

# The Oregon Statesman

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## THE FAITHFUL EARTH

Men sneered at the July weather, but men's friend, the good, old, brown earth, smiled over it. The reason is made plain in the United States crop forecasts.

Three billion bushels of corn—the fourth largest in the farming history of the United States.

An increase of 15,000,000 bushels of spring wheat.

A record crop of hay—33,000,000 tons.

The second largest crop of white potatoes ever grown.

Two bushels of apples for every person in the country.

The fourth largest tobacco crop.

Up in Canada the crop estimators say that the production of grains of all kinds will far exceed last year's harvest.

Even in Russia, where everything else has gone to smash, nature refuses to turn Bolshevik. The wheat harvest, says Moscow, is more than enough to feed the entire Russian population for a year.

Commenting on these statistical facts, a writer in the New York Herald says:

"It is marvelous the way that this planet, plagued by wars, strikes, grafters, tax-eaters and common or garden fools, manages to sprout enough food for the 2,000,000,000."

Now for prune picking and drying. It will make buster times, if possible.

The debt of the allies to the United States totals, in round numbers, \$16,000,000,000. Round numbers, all right.

Less than 100,000 votes separate the wets and the dries in Sweden. Which means that prohibition is nothing to laugh at, even in continental Europe.

The wets have promised beer to the thirsty within two years. If they get tired waiting for it while standing on one leg they can put down the other.—Exchange.

Carl Gray, formerly of Portland, now president of the Union Pacific, declares that the railroad shopmen's strike is idiotic. Too bad for the men who were misled; but the losing of the strike will be a good thing for all the rest of the country—including all the working people excepting those who lost their places and may not be able to find others as good.

The primary vote in Ohio shows that but a small percentage of women cast their ballots in the recent election. There was a falling away everywhere from what was expected to be the strength of the woman vote. Party poli-

tics in Ohio, as in every other state, for that matter, is still very largely a man's affair, in which women, as a whole, take but a very mild interest.

Los Angeles county simply can't get away from it. There's a Johnson for United States senator, a Johnson for state treasurer, and a Johnson for state senator. Is there such a thing as too much Johnson?—Los Angeles Times.

HEAVENLY MEAT Astronomers are said to have recently calculated the temperature of Betelgeuse, the vast fiery star which makes our sun seem like the flicker of a firefly. Betelgeuse is hotter than Aldebaran and is now indicating a temperature of 10,000 degrees centigrade. An astronomer is a person who can tell how hot it is on a planet 40,000,000,000 miles away, but who cannot guess within 40 degrees of the temperature of his bath.

But, at that, some other stargazer is apt to get out his thermometer and monkey wrench and give us another reading on Betelgeuse. He may show us that this remote orb is carrying a temperature of only 9470 degrees. Everybody knows what that would mean. If the mercury dropped 530 degrees in a single night in this section there wouldn't be a

tomato left in Oregon. But when you start off with a temperature of 10,000 degrees, a drop of 500 or 600 does not cut so much of a figure. If a man is being cremated, a change of 100 degrees or so would not make any vast difference.

But if Betelgeuse is only running under a temperature of 9000 degrees it is still a hot place. Even Hades would seem like a cooling station by comparison. If Lucifer ever turned up on Betelgeuse he would be wiring for his Palm Beach suit.

But they are not bulletining the climate on Betelgeuse. We are told that it will be several trillions aeons before this star will be cool enough to permit the existence of living organisms. The dawn of creation will not strike Betelgeuse for 9,000,000,000 years—or is it trillions?

There is no one on Betelgeuse to inquire: "Is it hot enough for you?"

CROWN JEWELS It is reported that the soviet government is about to offer for sale the Russian crown jewels and many art treasures that were filched from the castles of royalty and the nobility at the time of the debacle. An effort is being made to interest rich Americans in these precious stones or paintings. They might be glad to buy, but there is some question as to title, and it is not likely that the administration will consent to the admission of such purchases to this country. Nobody will care to take a chance on smuggling these treasures. About the only thing for the Russian plunderers to do is to break up the collection with a hammer and permit the diamonds to trickle into the market unidentified. They will lose much of their historic value, but that will be the surest method of getting real money.

SOME TIMELY THOUGHTS If you want a practical proof of the general popular ignorance of the law of relativity, just consider the fashion in which folks talk about time.

Our relation with time is not what are we going to do with time, but what is time going to do with us. Yet who really gets the right perspective?

There are those who will talk of a laggard who lolls his way through life as one who "wastes time." But there again they are all wrong. Time is making waste out of him.

