

The Oregon Statesman

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BRAVE MEN THEY ARE; THEY ADMIT IT

There are two or three newspaper editors in this state (or are there only two?) who have formed a sort of small and exclusive mutual admiration society and are proclaiming in season and out of season that 90 per cent or more of the other newspaper editors in Oregon, including all the editors of the Portland dailies with one possible exception, are cowards.

And, by inference that the two (or are there three?) are valiant knights in their shining journalistic armor, battling for a misguided people against a terrible menace—

That they are brave men—they admit it—and that they must fight alone against great odds.

The fact is, they have worked themselves into a phony frenzy, an artificial fanaticism, until they may even at times delude themselves into the belief that they are real crusaders against a terrible danger—

Like the Crusaders of the 11th, 12th and 13th centuries. But it all smacks of the fine frenzy of the eleventh hour of a whilom candidate for the Republican nomination for Governor of Oregon, who over night set up a hideous scarecrow to guide the frightened voters into his political camp, and who found to his discomfiture that they would not be scared; or at least that they would not stay scared, after they had taken a little time to examine the image of rags and tatters and to find that it was stuffed with straw.

These brave men—they admit it—try to make the other editors of Oregon believe that if they will set up enough scarecrows, and will persist long enough and often enough in calling attention to the images, they can make the people believe they are real—

Especially if they will deal in abuse and vindictive vituperation, and make it long and strong and vitriolic. But the 90 per cent or more of the "coward" editors merely smile a whimsical smile and refuse to join in the baiting and abuse. They know that is the way to make martyrs. They know that, since the dawn of history, persecution and abuse have accomplished no good thing; that always the blood of the martyrs has been the seed of the church.

These two (or are there three?) brave Oregon editors—they admit it—are like the old fable of the fox that in attempting to steal chickens got into a trap and lost his tail. He was very sad over the loss of his tail, until he bethought himself of a scheme. This fox then went about among the foxes in that neighborhood and tried to prove to them that it was out of fashion, very de trop indeed, to wear tails; that it simply was not done any more. But it is not recorded that this fox that lost his tail was able to put it over and start a new fashion in foxes without tails.

dieters in that section of the Orient to control the situation—including the United States troops in the Philippines. Concerted military action on the part of the great powers would be in a very short time more effective in striking terror into the hearts of the bandits than months on end of diplomatic palaver at Peking.

The way for Salem people to become independent of the manipulations of sugar gamblers in the future is to make their own. They can do it, and at a profit. Our farmers can produce the sugar beets. See The Statesman Slogan pages of tomorrow.

The other side of the picture is the wonderful work being done in the wood camps, on the farms, in the brick yard and in the industries of the Oregon penitentiary. The institution is on the way to self support.

While President Harding does not feel that he can officially advise a boycott of any kind, Mrs. Harding announces that she is cutting the use of sugar as largely as possible in the White House, while its price is kept high by the manipulation of gamblers. So the unofficial boycott will go forward in American homes, till the sugar gamblers are shaken down.

LATEST THING IN FOSSILS

From a right-hand cylinder unearthed in the National Museum at Washington modern engineers will reconstruct for us the original American steam locomotive. Just as a naturalist from a collar bone or a spinal vertebrae dug out of the Brea tar can put together a megatherium or an ichthyosaurus.

This historic steam monster, as it appeared in the eyes of our forefathers, the original Adam of the railroad locomotive of today, was wholly lost for 100 years, till an American Lord Carnarvon unearched it in the fossilized cylinder from its tomb in the national museum. The America—as this most ancient relic was named—was used by the Delaware & Hudson company on the first railroad in the United States running from Homestead to Carbondale.

After passing the eastern terminus of the company's canal, according to ancient tradition, one bright summer day the America disappeared and for 100 years all documentary evidence of it ceased. The huge hiatus has been bridged by the recent important discovery by Washington scientists. Experts have decided that the

FUTURE DATES

May 11, Friday—"Come Out of the Kitchen" presented by Junior class of Willamette University at the Grand.

