

According to many witnesses, the instant the shot was fired from the Simons house, revolvers started firing and bricks and stones were thrown and a general free-for-all ensued.

The Butte Daily Bulletin said to be the organ of metal mine workers union No. 809, I. W. W. which called the strike of miners, in an extra edition tonight, called on all workers in Silver Bow county to "lay down their tools and stop the wheels of industry" in protest against the shooting of the pickets.

At a mass meeting of strikers held in the Metal Mine Workers hall tonight, speakers urged the strikers "to arm yourselves in self-defense."

BUTTE, Mont., April 21.—The alleged slayer of Sheriff Wyman of Beaverhead county, who was shot down at Monday today, was captured in the basement of a frame house about two miles northwest of Monday by a posse of about six men tonight, according to a report from Dillon. The man gave the name of E. C. Davis, which is believed to be an alias. He refused to make any statement.

Davis is held in a hotel at Monday in custody of the posse. A report from Dillon says he will be brought to that city tomorrow.

Davis is said to be wanted by the authorities at Idaho Falls, Idaho.

FUTURE DATES. April 22, Thursday—Baby clinic at Commercial club. April 23, Friday—Banquet at First Methodist church for representatives of community clubs of county to organize Salvation army. April 23, Friday—Student body election at Willamette University. April 23, Friday—Loyalists evict Weed, landscape architect of Portland, to address Salem Art league at public meeting.

April 23, Friday—Debate between Willamette university and Pacific university. April 25, Sunday—Baseball, Salem Senators vs. Rupert team of Southern Idaho league. April 25, Sunday—Blossom day. April 25, Wednesday—Boy Scout entertainment at armory under auspices of Salem Y. M. C. April 30, Friday—Debate between Willamette university and McMinnville college. April 30 and May 1—"Awakening of Spring" pageant Opera House, hospital benefit. May 1, Saturday—Founders' day celebration at Champee. May 1, Saturday—May day and Junior week end at Willamette university. May 2, Sunday—Reports on Sunday school census due. May 3 to May 6—Second annual Oregon Jersey Jubilee. May 6, Thursday—Banquet of Jersey cattle breeders. May 11, Tuesday—Intercollegiate debate, Willamette vs. Oregon Agricultural college. May 14, Friday—Debate between Willamette university and Oregon Agricultural college. May 15 to 18—Older Boys conference in Salem. May 14 and 15—Nineteenth annual convention of Oregon State Association of Master Plumbers, in Salem. May 18, Tuesday—Pacific Coast Ad club automobile excursion passes through Salem. May 21, Friday—Special and primary elections in Oregon. May 29 and 30—National Officers' schools for Oregon National Guard at Vancouver and Fort Stevens. June 2, 3 and 4—National spy-tour motorcycle events in Salem. June 22, 23 and 24—Imperial convocation of Mystic Shrine to visit Salem. June 23, Wednesday—Imperial convocation of Mystic Shrine to visit Salem. June 24, 25 and 26—Portland Rose festival. July 6 to 20—Annual encampment of Oregon National Guard, infantry and engineers at Camp Lewis, artillery at Fort Stevens. July 22, 23 and 24—State Elks convention in Salem. September 27 to October 2—Oregon state fair.

BETTER ROADS AND SCHOOLS ARE ENDORSED

La Follett Makes Stirring Speech for Tax Bills at Brooks Meeting

VOTING IS UNANIMOUS President of Club Declares Efficiency Means Lowering of Taxes

J. W. La Follett, president of the Leader Community club, made a ringing speech in favor of better schools and good roads at a session of the club in the schoolhouse at Brooks last night when the millage tax and good roads measures to be voted on by the people at the special election May 21 were unanimously endorsed.

The three measures voted on were the two-mill elementary school bill, the millage bill for maintenance of the state's educational institutions of higher learning, and the measure providing for a 4 per cent increase of 1 per cent of the state's assessed property valuation as the limit of bonded indebtedness, a measure in the interest of good roads.

