

The Oregon Statesman

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R. J. Hendricks - Manager Stephen A. Stone - Managing Editor Frank Jaskoski - Manager Job Dept.

TELEPHONES: Business Office - 23 Circulation Office - 683 Society Editor - 106 Job Department - 583

SALEM PEOPLE NOT TO BLAME The recent newspaper attacks on the Salem Deacons...

SALEM PEOPLE NOT TO BLAME The recent newspaper attacks on the Salem Deacons have caused deep concern among the people of the Mennonite faith in the Salem district; and now they are beginning to feel the effects of it from adjoining states, whither the report of the attacks has gone, and the concern is spreading to the entire membership throughout the United States.

Many letters of inquiry are being received, and men of the Mennonite faith have traveled to Salem to make inquiry from away up in the state of Washington. A prominent member was here July 4th, brought by the newspaper scareheads, from above Seattle.

The people of the Mennonite faith have been coming to the Salem district in numbers for several years, and the Deacons hospital has been the rallying point for them.

Now these local Mennonites fear that these newspaper attacks may turn their people away—

That they will be led to believe that the people of Salem are unfriendly to them; that they are not wanted here—and they will not come to a country where they are not wanted.

The Mennonites are good citizens— They are law abiding—

They are honest and hard working; mostly working on the land and owning it.

They hold some religious beliefs peculiar to themselves; believe in non resistance of violence; they "swear not at all," they accept no public office except in the management of schools; they believe in the ceremonial washing of feet.

But they believe in paying their debts and in doing good to even their enemies—

They turn the other cheek— And they speak no ill even of those who revile them and despitefully use them.

We can scarcely get too many of these people here in the Salem district. They are the hewers of wood and the drawers of water and the pickers of fruit and the growers of crops.

Something ought to be done to show these Mennonites who live here and who are thinking of coming to live here that the people of Salem are not against them; that they have no sympathy for reckless newspaper attacks upon them; that they have feelings of disgust for such reckless attacks—

And that Mennonites are welcome here—

Welcome to stay among us, and welcome to come in larger numbers and make their homes and build up their fortunes among us, with every assurance that they may reside here in peace and security.

A less sensitive people would need no such assurance. People accustomed to the antics of yellow newspapers would not think of being frightened by such frothings, any more than they would mind the passing of a light summer cloud, or the scent from a polecat's nest.

But the Mennonites are a different people. They are sensitive. They crave peace. They want quiet. They avoid quarrels. They shun trouble.

Now, the above is the situation—

And the writer commends the matter to the good people of Salem, with a craving for some suggestion or some action that will reassure these good people. The danger of losing a large number of desirable settlers is not imaginary. It is real. And the Salem district cannot afford to lose them.

A SCURVY CROWD

Execrable sportsmanship on the part of Dempsey and his Slaylock-Berkshire manager Kearns caused the management of the Shelby fight to lose half a million dollars; and left a taste in the mouths of decent sportsmen that soap won't wash out. They sat back and yelled like a fool that sits outside a bank and screams "This bank is rotten! It's going busted!" No bank in the world could stand such a strain, and still be investing its money; for even the sober depositor can't help being influenced by such a poisonous tale, and he will stop his new deposits, if indeed he doesn't withdraw his old.

The Kearns-Dempsey combination broke the game sports who were trying to finance the fight; it would have gone over big, if they'd only shut their raucous mouths, and let the promoters carry on the business.

Prize fighting isn't a high class game at the best, though there are gentlemen and sportsmen in it. But the sooner the world drops the Kearns-Dempsey brand of greedy grabbers and draft operators, and devotes its yearnings to pugs it can really enjoy, the better.

There is one more big fight coming along next week, between Jess Willard and the Argentine Louis Angel Firpo. Firpo is still green, but a giant in massive strength; and Willard, the man mountain, from whom Dempsey took the championship four years ago, is today believed by many good judges to be superior to Dempsey. The American public should either spew the whole Kearns-Dempsey mess out of its agonized stomach, or else demand that he fight the winner of this match for a respectable purse—it is a crime to pay one-half the Shelby fight purse to any such outfit. If he fights, it is a common belief that he will lose; if he doesn't, the New York law of depositing the champ because of his running out of the game, is a Solomonic provision for slacking warriors.

