

The Oregon Statesman

Issued Daily Except Monday by
THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING COMPANY
 215 S. Commercial St., Salem, Oregon
 (Portland Office, 627 Board of Trade Building, Phone Beacon 1193)

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

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R. J. Hendricks Manager
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TELEPHONES: Business Office, 23
 Circulation Department, 583
 Job Department, 583
 Society Editor, 106

Entered at the Postoffice in Salem, Oregon, as second class matter

A SHIPPING PREDICTION

"During the next two years—possibly during the next three years—we hope to see the United States shipping board manage a vast fleet of American merchant ships in foreign trade, in the most economic and efficient manner that the government is capable of, and that will demonstrate, for all time, whether or not a permanent policy of government-owned merchant ships shall be operated by the government. Foreign ships will have a chance to fight American ships operated by our government for a few years, and on a market of rising freight rates. They will have a chance to cut rates in the hope of so impoverishing our Uncle Sam as to cause him to quit in disgust. Will they succeed?"

"And during that period of government operation of a vast fleet of merchant ships, we expect that a real, fully alive, discriminating import duty and tonnage dues policy will be enacted, that will come into full effect at the end of two or three years.

"In short, the defeat of the ship subsidy bill, we believe, clears the decks for the real American policy, at once effective, economical and enduring."

—American Economist.

The American Economist, which is the official organ of the American Protective Tariff League, has, in the same issue in which the above clipping appears, March 9th, a long article showing that if a bill had been before the Senate proposing discriminating duties in favor of American bottoms, instead of the one for ship subsidies, it would have been brought to a vote, and passed.

The American Economist quotes several Democratic Senators as in favor of such a measure.

In his speech of acceptance in 1896, William McKinley said:

"The declaration in the Republican platform in favor of the upbuilding of our merchant marine has my hearty approval. The policy of discriminating duties in favor of our shipping, which privilege they had in the early days of our history, should again be promptly adopted by Congress and vigorously supported until our prestige and supremacy on the seas is fully attained. We should no longer contribute directly or indirectly to the maintenance of the colossal marines of foreign countries but provide a complete and efficient marine of our own."

Every man in the United States who believes in maintaining the United States as a leading nation in the commerce of the world and in outstanding leadership in every other just and proper way, ought to make it his duty to keep this matter alive—

Ought to feel the disgrace of even the danger or possibility of having this country again relegated to a negligible place in the shipping business of the seven seas.

Duluth, Minnesota, is carrying on a tremendous campaign for the development of a great flax business in that section. Already there is a big rug manufacturing business there—using the coarse fiber from the flax that is grown principally for seed. In that line, Duluth may go far. But nature has selected the fine twine and linen business of this country for western Oregon and western Washington. All the conditions are just right here—all but the vision of the men who should be directed to the wonderful opportunities that are here. That should be the work of all of us; and "keeping everlastingly at it will bring success," will make Salem the Belfast of North America—will make this city the greatest linen center in the world.

Warrenton, Oregon, is about to have the first woman city manager in the United States. Why not?

Doctors advise that we stay five feet away from persons suspected of having the "flu." That lets us out from buttoning up the dress of the missus.—Exchange.

Fred Curry, to be the new secretary of the state fair, is a newspaper man, and a courteous gentleman. He has stood enough hard knocks and come up smiling to qualify him as a good mixer; and that is important in the difficult position for which he is slated.

Pat McArthur, back from congress, will not promise to either stay out of politics or to remain in. He will likely remain in. It is in the blood, and Pat enjoys nothing more than a good fight.

Three Republicans and two Democrats on the new state fair board. Not so bad, for a Democratic governor. The main thing is to make a successful state fair.

Senator Borah wants the United States to recognize soviet Russia. Well, he would be more effective if he would go over there and take the job of putting Russia in condition to train in a decent society of nations.

THE YELLOW PERIL

What is the matter with the English press? The students and faculty of Oxford have had exhaustive research over the ques-

FUTURE DATES

- March 23, Friday—Salem Symphony orchestra
- March 27, Tuesday—State convention of Benefit Association of Macabees, Senate Chamber, State House.
- March 27, Tuesday—Lions Club Minuet to show at Turner.
- March 29, Maundy Thursday—Scottish Rite Masons' banquet at Hotel Marion.
- March 31, Saturday—State fair board to meet.
- April 1, Saturday—Shrine Vanderlei De Luxa at Armory.
- April 2 to 9—Music Week.
- April 8, Monday—Clarence C. Hamilton, field secretary United Society of Christian Endeavor, to speak in Salem.
- April 13, Friday—Williamette Men's Glee club concert at armory.
- May 5, Saturday—Al Kader temple Shrine ceremonial in Salem.
- May 6, Sunday—Blossom Day.
- May 11, Friday—May Festival, Haydn's oratorio, "The Four Seasons."

tion and have decided that the trouble lies in the effort of the British press to follow the spectacular methods of American newspapers. It is held that the American press prefers to be sensational rather than accurate and that many of the British papers are falling into this yellow program. They have not yet decided what to do about it.

