

The Oregon Statesman

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DON'T FEED IT; FIGHT IT

The election of Magnus Johnson in Minnesota has been hailed as a sure sign of the defeat of the Republican candidates at the polls next year; unless there shall be a surrender to the forces represented by such men as Bob La Follette, Hiram Johnson and this yawper from Minnesota newly invested with a toga.

The opportunists contend that the way for the Republican party to succeed is to beat the socialists to it by adopting their principles, after the fashion of the Mexican general sent to capture bandits and who told his men: "If we outnumber them, we will fight 'em. If they outnumber us, we will join 'em."

William McKinley said, at a time when every time server in his party was denouncing the McKinley tariff as a cause of Republican reverse: "The Republican party stands by its principles in defeat as well as in victory."

If the leaders of the Republican party in 1896 had taken the same attitude that the members of that party took in the recent Minnesota campaign, the United States would have adopted free silver—

And there would have followed the deluge. This country was hanging over the brink yecept 16 to 1.

In the Minnesota campaign the Republican candidate for Senator joined his socialist opponent in denouncing the new Republican tariff law, especially the farm schedules which were inserted upon the demand of Republican Senators of the farm bloc, and which, all outcry to the contrary notwithstanding, have prevented the plight of the farmer from being far worse than it is today. The farmers of the country, too, are deeply concerned in the return of five million men, out of work when the present tariff law was passed, to profitable employment. That ultimately will have a pronounced effect on agricultural conditions. That the new tariff law has added materially to the cost of living is just the old, familiar free trade Democratic bunk. Increases in retail prices have been as high in articles on the free list as in those on the protected list, and the distributing organizations of the country are charging now for what they have to sell, all that the traffic will bear—

Just as they were when given the opportunity to make greater profits by buying things more cheaply abroad.

Speaking generally, and with no special reference to what happened in Minnesota, the way to overcome socialism, whether bravely out in the open or sneaking behind the camouflage of agrarianism or class conscious labor politics—bearing some label that is supposed to smell more sweet—is not to feed it but to fight it; not to compromise with and cater to it, but to the mat with it. Timid opportunists, self seeking straddlers and political pussy footers cannot lead effectively in such a struggle. The people prefer a real to a varietal socialist. Populism was stamped out by Republican leaders of courage who stood bravely by the principles and policies of their party instead of trying to invent a new set that would make even more of a demagogical appeal. Socialism will have to be whipped the same way.

Agriarian radicalism is not a new phenomenon. The present movement is not more powerful than that of the nineties when the Populist excitement produced a crop of radical leaders who boasted of being long on whiskers and short on socks. There was a reason for the Populist movement in the agricultural depression of that time, and there is a reason for the present popularity of socialism in Minnesota in the slowness of farm recovery from the aftermath of war inflation. State socialism is more popular today in Minnesota than in North Dakota, because in North Dakota it has been tried out with disastrous results, while in Minnesota the doctrine is yet in the demagogue stage.

The election of Mr. Magnus Johnson is not without its compensations. Roaring on the stump against the plutocrats and the money devils is one thing. Even proposing, much less executing, a constructive program for remedying existing evils and wrongs is quite another. The people of this country are not going to get anywhere through the activities of demagogues who are using their lung power in blatherskite yawp, and whose program is merely that of imitating the soviet socialists in ripping up and tearing down the structure of American industry.

The nation needs a courageous, persistent, pervasive campaign of education such as that which saved the country thirty years ago from the perils of a populism which was mild radicalism as compared with that of the camouflaged socialism now deluding the discouraged farmers of Minnesota.

The thing for Republicans to do is to stand by and vindicate these principles and policies and that record, firm in the faith that it is never a mistake to appeal to the patriotism and common sense rather than to the ignorance and envy of the American masses—

Just as was done when the winds of Kansas were blowing through the hirsute adornments of Whiskers Pepper and when Stockless Jerry Simpson was roaring his folderol in the halls of Congress; and when William Jennings Bryan was heading the country towards the black abyss with his "crown of gold" and "cross of thorns" and his 16 to 1 rantings and ravings.