After which dissertation on prize fights, The Statesman is ready to talk loganberries and plain Poland China hogs and other more agreeable subjects.

President Harding and party will soon be "mushing it" in Alaska.

Henry Ford says he does not want to be president. Well, let Henry have his way.—Exchange.

The loganberry industry is, not going to die. It is going to be...

FUTURE DATES July 20 to July 25—Annual convention of Christian church at Turkey. July 24, Saturday—Spanish American war veterans convention at Albany. August 1 to 25—Annual assembly of Boy Scouts of America, at...

the linen industry in Oregon. If they will act on this idea, it will take only a short time to get to going at full speed. Then there will be more linen millionaires in Oregon than any other kind. The industry is capable of turning \$50,000,000 to \$100,000,000 a year annually to the pockets of the people of this state, and doing it from the products of a comparatively small acreage of Willamette valley land. It can be done with the products of land now idle or fallow.

What has become of the old-fashioned "floating island" pudding and the old-fashioned woman who used to make it?—Los Angeles Times. Don't know how it is down at Los Angeles, but up here in Salem all the young women know how to make that kind of pudding, and many other kinds as good or better—according to your taste. Our grandmothers were good cooks; so were our mothers. But our wives and daughters are still better cooks. At least, that is the way it is in this part of Oregon. And likely the same thing holds true in most other parts of the United States, if not in southern California.

AN AMAZING SUCCESS

What President Harding has done in the way of reducing the cost of government has something of the spell of the miraculous about it. It is like a day dream come true, the unbelievable suddenly become credible.

Facts do not astonish us when we gradually become used to them. But let us go back to the thick gloom of Secretary Houston's prognostications in the last year of the Wilson administration. The secretary almost despaired of the government's solvency when he thought of the huge refundings looming ahead in 1922 and 1923 and saw himself obliged to transmit to congress estimates of government expenditures running up toward \$6,000,000,000 annually.

The treasury has redeemed and refunded its floating and maturing debt without inconvenience. The federal scale of expenditures has been cut from \$6,000,000,000 to \$3,000,000,000. Taxation has been reduced. A budget system has been applied which not only holds estimates and appropriations to a rational level, but puts it in the power of the administration to make retrenchments even after appropriations have been granted.

Fiscally speaking, the government has ceased to blunder along at sixes and sevens. It has become a taut business machine, run on business principles, eager to give a maximum of service for each dollar which it costs the taxpayer. The marvel accomplished here is not a mechanical one only. It embraces a changed mental point of view. The will to save and the delight in saving have, for the first time in the memory of most of us, been militantly and triumphantly manifest at Washington.

Increased receipts have helped to bring about this extraordinary reversal. But, in addition, there has been an actual reduction of expenditures of government of \$250,000,000. Next year the same process will continue.

People are supposed not to be greatly moved by the prosaic achievements of government finance. Yet these achievements affect everybody. Their benefit is diffused to every nook and corner of the country. They constitute a wholly constructive and benevolent statesmanship. And no president has shown more zeal or done more in this field than Mr. Harding, whose success as a budget maker, an economist and a trustee of our national resources must fill any open-minded observer with admiration.

QUEEN OF THE AIR

If England insists upon retaining mistress of the seas France will be queen of the air. The French republic is making greater progress in aviation than any other country and the use of planes in military service is being widely extended. The government has voted something like \$50,000,000 as an aerial budget. Great Britain is expending \$55,000,000. The United States has appropriated \$30,000,000, but the money in France will go many times as far as the expenditures in other lands. France now has many more planes in commercial use than may be found in America and there is a national determination on the part of the people there to assume command of the heavens. They are going to keep ahead of the Germans in that respect as a measure of safety. The next hostile Zeppelin that invades the French air will last about ten seconds.

