

The Oregon Statesman

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THE BROCCOLI HARVEST IS NEAR

The aristocrat of vegetables, the broccoli that is grown in Douglas county and in the Salem district of the Willamette valley, in Marion, Polk, Yamhill and Clackamas counties, will soon be ready for harvesting, packing and marketing.

The first of the commercial crop in the Salem district was cut February 6 of last year; and it looks like an early spring that is coming on here; the pussy willows are already in bloom.

The very interesting meeting of broccoli growers held yesterday afternoon at the Salem Commercial Club rooms showed that a number of growers, members of the Salem Broccoli Association, representing considerable acreage, and potential returns of a good many thousands of dollars, have not yet made marketing arrangements.

Although the Oregon Growers' Cooperative Association has already made its packing and marketing arrangements, and bought the crates, for about 100 cars for its members in this district.

Now that the industry in this district is thus far along, with promising prospects for a very good crop, considering that it is the first year for nearly all the growers, none of the coming crop ought to be allowed to go to waste.

For the growers need the money, and the community needs the money, and the most should be made of this initial crop, in order to encourage the planting of a much larger acreage next year, and in future years.

For, instead of, say, 125 cars going out of the Salem district this year, thousands of cars ought to roll to market in future years.

The Salem Broccoli Association is to have another meeting on Saturday at 2 p. m., to decide upon definite marketing arrangements or recommendations. There is no time to waste now.

The prince of Wales has just gone from Rangoon to Mandalay and he had already met with striking evidence that East is East and West is West.

Quietly the air mail service grows in reliability and efficiency. In the last quarter of 1921, it is reported, more than 10,000,000 letters were carried over some 391,000 miles, 97 per cent of the scheduled trips being completed on time and all of them without injury. The cost per ton mile was reduced during the year from \$8 to \$6 and it is expected that, with a machine of new design in use, the cost will be further reduced this year to \$2.60. And meanwhile commercial aviation lags for want of proper encouragement from Congress.

BITS FOR BREAKFAST

Diversity's the thing.
That is what is keeping Salem and the Salem district above the average level of progress.
The Salem paper mill grinds away, day and night. It should have a couple more big machines; and there is room here for more paper mills, too.
If the flax industry gets off as

It looks like it may do at the present time, that will be a great help. The growers are willing to do their part. If the capitalists will do theirs, big things are in sight in this industry, and soon.
Broccoli is another line that will bring in a considerable sum of money this year, and, if all goes well, much larger amounts in the future. None of the product should be allowed to remain unmarketed this year.
You will get some worth while

BIG 5 MAKE MORE STRIDES

Some Difficulty Encountered Relative to Scrapping Battleships

PACIFIC ISSUE BOTHERS

Members Begin to Lay Plans for Resumption of Far East Negotiations

WASHINGTON, Jan. 11.—(By The Associated Press)—The "big five" made further progress today in their final revision of the naval treaty, but encountered a difference of opinion when they came to lay down rules for the scrapping of prescribed battleships.

EDITORIALS OF THE PEOPLE

Senato Bill No. 1

Editor Statesman: When C. A. Huston in the Statesman criticizes the governor and even links him up with "some devil" in vetoing senate bill No. 1 of the special session, I cannot keep still. I must say that I disagree with him and that I think it is C. A. Huston who is off on the wrong foot.

All laws should have for their foundation the promotion of honesty and fairness between men and men, if not they are not good laws. I claim that a man having a debt he can pay and does not pay when asked to, is not honest. Now this bill was made purposely to help such dishonest fellows to stand off old debts, and consequently is not a good bill and should not become a law.

Allow me at the same time to say a good word for the 14 senators. I have seen so much abuse and sarcasm dug up about them in the papers, especially in the editorial columns of the Portland Telegram, that I am getting sick of it. I want to ask if they did not have a right to do as they did? It would not be a wonder if they have come to the conclusion that the people of this state have all the taxation they can stand now. If they keep on increasing taxes (ill the point that it takes all or a little more than the income of private property to pay the taxes, then the government will get all the property, and then we will have socialism, communism and anarchism. These three isms seem to have a goodly number of what they can accomplish in Russia.

—O. L. HATTEBERG.

TAX LAW DEAD

HELENA, Mont., Jan. 11.—The state poll tax law, passed by the legislature in 1891, was today declared unconstitutional by the supreme court. It was also the bachelor tax statute enacted by the last assembly.

FUTURE DATES

January 12 and 13, Thursday and Friday—Basketball, Willamette University vs. Whitman College.
January 19-21—Eks's Mardi Gras.
January 21 Tuesday—Gay MacLaren, Grand Theater, auspices Salem Arts League.
February 10, Friday—Arbor Day.
February 11, Saturday—Invasive-State Christian Endeavor convention.

MY HEART AND MY HUSBAND

Adelle Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

Chapter 269

WHAT DICKY'S GREETING WAS.

I read between the lines of Mrs. Ticer's narrative an explanation of something that had puzzled me for several days. This was the wide-eyed, almost offensive curiosity with which her husband, Sam Ticer, had regarded me. I guessed that Mr. Ticer, a small, slender, rabbit-faced man, would have been a facile tool in the hands of the pseudo Mr. "Bridgeman" if it had not been for the sturdy honesty and common sense of his Amazonian spouse.

"Somebody blatted to Jake that your husband was comin' down today," Mrs. Ticer went on. "An' Jake he let it out to Ticer that he was goin' to be on the road to the station and meet you. I suspicioned he'd be doin' somethin' of the kind, because he's been so possessed to see you, so I thought I'd come along and take a hand."

"How can I ever thank you, Mrs. Ticer," I said fervently. "Land! That hain't nothin'!" she rejoined heartily. "It was just fun for me. I wouldn't have missed seein' Jake's face turn all colors of the rainbow when I reminded him of that kickin'—not for the best mess of kinfolk that ever come out of Noyack."

She sat silent for a minute or two, evidently turning over with relish the episode in which she had just played the leading role. Then with a last reminiscent chuckle she turned to me. Mrs. Ticer's suggestion.

"I shall have his movements watched when I get back home," I replied. "Don't worry about me. I am not in the least afraid of him."

"I tried stoutly to make myself believe that I was speaking only the truth, but deep in my heart I knew that I was an unconscionable falsifier. I was afraid of Mr. "Bridgeman" or Jake Wilsey—his real name, according to Mrs. Ticer's assertion, and I knew that I should have many uneasy moments before the problem which he concretely typified was solved.

"I'm glad to hear that," Mrs. Ticer said. "And now, dearie, you'd better put on a little more gas. I thought I heard that train whistle down Southampton way, and even if we are pretty near there you'll have to stop and let me out, you know, before you meet your husband. Lucky we're on this road leadin' through the culvert under the railroad. You won't have to stop for no tracks nor be nervous about the flyer comin' through."

A Parting Promise.
"I'm not going to let you out," I said quietly, though I had a decided qualm at the thought of Dicky's face when I should introduce him to Mrs. Ticer with her flamboyant hat, before the fashionable crowd the train always brought. "I want you to come with me and meet my husband."

Mrs. Ticer's face flushed with pleasure, but she shook her head stubbornly. "When you're as old as I am, dearie," she said with a little smile, "you'll learn that husbands ain't anxious to meet anybody else when they're comin' to see their wives what they hain't seen for two or three weeks. No, you do as I say, let me down at the next corner, and tonight I'll come over to the camp and see if you want to come to the cider makin' tomorrow. But, remember now, if anything should happen that he don't come, you drive back to this corner. I'll wait here till you have plenty of time to do it."

There was an air of finality about her little speech that I saw was best met by a prompt acquiescence. Therefore I deposited her at the corner she had designated, but I left a parting word with her that I resolved should be confirmed even at the cost of a quarrel with Dicky. "I'm coming to the cider making tomorrow, anyway," I said, as I drew the car to the curb for her to alight. "You couldn't keep me away."

"You'd better get to that station," she replied slyly, jumping from the machine with an agility that a woman 20 years younger and 50 pounds lighter might have envied. "That train's almost in."

I nodded and shot away from the curb. It was only a short distance from the station, and I brought my car to a stop just as the train started in. I was stepping to the platform when Dicky stalked up to me, suit case in hand, his face registering surprise and displeasure.

DAIL CALLED FOR SATURDAY

Machinery is Started by Griffith to Put New Treaty in Operation

DOCUMENTS ARE MOVED

De Valera Says He Expected to Ignore Parliament Called Saturday

DUBLIN, Jan. 11.—(By The Associated Press)—Summoning of the Southern parliament to meet Saturday by Arthur Griffith, president of the Dail Eireann, and his cabinet, has started the machinery for putting the treaty into operation. Half a dozen huge vans backed in front of the chief secretary's offices in Dublin Castle today and removed stacks of official documents of the secretariat and police departments, beginning the evacuation of the castle, the symbol to Irish for centuries of British control.

Eamonn De Valera informed the correspondents that he believed his party would ignore Saturday's parliament meeting. He said he intended to continue the fight for independence; he supposed elections would be held within six or nine months.

Cleavage Line Seen
Such election, he added, like the signing of the treaty in London, would be held under British threat of renewal of warfare and therefore he could not accept the verdict as the uncoerced will of the people.

"There is a big line of cleavage," he said, "between those standing for dependence and those for independence."

Never would he, under any conditions take the oath of allegiance contained in the treaty, he said. Alluding to the Irish republican bonds, he declared they would be redeemed by whatever government was established and added that a meeting of the leaders of the Sinn Fein party would be held tomorrow to consider the general position.

Action Through Cabinet
An important development today was the issuance of a manifesto by the Irish labor party stating that labor would participate in the elections to secure representation in the new free state government. The method adopted in summoning those who are to ratify the treaty is held to indicate that the British desire to avoid friction in the transference of the authority. Instead of acting directly, the British government acted through the Dail cabinet, leaving the Dail to initiate execution of the treaty.

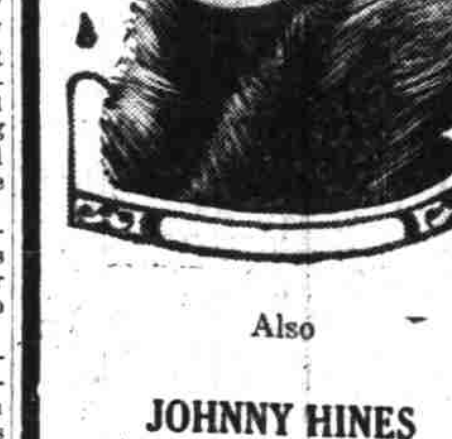
The Associated Press is officially informed that the heads of Dublin Castle, will do their utmost to facilitate and expedite the provisional government's taking over of full authority.

WILLIAM BELL TALK ON HOPS

Importance of Industry to Willamette Valley Described by Grower

William Bell, prominent hop grower, calls attention to the fact that the hop industry of this part of the Willamette valley brings into Salem almost half as much money as all other farming industries.

In discussing the industry and



Also
JOHNNY HINES
In
"DOGGONE TORCHY"

what it means to Salem and vicinity, Mr. Bell said:
"It is not generally realized in this community how important and remunerative an industry the hop business has been. Hop growers with yards within a 20-mile radius of Salem received in 1921 over three and one-half million dollars for their product. This is very received for all other farm products combined. Furthermore, the money received from hops is nearly all English money, and being foreign money is the most desirable form of business, as it helps to adjust the export trade balance of the United States.

"The hop business is doomed. It has survived for the past two years on account of the fact that English hop yards were plowed up during the war, and English brewers came to us for hops to tide them over the reconstruction period. England and continental Europe are now nearly back to their pre-war production basis. The brewers of the United States have been put out of business by prohibition. Consequently, there is no domestic consumption of hops.

"In view of these facts the hop growers and dealers of the Pacific coast are advocating an amendment to the Volstead act, permitting the manufacture of beer of 4 per cent alcoholic content, which is in fact and in truth, non-intoxicating. They argue that by permitting a beverage of light alcoholic content, such as beer, thousands of our citizens will be brought back into the law abiding class, and the business of hop growing, which pays the Willamette valley millions of dollars annually, mostly for labor, will be saved from extermination.

"There is no one who will deny that this country and this community needs more than anything else is increased industry and larger payrolls. Here is the greatest of agricultural industries in the Willamette valley faced with ruin, and the community is making no effort to help. Stop and think what would have been the economic situation in Salem and the surrounding territory for the year 1921, had it not been for the income from the hop industry?"



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Today—Tomorrow—Saturday
MARION DAVIES in
"ENCHANTMENT"
Based on Shakespeare's "Taming Of The Shrew"

The expressions of the critics which follow are just the reflection of the opinions of the delighted audience:
"... unreservedly excellent. Not only the acting is good, but the subtleties... are full of humor as well as wit. The production end is lavish."
—Harrison's Reports.
"It is a very captivating production, for at last Miss Davies seems to have found a vehicle that fits her—over that she fits, which is more to the point."
—N. Y. Herald
"Really, it is enticingly beautiful, and not to be sniffed at, however your tastes run."
—Daily News.



The Junior Statesman

The Biggest Little Paper in the World Edited by John H. Miller

Fishing Through Ice

"Wish it was summer and I could go fishing," said Ralph.
"Just because it is winter is no sign you can't go fishing," said Mrs. Stanford.
"Who ever heard of going fishing in winter?" laughed Ralph.
"Lots of people. Up in Eskimoland that is the favorite sport."
"I think I've heard of ice fishing."
"Perhaps you have. Up in the ice country in the early spring many varieties of fish come to the shore from the deep water where they have wintered. At this time the Eskimo boys cut holes in the ice and spend many hours sitting beside them with their hooks and lines."
"What kind of poles do they use?"
"It's a short pole to which is attached a line made of whalebone or perhaps the quills of a large water fowl. This makes a strong flexible line. Near the bottom of the line is a stone anchor and below this are the hooks. The hooks are set in ivory shanks. The shining shanks serve as lures. The line is kept in motion all the time, and the fish are attracted by the moving ivory. They come closer to examine the flashing, shining thing, and then they are caught on the big hooks."
"And then," concluded Mrs. Stanford, "the Eskimo family has fresh fish for dinner."

COLD-BLOODED BOY

In wintertime, my father says, The hardy Indian lad Just wears a pair of moccasins, And when the weather's bad He adds some pain, or strings of beads.
Though snow drifts to his knees— And in my heavy coat and cap I sit around and freeze.
In wintertime, my father says, The youthful eskimo Finds ease and comfort in a house That's modeled out of snow; He puts a reindeer skin in front Against the Arctic breeze— While I, beside the register Just sit around and freeze.
In wintertime, my father says, The boy of old Japan Lives in a house with paper walls— Imagine, if you can! He never heard of furnace heat Nor ranges, if you please— And yet, inside these walls of brick I sit around and freeze.
In wintertime, my father says, The boys who hunt and trap Live very well on frozen meat And never give a rap; And when they want to celebrate They feast on bread and cheese— While I eat bucketfuls of soup, And still I sit and freeze.
In wintertime, my father says, That gives up pep and such, And folks that live in cold climates Can ne'er amount to much; I wish I lived upon an isle Amid the southern seas— I'd rather be an Igorot Than sit around and freeze!

TODAY'S PUZZLE

Each letter of a well-known saying has been numbered. Letters numbered 17-9-15-21-14 spell a word that means the reproduction of something in miniature; 3-19-6-8, the covering of an orange; 18-16-2-20-11, plural of something used on water; 4-13-7-12, plural of a small cake; 1-5-10, large. What is the protation?
Answer to yesterday's: Ride, wide, wade, wale, walk.

ONE REEL YARNS

THE HOUSE IN THE HOLLOW

The Hilary house lay in a little hollow. In the summer it was a pretty place, in the cup of the rolling hills, but in the winter all the winds that blew seemed to howl around it, and when the snow flurries came they filled the hollow like whipped cream in a mixing bowl.
One late January day the red sun was sinking when a traveler drove up to the house. His mud-stained, bedraggled clothes showed that he had ridden fast and far. Mr. Hilary, proprietor of Hilary house, put the traveler's tired horse in the barn, while Mrs. Hilary hurried to fix a hot supper. "It's a bad time to be out," said Mrs. Hilary, addressing the newcomer, as she brought in a steaming dish. "It looks like snow. And it's not safe, either. My son just came up from town and he was saying a robber broke out of jail there. You might meet him on the road."
While she was speaking, Mr. Hilary came in. "You'll not get anywhere this night, stranger," he said. "It's snowing hard already." In a few hours a blizzard was shaking the house. The occupants were just getting ready to go to bed when the door was thrown open and another traveler burst

in, almost blinded by the snow. He had led his horse to the post outside, and Mr. Hilary put the animal in the barn while the traveler thawed himself out.
By morning the drifts were up to the window sills and piling still higher, and by nightfall of that day the two travelers realized that they would remain at Hilary House for many days.
Time did not drag, however. Mr. and Mrs. Hilary and their son were jolly people and the house was warm and cheery. The two strangers proved to be fun-loving young men, and they passed the time telling stories, playing chess and enjoying each other like old chums.
"I hate to see them go," remarked Mrs. Hilary, the day her husband managed to break a path to the main road and the two travelers left. "I guess they hate to leave each other, too. They got along so well."
"Mother," called her son excitedly, "when they came to the main road they shook hands and one went north and the other south."
"What's so strange about that?" she asked.
"One of them," he said, "was the new sheriff. Didn't you know? The other was that robber who escaped from jail last week. I saw his picture on the reward posters. I wonder—if they both knew."

A FOWL PLAY

PUT THAT BACK!



BLOCKING THE SIDEWALK

A group of girls, arm in arm, went walking along, forcing every one to step off the walk. Another group stood on the sidewalk, blocking traffic. These ill-bred