May 12, Saturday—North Marion and South Clackamas county school districts to vote on consolidation.

May 13, Sunday—Mother's day.

May 18 and 19, Friday and Saturday—Marion county track and field meet.

May 26, Saturday—May Festival, Harlan's oratorio, "The Four Seasons."

May 28, 29, 30 and 31—Oregon Jersey Jubilee.

June 14, Thursday—Flag day.

June 16—Saturday, Marion county, Sunday school picnic.

June 18 to 24—Chautauque at Dallas.

America closely resembled the Rocket, a strange mechanical tractor that was known to inhabit the British Isles on or about the same period. The most marked difference is that the America did not have a multi-colored boiler.

It seems that yesterday that the locomotive was a new invention and now already from a petrified piston rod or a well-preserved right-hand cylinder scientists are reconstructing the genius in the original from which it sprung.

In a short time, as eras are reckoned in this speedy age, it may be imagined a be-spectacled professor from a wing bone or a tail feather of a wreck discovered from the sands of the American desert will be articulating the skeleton of the real first original American airplane.

OUT OF THE FRYING PAN

The most unique news of last week emanating from Europe informs us that emigrants to the number of tens of thousands are leaving Germany to settle in Russia. This would seem to be a distinct case of out of the frying pan into the fire, but the misguided optimists who are fleeing the Fatherland to the doubtful welcome awaiting them in the land of the Soviets evidently feel that unknown disasters are preferable to their present troubles. As the condemned prisoner remarked in contemplation of his day of execution: "My life is so monotonous any kind of a change is welcome."

One of the most deeply ingrained beliefs of the human race is that, if we were anywhere except the spot where we are, our burdens would be so much lighter. This idea, combined with the knowledge of Russia's vast acreage of rich agricultural land, is the lure that calls the German over the border. With scientific farming he hopes to wrest a livelihood from the rich soil and be free from the crushing burden of taxation in his own homeland. He is evidently forgetting the fact that the Red commissars have devised a system of taxation that makes the politicians of the world sit back and ponder in amazement. Rushing into the troubled land of the Slavs to find succor from economic misery appears to be a procedure reflecting no great credit on one's sagacity.

THE "EAT MORE WHEAT" CAMPAIGN PROMISES MUCH

If the American People Will Eat Less Than Two Ounces More of Wheat in Any Form at Each Meal, the Average Surplus Will Be Taken Up.

The Statesman has lately had some reference to the "Eat More Wheat" campaign that is being carried on throughout the United States.

The idea originated within the organization of the great millers, the Washburn-Crosby Co. of Minneapolis, and James F. Bell, vice president of that company, seems to be one of the leading spirits. His researches in this field bring out some startling facts.

The following are some statements he makes in a recent letter



to the newspapers of the United States:

"You have already given serious consideration to my earlier letter regarding the exportable surplus of wheat and its effects upon the price which the American farmer receives.

"You will, I think, agree with me that it is economically unsound, on the present basis of our land values, to grow wheat and sell it only at a loss in the world's market in competition with other wheat producing nations, who can accept a price that is remunerative to themselves because of their cheaper lands, cheaper labor and lower standards of living.

"Therefore, in view of our earlier correspondence, I believe the enclosed group of statistics will increase your interest in the economic significance of a common-sense plan to deal with our exportable surplus of wheat. These figures illustrate the fact that wheat is the great vehicle for carrying other primary farm products into competition.

"To dispose of our average surplus of 170,000,000 bushels per year is simplicity itself—less than two ounces more of wheat in any form at each meal will do it. But even then, the wheat consumption of the United States would not equal the wheat consumption of either Canada, France or Belgium.

"If all who hear of 'Eat More Wheat' do it, it is done. The result of doing this will be in every way remarkable:

- "1. All elements of farming will be benefited by stimulated consumption of wheat.
- "2. All the public will be benefited by the consumption of basic, simple foods.
- "3. All business will be benefited by an increased purchasing capacity on the part of all farmers.

"This is as you already know, not a plan that belongs to our company. We are merely helping

others to see what it means to all."

Wheat, the Great Vehicle
 (The following quotations are from a radio speech by Mr. Bell, Broadcasted April 14.)

Statistical information, as affecting the farmers of the United States through the home consumption of our average annual export of 170,000,000 bushels of wheat:

Wheat is the greatest vehicle through which farm products of all kinds reaches the consumer. For instance, the increased consumption of wheat, constituting our surplus which is now shipped abroad, if consumed at home and converted into bread by commercial bakers, would require the utilization of other products as follows:

Corn—162,500,000 bushels of corn would be required to fatten the hogs from which the lard required for baking the bread made from this 170 million bushels of wheat would be obtained.

1,500,000 bushels of corn would be required in making the yeast for baking the bread made from this 170,000,000 bushels of wheat.

Additional large quantities of corn would be required for making corn starch which would be used in making sweet goods.

Hogs—4,375,000 hogs weighing 200 pounds each would be required for the lard which would be used in making the bread from this 170,000,000 bushels of wheat.

Milk—By the government formula, 1,533,000,000 pounds of fluid milk, 233,000,000 pounds of sweetened condensed milk or 210,000,000 pounds of dry milk would be required in baking the bread from this 170 million bushels of wheat. By the more generous formula now used by many bakers, the total consumption would be easily half as much again.

In addition there would be large amounts of milk and cream consumed in connection with breakfast foods, milk toast, etc.

Butter—If butter were spread very thinly on all the bread made from this 170,000,000 bushels of wheat, more than a billion pounds would be required.

Rye and barley—To make 140,000,000 pounds of yeast which would be required in baking the bread from this 170 million bushels of wheat would mean the use of 1,500,000 bushels of each of rye, barley and corn.

Cheese, meats, fruits, etc.—There is no way of calculating the cheese on the bread and crackers, nor that which goes into the macaroni or spaghetti, nor the vegetable sauces that are consumed

LEGAL BLANKS

One hundred and fifteen different forms, including: Contract of Sale, Road Notice, Will Form, Assignment of Mortgage, Mortgage Forms, Quit Claim Deeds, Abstract Forms, Bill of Sale, Building Contract, Promissory Note, Installment Notes, General Lease, Power of Attorney, Franchise Books and Pads, Scale Receipts, etc.

These forms are carefully prepared for the Courts and Private use. Prices range from 2 cents to 12 cents apiece, and the whole books from 25 to 50 cents.

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THINGS TO DO

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THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' NEWSPAPER



Miss Hazel Nut, who, with her brother Phil, is touring the west, writes that they met a real Indian chief in warbonnet, when they were making a stop-over in Almondville.

"He had wrapped around him a bright red crepe paper blanket with trimming made of strips of yellow and black," says Miss Nut. "He wore buff-colored trousers and shoes with red trimming, and his feathers of red and yellow were fastened on a strip of black."

"We stared at him so long it made him angry. He grunted something about 'palefaces' and marched away. I am sending a picture of him which I snapped."

(This is the fifth of a series of 12 nut dolls which you can make of nuts, millinery wire No. 7, and crepe paper. The features are put on the nut faces with black and red crayon.)

To make the body of the doll cut one piece of wire 7 inches long, another 3 inches, and another 6 inches. Bend one end of the 6-inch wire into a loop 1/2 inch long.

Put a long strip of crepe paper 1/4 inch wide. Cover the wires by moistening one loop end with paste, covering it, and then winding along the wire. Leave about 1/2 inch unwound at the straight end of the 7-inch piece. The end of this wire is to be forced into the end of the nut which forms the head.

Fasten the 3-inch wire about 1/2 inch from the loop end of the 7-inch wire by twisting. Find the middle of the 6-inch wire and wind around it the 7-inch piece close to the nut to form arm. Bend the bottom loops over so that they form feet. Fill out the body by winding a 1-inch strip

the arms between the knees. Twist your hands around the outside of your ankles and clasp them firmly on top of your feet. You are now a fairly round "ball" all ready to be rolled.

Now start to sway from left to right until you get momentum enough to tip you over. With a slight push with your feet you will roll over on your back. If you are not very quick in rolling over you will not be able to get back to the position from which you started and you will then be giving an uncomfortable imitation of a turtle on its back. After trying a few times you will be able to roll around easily and quickly. The faster you can roll the better ball you'll be.

THE SHORT STORY, JR.

A SPRING RESCUE

Straight into the water plunged Fred

When he glimpsed in its depth a wee head.

"To the rescue," he cried. As he valiently tried To reach it before it was dead.

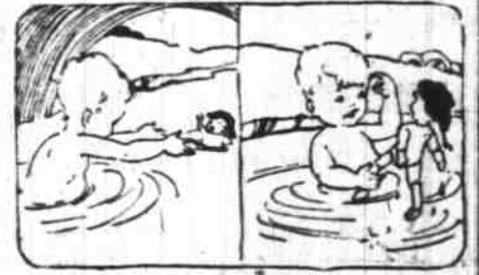
bridge it seemed dark to Fred. He sat down for a moment to get used to it.

What was that in the water? Suddenly Fred's heart hammered in his rolled.

It was a baby, a tiny baby! Without even time to think, Fred plunged into the clear, cold water. Stumbling, slipping, all but falling he rushed over the stones after the tiny bundle. Just in time he seized it and saved it from being hurled against a jagged rock.

He held the tiny wet thing up to the light. It was nothing but a doll!

Fred felt very foolish standing there waist deep in the creek and rescuing a dispirited doll. The water was quite cold and he had ruined his suit. Angriely, he raised the doll high over his head and threw it far down the stream.



Then, looking as though he had been caught stealing sheep, he scrambled up to the bank again.

"Ow-w-w-w," a loud howl came down from the bridge, completely drowning out the babbling of the brook. Fred looked up into the dirty face of a ragged little miss of four. "Oh, my Belinda," she sobbed. "Oh! Oh! Oh!"

Without a word Fred turned and jumped back into the cold water again. He decided that sometimes even an old doll was worth rescuing.

Quickly he scrambled down off the road and under the bridge. Here the creek gurgled and bubbled over the stones and splashed in a noisy torrent of rapids. After the bright sunlight on the

THE HUMAN BALL—RIGHT THIS WAY

Springtime is circus time. With a little practice you can train yourself to give such a lively imitation of an armadillo that you will be chosen as one of the main-ingers of your neighborhood circus. A clever boy can work this trick in many ways to amuse his audience. He can use it to give an imitation of a Mexican juggling bean or a lumpy-dumpy doll that can't be upset.

With a little practice the stunt is easy to do, but you will find the first time you do it that it is not as simple as it looks. Sit on the floor with the feet together and the knees bent and spread apart. Bend forward from the waist as far as you can and place

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A small deposit will hold any of these wonderful watches until you call for them. Take advantage of this opportunity now for the graduation season which is not far away. Select the gift you most desire and make a small deposit to hold it till you want it. Below are only a few of the exceptional values offered at this sale—

Elgin Bracelet Watch in 20-yr. case, regular \$21.00. Now \$15.50	15-J. Elgin Brace Watch in 14K solid gold case, regular \$60.00. Now \$45.50	21-J. adjusted Hampden 20-yr. gold filled case, regular \$50.00. Now \$31.75
Elgin Brace Watch in 20-yr. case, regular \$35.00. Now \$26.50	17-J. adjusted Waltham, 20-yr. gold filled case, regular \$35.00. Now \$23.50	19-J. adjusted Illinois 20-yr. gold filled case, regular \$37.50. Now \$27.75

Why We Are Doing This

No Progressive Jeweler can handle all makes of watches and do justice to them all. We have therefore decided to concentrate on the watch line that we consider best—the GRUEN WATCH. We will keep a complete stock of Gruen watches at all times—especially the Verithin models—the kind that fit your pocket like a silver dollar. We know that by concentrating on the Gruen watch—the masterpiece of the watchmakers' craft—we will be in a position to render better service to our patrons in selling watches of the greatest precision and in caring for these watches after they are sold.

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