

The Oregon Statesman

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UP TO THE HOUSE

The House of the Oregon Legislature will have a busy day today—

Probably the last day; though it looked last night like a long day running far into the night, in case adjournment is reached.

The busy day will be partly passed in considering the amendments made yesterday in the Senate to the income tax bill, and that will likely be made today in the upper branch to the consolidation bill—

And the appearances now are that the fate of both these two most important of all the bills will rest with the House.

A shrewd observer late last night predicted that the House will pass both bills; prefacing his prediction with the one that the Senate will of course send the consolidation bill, this forenoon, to the House.

If this prediction comes true, it will be a consummation that will mark this session of the Legislature as the most important session in the history of the state—

And if there is not too much debate in the House today, there may be final adjournment at a late hour tonight.

FRUIT TREES MUST HAVE HONEY BEES

All up to date fruit growers have come to realize the absolute necessity of honey bees, in order to insure the pollination of their fruit blossoms—

So there must be literally billions more bees.

The "virgin daughters of toil," the worker bees, are the original "working fools"—they literally work themselves to death in six weeks during the honey season—

And a good queen bee will lay from 2000 to 3000 eggs a day—

So that in each hive a working "fool is born every minute"—and then some—

And a good hive of bees will at the height of the season contain 30,000 to 60,000, and even 100,000 bees—

So that, though there may be torrential rains all through the fruit blooming season, with only an occasional breaking of sunshine through the weepy clouds, during those few hours of sunshine the bees will carry the pollen and make the blossoms fruitful—

For the bees work and literally "improve each shining hour." They have the urge of their ancestors back through the ages for work; that is the life of the honey bee, and that is her death.

It would pay the fruit growers of the Salem district to subsidize the beekeepers, with a money subsidy—

But they do not have to.

Here is a better way:

Raise more white, alsike and sweet clover, and scatter more Scotch broom, and in other ways provide more late bee pasture—

And encourage more beekeeping; get better bees, and see that bee diseases are stamped out—

And in that way the orchard men will subsidize themselves; they will improve the fertility of their soil, and they will get three crops for one—the clover, the honey and the fruit—

And they will make sure the fruit.

There is no section in the world that has a better honey

flow than the Salem district in the late spring and early summer. Extend this, by providing proper bee pasture, throughout all the sunshiny days of the late summer and fall, and this will be a veritable land flowing with milk and honey—and money. The honey crop will be a money crop—an essential story of three, four and five and six story agriculture.

BITS FOR BREAKFAST

Legislature grinding yet—

And not an official whisper yet about the time. But it may be late tonight.

If the fruit grower will keep plenty of bees for pollination purposes, he will never be stung by a crop failure.

And if he will provide plenty of late bee pasture, he will never be stung by a failure of the honey crop.

And if he will raise white, sweet and alsike clover, and milk cows, he will keep up the fertility of his land—

And if all this is done generally here, this will be a land flowing with milk and honey—and money.

The biggest thing in the fruit industry is pollination, and the biggest thing in pollination is the honey bee.

The drone is called the drone because he drones. Bee or human.

Whenever the fruit growers fully wake up to the importance of late bee pasture, there are going to be a lot of fortunes made in the Salem district in beekeeping.

And the honey of Hymettus will be discounted by the honey that goes to the world markets under the Salem brand.

STOPS COUGHS AND COLDS

Neglected coughs and colds lead to influenza, la grippe, asthma and bronchitis, and the old method of "letting it run its course" is rapidly giving way to preventive treatment. Three generations of users have testified to the quick relief given by Foley's Honey and Tar from coughs, colds, croup, throat, chest and bronchial trouble. Contains no opiates—ingredients printed on the wrapper. Refuse imitations and substitutes. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

COMING EVENTS

- Feb. 23, Wednesday, Children's Health clinic at Chamber of Commerce rooms.
- March 1, 2, and 3, Flying Squadron, in interest of Prohibition enforcement.
- Afternoon and evening meetings in Presbyterian church.
- March 3, Saturday, Prof. E. S. Conklin talk on "Auto-suggestion," before University's Women's club at Chamber of Commerce.
- March 5, 6, Monday and Tuesday, Lions minstrel show show for Boy Scouts.

EDITORIALS OF THE PEOPLE

Disagrees With Col. Haskell

Editor Statesman:

Dear Sir: It was with a great deal of surprise that I read the words of Col. Haskell, head of the American Red Cross in Asia Minor, alleged to have been given in an interview to one of the eastern papers that "It's about time for the Greeks and the Armenians to go back to Asia Minor and swear allegiance to Turkey, accept military service, and become good Turks. . . ."