FINDING MINERVA

They are always digging up something out of the past. Some excavators at work near the mouth of the Tiber brought to light a huge statue of Minerva, carved in some unusual and beautiful alabaster. The goddess stands some ten feet high and is decidedly impressive. Under the Roman law governing discoveries of this kind half of the treasure belongs to the government and the other half to the owner of the land on which it is found. The question now is to make a

NOW SHOWING



LEATRICE JOY AND LEWIS STONE IN THE PARAMOUNT PICTURE YOU CAN'T FOOL YOUR WIFE. A GEORGE MELFORD PRODUCTION

proper division of Minerva. The Romans want the head, but the discoverer is not to be satisfied with the legs. The owner is said to have offered to split the goddess, but it is thought that an arrangement will be made whereby a cash equivalent will be determined for half the lady and the government will be able to keep her intact.

WALTER W. HEAD, V. P. AMERICAN BANKERS' ASSN.

"There are some who favor government ownership not because they seek to solve the railroad problem, but because they think it will be a first step toward government ownership of all industry, toward socialism, communism, or bolshevism. With these there is little room for reasoned argument. Their fundamental ideals are entirely different from those upon which our whole structure of industry and government is based. Those who prefer steady progress toward a goal attainable in more or less certain degree, in proportion to what one contributes to the advancement of society, will not favor such a program; those who prefer a rough and tumble 'fight without rules, with might de-throning right, with chaos the goal, will not accept reason in any case."

NO CHANCE FOR WAR

If there must ever be another war President Harding has in mind that everybody will be drafted. Capital will be drawn to the last dollar and labor will be required to give its last ounce of muscle. Men and women alike will be compelled to give the best service of which they are capable in whatever field they may be assigned. There will be no profligating because there will be but one treasury and that will be the strong box of the nation. If the president keeps on talking like that one can see that there will be no war. Declarations like that will knock all the war hints out of the human mind.

THE WORLD COURT

There seems to be a question as to the manner in which the World Court would perpetrate itself if it was freed of all connection with the League of Nations. Some one suggests this: "How would it do to have the Democratic and Republican national committees split the appointments between them—fifty-fifty? That is about the way the politicians settle these matters."

MILEAGE OF FEDERAL AID ROADS COMPLETED

Up to July 1, 1923, there were 539 miles of federal aid post roads completed in the State of Oregon, according to the local office of the bureau of public roads, United States department of agriculture. The total final cost of these projects amounted to \$10,287,532.84, which includes \$4,819,105.70 of federal aid. The state of Oregon supplied the balance of the funds. The following types of roads are included in these figures: Crushed rock or gravel surfacing, 326 miles; paving, 109 miles; and grading only 104 miles. This 539 miles represents the completed portion of the proposed federal aid highway system of the state of Oregon, recently approved by the secretary of agriculture. The total length of this proposed system is 2,814 miles.

STATE STANDARDIZATION

The purchasing agents of 26 States are considering a suggestion from Secretary of Commerce Hoover that specifications be standardized for all purchases by federal and local governments. It is declared that such standardization would eliminate waste, reduce prices, and expedite manufacture. Heretofore Mr. Hoover has applied the same idea to specific industries, notably the lumber business in which there was a great diversity of shapes and sizes. The adoption of standards is the secret of success of many private enterprises, and ought to bring many economies if applied to government operation.

GOLD STOCKS

We hear a great deal of the immense stock of gold in the United States and its menace to our trade relations with the rest of the world. Last reports put the total at about \$4,000,000,000. But the stock of gold in India alone amounts to more than \$2,500,000,000, and the flow of gold to that country is causing more concern among many people than the abundance of the metal in the United States.

HOLDING A HUSBAND REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

CHAPTER NO. 346

WHAT MISS FOSTER SUGGESTED TO DICKY

I never have made an airplane ascent, but I am sure I experienced all the mental sensations of a fall from one when I heard the voice of Miss Foster—I recognized it instantly—calling my name to Dr. Pettit, and realized that the two were the occupants of the motor car which had swung in behind us at the moonlit beach.