Private individuals in Pennsylvania are supplying the money to enforce the drastic state prohibition law in that state, after the legislature refused to do so. And the attorney general has decided

FUTURE DATES

August 1 to 15—Annual summer camp of YMCA, Frank river. August 2, Tuesday—County Veterans' association to meet at Silverton. August 1 to 29—Annual encampment of Boy Scouts at Casadita. August 2, Thursday—Cherrian band concert, West Salem. August 5, Sunday—102nd Oregon infantry to picnic at Clackamas. August 14, Friday—Iowa picnic, fairgrounds. August 15, Wednesday—Minnesota picnic, state fair grounds. August 16-9—National guard rifle matches at Clackamas rifle range. September 18, Wednesday—Willamette university opens. September 24 to 29—Oregon state fair.

The day the spinning of flax commences at the penitentiary, that day the institution will be fully self supporting. And the money is on hand to buy the machine, and the stage is about all set.

The money is on hand to pay the farmers for their flax, on the dot: "cash on the block."

DEMOCRATIC COUNCILS

Democratic leaders are satisfied of two things: In the first place Henry Ford cannot possibly obtain a presidential nomination in a convention that requires the votes of two-thirds of the delegates to decide. In the second place if Henry Ford were elected president he would not stay in the White House three months. The chairman of the Democratic national committee admits that Henry is an industrial dictator and could not possibly put up with the bonds of red tape and precedent which surround and enmesh a president. He would throw away the key of the White House in disgust and go back to his industries. In them he is more powerful and absolute than he would be in the executive office of the nation. The chiefs of Democracy held a conference the other day and that was the conclusion they reached concerning the Detroit motor magnate, James Middleton Cox, who led the party to its glorious defeat, was near the head of the council table and he declared that our foreign relations still constituted the problem of greatest national interest. He said that whenever he asked an audience what subject it preferred to consider there was a call for enlightenment on the policy of the nation in the affairs of the world. The Democracy would be expected to make definite pronouncement in that respect. Presumably James feels that the League of Nations is Democracy's one best bet. The leaders, however, are more deeply concerned with what is good politics for the party than what is good policy for the country.

IN THE RUNNING

In the presidential race Henry Ford would hardly be considered a dark horse. He would be more like a spark plug.

NOTHING TO IT

For one thing the chimpanzees and orang-outangs never held that coconuts should be legal tender at the heaven-born ratio of sixteen to one. There doesn't seem to be much in this evolution business, after all.

FATTY ABROAD

Arbuckle is in Berlin and is reported as being about to engage in film making in a large way. It would probably be in a large way anyhow. Roscoe is extremely popular in Germany. They like his style of comedy and it is possible that he might take the Kaiser's place and ultimately rule the country. He could do better by Germany than William did, at that.

SOCIALISM'S APPEAL

If what is called Socialism were actually an appeal for better conditions; if it demanded more effectiveness, industry, economy, justice and better conduct for all, I should favor it. But it is actually an appeal for worse conditions; for less work, less thrift, less economy, less efficiency, less education and intelligence and less justice. Socialism is only the grumbling of the unfair, the lazy, the vicious, the unintelligent; and their arguments are never fair; they never have an intelligent remedy to offer.—E. W. Howe's Monthly.

THE RATS OF RUSSIA

The story that was published broadcast several days ago that the soviet regime in Russia needed cats in order to cope with the plague of rats in the valley of the Don has resulted in a regular flood of felines. The Don valley is wanted for Russian refugees from Turkey and Egypt, but has been lying fallow for some years and is badly infested with rodents. It was reported that government officials sent to survey the land were virtually driven out by rats and it was necessary to send armored cars to their rescue. Then somebody printed a story in a Moscow paper to the effect that officials had purchased 10,000 cats at 250,000 rubles each in an effort to cope with the plague, but that more felines were needed. That started the excess cats of northern Europe in the direction of Russia. Of course, there is a shortage of cats in the country. Thousands of them have been eaten by the people to appease their hunger. But there was no demand for cats and the government was far from paying even its paper rubles for them. The plague in the Don is being met by the use of poisoned grain and there is no call for tabbies. But it is said that the roads to Moscow are littered up with crates of cats being shipped in from various sections of Europe and the soviet government is offering a reward of 5,000,000 of its printed rubles for the punish-

ment of those responsible for spreading the story. Russia is in a bad way. It needs many things, but it is insisted by both Lenin and Trotsky that the Red republic is not in want of cats. Didn't we send them Emma Goldman, and even she was not accorded a home?