Strange words! I wonder how long Col. Haskell has been in Asia Minor and whether he has been so affected by the oily, smooth, bamboozling Turks that he can make such a statement?

The Turks have played one European nation against another for several hundred years. These European nations have allied themselves with Turkey, not because they did not recognize the treachery of the "Sick Man of Europe," but because they were not willing to play fair with each other. Is it possible that now the Turks are using their wiles on some Americans?

"Become good Turks!" It will take many, many years before the Turks learn the meaning of the word "goodness," as civilized nations and enlightened Americans understand it.

Let the Greeks answer for themselves. However, I shall be lax in my duties toward America and Americans if I do not make a protest against such absurd and sinister suggestions.

I write as an American and a Christian who has seen the Turk as he is, and not as some of the representatives of various nations or organizations see him—save, smooth, polite, as Mephistopheles himself, and with the lust, treachery, cunning and the cruelty of a sleek tiger or a hyena.

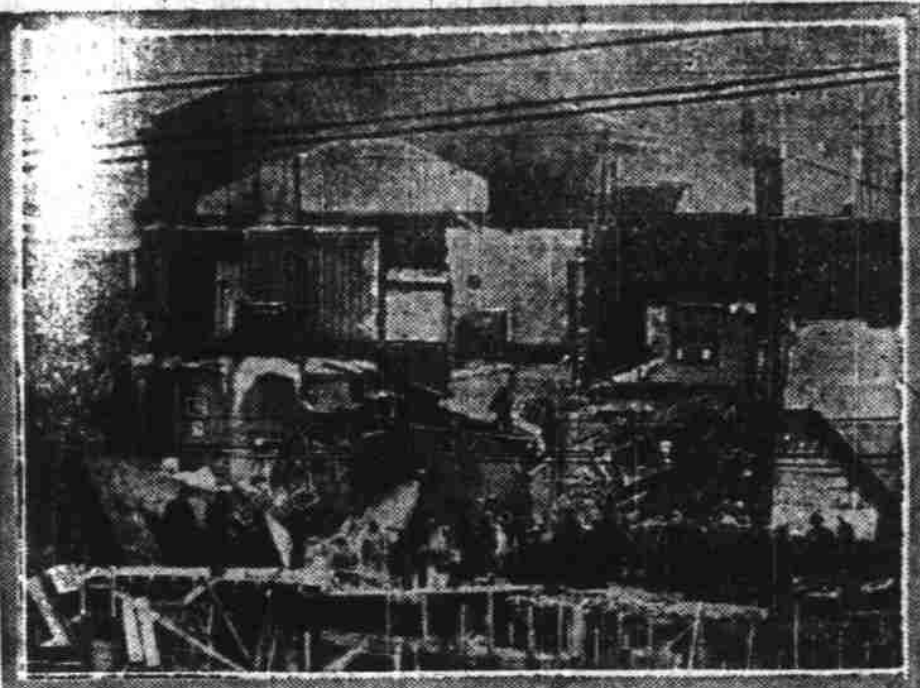
If proof is wanted, a study of Universal history will bring out the characteristics of the descendants of the Genghis Khan and his mongols of the Asiatic steppes.

"Become good Turks?" Give up nineteen centuries of Christian teaching and practice? "Become Turks!" Become polygamists and do away with the sanctity of family life which has characterized Christian civilization?

"Become good Turks!" Feed and shelter one one moment and steal his wife and butcher him the next—that must be the future of a nation which has been martyred for the sake of Christ!

I am afraid the good Colonel

FOUR KILLED WHEN DWELLING COLLAPSES.



Four men were killed and five injured when a dwelling collapsed in Pittsburgh, Pa. The dead and injured, with one exception, were employed in the construction of the new building. Photo shows general view of the disaster, with firemen and volunteer rescuers digging in debris for bodies of the victims.

does not understand the Armenian nor the Turk.

"Become good Turks!" "Serve in the Turkish Army!"

The Armenian is no coward: Thank God for that. He has given a good account of himself in the French, British and the American armies. During the various troubles between Turkey and Russia, the Armenians not only have fought bravely but won the wars of ungrateful Russia, but to serve in the Turkish army. One might as well sell his soul to the devil himself—and personally I would rather take my chances with his Satanic Majesty than take a commission under the star and the crescent; so would anyone who knows the Turk and his army.

Our boys and the men in the allied armies did not treat women and children and noncombatants the way Turks have done for generations. Perhaps representatives of various organizations have not seen what I have seen, and many Armenians have seen children transfixed on bayonets, men tortured; I have had oil poured on my shoulders, being prepared for burning; and only allied and American warships saved us.

