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POTASH SOARS—FARMERS SORE

The United States is just now witnessing one more demonstration of the fact that putting an article on the free list in a tariff bill does not insure a lower price for the commodity, just as imposing an import duty does not always mean an increase in price. In 1890 a duty was put on tin plate with the result that a tin plate industry was built up here and the price reduced. In 1922 potash was put on the free list with the idea that the farmers would get potash cheaper, but the price has been boosted by the foreign monopolists.

A radiogram from Frankfurt, Germany, reads as follows: "An increase in potash prices by 50 per cent, effective at once, was announced today (June 26). On Monday next a further increase of 9.7 per cent will be put into effect."

Less than four months after the Fordney-McCumber tariff law was passed Representative Frank Crowther, of New York, in a cursory review of what had been accomplished up to that time, had this to say with respect to potash: "Of course, just the minute the tariff is taken off an article, naturally the price goes up. We had a great furor here with the agricultural bloc about potash, and they took potash off the tariff list and put it on the free list, and since then it raised 200 per cent in price at one jump and 145 at another and today it is 345 per cent higher."

Senator Reed Smoot, in his gallant fight for a protective rate on potash, said: "If there was any article in this whole bill that should be protected on the principle of protecting an American industry it was potash. * * * I think it will

not be many years until those who are opposed to the protection of potash will learn that a mistake was made in not maintaining the industry in the United States." He then very accurately foretold the action which would be taken by the European potash trust to hold up prices on potash to American consumers "just as high as practicable without causing the American potash producers to resume operations." "Then watch and see what the American farmer will pay for his potash," said Senator Smoot.

Senator Smoot's prediction erred in one particular. It has not been "many years," but just a few months in which we have learned the mistake of putting potash on the free list. The World war started an American potash industry which, if given the chance, might eventually have rendered us independent to a large degree of the foreign supply. The tariff rates contemplated would have caused no such repeated elevations in prices as we are now witnessing.

But the industry has been run out of business in this country—

And it is hardly likely that capital will be forthcoming to reestablish it so long as we have it on the free list.

Potash supplies us with a lesson—
 And the lesson is that we must protect our struggling industries in order to enable them to meet ruinous foreign competition. This is true of sugar manufacturing. We can stabilize sugar prices, and we can stabilize potash prices, and guard against the robber high prices of foreign manufacturers, by adequately protecting the industries in this country, so that they may grow to a point where they can supply the home markets—
 And there is no other way.

Such a policy would give Salem sugar factories. It would give Oregon a number of sugar factories.

The development of the flax and linen industries in the Salem district, to their full possibilities, would put scores of thousands of operatives at work here. It would make that much more of a home market for American producers and manufacturers—\$60,000,000 annually of money would be kept at home instead of being sent abroad. And it might easily be pushed up to double that sum, in supplying from here the demands for linen manufactures in many countries that cannot grow fiber flax. The same kind of specialization, carried out as it might and should be, would make it unnecessary for the farmers of the United States to look for foreign markets to take their surplus. There would be no surplus.

The farmers of the Salem district are ready to cooperate with the Portland capitalists who contemplate the development of the linen industry. The manufacturers may have all the raw materials they can use—to the limit, and as fine quality as the world produces.

One farmer told the writer yesterday that the rain was needed—that it was doing a lot of good. But no cherry or hay grower was in sight.

The flax warehouse at the penitentiary is going up. It will have to be rushed, to get it ready for the first harvested flax. But it is being rushed.

President Harding says he is still a newspaper man, and that if he had his life to live over again, he would choose the newspaper profession. That shows he likes a hard work and long hours, to say nothing of the risk of small reward in a material way. He no doubt has in mind the higher compensation of satisfaction in service to his fellow men.

The farm bloc caused potash to be put on the free list. The result is the killing of the home potash industry, and the skyrocketing of the price of the foreign article. That ought to teach our people a lesson. The only way to insure reasonable prices for any article we can produce, and in which we have foreign competition, is to protect the home manufacturer. This is the rule of common sense.

We are violating no confidence, but we understand the people will have the saying whether the United States will enter the World Court. It will not be left to Bill Borah. Los Angeles Times. No; you are wrong. It has to be left to Bill Borah and his fellow members of the United States senate. And it will take a two-thirds vote of that body. In the long run, of course, the people will have the saying. But their voice will not be direct. It will have to be spoken in a representative way, thru the members of the upper house of congress. The time ought to come, and no doubt will come, when the Bill Borah type of men will be even less numerous in the United States senate than now.

THE WISE MEN OF 1776
 (Herman J. Stich in Los Angeles Times.)
 On July 4, 1776, a group of the keenest men in the country got together in Carpenter's hall, Philadelphia, and signed one of the most important and far-reaching documents in human history.

Had anybody suggested to the longest-visioned of these great men the possibility of making the desert flower, or harnessing untamed torrents, or slashing continents in two so Atlantic seaboard and Pacific coast could lie back to back, the latter would in all probability have made as unostentatious and speedy a getaway as possible, waked up and directed the sheriff and his posse and gone about his business complacently congratulating himself upon his lucky and narrow escape from a hopelessly incurable madman.

On Independence Day, 1776, on-rushing floods still ran to riotous waste. Pestilence and disease stalked triumphant and defiant; all unsuspecting that in only a short while, as we commonly rec-

very fattening. After all, a sewing room isn't a very good place to live, if you want to get fat.

But Screech had a wonderful idea. "I'll make her oil the machine," he thought to himself. "Every time she runs it, when she hasn't oiled it, I'm going to howl and screech so loud her ears won't be able to stand it." And that's just exactly what Screech did do. The very next time Nurse tried to sew, he opened his little mouth and screeched so that Nurse had to cover her ears. "Mercy, this needs oiling badly," she cried.

Screech immediately gobbled up the oil as fast as ever he could. The next time Nurse tried to sew he howled and screeched some more. "I never heard of a machine that takes so much oil," she complained as she poured on more than ever before. And ever after that Screech got all the oil he wanted.

But poor Screech did not make much progress. Nurse oiled the machine so seldom. He was becoming desperate. The knot he had tied in the thread was heavier than he! All the poor little doggie had had to eat for ever so long was chalk dust and basting threads, and neither of these is

very fattening. After all, a sewing room isn't a very good place to live, if you want to get fat.

FUTURE DATES
 June 30 to July 8—Annual convention of Christian church at Turner.
 July 14, Saturday—Spanish American war veterans convention at Albany.
 August 1 to 29—Annual assembly of Boy Scouts at Cascade.
 September 24 to 28—Oregon state fair.

kon time, they would soon be supplanted by knowledge and science and enlightenment.

Man's vision had not yet sensed the need for leveling sky-skrirting, rock-ribbed barriers, clearing impenetrable jungles, transforming glastly wastes and wilds which shall stand forever as nature's tribute to indomitable human mind and muscle.

Winged giants still inhabited undisturbed their aeons-old domain. The glooms of the sea were yet virgin. For there had not yet been born the race of birdmen and fishmen to wrest from flying fowl and finned monster the supremacy of the heights and deeps, to add their pathways to the thoroughfares of man.

The wisest men of '76 never dreamed that there would come a time when their great grandchildren would account no task too Herculean, no mission too stupendous, when one miracle accomplished would be but impetus to another, and Time's annals would be crowded with daily marvels and unheralded conquests of mind over element and matter.

We had a war shortly after 1776. But our real war did not begin till some decades later—the war of science and progress against Superstition and Ignorance, a war which is still raging furiously, which is crystallizing almost every scientific ambition into fact, a war whose chief weapons are fancy, imagination and determination.

In 1776 the word "impossible" had a long and dignified definition. Today it has lost its meaning. Even Dan Webster failed to realize that there would come a day when no rules, no boundaries, no confines would be recognized, save the confines erected by incapacity and poverty of conception; when the formula and precept of the day would be, "This should be done; this can be done; this will be done!" And when the worker would move so fast that he whose mind was still back in 1776 and sneered "No, impossible," would be confounded by its sudden completion.

GOD SAVE THE WORD!
 Editor Statesman:—

Your editorial in your edition of this day (July 6) on the matter of "prize fights" was very good, but one wonders how you can state that there are some GENTLEMEN engaged in such exhibitions. The word "gentlemen" is derived from the word "gentle" and the definition of "gentle" is given as "mild in disposition or manner, kindly, gracious, peaceful." To make a gentleman is to "make kind and gentle." There are several other definitions, but none of them can be made to apply to such men as compose the body of those engaged in the promotion of brutal exhibitions such as "prize fights."

If there can be shown to be any real good to come from such exhibitions, then possibly the "end might justify the means," but it is not even an exhibition of the "manly art" because it is not a sparring for points, but it is an effort through brute force to "knock the other out." Gentlemen are not engaged in such pastimes.

Now it seems to the writer that the whole matter of these exhibitions of the BRUTE within our nature is a degeneration from the best in us to the very worst. The publications of details are most sickening and degrading. One does not have to cultivate the brute within, but one should feel bound to eradicate as much of it as possible. This cannot be done when columns are given to the details in all our papers, even those whose principles otherwise are most Christian.

"Gentlemen!" God save the word! Yours for better manhood.

—H. D. CHAMBERS.