Possibly you yourself have talked about how you intend to spend time under certain more favorable conditions. But time isn't yours or any one else's to spend. If you could spend time, you could buy it also. And yet Rockefeller couldn't buy one second with all his wealth.

When a train goes a little faster than it set out to do, you say it is "making time." That is the most meaningless statement. So also when you do something to

"save time," you show you don't know the first thing about what time means. You may need saving, but time doesn't.

And, of course, the most absurd thing of all is to talk about "killing time." Just wait long enough and you will find the right relativity. Anyhow, time has eventually killed every being that has been created since the days of Adam.

And yet come little manikin will tell the world that he is just killing time.

SWEETENING THE PUGS The New York boxing commission is justifying the ring, all right. The commission now assumes the prerogative of inquiring into the domestic life and moral behavior of the pug. If a hard guy beats up his dame every Saturday night he cannot hope to get any ring engagements. Battling is to be done by gentlemen only. If an athlete's marriage and divorce record is not straight he will not be permitted to box in the state of New York. Kid McCoy's nine wives would be liable to bar him from the ring in Gotham. The commission is doing the Will Hays and Judge Landis stuff to the boxing game and when they finish the clean-up only such unsoftened characters as Jess Willard and William J. Bryson will be eligible for engagements.—Exchange.

EUROPEAN FINANCE A compromise has finally been reached between England and France. Short term treasury bonds are to be accepted by the allied reparations commission for the 1922 payments. Payments due in 1923 are to be discussed and arranged later. It is to be hoped that these nations come to the realization by that time that their own ends can best be reached by compromise and cooperation.

Relations between nations are much like those between individuals. Two self-centered individuals with different interests can get along peacefully only by compromise and cooperation. Life is possible only through compromise.

Impossible reparations have been imposed upon Germany. The result has been that Germany has stupidly led herself to the brink of bankruptcy. Not, however, by a well thought out program. Rather it has been the natural psychological result of the preposterous reparations. Suppose you were on the brink of bank-

ruptcy. What would your reactions be, then, if someone should attain judgment against you for two or three million dollars?

Reparations must be reduced to an amount that it is possible for Germany to pay. Such is to the interest of all. For it will be a step toward putting the whole world on a sound economic basis. Otherwise Germany may drag all into the mire by her collapse.

WHY AUGUST HAS 31 DAYS Why have July and August 31 days apiece, while poor old February has only 28 or, at the most, 29?

The vanity and jealousy of emperors explains this peculiarity. In the Julian calendar February used to have 29 days for the common years and 30 for leap year. The other months alternated regularly, one with 30, the next with 31 days.

Now Caesar's first name, Julius, has been given to the seventh month, and when the Emperor Augustus decided to have a month of his own he made up his mind that certainly it should have no fewer days than July, which was Caesar's.

Consequently they cut another day off February in order to give Augustus his 31 and then rearranged the sequence of strong and weak months after August; otherwise there would have been three successive months—July, August and September—each with 31 days.

This is the explanation given by an Italian review, without documentary evidence, according to Le Petit Parisien, the great Paris newspaper.

A WONDERFUL OPENING—IF YOU KNOW ENOUGH TO KEEP IT SHUT This story is told of a certain astute party who was called to the witness stand as an expert in a serious litigation.

His replies to counsel and attorneys were marvels of rapid thinking.

His knowledge of the subject discussed was almost uncanny in its grasp of detail.

Moreover, he was versed in the law to a degree which enabled him—or forced him—to express himself in the most precise language, his "ifs," "ands" and "buts" just where they should be, his sentences absolute periods.

Counsel was delighted with the witness.

He urged him on, drew him out until he had given vent to a

perfect torrent of information on the case in point.

Prosecution avoided him as it would an adder.

The jury retired and returned. The case of the state was upheld. The defendant was adjudged guilty.

Some time later the astute witness met one of the jurors and asked him how such a verdict could have been rendered in the face of his testimony.

"Just one reason why," replied the juror. "You said so much we couldn't understand you."

Which is much to the point, whether or not it is true.

Too much talk has cheated many otherwise good men out of prospects and property.

"Don't spout and you'll never spill your brains and your opportunities," is the way Old Man Frick used to put it.

Your mouth is a wonderful opening—if you only know enough to keep it shut. (Unusual per cent off on this generalization.)

NOT QUITE DEAD New York is to have another big hotel, a 15-story building to cost \$29,000,000. It is increasingly apparent that prohibition has killed the hotel business.—Nashville Lumberman.

THE UPLIFT How can people complain at the high cost of living when they can get jazz-band renditions of "Oogie, Oogie Wa Wa" and "Deedle Deedle Dum" on the same record for a trifle of 85 cents?—Exchange.