Armenians would not show very much sense if they should go back; it would be walking into the butcher's pen.

No doubt competent persons will answer the question as to who pays the salaries of these who have served in the work of relief. But I think it is sacrilegious to say that those so serving are doing for the miserable pittance they receive.

In the dark pages of history

we have written in letters of eternal light the unselfish devotion of missionaries of various churches, especially the Congregational churches, and teachers. It is wrong to say that missionaries are more interested in converting the people from one type of Christianity to another. That charge may have been true years ago. However, these men and women—teachers, physicians, preachers—have worked to add to the Christianity existing there a broadness of vision and a richness of culture.

The five or six great colleges in Asia Minor are everlasting memorials to American lovers of humanity—practical Christians.

The Armenians can never become Turks because they have been taught the freedom of American institutions, and have known from their Christian teaching and experience, that it is better to be a martyr in the cause of Jesus, than sit in the tents of iniquity.

Death is a thousand times more welcome to a man who loves decency, freedom and civilization, than the ability to live in the debauched halls of Turkey.

—M. FERESHETIAN.

Unitarian church.

P. S.—I have not had time to make another copy. (However, the Journal may copy this, just as the expression of the opinion of one who knows the Turk, and also understands American ideals and institutions. Practically all of my relatives were massacred in the massacres of 1895-96. An aunt and niece who escaped, committed suicide two years ago last Christmas to escape the "Good Turks." M. F.

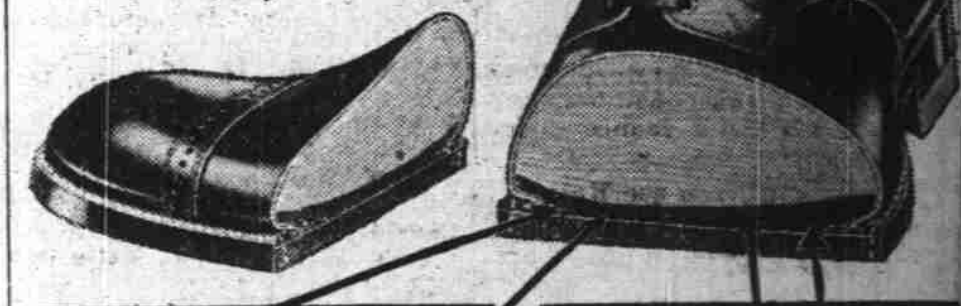
Judge William H. Moore, who died recently, left all of his estate, worth many million dollars, to his family. There were no public bequests. Of course, a man has a right to do as he pleases with his money, but America rightly expects its wealthy men to recognize their obligation to the land that made their success possible. Suppose Judge Moore, who made his money in corporations, had been born in Central Africa, how much money would he have had?

EDMOND'S FOOT-FITTER

Wedge Insole

Keeps Shoes From "Running Over"

The Wedge Insole, is one of the biggest developments in shoe construction in years. Visit our store, see the Buzz-saw Test and let us show you exactly how the Wedge Insole prevents "running over," makes the Foot-Fitter hold its stylish lines and doubles its wear.



Use of 7-iron insole makes possible cutting of heavy shoulder channel to which uppers are attached. Also makes possible famous Wedge construction.

Insole is buffed flat under big toe joint, creating the famous wedge insole. No cork filler between insole and outsole which might squeeze out of shape in sole stays flat, prevents fallen metatarsal arch.

Triangular welt of soft leather fills channel groove. Prevents insoles from depressing and edges curling up, thereby avoiding corns and callouses.

WEDGE INSOLE provides extra thickness beneath outside of foot, holding it in a position that makes "running over" impossible. Even pressure across the insole wear is evenly distributed.

These are the shoes you've read about in this week's Saturday Evening Post. Come in and see them all.

Try on a pair

John J. Rottle

167 N. Commercial St. Salem

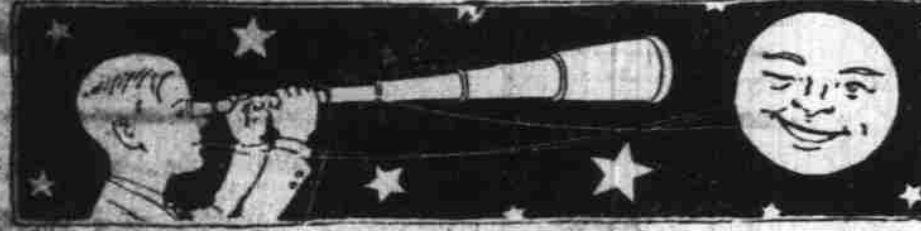
The Junior Statesman

SCHOOL STUDY SPORTS

HUMOR PLAY WORK

Copyright, 1923, Associated Editors The Biggest Little Paper in the World Edited by John H. Miller

For Boys and Girls



OTHER WORLDS

The Nebula—the Wonder of the Sky.

(This is the tenth of twelve stories about the mysteries of the skies by Dr. H. W. Hurt, National field commissioner of the Boy Scouts, and writer of two of their handbooks. Dr. Hunt has studied the stars for many years, and at one time was in charge of the Yerkes Observatory in Williams Bay, Wisconsin, where the largest telescope in the world is located.)

The nebula is the most beautiful picture in the whole sky. It seems to be a cloud of glowing dust, delicate and in beautiful figures, spreading throughout the heavens just beyond the eye's range.

Many of the great spaces back of star areas are known to be filled with these large clouds—the raw stuff out of which suns and systems are made.

The spiral nebula moves at great speed. Andromeda, the largest spiral we know, is a great deal like the planet Saturn with its swiftly moving ring. This nebula measures so many miles across that light would require ten years to cross it.

While the great fire-clouds are apparently the raw materials of the universe, strange things happen. Suddenly, without warning, a new star will flame forth with great brightness. Then shortly it will wane and pass off into a less active state, apparently becoming

part of the cloudy mass again. Just a few years ago one such brilliant star flashed out and every where the newspapers published the news of the breaking up of the star. Yet this star was so far away that the explosion which we saw in the twentieth century really "blew up" before Columbus discovered America, and its light, speeding across the airless space 186,000 miles a second, was still coming to us hundreds of years after there wasn't any star at all. So the "news" was several centuries late.

We cannot understand what causes these appearances and disappearances of stars. Nor do we know just what forms the nebula. All we know is that the great laws of the universe govern these bodies, keeping them constantly in motion, yet in a regular order.

(Next week: "Our Largest Yardstick.")

THE SHORT STORY, JR.

"How happy that dancer must be! I wish I were lucky as she," The girls said with awe As her dancing they saw— But everything they couldn't see.

Silver lights gleamed in every corner of the stage, sending dancing shadows across the richly draped hangings. A bright spot of light shot a lovely amethyst glow on the deep rose curtains. Down below somewhere the first strains



The second dance was shorter and more fantastic than the first. For a second after Patitois disappeared every one sat spellbound. Then suddenly such a burst of applause

broke loose as had never before been heard in the theatre. Back of the stage Patitois, who was merely Jane Field in real life, knelt sobbing beside a couch. "Oh, Mother," she sobbed, "how can I live without you? How can I dance?"

"Take her away," ordered the doctor. "Her mother is already dead."

The nurse led little Jane Field to her dressing room. At last the

Not one of the big audience noticed the droop to the little dancer's mouth or the sad and lonely look in her big dark eyes. The dance grew faster and faster, until at last in a mad whirl that left every one dizzy, the girl vanished, leaving only a slight trembling of the rose curtains. Round after round of applause rent the air. Back of the rose curtains a tired little girl leaned against a dusty wall. "Oh, do I have to go on again, Mr. Gilman? Please!"

"Yes, you know we have advertised your new dance for tonight. Just once. You needn't give any encores."

"Hurry then," she cried breathlessly, jerking on a red and gold costume over her silver and white. "Tell the orchestra to begin."

Again the audience was hushed as Patitois appeared on the stage.

Answer to yesterday's: Kitten, leg, knot, kite, key, knife, kid, knee, kofka, kugspack.

PICTURE PUZZLE

FILL IN THE BLANKS WITH WORDS CONTAINING THE SAME LETTERS.



HARRY WONDERS IF RABBITS ARE GOOD

"GOLD! GOLD!"

Back in the '40's it took months for the thrilling news of California's gold strike to cross the continent. Today, a few hours after so important a discovery, the entire story would be known to newspaper readers throughout the country.

In the early days, news spread by word of mouth. Today, the telegraph and telephone speed the message into the newspaper office, it is rushed into type, the paper is printed and shortly the news becomes public property.

There are two kinds of news in the paper. One consists of the affairs of other people; their sayings, doings and what they're going to do; things that have happened, may happen and didn't happen.

The other kind of news is about your affairs. That's the part you'll find in the advertisements. There's a lot of valuable news there about things you want or will want; things that have to do with your own personal comfort, convenience and every-day efficiency.

Every advertisement carries a personal message to some one. Many advertisements carry messages of vital interest or value to you.

That's why you can't afford to miss the advertisements.

Read Them. The Advertisements Are Decidedly Valuable To You