IN FOREIGN LANDS

Hiram Johnson met Premier Poincare in Paris the other day and was reported as being a bit peeved because he had to wait for about an hour before gaining an audience. As a member of the foreign relations committee of the United States senate this slight is apt to cost the French republic a couple of billion francs. The French statesman was reported as being curious to know how Hiram's European impressions had reacted upon his internationalism—or want of it—but did not gain much headway. Hiram was non-committal. He is saving his thunder for his people. He did, however, break the news to the premier that there was a lot of French blood in his family.

BEAUTIFUL HANDS

Mrs. Wilbur Fribley, state chairman of Home Economics of the Illinois Federation of Women's Clubs, has dropped a bomb shell into the ranks of the feminine cohorts of the nation. For, she declares, there is nothing so conducive to the possession of lovely, soft, white hands as plain dishwashing. Not cold creams and beauty clays, states the expert, but a more than howing acquaintance with the dinner dishes will give milady a pair of hands that a queen might envy.

were pale with the pallor of hysterics," himself declared that he had a feminine dishwasher in mind when he penned the lines, a pretty girl who toiled at this unromantic occupation in her mother's cafe. So those who would have odes written to their hands as well as to their eyebrows need only wash up the dinner dishes to achieve this happy result. But, just the same, it is probable that they will continue to use lotions and cold creams instead.

LOOKING BACKWARD

Stone axes of a prehistoric age have been dug up by men excavating for the foundations of new buildings in the Bronx district in New York. This would seem to show that the mound builders were ahead of the cliff dwellers.

WOMEN DO THE WORK

In connection with the sessions of the Social Welfare Conference at Washington it was stated that

more than 2,000,000 married women are now working in the factories, shops and offices of the nation. Most of these feel compelled to their tasks by the conditions in which they find themselves. Many of them are supporting invalid or idle husbands and others find themselves deserted and dependent upon their own hands for a livelihood. But there are a lot of them who prefer the office or store to the home. They do not like the kitchen tasks. They would rather sell ribbons than dust furniture. They prefer the typewriter to the mop and pail. There are others who wish to add to the husband's income or pay their own milliner's bills. They want to dress better than the husband's wages would permit and so they take employment on their own account. In this they are sometimes taking jobs that would be filled by married men. One woman, to satisfy her itch for a bauble, will take the position that some men needs in order to maintain an invalid wife. In that way women may

become unjust to one another. Women who work are bound to furnish all sorts of problems, but in most cases they are inspired by the age-old passion for independence. They want to feel that they can make their own living and so to show their freedom they become the work-day slave of some boss or corporation. They have a rooted passion for demonstrating their inconsistency.

FEWER TO LIVE IN CITIES

New York City will have more than 100,000,000 inhabitants by the year 2033, if it maintains its present rate of growth. This is foretold by Prof. Ogburn of Columbia. However, "if" is a big word. In the year 2033 New York City will not have more than 25,000 inhabitants at night and they'll be policemen and watchmen. Airplanes destined to destroy our great cities, will enable people to live far out in the country and quickly fly hundreds of miles to and from work.—Cap-per's Weekly.

THE BOYS AND GIRLS NEWSPAPER

The Biggest Little Paper in the World.
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 Edited by John M. Miller.

Lessons Champion Swimmers Learn



BLOWING BUBBLES **HEAD TURNED TO BREATHE**

Correct Breathing

(This is the fourth of a series of eight articles by Pierson L. Maxwell, a swimming expert, who has taught boys and girls to swim at municipal beaches, ocean beaches and private pools. Mr. Maxwell has been a life guard and a racing swimmer for a number of years. He knows what he is talking about when it comes to swimming. Clip these articles and follow them if you want to become a good swimmer.)

Do not attempt these breathing exercises until you have a fairly easy action with your arms and legs, keeping the leg kick and the arm movement slow.

Blow Bubbles
 To start the breathing exercise, get in the water, take a deep breath of air, put your head under the water, and blow bubbles, forcing the air out of the mouth and nose. Do this until it does not cause any particular effort—three or four times will probably be enough to get the hang of it.

Now comes the real test. Start the dead man's float, legs and arms, blow bubbles under water. Here is the way to get a new breath, after the old air has been blown from the lungs. Just as the right arm is finishing its stroke and is alongside and parallel to the body and the left arm is just beginning its stroke, turn the head sharply to the right and grab a breath of air. THROUGH YOUR MOUTH, not through the nose.

Don't Ship Water

The only way to keep from shipping water in the first several attempts at breathing, is to have a powerful leg kick and a smooth arm movement while you turn your head. When you get your breath, turn the head back to its normal position and blow bubbles again. Every time the right arm gets in the position just described, the head should turn and get a new breath of air, through the mouth.

If the arms are moving too fast, it will be impossible to breathe on every stroke, so keep the arm action slow and the leg movement fast. Don't get discouraged if you ship a few mouthfuls of water.

(Next week: "Racing Swimming.")

Randy Riddle Says—
 "How do you know that Robinson Crusoe was a great acrobat?"

Get a Thrashing Machine
 "You told me to file these letters," said the new clerk.
 "Yes," returned the boss.
 "Well, I was just thinking that it'd be easier to trim 'em with a pair of scissors."

Answer to today's picture puzzle: The two words formed with the same letters are "rock" and "cork."

Mebbe So; Mebbe Not
 They say that an hour glass has a thin mid-section to show the waist of time.

This Actually Appeared
 LOST—A fountain pen by a Freshman with a cracked tip.

Answer to today's riddle: The story says he sat on his chest and ate his dinner.

USE THE SAME FOUR LETTERS TO FORM WORDS TO FILL BLANKS BELOW

JACK SAT ON A WATCHING A

THE SHORT STORY, JR.
SCREECH, A FAIRY DOG
 Screech was so thin he was flat. And he longed to be terribly fat. How hard he would toil To get lots of oil. He'd heard there was fattening in that.

I've heard some people boast that they have never seen a fairy. I surely hope that you don't belong to that class. If you really haven't, you should be ashamed to own up to it. It's nothing to boast about.

But I suppose there are lots of people who have never seen fairy dogs, and I suppose, too, that it isn't altogether their fault. I know from experience that they really are dreadfully hard to see. In most respects, however, fairy dogs are just like ordinary dogs. They are much, much smaller.

Screech was small even for a fairy dog. He was so small that he often hid in the eye of a needle and made Nurse wonder why the thread wouldn't go through.

Now, Screech's one desire was to become big and strong. For that reason he was very fond of oil. He had read some place that it was very good for fairy dogs. He licked up every bit of machine oil that he could get his tongue on. In the sewing machine drawer, Nurse kept a little can of machine oil.

Every once in a great, great while she would pour a little of the oil on the big machine wheel. Then Screech was happy. He would quickly lick up every bit of it and then rush to weigh himself. He weighed himself by hanging onto the thread of the sewing machine and seeing how far down his weight pulled it. It was his greatest ambition to get so fat that he would break the thread.

But poor Screech did not make much progress. Nurse oiled the machine so seldom. He was becoming desperate. The knot he had tied in the thread was heavier than he! All the poor little doggie had had to eat for ever so long was chalk dust and basting threads, and neither of these is

BUSICK'S
STANDARDIZED CASH STORES

SALEM WOODBURN ALBANY CORVALLIS

GOING FORWARD

Not so very long ago, just before the establishing of chain groceries, remember how the grocer would chase the cat off the sugar bag to weigh out a portion for a customer or knock some fellows feet off the cracker box and wipe the dust from the top of a can of tomatoes with his shirt sleeve, etc. Even now in communities where chain stores do not exist one will find the old fashioned corner grocery.

Since the chain store has been inaugurated many new and sanitary devices have been put into use. Bulk goods such as sugar, oatmeal, etc., are kept in dust-proof compartments; cheese and smoked meats are kept in cases with constant air circulation; canned and shelf goods are dusted frequently just the same as your own home. Busick's stores are spotlessly white and the very symbol of cleanliness. This is worth a great deal to the modern family, say nothing of the low prices.

Sugar, 9 1/2 lbs.	\$1.00	SALAD OIL	
100 lbs. sack	\$10.19	Pt. Wesson's Oil	29c
		Qt. Wesson's Oil	50c
		1/2 Gal. Wesson's Oil	95c
		1 gallon Wesson's Oil	\$1.89
		SYRUPS	
		No. 10 Amber Karo	62c
		No. 10 Crystal White	67c
		No. 5 Pennick's	35c
		SOAPS	
		P. & G. White Naptha Soap,	
		22 for \$1; one	10c
		Pkg. Ivory Soap Flakes	
		free with every 22 bars	
		23 Crystal White	\$1.00
		25 Sno Lite Soap	\$1.00
		6 Palm Olive	47c
		6 Cream Oil	39c
		2 pkg. Citrus	49c
		2 pkgs. Seafoam	49c
		3 Old Dutch Cleanser	25c
		MISCELLANEOUS	
		Hershey's Cocoa, 8 oz. 2 for	35c
		3 pkgs. Jello	29c
		3 pkgs. Kellogg's Corn	
		Flakes	35c
		3 pkgs. Post Toasties	25c
		3 pkgs. Blue Bell Corn	
		Flakes	20c
		2 cans Solid Pack Tomatoes	25c
		Alaska Salmon, 1 lb. can	15c
		Fancy Salmon, 1 lb. can	25c
		3 lbs. Peaberry Coffee	\$1.00

BUY FROM A STORE WITH THE

ORANGE COLOR FRONT

It's Your Guarantee of Service Plus Quality