Cable says France wants England to sit in on negotiations for settling the Ruhr and reparations tangles. That sounds good.

THE CAMPAIGN IS ON

A tremendous campaign is under way now whose purpose is to convince the country that prohibition has broken down and hence must be repealed. Before accepting that statement and its conclusion we should insist upon the evidence where common folks live, as in the district of New York where this survey occurred, is that prohibition is most effective and, in its economic consequences at least, is beneficial. It is perhaps different among smart social sets, such people of wealth as seem to take pride in defying the law. But those are a small minority. It would not be wrong if the law should be changed for their benefit.—Lincoln Journal.

FRESNO AND SALEM

Fresno is to have a new bank building 250 feet high, with a searchlight on its topmost turret. It would seem that Raisinburg was trying to rear a mark that even Los Angeles would have to look up to. We aren't build that high in this city.—Los Angeles Times.

There are other resources, but Fresno, California, is built up in its magnificent prosperity principally around the raisin industry. And that industry is great and profitable largely on account of the fact that it is thoroughly organized; because 85 to 90 per cent of all the raisin growers of California sell their product through the Sunmaid cooperative organization, which is the largest advertiser of a food product from first hands in the world; the appropriation for this year being two and a quarter million dollars. Just a few years ago the raisin growers, as well as every one in Fresno who was backing them, or who was dependent upon that in-

dustry for a living, were broke—or very badly bent. They took a last chance—

They organized and advertised, and since that time there has been a high tide of prosperity over that whole district, and Fresno is now one of the wealthiest cities of its size in the entire world.

Where the Fresno district has one outstanding industry depending upon the annual product of the soil, Salem has many. This is the land of diversity; the country of opportunity.

And in some if not most of our industries of the kind our people may profit from the example of Fresno.

Take Loganberries and strawberries. If all these berries here were marketed through one organization, or through several organizations working closely together, the canners and packers and shippers could afford to pay a living price for them. The leading canners of Salem are anxious and willing to have the growers prosper. That is the basis of their own business prosperity. They must have the supplies in regular order and in good quality.

But where there are independent growers willing to sell or contract for what they can get, and even small associations of growers acting in the same way, and where there are canners who will buy at low prices, and in turn contract the canned or packed product at ruinous prices, then the managers of the larger canneries, and the larger packers, must be hampered—

They must meet the prices of the small canneries and packers for their pack, and attempt to keep down the prices of the growers, against the interests of packers and growers alike—

Or they must pay living prices to the growers, and have the additional expense of waiting till the market has absorbed the cheaper packs.

Can the growers not see that if they acted in concert, absolutely or nearly 100 per cent, that they would help the canners and packers as well as themselves—

That they would stabilize the berry business and make it certain of good returns for all the people engaged in it, resulting in benefit to every single person in any way interested in the whole community?

ANOTHER GONE WRONG

One of the numerous reform bureaus of the country is using the hammer on Will Hays, arbiter of the films. One of the reform executives says that, instead of spending his time making wholesome Sunday-school pictures, Will is living in a diamond-studded office campaigning against censorship. Mr. Hays has been identified with the screen folks for many months and has not yet been seen in a picture. It was supposed that Will would play the part of Little Rollo in "Angels Ever Bright and Fair," but instead of that he is figuring ways of extending American film service into the Orient. There is a suspicion that since Mr. Hays has been getting postal cards from Hollywood he has learned to chew gum.—Los Angeles Times.

THE CHAOS MAKERS

A doctor, an architect and a bolshevik were discussing as to the priority of their occupations: The doctor said: "When Adam's side was opened and a rib removed to make woman, there was a surgical operation—medicine was the oldest trade."

"Yes, but when the earth was made, out of chaos, there was the building process, the use of materials according to a plan. The architect's still older."

The bolshevik smiled and said: "But who supplied the chaos?"