Allan Ryan, who recently went bankrupt on the New York stock exchange with liabilities of \$30,000,000 or so, disposed of his tangible assets at a creditor's sale the other day and the amount realized was \$8100. Looks as if his creditors would not even get the half of 1 per cent allowed under the Volstead act.

A Spokane man played 22 rounds of golf and made 198 holes on a nine-hole course in a single day. He began at the first glimmer of dawn and kept it up until darkness had set in. He covered a total of 53 miles in the 15 hours and wore out three caddies. He took a pint of ice cream and four raw eggs at starting, but had no other nourishment during the day. This is believed to be the marathon record for golfers. When the human engine can run all day on a quarter's worth of ice cream it has a Ford skinned.

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	The People's Cash Store

**Liberty Theatre**

# The Junior Statesman

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## THE FUN BOX

Open the Lid and Laugh

"I think I'll take a day off," remarked the office boy, as he tore a leaf from his calendar.

Willie: "A horse that runs hard goes fast, doesn't it?"  
Mother: "Yes."  
Willie: "And a chair like this that doesn't move around stands fast, doesn't it?"  
Mother: "Yes."  
Willie: "Well, what I want to know is, which is the fastest?"

Why She Knew  
Mary Jane: "I've been reading how they can tell all about what kind of person you are by reading the bumps on your head."  
Emmy Lou: "Huh! That's all bunk. I had my head read that way once, and found there was nothing in it."

THE SHORT STORY, JR.  
KATHLEEN MADCAP  
Kathleen stuck her hands in her sweater pockets and looked up at the two boys with a tantalizing grin. "I'd like to see anybody keep me out of any place," she boasted with curling lip. The two boys shifted uneasily. They knew she meant it.

"Oh, well," agreed Stub, "come on. We'll see what's doing."  
The three of them moved down the road, the oldest, handsome girl swinging along with a boyish stride—"Kathleen Madcap", older people called her. She had a

fierce temper, a contempt for all girls, and a gift of mimicry that made her entertaining, but feared. No prank was too daring for her.

"Here's the turn in the road," said Howard. Beyond was a low-lying house and alongside it a number of apple-trees, with the red, tempting apples, which were the object of their expedition.

"Stop whistling, Kathleen. That old man may be around and hear us."  
"Huh!" retorted Kathleen. "Who's afraid? He's blind, isn't he?"

"Yeh, he's half-blind, but he hears, all right. He's a fierce old tight-wad, too. Once he took a gun after a fellow. Better watch out."

They vaulted lightly over the fence. Stub climbed up the nearest tree, while the others watched for him to throw down some apples.

They did not notice the light footfalls on the grass. The first thing they heard was a roar like an angry bull. "Yeh didn't think I'd hear ye, ye spalpeens! Out wid ye or murder, will be done this day." The beetle-browed man waved a blackthorn club as he advanced on them with an unerring sense of direction.

The boys stood as if frozen. Only Kathleen did not seem to be afraid. Her eyes danced with excitement. She spoke in a soft voice, like a true Irish colleen. "It's sorry I am," she began, and went on to explain she didn't know the apples belonged to anyone, being new thereabouts, as she had just come over from the old country a month ago.

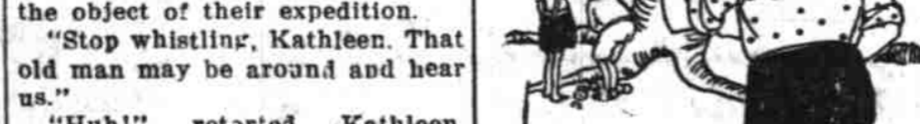
The man's angry expression softened like magic. He talked with her eagerly. He invited her in for a bit of tea, and Kathleen followed, with mocking backward smiles at the two stupefied boys. It was some time later that she came out, and met them at the

turn of the road. "You sure fooled that old duffer," grinned Howard.

"Oh shut up!" commanded Kathleen Madcap. "Don't you dare let him know how I fooled him. I'm going to visit him every week. He's a dear. If you tease me about it, I'll—I'll—I'll—" They never told.

## PICTURE PUZZLE

Among the things in Jack's lunch box are found:



Answer to yesterday's: Omar, hair, ash, rest, making a good square.

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Oxfords are again to be the most popular foot wear for this winter and we now have a complete stock of all styles of Oxfords in every known pattern, shade and combinations of colors and patterns. We are offering these new styles at very low prices, considering the high quality and the good reputation of the factories making these shoes. You can buy good Oxfords at

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