FALSE ALARMS

When the new mayor of Detroit made the announcement that, under municipal ownership, the street car lines in the city had made a profit of \$1,000,000 for the first year of operation the employees promptly demanded an increase of 20 per cent in their wages. They were already receiving 62 cents an hour—which is the second highest schedule in the country. Then it turned out that the profit was not what might be called a real one, but was only made possible through the system of bookkeeping enjoyed by the city. In bonds and in cash the city had invested \$40,000,000 in acquiring the lines, but in their statement they had made no provision for depreciation or replacement. They had provided a sinking fund for the payment of interest and retirement of bonds, but had made no provision for wear and tear. They thought the sinking fund would take care of that. That shows how politicians can chloroform themselves when they take up bookkeeping. Any business corporation operating under such methods would find itself in the hands of a court receiver. The Detroit lines are run by the city with a 5 cent fare, with an additional charge of 1 cent for each transfer. The average mileage per passenger is 2.21, which is the lowest of any large city in the country. The average haul in Chicago, for instance, is 4.16 miles, which is almost twice as much. The total passenger revenues in Detroit were \$19,000,000 for the first year, which is a heavy return on the amount of the investment. If

any system of municipal ownership can pay the Detroit experiment should be able to demonstrate it. Yet here is a system that makes no plans for extension, depreciation or replacement and has some \$570,000 in accident claims still pending.

CITY OR COUNTRY

According to some of our best scientists city folk are more immune from most diseases and epidemics than are dwellers in the country. The theory is that most of these afflictions are spread by the germ route. City people are brought up among all kinds of germs and get hardened and used to them. In some of the city tenements the germs are wedged so tightly that humans have to squeeze in their elbows to get by. The slum dweller becomes so accustomed to his germs that he treats them with contempt. He makes faces at them or holds them up to ribald jest. When they bite him he either grins or bites back. But when a germ gets after a farmer he clogs up his pipes and has him scared to death from the start. Wherever he stings is fresh territory and the results may be tragic at once. Under many circumstances the percentages are against the farm.—Los Angeles Times.

BANKS FOR BANKERS

Senator Smith Brookhart says that two-thirds of the bank depositors are farmers or laborers and yet only one of the directors of the Federal Reserve bank is a farmer. It is not a fact that two-thirds of the depositors are laborers and farmers, but they might well be. Two-thirds of the population finds representation in these classes. But there is no particular tragedy in the fact that there is but one farmer on the Federal Reserve board. Why not have the farmers for the farms and the bankers for the banks? They tried some political farmers

in a program of state banking in North Dakota and the result appeared to be disastrous for everybody. There are things of weightier woe in this country than the circumstance that our banks are run by bankers instead of plasterers or piano tuners. The real farmers and the genuine workers are not complaining. They prefer to trust their money to the trained banker.

THE RECORD-BREAKER

(Herman J. Stich in Los Angeles Times)

One of the best things John Wanamaker said in his homely newspaper editorials was this: "Every time a woman takes a ginger snap out of the oven it ought to be a better ginger snap than the one she took out last."

Better than anything else does this give an insight into the animating motive of all of John Wanamaker's efforts—to do better each day; to break records; to keep on keeping on.

This ruling passion of his life is illustrated in a very human story related by Mr. Wanamaker himself about three years ago.

"Tell these men how we caught all those fish in one day," he said to the doctor who accompanied him on one of his fishing trips in Florida.

"You mean," said the doctor, "how you caught all those fish—148 kingfish, weighing 1400 lbs?"

"No," said Mr. Wanamaker. "1391 pounds."