JACKSON'S BIRTHDAY

On March 15, 1767, in a North Carolina village a boy baby was born under conditions as unpromising as it is possible to conceive. His parents had emigrated two years previously from the densest Irish poverty. His father died a few days after his birth, leaving the widow nothing but a few sticks of rickety, home-made furniture.

This unhappy widow had to work her fingers to the bone to support herself and three minor sons. Naturally the boys had no chance to acquire any book learning.

Andrew, the youngest, showed no promise as he grew from childhood to youth of ever retrieving the fortunes of the family. He was wild and gay, headstrong and unamenable to reason. As time went on his chances of ever amounting to anything seemed to grow slimmer.

His two brothers were killed in the Revolutionary war and Andrew himself was taken prisoner. His mother, to be near her son, volunteered to help care for the American prisoners at Charleston, but, worn out with hardships and incessant toll and worry, she died on the journey.

These events made a profound impression on young Andrew. With his Irish heritage and the tragedy of his family bereavements pulling him the same way he was determined, if the opportunity ever presented itself, to make the British pay dearly for the sufferings he had endured. In the meantime, since the chance seemed remote, Andrew studied

law and entered politics. At the age of 30 he was appointed senator from Tennessee.

Fourteen years later the War of 1812 broke and the long-deferred chance came to Andrew Jackson. He had received no military schooling, but he managed to obtain command of the Department of the South. It is hardly necessary to describe again the battle of New Orleans, that unprecedented of military feats, when Jackson with a handful of frontiersmen, defeated 12,000 British veterans under one of the ablest generals of the time and, with an American loss of only eight killed, left 2600 of the enemy dead on the field of battle. That the battle was fought unwittingly after peace had actually been signed took nothing from the glory of the victory or popular idolatry for the American commander.

That victory elevated him to the presidency under a newly organized political combination, called for the first time the Democratic party. Andrew Jackson also established what is known as the "spoils system" in American politics, giving away government appointments to his political friends and supporters alone.

It was said that throughout his life he acted always on two maxims, which he himself framed—"Give up no friend to win an enemy" and "Be strong with your friends and then you can defy your enemies."

It was of this sturdy material and rough loyalty that big men were formed in the early days of the republic.

POOR POLICY, JOHN BULL!

Constitutionally, England is entirely within her rights in turning her West Indian possessions into vast liquor warehouses and encouraging the operations of a fleet of whiskey tankers just outside the United States three-mile limit. Commercially, both the British government and its nationals are picking up a piece of ready money by cooperating with the law-breakers on American soil; the government in the shape of excise duties, the liquor interests in exorbitant profits.

Technically, Great Britain is under no compulsion to approve the prohibition program of the United States or to help make the laws effective.

Legally, so far as British sovereignty reaches, the buying and selling of alcoholic beverages is an honorably respected occupation. That Americans who come beyond the three-mile limit are engaged in an out-lawed traffic is no British business. The Briton can ask with the smugness of Cain "Am I my brother's keeper?"

Practically, though United States officials may fume and threaten to turn the guns of the navy on the rum-runners, England on the open sea is playing a safe hand. No United States dry navy is going to sink foreign vessels on the high seas, though the cargo smells like a distillery.

But it's poor policy, John Bull, a detestable policy!

Great Britain is slowly but surely alienating that mass of American opinion which in the past has formed the strongest tie between the two countries—the idealists, the Protestant churches, the pious and peaceful classes, the large-minded people, the thinkers, those upon whom Great Britain must rely for sympathy when another crisis is forced upon the world.

The respect of the law-abiding classes of America sold for a bottle of rum! John Bull, is the game worth the candle?

RESURRECTED FASHIONS

Advance fashion hints from Paris indicate that no lady may hope to cut a sartorial swath unless she looks as though she had recently been excavated from a long forgotten tomb in Egypt. The designers announce a "valley-of-the-kings" season, with Egyptian trimmings and embroideries, earrings, beads, necklaces and scarves in high favor. One authority even goes so far as to perpetuate a costume bedecked with a piece of blue and gold pottery and intimates that this combination of crockery and satin will be the rage when the fair ones recover from the first shock at beholding it. If no other season can it be

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so truly said as this that you may hang everything but the kitchen stove on you and be representative of the dernier cri in dress.

Poor King Tutenkhamun would almost be reconciled to the idea of being uprooted from his peaceful sod if he could know how he is setting the season's styles. Were the recently disinterred monarch a queen the knowledge of the trimmings of her mausoleum and its contents had all the other women by the ears would cause her to roll over and sleep in bliss for several more centuries.

There is this to be said about the Egyptian vogue, however. The modern figure and physiognomy were never meant to harmonize with the barbaric trappings imported from the Nile. Some of the advance notices of Egypt seen on the streets of American cities in the person of stout ladies with Egyptian embroideries running horizontally around them and clanking with bracelets and vampish earrings would cause Lord Carnarvon to doubt if he had done civilization a favor by disturbing the peace of a Pharaoh.

"Uncle Joe" Cannon is coming west, but the anti-smoking law

will cause him to avoid Utah in his journey across the continent.



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The Junior Statesman

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For Boys and Girls



BOY ADVENTURERS.

Alexander the Great and His Wild Ride. The story of how Alexander the Great, while only 16 years of age, mastered and rode Bucephalus, a famous war horse, is a tale of a boy's remarkable courage. So brave and fearless was the Prince Alexander, that today, two thousand years after his death, he is still remembered as the world's greatest warrior.

Bucephalus was a spirited horse sent as a present to King Philip, Alexander's father. The King and the courtiers went out in the park to try the horse, but so furious was the animal that no one dared mount him. He was entirely unmanageable. Philip, much provoked, gave orders that the horse be sent back to Thessaly, as he was useless.

Alexander Begs to Ride. Alexander was standing quietly by, watching the actions of the animal, and studying his traits. He saw that the horse was frightened at his own shadow, and he begged to be allowed to try to ride him. Philip at last reluctantly consented. The attempt seemed hazardous for a 10-year-old boy, especially as the experienced groom condemned the horse as too vicious to be subdued.

Alexander, however, quickly turned the frightened creature around, so he could not see his shadow, and putting his hand on his neck, reassured him in a gentle voice. As the horse became

quiet, Alexander sprang to the saddle, and gave the horse full rein. King Philip and the nobles first looked on in terror, and then with admiration as the splendid steed flew over the plains like the wind, with the rider seated in calm grace on his back, evidently fearless and self-possessed.

Alexander Conquers. Having allowed the horse to tire himself out, Alexander reined in and returned safely. King Philip was so proud and pleased with his son that he embraced him when he alighted, and kissing him on the forehead said, "My son, seek a kingdom more worthy of thee, for Macedonia is below thy merit." This Alexander did. At the early age of 16 he put down a rising in Greece while his father was absent. Later he crossed from Greece to Asia Minor. Conquering the country, he pressed on to Persia and Egypt, subduing each in turn. In every battle Bucephalus bore his master to victory.

One day, however, King Alexander plunged recklessly into the midst of his foes. Bucephalus saw the danger, and, though bleeding to death from many wounds, he carried his master safely away from his enemies, the gallant horse fell and died.

Every one liked her new sweater. It was so noticeable they couldn't help saying something about it. Even Edna looked envious.

When school was over Muriel had to stay for a class meeting, so she was disappointed not to be able to wear the sweater out when there were more to see it. Her two best friends had gone on, so she had to go home alone.

As she turned the corner, a block away from the school, she heard some one whistling. Again the whistle came. Muriel slowed up a bit. She heard footsteps running behind her, and then a breathless, "Say, what's the hurry? I've been chasing you for blocks to get you to stop for a malted with me."

Muriel turned around. It was Robert Graham, a senior, and editor of "The Green," the high school paper. Muriel felt very much flattered. "I'd have waited," she said with dignity, "if I'd known who it was. I thought maybe it was some of those freshman boys that are always hanging around." Muriel was a freshman herself.

He appeared a little embarrassed. Muriel hadn't thought he was the bashful sort. "Why? why?" he stammered, "I—your sweater—"

"Do you like it so much?" smiled Muriel. "Most every one does. Let's stop in Mead's."



like their sundaes best."

They stopped in the confectionery, and then he took her home. Muriel went slowly into the house. She stopped before the hall mirror. "I don't know why it is boys like me so," she said half aloud. "Maybe it's because I have such good taste in clothes. This sweater really is becoming. No wonder he noticed it."

Soon her brother came banging in. "Hello, there," he shouted. "Say, that's a good one on Graham. He ran after you a couple of blocks, thinking that was



Edna Fiske's sweater. Red and I were with him when he statered after you. We knew it was you, but we didn't let on. What'd he say when he finally caught up?"

PICTURE PUZZLE

WHAT WORDS BEGINNING WITH MAN ARE PICTURED HERE?



Answer to last puzzle: Bear X scoop—coop—B.