Entranced by the beauty of the ocean gleaming in the light of the full moon, thrilled by the prospect of a romantic stroll with Dicky down the sands, I could have shrieked in hysterical dismay at this interruption, of all others.

"For I do not think there is any man of his acquaintance whom Dicky detests more thoroughly than he does the young physician who has so often and so strangely entered into our lives. With less reason for his jealous dislike than he has for a similar feeling directed against either Maj. Grantland or Allen Drake, he nevertheless is so vicious in his feeling toward the physician that he finds it hard to be barely civil with him while I know that he often forgets his ridiculous jealousy of the other two men in genuine admiration and liking for the charm and virility of their personalities.

My golden moment was spoiled irretrievably. This was the thought uppermost in my mind as I saw Dr. Pettit assist Miss Foster from his car, and knew that in another second I must wreathe my lips in a hypocritical smile of welcome.

An Audacious Speech.

"What the devil," Dicky growled under his breath, and I realized that for him also the magic of the evening had slipped away, vanished with this unwelcome intrusion.

There was no room in Miss Foster's mind, evidently, for any suspicion that she was not as welcome as the flowers in May. The tilt of the old refrain actually hummed itself in my ears as she rushed across to me.

"Oh, Mrs. Graham, I am so delighted!" she carolled. "I was wondering when I'd meet you again. I positively fell in love

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Get a small jar of Rowles Mentho-Sulphur from any good druggist and use it like cold cream.—Adv.

with you the other day, and I've been dinging Dr. Pettit to bring me over to see you. But I think he must be in love with you himself, and resents any one else butting in, for he's been positively grouchy at the proposition."

"One Never Can Tell"

I gasped at the audacity of this speech knowing that both Dicky and Dr. Pettit for widely different reasons were inwardly raging—and wondering wildly how I should answer it. But I had forgotten Miss Foster's infinite capacity for speech. There was no need for any one else to say anything when she was within talking distance.

"Isn't this a perfectly heavenly night?" She cast a speculative glance at Dicky as she spoke.

I promptly took the cue and murmured the conventional introduction. Dicky bowed with the grace which is always his, and he gave her the smile which any pretty woman receives from him. I saw her look at him more intently, and knew that with the unconscious predatory instinct of her type she was mentally labeling him as distinctly desirable.

"I supposed, of course, you were Mr. Graham," she said, addressing Dicky directly. I guessed that this was one of her little wares, forgetting all feminine speculators when any fascinating man was in sight.

"But one never can tell, can one?" She gave him a provocative little upward glance, and I realized anew that she was the type of girl who must try her skill of fascination upon every desirable man, whether he be benedict or bachelor.

"No," Dicky responded, "but one can guess." He smiled back at her, and I saw that he was distinctly interested in her type.

"Be sure you guess right about me," she retorted, then added swiftly, naively: "But I've been wondering a lot about you. I felt you ought to be terribly stunning to match Mrs. Graham—she's a ravine beauty if anybody should happen to ask you—but sometimes, you know, the prettiest women do marry the ugliest men, and when I asked Dr. Pettit he turned sully and wouldn't tell me anything about you, except that

you were 'good looking enough' She mimicked the physician's grave manner of speech perfectly, throwing him a tantalizing look over her shoulder as she did so. If she had expected him to smile she must have been disappointed, for he was standing silent, stern, his eyes resting upon no one in particular.

"Upon behalf of my wife I thank you," Dicky replied with a grandiose bow. "But I am con-

sulted with curiosity. May I not know what your verdict is about me? Do I match?" She looked at him critically. "I really can't tell without careful consideration," she said. "Suppose we all stroll down the beach in the moonlight, then I can study the lighting effects properly. And I know Dr. Pettit must be dying to talk to Mrs. Graham, they're such old and dear friends."

(To be continued.)

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THE BOYS AND GIRLS NEWSPAPER

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

WHEN BEDTIME STORIES INTERFERE WITH JAZZ BAND MUSIC - Illustration of a boy playing a trumpet at a desk.

Answers to To-day's Puzzles

- 1. The word-square is: "Grab, race, ache, beet." 2. Behold "seat" and you have "eat." 3. The Canadian city is Quebec. 4. The movie actress is Bebe Daniels.

IT'S DONE EVERY DAY

Big Boy: "Do you see this muscle? I can stop a train with that right arm." Admiral: "Gee, some athlete." Big Boy: "No, I'm an engineer."

Piffles Says

Answer to today's riddle: Because its hours are numbered. SEEMS REASONABLE "I see they called the baseball game yesterday on account of wet grounds." "Perhaps that was the only grounds they could call it on."

AND HE DID

"I think I'll stick around a while," said the fly as he strolled over the flypaper.

THE SHORT STORY, JR.

BEFORE AND AFTER

Helen so longed to be fat—"Chubby" and "plump," and all that— While Gladys would wait, "To be thin as a rail I'd give my best dress and my hat!"

Helen and Gladys were chums. You never saw one without the other. They were so different that they were good friends.

The other girls called them "before and after." They called them that when they were not around. They had soon learned that both Helen and Gladys were very sensitive to teasing on that subject. Their younger brothers were the only persons that had no regard for their feelings.



Peter Puzzle Says—

You can form a word-square by rearranging the following groups of letters to form words and placing them in the right order: Garb, face, acre, btee.

If you behead the name of a place to rest you will have something you do three times a day.

If you take one-half of each of the following words you can arrange the letters to form the name of a Canadian city: bear, cent, quit.

You can rearrange the letters in the following words to form the name of a popular movie actress: bees, bean, lid.

(The answers will be found elsewhere on this page.)

WEIGHTY MATTER

"What's that awful noise upstairs?" "Just Pa dragging his heavy underwear across the floor."

Randy Riddle Says—

"Most boys think it's all right to have just one vacation—lasting from January 1 to December 31."



My Dog

Bob, a London Fire Hound Leaping flames, smoke-filled rooms and falling walls hold no terrors for Bob, the famous London fire dog. When the fire calls come in at the station, Bob is the first to leap to his place on the ladder truck.

He can hardly wait to get to the fire and as he watches the firemen put up the ladders at the burning building he barks impatiently and seems to say: "Hurry up, there's no telling how many people I'll have to save."

When the ladder is adjusted, Bob climbs up and plunges into the smoke, searching for any trapped victims. Into all the rooms he goes (nose close to the floor. Sometimes sparks fall on him and burn him, but he does not stop.

When Bob finds any one trapped or overcome, he makes his way back to the street and with a few sharp barks tells the firemen that he will lead them to the rescue. The firemen follow him and Bob superintends the affair. He is responsible for 12 rescues.

Sometimes Bob gets trapped in a burning building, and when this happens he makes his way to a window and barks until the firemen hold the life net for him to jump into. Bob will jump from a fourth story window into the net without any fear.

Randy Riddle Says—

"Why is a clock always in great danger?"

More than anything else in the world, Helen wanted to get fat. Gladys, wanted, just as eagerly, to get thin. They had stopped at Helen's on their way home from school one day and were looking at a magazine. "Oh, look," Gladys cried, "it tells how you can lose 20 pounds in a month!"

"Well, you don't think I'm interested in that, do you?" Helen sniffed. "I'd be more interested in knowing how to gain 20 pounds a month." Gladys was not listening. She was reading on in the advertisement. "Is says it makes you weigh just what you should. Maybe you can gain by the same method. Yes, here it tells of a woman who gained 10 pounds in 20 days."

Helen pricked up her ears. Where?" she cried. "Let me see it." The girls pored over the advertisement. After they had both read every word on the page they looked at each other with shining eyes. "Let's do it!" they cried. "We can go together and buy the course."

"It will take all the money I have," Gladys sighed, "but if I lose a pound it will be worth it." The lessons came and Helen and Gladys set to work every