"Well, 1391 pounds," the doctor said with a smile; but not letting the doctor proceed, Mr. Wanamaker himself told how it was done.

"It was like this," he said: "We went out in the gulf at 9 in the morning, and the fish were biting freely. The doctor, not being well that day, lounged back in his seat, and when I saw that his eyes were closed I knew that his line

would not take up a catch, so I took it up and handled it with my own. It was a troll line. And with two troll lines I caught the 148 fish before we came home that day. Sometimes I would catch five fish in five minutes. I pulled them all in myself, at least to the boat. I had some help in getting them overboard. As the fish began to come in I said to myself, 'Now I will stay until I catch fifty.' When fifty were caught the doctor said 'Now you must stop and go home.' 'No,' I said 'I must catch fifty-eight,' the record catch I made last year. So I kept it up until I had sixty-three.

"The doctor said, 'well, now, you must go home, at least when you get seventy-five.' When I had caught seventy-five I was thinking of 100. When I caught 100 I began thinking of the record catch of the whole boatload had made last year; I think it was 128. And I went after that record. I kept on until I had landed 148, and it was midnight before we reached home, bringing with us the 1391 pounds of fish that furnished happy meals for many a day for the fishermen and their families.

"And," Mr. Wanamaker concluded, "there is nothing like going out after records and beating them."

Another thing, has it ever been figured out how many pedestrians can be run over to the gait?

Trade Unions Losing Members in England

LONDON, July 31.—Trade unions in England have lost 315,503 members during the last year. This decrease is said to have resulted from the absorption by the government of some of the functions at one time performed by the unions. The funds of the unions have fallen from 254,266 pounds to 94,396 pounds and the annual revenue from 85,450 pounds to 64,883 pounds.

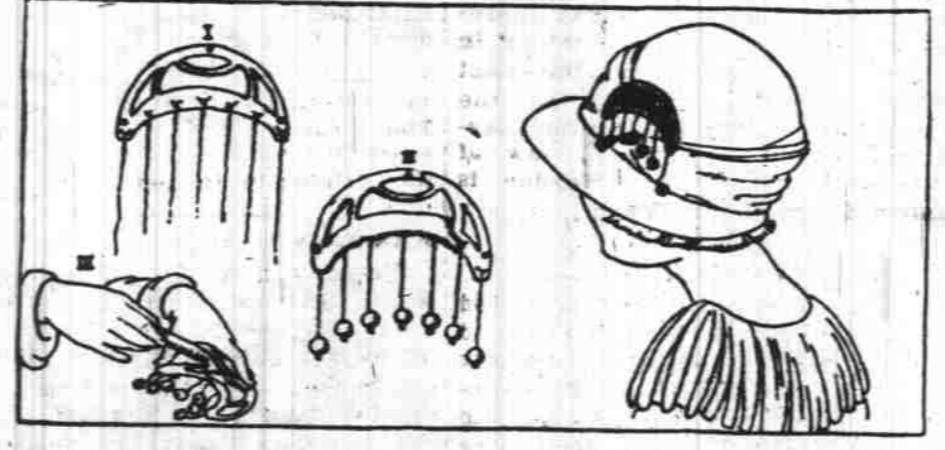
SULPHUR IS BEST TO CLEAR UP UGLY, BROKEN OUT SKIN

Any breaking out or skin irritation on face, neck or body is overcome quickest by applying Mentho-Sulphur, says a noted skin specialist. Because of its germ destroying properties, nothing has ever been found to take the place of this sulphur preparation that instantly brings ease from the itching, burning and irritation. Mentho-Sulphur heals eczema right up, leaving the skin clear and smooth. It seldom fails to relieve the torment or disfigurement. A little jar of Rowles Mentho-Sulphur may be obtained at any drug store. It is used like cold cream.—Adv.

THE BOYS AND GIRLS NEWSPAPER

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

Summertime Jewelry Making



A hat for every dress has been the dream of every girl who knows how much prettier it is to have things "match," but that is an expensive ambition for any but a clever girl. With one or two hats as foundations, she can trim them with detachable ornaments of sealing wax that she can make herself in any combination of colors she chooses to match her dresses.