Wide Territory Covered. The Leader Community club is one of the group of federated community clubs of Marion county, and its members are farmers and business men of Bienna Creek, Brokers, Clear Lake, Keizer and Mission Obiton.

Mr. LaFollett, who is a son of State Senator A. M. LaFollett, in referring to the educational millage measure, declared that the surest way to increase taxes is to cripple the University of Oregon, Oregon Agricultural college and Oregon Normal school. He mentioned the present high standing of the agricultural college as second in rank in the United States and asserted it should be kept there. To keep the state's educational institutions at their present high standard, he said, means greater efficiency, and adding that efficiency always means lower taxes in the long run. Members of the club spoke resolutely of the action of the Marion County Taxpayers league in disapproving the bills and declared the "stain must be wiped out."

James S. Stewart, who goes about the state preaching the gospel of better roads and schools, was at the meeting by request and explained the measures. Mr. Stewart appeared togged out in a brand new suit of overalls, having enrolled in the demobilized.

The meeting in the Brooks schoolhouse last night was of unusual enthusiasm. The question of electric lighting and power for the communities in that section was again brought up, but no definite action was taken.

U. of O. Athletes to Seattle for Met with U. of W. Today

EUGENE, Ore., April 21.—Twenty University of Oregon athletes, including twelve members of the baseball team and eight track men will leave tomorrow for Seattle to compete in contests with the University of Washington athletes. The baseball team will play the Washington team Friday and Saturday and will then play University of Idaho, Washington State College and Whitman. Trainer Hayward will enter the eight track men in the relay carnival at Seattle. The two mile team will consist of Walkley, Akers, Sloan and Woodings and the millers are Foster, Abbott, Anderson and Sunderland. Members of the baseball squad were selected by Coach Huntington this afternoon as follows:

Captain Lind, first base; Vincent Jacobberger, second; Manerud, short; Fox, third; Leslie, catcher; Francis Jacobberger, Knudsen, Jacobsen and Berg pitchers; Steers, Feinhart and Black, outfielders.

Multnomah Registration Thought to be 100,000

PORTLAND, Ore., April 21.—The registration of Multnomah county voters for the May primary election is believed to have reached the 100,000 mark when the books closed Tuesday night. From early morning until the closing hours, citizens lined the court house corridor and officials said more than two thousand names were added to the rolls. The totals have not been compiled.

Premiers to Decide Again What to Demand of Germany

SAN REMO, April 21.—Discussion of what shall be asked of Germany and how it shall be exacted, will be begun by the supreme council tomorrow. Tension between the French and British delegations on this subject has been considerable.

The supreme council had a dreary three-hour afternoon session over Turkish bondholders "rights"; the ever boundaries, but did not finish the treaty altogether. The news of Germany's request to retain an army of 200,000 reached San Remo first through the Associated Press dispatches and was discussed in an animated manner in conference circles. It is recalled that 200,000 was Marshal Foch's original figure for the German army, but it was reduced to 100,000 at the instance of Premier Lloyd George.

The premiers decided to end the council Saturday. Many questions will be left unsettled, but each prime minister has internal problems at home demanding his attention, was the official explanation.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

The following news item is from Special Correspondent W. G. Shepherd appeared in The Memphis Press, February 17, 1917. Read it. Chicago, February 17.—"How did my boy die?"

It wasn't a mother or a father asking the question. It was a deputy sheriff, who stood on the gallows looking down at the swinging form of an 18-year-old boy about whose neck he had fastened a rope five minutes before.

"Wasn't his neck broken?" insisted the deputy, talking to one of a dozen spectators who were examining the boy's body. When the doctor answered in the affirmative the deputy stepped back from the trap-hole, satisfied.

What you see at a hanging is one thing; it shows you what society is doing to criminals. But what you hear at hangings shows you what society is doing to itself when it takes the life of a human being.

I'm going to put down what I heard—the talk of the men—at the hanging of Phillip Sumnerling, 24 years; Thomas Schultz, 18 years; Ewald Shilawaski, 24; Ewald's brother, Frank, 21, and Thomas Jennings, negro, 25.

For two hours and ten minutes there were gathered in the vast, high-ceilinged room forty-five physicians, thirty-five guards and twenty newspapermen. They were representatives of society, and I want to show by the things I heard they say what hanging does to the men not hanged.

"Why, young fellow," he said, "I hung men before you were born. I hung the Haymarket rioters. And I've hung forty men," he added proudly.

"Have a smoke," said someone to Peters.

"No. No smokes, eats or drinks until this job is done. Then I'll go out and take a stiff drink of whiskey. I always have a reaction after hanging. It always makes me tired and sick."

"Doctors! Doctors!" exclaimed someone in the hallway.

We looked out of Peters' office and saw a double line of deputy sheriffs, leading from the main floor of the jail. Between them was passing a line of 42 physicians, who were being admitted to the death chamber.

Peters went to the telephone and called up the state's attorney.

"There's a fellow who's trying a fourth time in Judge Landis' court to make us put off this hanging. It's a piece of hog-corn. The fellow just wants to get in the lime-light. I want you to understand that I am going right on with this business."

When he had hung up the receiver, Peters said to the deputy:

"Fix up the sawbones. Go 'em in their chairs and then we'll get busy."

"Press, Press!" a deputy called. That meant that the dozen newspapermen were in line to go into the death chamber.

A doctor tried to squeeze in with us. "No, no; you can't go in with these fellows. Sit down with the doctors. You can examine the corpse with them."

The doctors all sat in chairs, at the foot of the high scaffold, while I heard one doctor with whiskers talking to another.

"Hanging is all damn foolish business," he said. "Now here are four good strong men. One of them has a penniless wife and baby. The murdered man left a penniless wife and baby. Why don't they put these four men in jail in somewhere for life, and make them work to support the two penniless women and their babies? Ain't it damn foolishness to kill them?"

I heard the guard say: "There's a fellow in New York City who's the best executioner in the country. He's killed 140, and he never makes a miscue. Must have nerve, huh?"

"What'll you have to eat?" one reporter asked another when they sat down to a reporter's table that was covered with a white cloth.

"Yow! yow! pow! pow!" These noises came from the cells. Inmates of the jail were rattling their bars, yelling and pounding tin cups. The death march had begun.

"They'll show up around that corner in a minute," said one reporter. "I'm an old hand in this hanging room. I've seen 17 hangings here."

There was a scuffle of feet on the iron floor and the procession walked to the gallery from an upper tier. There was a priest, in white, officers in blue, and two men roughly dressed—the Shilawaski brothers.

All you could hear was the murmur of the priest's prayer and the murmur of the men, who repeated his words in low tones. What were they doing? What kind of a prayer do men make on a gallows?

No one could hear their words. The brothers kissed the cross which the priest held to them. While this was going on their legs and arms were being strapped. We tried to hear what they were saying as the deputies put a white shroud about their bodies, but we stopped trying when the white caps were tied over their heads. Everybody seemed to be working slowly on the gallows. One brother turned his muffled head toward the other. We heard the murmur of his voice.

"Crash!" was the next sound. Then came the scuffling of the feet of the 14 doctors, as they walked to the two bags, their contents twitching, which hung from the swaying ropes.

The reporters rushed to a back room where their telephones and telegraph wires had been placed. I caught these bits of news as they talked: "Just as the writhing body of the boy stopped swaying." "Strangled, gurgled." "Twisted like cats in a bag." "Oh, is that you taking my stuff, Bill? Great show! Great show. Three more to come."

"What in Christmas, was that prayer?" said one reporter. "I don't know. Tell your office to look it up in the prayer book. They can copy it from that."

Two men were fixing up two other ropes. They carried out two bodies

A LETTER FROM ALBERT ETTER, STRAWBERRY WIZARD

The Man Who Originated the Ettersburg No 121 and the Trebla Intimates Very Strongly That They Do Not Need Another Variety to Pollenize Them, If Properly Treated

The Answer of Mr. Etter. Ettersburg, Cal., April 12, 1920. Mr. Ward K. Richardson, Salem, Oregon—My Dear Mr. Richardson:—At last I have a chance to answer your letter of March 11. I believe if people would cut the runners on their Ettersburg No. 121 plants they would get better results. The production of runners is in a manner like producing fruiting trusses. Fertilizing sap to the newly formed set is exhausted to the mother plant like the bearing of fruit itself. I have seen as many as 200 berries on a 121 plant, but I do not recall that I ever saw a heavy yield on plants of this variety that preceding the berries produced a heavy crop of plants.

I think, too, that the Trebla will produce a much finer crop of berries if not permitted to produce plants. The reason Trebla and No. 121 suffer more from runner is because of their ordinary varieties is because of their capacity to nourish their plants so much later in the season. That is while ordinary varieties cease to nourish the new sets after about November 1, Trebla and No. 121 in this region furnish sap up to about February or March, evergreen runners as it were, taken from the beach strawberries.

There are other angles I could point out also, but they are too long to discuss in a personal letter who one is busy. Trusting this may be of some use to you, very sincerely, —Albert F. Etter.

The Letter to Mr. Etter. Salem, March 11, 1920. Mr. Etter, Eureka, Cal. Dear Sir:—We are dealers in strawberry plants and among others are selling your Ettersburg 121 and the Trebla. There is some complaint or at least a rumor, around here that the 121 is not self fertilizing, but requires a pollinizer. Can you give us any suggestions along this line, either what to plant with it, or how to overcome this difficulty?

Thanking you in advance for the information, I am, Yours truly, —Ward K. Richardson.

P. S.—The 121 is considered the most wonderful berry ever introduced here, and if this fault can be overcome it will prove a very profitable commercial berry.

on a wheeled table, covered with a white cloth. "Both of their necks were broken," said a doctor coming to a reporter's table.

During the lull I talked to seven of the doctors who had examined. I wanted to know whether they believed in capital punishment. Not one of them did.

"Capital punishment doesn't keep people from committing murder, unless you hang men on a high gallows, in a big space, where all the folks in the city can see it," said Dr. A. C. Koethe.

"This is my first hanging, and my last," said Dr. I. E. Huffman. "After this I don't believe in capital punishment. I can see a patient die, but to see a sane man kill a well man in cold blood—excuse me."

All of this talk was sort of "between the acts."

"Hats off! No smoking," called a man in overalls from the gallows.

The next sound was that of the prison inmates, who were watching the death watch. Then we heard the scuffle of feet, and again the priest and the deputies in blue brought two poorly dressed men on to the scaffold.

"Well, the other two got across in time for lunch, said one deputy in a seat near me, looking at his watch.

"These fellows'll eat with them," answered another guard. "But I guess they'll get there too soon to please them."

The two men in poor clothes stood on the trap where the deputies placed them. One of them wasn't a man, but a boy, John Schultz, 13 years old, son of immigrants, who, as one reporter said, hadn't done anything but got into bad company. And for John raised his head and looked up, he fixed his big eyes on the high ceiling, and he repeated the words which the priest murmured.

"O Christ have mercy on my soul!" His words rang out clear and distinct as a bell. "Holy Mary, intercede for me! Pray for me! Bring me to everlasting life."

The deputies were tying the straps about his arms and legs.

Another of them tied the white shroud about the boy's neck.

"Savior save me. Forgive me my sins!" "Listen to that young fellow pray," said a reporter.

"Christ, I love Thee!" said the boy, in the white covering he looked like a choir boy.

"Grant me to live with Thee. Forgive me my sins."

While he said these words, still looking upward, William Davies, the jailer, put the noose over his head and tightened the knot under the boy's ear.

Another deputy was doing the same thing to Sumnerling.

"Forgive me my sins! Forgive me my sins!" rang out the voice of the boy. His voice was growing louder; there was a tone of wildness in it.

"Holy Mary!"—"Crash!" It was an awful thing to hear in the same moment those words from the mouth of that boy, and that sound. But they came together. Again the feet of 14 doctors scuffled over the cement floor to the white, swaying, twitching bags.

There was another intermission. "Now, if this nigger'll only confess before he's hung, you fellows'll get a fine top-off for your day's story," said a deputy sheriff to the reporters.

"We've got a good early start in the day's work," said a reporter. "Are you going out for lunch? Why don't you sheriffs go out now and then come back for the afternoon's work? You can finish a lot of men at this rate."

"Gee," said a young doctor, coming up to Jailer Davies. "I thought you'd left your handcuffs on that young fellow. I lifted up his hand, and I didn't see that another doctor was holding it by the elbow. I thought his hands were locked together, because I couldn't move his arms."

"They don't suffer," another doctor was telling the reporters. "But isn't there some easier way

to kill a man?" asked a reporter. "I should say so," said the doctor. "They could put a tiny drop of hydrocyanic acid in his soup some day, and in an instant he would be stone dead, without a twitch or a pain. Or they could kill a man with morphine, and he would die peacefully in beautiful dreams. But this hanging! It's the crudest thing in civilization!"

"I saw a young doctor put young Schultz's neck back into place in fine shape," said a deputy—"just grabbed his head, gave it a twist and it snapped right back where it belonged."

"I saw plenty of smiles during the two hours and ten minutes. I heard plenty of attempted jokes and nonpluses, among the 42 doctors and the reporters and deputies. Why did we smile and try to talk of everyday things?"

"Because a hanging is so awful that a man who witnesses it dare not admit to himself how it is. He knows in his heart of hearts, that the cold, deliberate killing of a man by his fellowman, brutalizes the killers—and that is all society—just as much as it ends human life. Perhaps the killers suffer more harm than the killed."—The Memphis Press.

Hop Industry in Willamette Grows in Leaps and Bounds

PORTLAND, Or., April 21.—Planting of hops this season in Willamette valley will reach a high mark, according to information reaching the traffic department of the railroads here and the probabilities are that the acreage will be larger than ever before. It was said today, although a pound has been paid for last year's hops, contracts covering four years are now being made with growers by dealers and exporters at 55 cents, 45 cents and 35 cents, according to grade and time of delivery.

Plural Bigamist Begins to be Interested in Life

LOS Angeles, Cal., April 21.—James R. Huir, alleged bigamist, will demand that the state show cause for detaining him as soon as he recovers from self-inflicted wounds at the Los Angeles county hospital, according to a statement tonight by his counsel. Huir's condition was said to be improving.

Deputy Sheriff A. L. Manning, who has charge of the investigation of the alleged marriage of Huir today received from the chief of police in Salem, Ore., three photographs of a man declared to have married Catherine Cruse in that city in 1913. Mr. Manning said Huir was the man who had posed for the photographs.

In an interview which the Examiner will print tomorrow, Huir said his real name is Walter Andrew and that he was born in Dallas, Texas, in 1876.

STOMACH UPSET?

Get at the Real Cause—Take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets

That's what thousands of stomach sufferers are doing now. Instead of taking tonics, or trying to patch up a poor digestion, they are attacking the real cause of the ailment—clogged liver and disordered bowels.

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets arouse the liver in a soothing, healing way. When the liver and bowels are performing their natural functions, away goes indigestion and stomach troubles.

Have you a bad taste, coated tongue, poor appetite, a lary, don't-care feeling, no ambition or energy, trouble with undigested foods? Take Olive Tablets, the substitute for calomel.

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets are a purely vegetable compound mixed with olive oil. You will know them by their olive color. They do the work without griping, cramps or pain.

Take one or two at bedtime for quick relief. Eat what you like. 10c and 25c.

BITS FOR BREAKFAST