

The Oregon Statesman

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DID YOU EVER STOP TO THINK

THAT you should safeguard your future. Buy or build your own home. DO IT NOW!
THAT many merchants in every city enjoy life and a big business. They are the ones who built their business by ADVERTISING.

THAT a glance through the advertising columns of your papers enables you to tell in a few minutes all you want to know and where to get the service or articles you may need.
THAT each year, a number of beautiful shade trees die needlessly through neglect. Take better care of them.

THAT it is not necessary that any man possessed of PEP and HEALTH should remain the sport of poverty until the end of his days.

THAT getting ahead the "slow but sure" way is just as easy as it is certain.

THAT an improvement along agricultural lines will help your business.

THAT much publicity could be given a city in various sections of the nation; that would mean many more visitors and an increase in desirable citizens.

THAT an activity and solidarity in the real estate market will do much to make BETTER BUSINESS.

THAT conditions have never been fundamentally more substantial, the future of our city never seemed more promising than now.

(The above is another of the pep sheets of E. R. Waite, secretary of the Shawnee Board of Commerce, of Shawnee, Oklahoma, whose city took the \$2500 prize as the best place in that part of the country in which to live and make a living and raise a family. It will be remembered that Mr. Waite visited Salem last year, and was highly pleased with this city; so he put The Statesman on his pep sheet mailing list.)

Lady Astor notes that the United States recently asked for protection of its oil interests in Mesopotamia and got it and then refused to join in an inquiry into atrocities against a Christian population. Oh, well, she can't be expected to understand the niceties of American statesmanship.

The usual weather, for Memorial day; hot.

After all, the plesiosaurus seems to be only the gysactus—a creature of the imagination. (A gysactus is an animal that has its legs on one side shorter than those on the other, on account of grazing on a hill-side. A circus

claimed to have one; otherwise it is unknown to science.)

In Oregon politics, is the worst yet to come?

The Grand Army is still grand; though its ranks have been thinning.

Spanish soldiers in Morocco will not be permitted to swear, thus increasing the difficulties of the campaign.

Albanian women are discarding trousers to become modern and American women for the same reason are putting them on.

A man at the writer's elbow says he always liked Columbus because he came to America simply as a discoverer and not as a lecturer.

An Alabama citizen killed two other men and then very graciously took their bodies to an undertaking establishment. When it comes to manners southern gentlemen have the world beaten.

It is just possible that Jim Reed is in the scheme that resulted in ex-President Wilson writing a letter denouncing him. Jim figured no doubt from another letters that Wilson wrote pending the congressional elections several years ago.

There has been an actual saving of more than \$1,600,000,000 in government expenses during the fiscal year 1922, as compared with the expenditures of 1921, according to the report of Charles G. Dawes, director of the bureau of the budget. He estimates that the actual expenditures during the year will be \$45,550,336 less than was indicated by the December budget estimate figures of \$3,967,922,366, or \$3,922,372,030.

Henry Ford says he will furnish fertilizer to the American farmers at half the present cost, when he gets busy at Muscle Shoals. So every American farmer wants the matter arranged, pronto. And there is going to be a howl that will make the welkin ring if there are any unnecessary delays or throwing of monkey wrenches into the legislative machinery at Washington. The steam roller is needed—or a Ford or a million tin Lizzies.

WHY ANOTHER CONFERENCE?

Those who are asking why another conference should be held at The Hague so soon after the one which achieved but mediocre result at Genoa will find the answer in an address delivered by Lloyd George to the representatives of the British and American press. Referring to the attitude which the rest of Europe should assume toward Russia and Germany, he said:

"Anybody who imagines that by any combination you can permanently keep down these two great peoples, representing two-thirds of the people of Europe, must either be blind or blinkered. It is an impossibility. It is folly. It is insanity."

Then came his solemn warning as to "what would be absolutely inevitable when the hunger of Russia is equipped by the anger of Germany."

In the opinion of the British premier conference must follow conference until a basis of common understanding can be reached that will include all the peoples of Europe. Unless peaceful solutions can be found, another war is inevitable. In case of such a conflict a united Russia and

Germany, with two-thirds the population of Europe, would threaten the annihilation of the other nations, unless both Great Britain and the United States should come to the rescue.

Lloyd George very truly said, "For the moment we belong to the dominant group which has won the great war and we are dominant and triumphant. But these things do not last forever." Then came the warning against any attempt to enforce a military policy, to apply the law of force. It is a warning that should cause even the most embittered enemies of the central powers to reflect. The following words are not those of a politician or of an opportunist, but of a far-seeing statesman:

"If our victory degenerates into oppression, if it is tinged and tainted with selfish interests, if a feeling arises in the consciences of mankind that we have abused the triumph that God placed in our hands, vengeance will inevitably follow, as it followed in the wake of the act which outraged the moral sense of the world on the part of Germany. We must be just, we must be fair, we must be equitable, we must show restraint in the hour of our triumph. Otherwise Europe will again be a welter of blood within the lifetime of even men like myself, whose hair is gray, even if we live only to the ordinary span of human life, and those who are younger among us will surely see it."

None can honestly dispute the assertion of Lloyd George that, if the old policy of a balance of power is re-established in Europe, the inevitable result will be another world war. If Russia and Germany are united in one camp and the other European countries in another the clash of these opposing forces will so shake the foundations of our present civilization that the whole edifice may collapse. The whirlpool caused by the sinking of Europe would be very likely to draw our own country into the vortex.

We are apparently back to the place we were when the representatives of the allied nations met at Paris during the armistice. It is evident that the nations of the world must forget their animosities and unite for the destruction of war or war will surely destroy them. Unless some tribunal can be constituted where international and international difference can be settled by arbitration and compromise, our civilization is doomed to disappear in what Lloyd George terms "a welter of blood."

France and Belgium cannot destroy Germany without destroying themselves. To imagine that one-third of Europe can dictate to the other two-thirds is like imagining that the tail can wag the dog. Russia is now, in fact, "an economic vacuum." Germany is industrially disorganized. But the two countries possess the population and the natural resources necessary to regain their former power. Their restoration may be delayed, but it cannot be prevented. If isolated from the rest of Europe their reorganization will be certain to proceed along a military basis. Russia, with German aid, will provide the arms and other military equipment for both. A new period of rivalry in armaments will begin. And the end will be the welter of blood.

On the other hand, Russia must not expect aid from other countries—even from Germany—until her government is prepared to deal honestly and honorably with other peoples. Until the rights of private property are recognized she will not be able to secure capital from the outside, and she has wasted what she once possessed. Lloyd George still hopes that, during the interval between Genoa and The Hague the soviet government will recognize that it cannot secure recognition and economic aid until it abandons the predatory policies it now espouses. He also hopes that France, Belgium and the other European countries will come to realize that all must meet about the conference table as equals; that there must be no victors and no vanquished; that Russia and Germany are strongly enough united to protect themselves against forceful aggression.

Slowly but irresistibly the peoples of the world are moving along the path that leads to a world government, to a confederation of man that will abolish war and replace force with justice. Versailles, Washington, Genoa and The Hague represents a steady, measured progress of governments and peoples toward a world federation. If we were to turn back now we would be engulfed in the welter of blood that follows like a tidal wave fast on our trail. That is why the conference at The Hague must be held and why other conferences must follow, until the ultimate goal of universal peace is finally attained. And it must be a peace based on mutual understandings, perpetuated by the observance of just laws and equitable agreements, enforced by rules administered in the spirit of the Golden Rule, in both its negative form as given by Confucius and its positive form as proclaimed by the lowly Nazarene. There cannot be too many conferences looking to the making of such a peace with justice.

BITS FOR BREAKFAST

Appropriateness marked the day.

The cemeteries were never made so beautiful.

Many people wished Dan Bass good luck in getting the fund started for an endowment to preserve the I.O.O.F. cemetery in beauty forever. It is understood that progress is being made in this direction.

Oregon does not need any independent candidates to ball things up. Partly because they would not be independent. And partly because they would not be successful, but would merely muddy the political waters still more.

They are muddy enough now, goodness knows.

The warm weather is hurrying the gooseberry and strawberry harvests, and all the rest to follow. The Salem district is going to begin to be an exceedingly busy old section, in a very few days.

The Statesman of tomorrow will contain some valuable and important information concerning the pending tariff bill.

A young American singer in France named Higgins has qualified as a member of a French opera company by dropping the "s" from her name by request. It looks more French to the French that way, all right, but while she was about it she might well have dropped also one "g."

The Mad Mullah has broken out again. He has read the report of his death. That's what makes him mad.

LANCASTER CORD and FABRIC TIRES

QUITE a few tires come up to specifications—but don't exceed them. They're the "average run"—and usually worth the money.

And then there are tires produced by manufacturers who know that it is mighty good business to supply *heaping measure*—to furnish merchandise of such outstanding quality that repeat orders follow as a matter of course.

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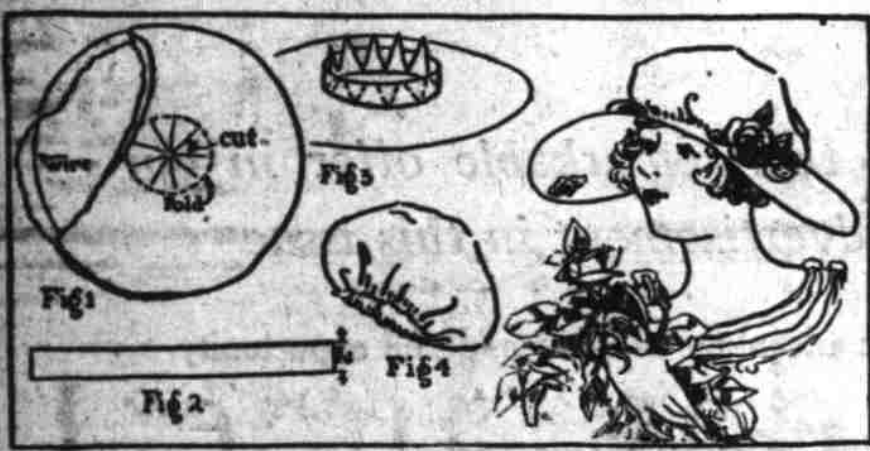
The Junior Statesman

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The Biggest Little Paper in the World

Edited by John H. Miller

CREPE PAPER MILLINERY



By FLORENCE WINE
A "picture" hat to match your gaudy dress is just the thing to start off the summer days. It is the "summerest" outfit you could possibly wear. Made of crepe paper and trimmed in flowers of satin ribbon or paper in a contrasting color, the hat will be right at home at a garden party or at any of the summer "doings" which call for an gaudy dress. To make the hat you need one fold of the crepe paper, two No. 15 wires, which are extra heavy, one spool of fine wire and one piece of cardboard.

Forming the Circle
Now that you have all these materials together, let's begin. First, join the two wires to make a circle. You will have to decide yourself how big around this circle should be. It all depends on how large you want the brim of your hat. The wires may be joined together with the fine wire winding it around so that they will stay together firmly.

Cut the circle of the crepe paper just one inch larger in circumference than the circle you made with the wires. To cut the paper out. You can lay your wire

out yourself. Gather the crown at the headband, as shown in figure 4. Then fasten the crown and the headband together.

How to Trim
Now your hat is finished except for adding the trimming. You might make your hat in a contrasting color and have the trimming match your dress, or else do it the other way around. For a picture hat the best trimming is flowers. You may buy these, or make them yourself out of scraps of satin or some crepe paper.

If you wish your hat to last all through the summer, give it a light coating of liquid varnish such as chek or crystalline. You will find that you have a regular hat, very different from the flimsy paper hats you have made for masquerade parties or fancy dress programs. The others came to pieces the next day, but this hat if you have made it carefully, will wear as long as a cloth hat and will always look fresh and dainty.

Why not make paper hats for the church bazaar this summer? These articles will furnish you with a number of pretty models that can be made in all the colors of the rainbow.

THE SHORT STORY, JR.

Miss Mourning Glory

Every one said that Wenona was a regular sprinkling can. She had pretty eyes, and a pouting mouth, and on the slightest cause her mouth would tremble and her eyes would fill with tears. "I can't help it," she would say, "because I'm so sympathetic. I can't bear to have my feelings hurt or to see any one suffer."

"Humph," her grandmother would say. "I don't think it's tenderheartedness. She knows very well how pretty she looks when she's in tears."

When Memorial day came, Wenona was in her element. She was going to be in a decorative float that was to be part of a parade to the cemetery. She was dressed in a new summer dress and her hair had never been curled so pitifully before.

When the float reached the cemetery, the girls in their gay dresses climbed out and began distributing their baskets of flowers over the graves. More than one person smiled tenderly to see the pretty girl with her eyes so full

of tears, as she carried an armful of roses.

The day was hot and Wenona sat down to rest near a grave in one corner of the cemetery, away from the crowd for a while. She happened to look over and saw a girl of about her own age sitting there with chin in her hands, smiling at her. Wenona felt this was no occasion for smiling. She took out a handkerchief and wiped her eyes.

The girl was all sympathy. "Oh," she said, "I hope I'm not bothering you? Did you lose some one in the war, too? A brother, maybe?"

Wenona gulped and nodded.



wishing it were so, and feeling dramatic.

"I s'pose he was killed at the front," said the girl. And when Wenona nodded again, she went on, "I lost a brother, too. But I haven't any reason for feeling so bad. It isn't as though it was so sudden. He came home with his lungs bad, knowing he couldn't get well. And he didn't. But we had him with us again for a while and we were glad for that. Maybe you think it's funny I can talk like this without crying, but you see we talked it all over. He said he wanted me to be a morning glory—cut the mourning, and think of the glory. And when I want to have a good cry I think of that and the way he said it, and it isn't so hard after all."

A flush of shame made Wenona's face scarlet. She dropped her flowers and hid her head in her arms. And that was the last of the "sprinkling can."

His Loss

Mike (after crawling out of a freight car): "There, I rode all the way from Milwaukee to Chicago in a carload of hard coal and there was a car of soft coal right behind me and I never knew it."

Percy: "I answered an ad in the paper yesterday calling for a tall, handsome, young man."
Nancy: "Did you get the job?"
Percy: "No, I wasn't tall enough."

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