The ornament illustrated is made by cutting a pattern from cardboard (Fig. I), and marking out any design you wish. If you want the hanging balls, punch a row of small holes along the edge and tie 3 or 4-inch pieces of cord or heavy silk thread through them. Make three larger holes at the sides and top to allow for sewing the ornament in place. These holes must be kept open while you are applying the wax, by running a steel knitting needle through them while the wax is still soft.

Heat a stick of wax of the color you want to show the most, and as it melts, apply the wax outside the edges of the design and all over the back (Fig. II). Twist and turn it over the flame, heating it only enough to allow the wax to smooth out but not run into the design. Cool thoroughly, and then apply wax of a contrasting color or colors to the portions of design uncovered (Fig. III).

Now make the balls or beads for the ends of the strings. For these, cut off 1/4-inch of wax, heat a steel knitting needle and press it down into the wax. Cool it and then hold it over a flame, revolving it so that when the wax melts it will run and shape into a ball. When it is smooth, dip in cold water and dry. Heat the needle on both sides of the bead until you can slip the bead off.

Thread the beads on the strings and tie a knot in the end that will not slip through. The balls can be made all of one color or of different colors.

THE SHORT STORY, JR.

BLUNDERING BOB Bob spilled quarts of good lemonade. 'Twas only one of the blunders he made; His heart seemed to break, But he made no mistake When he went to the camp leader's aid.

Every one at camp called him "Blundering Bob." It certainly was an appropriate name, too. Poor Bob! Everything that he did was all wrong. But Bob was what is known in the movies as a "rough diamond." Underneath his blundering exterior was a heart as gentle and kind as any mother's. And Bob had a way with him, too. He always seemed to know just what to do if a fellow tried to do something unusual. He nice it turned out unusually bad.

And so from the very start the camp leader had it in for Bob. He could not understand why the boys always called for him when they were ill. "That blundering fellow," he would exclaim, "why he's just as likely as not to give you the liniment and rub you with the tonic."

RANDY RIDDLE SAYS

"Why is a mouse like a haystack?"

Poor Polly Mary had a parrot true, She killed it in a rage; Because when Mary's fellow came The parrot told her age.

Answer to today's picture puzzle: The rhyming word puzzle is: A mile from the Nile Is a pile of tile, If you file by the stile You will linger awhile.

Courtesy "You seem to have been in a serious accident!" "Yes," said the bandaged person. "I tried to climb a tree in my motor car."

A RHYMING WORD PUZZLE: THE BUNNY IS A FEEBLE FOE HIS WEAKNESS IS HIS STRENGTH

TO SHUN A A WILL TO ALMOST ANY LENGTH

around. The first night when the leader had just arrived, hot and tired and dirty, Bob had thought it would be nice to make him some nice cold lemonade. He was just entering the leader's tent with a big pitcher full when he stubbed his toe, stumbled, and fell. Mr. Ellis' suitcase was lying open on the ground and all the lemonade slopped right into it among his clothes.

Of course, Bob couldn't blame him much for being so angry. Afterwards when he found out that he had made a mistake and made the lemonade with salt instead of sugar he thought maybe it was a good thing after all that he had spilled it. The leader would have been angry anyway. That was just the kind of luck Blundering Bob had. Every time he tried to do something unusual he nice it turned out unusually bad.

Finally Bob decided that he just couldn't stand it any longer. Just everything he did was wrong in the sight of Mr. Ellis. He decided he wouldn't sneak out and go home. He wouldn't tell the fellows. They would try to persuade him to stay

NEW VICTOR RECORDS for August Now on Sale

- "Just An Old Love Song"—John Steel - (19089)
"When The Gold Turns To Gray"—John Steel - (75c)
"I'm Drifting Back To Dreamland," Waltz—Benson (19101)
"Just For Tonight," Waltz—Benson Orchestra - (75c)
"Nobody Knows But My Pillow and Me," Fox Trot—Benson Orchestra (19102)
"I Never Miss The Sunshine," Fox Trot—Benson Orchestra (75c)
"The Cat's Whiskers," Fox Trot—Benson Orchestra - (19103)
"An A Tent," Fox Trot—Benson Orchestra - (75c)
"Empire Day Message to the Boys and Girls of the British Empire"—King George V. and Queen Mary (19072)
"God Save the King" and "Home, Sweet Home"—Band (75c of the Cold Stream Guards")

RED SEAL RECORDS

- "Daddy," Aida, Frances (Soprano) (66152)
Lemon-Behrend, 10-inch - (\$1.25)
"Prince Igor," Recitative and Air of Prince Galitsky—(87361)
Challapin, Feodor (Bass) Borodin, 10-inch - (\$1.25)
"Landler," Elman, Mischa (Violinist) (66151)
Mozart, 10-inch - (\$1.25)
"Linda di Chamounix-Cavatina-O luce di quest'anima" (74812)
Galli-Curci, Amelia, Donizetti, 12-inch - (\$1.75)
"Lohengrin-Mein lieber Schwan," Harrold, Orville (74813)
(Tenor) in German, Wagner, 12-inch - (\$1.25)
"Serenade," Morini, Erika, (Violinist) (66153)
Toselli, 10-inch - (\$1.25)
"Spinning Song," Paderewski, Ignace, (66150)
Mendelssohn, 10-inch - (\$1.25)
"Viennese Dances," Stokowski and Philadelphia Orchestra, Schubert, 12-inch - (74814)
\$1.75
"Go in Home," Weingarth, Reinald (Baritone) (74815)
Fisher-Dveorak, 12-inch - (\$1.75)
"Because I Love You Dear," Lambert Murphy (45352)
"It Was Not So To Be," Lambert Murphy - (\$1.00)
"Valise Hilda," Clyde Doerr - (19028)
"Saxonia," Clyde Doerr - (75c)
"When You Walked Out, Some One Else Walked Right In," Brooke Johns and His Orchestra (19092)
"Bebe," Brooke Johns and His Orchestra - (75c)
"Medley of Old Time Songs," The Troubadours - (19082)
"Victor Herbert Medley," The Troubadours - (75c)
"When June Comes Along With a Song," Great White Way Orchestra (19091)
"Born and Bred in Brooklyn," by The Troubadours - (75c)
"Stella," The Great White Way Orchestra - (19087)
"Carolina Mammy," Great White Way Orchestra - (75c)
"Rose Time and You," Zef Conroy and His Orchestra - (19090)
"O Harold," Zef Conroy and His Orchestra - (75c)
"Barney Google," The Great White Way Orchestra - (19093)
"I Cried for You," by the Collegians - (75c)
"Trot Along," The Benson Orchestra, Fox Trot - (19044)
"Wet Yo' Thumb," Zef Conroy and His Orchestra, (75c)
"Down Hearted Blues," Noble Sissle-Eubi Blake - (19086)
"Waitin' for the Evenin' Mail," Noble Sissle-Blake - (75c)
"How High Is Up," Part One—Arthur Moss-Ed. Frye - (19081)
"How High Is Up," Part Two—Arthur Moss-Ed. Frye - (75c)
"Mother Goose Songs," Alice Green - (19060)
"Death and Burial of Cock Robin," Alice Green - (75c)
"O Sole, O Me," Lou Holtz - (19079)
"That's My Baby," Lou Holtz - (75c)
"Turkish Dance," Naftule Brandwejn's Orchestra - (73895)
"Spirited Burglar," Naftule Brandwejn's Orchestra - (75c)
"El Vennadito," Orquesta Internacional Danzon - (73852)
"Maruecos," Orquesta Max Dolin, Fox Trot - (73853)
"Bohemian Life," Fox Trot—Orquesta Internacional - (73872)
"Pierrot Is Amused," Fox Trot—Parodia - (75c)
"Pivot March," Piotrski march, Victor Band - (73839)
"Stanbouloff March," Victor Band - (75c)

H. L. Liff Furniture Co. COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHING