

The Oregon Statesman

Issued Daily Except Monday by
THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING COMPANY
215 S. Commercial St., Salem, Oregon
(Portland Office, 723 Board of Trade Building. Phone Beacon 1193)

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS
The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and also the local news published herein.

R. J. Hendricks, Editor
John L. Brady, Manager
Frank Jaskoski, Job Dept.

TELEPHONES:
Business Office 233
Circulation Office 583
Society Editor 106
Job Department 583

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

THE RULE OF THE MINORITY

As long as great numbers of people in this country refuse or neglect to vote, we will have the rule of the minority; and, under some political complications, a small minority—And this may become a dangerous condition.

Witness Russia, ruled by a militant minority that, in a country like ours, with so high a percentage of the population able to read and write and having at least a smattering of education, would seem negligible. But here before us, of a date only a few weeks old, is the case of Minnesota.

Minnesota, according to the census of 1920, has approximately a million and a quarter voters. About half a million of them voted in the recent senatorial election. Sixty per cent of the voters stayed at home. Three hundred thousand registered voters failed to turn out. The stay-at-homes were evidently not people impressed with the idea that a battle was on between the plutocracy and the common people, as the Socialists under Magnus Johnson claimed, otherwise they would have registered and voted.

Magnus Johnson received five thousand less votes for Senator than he did for Governor last year, and 35,000 less votes than Shipstead received for Senator in 1922. As a candidate for Senator, Preus fell 114,000 short of his vote for Governor last fall. The Democrats cast 180,000 votes for Wilson for President in 1916; this year their vote fell off more than 85 per cent from that figure.

The Socialist candidate for Senator in the recent election received most of the Democratic votes cast, along with many Republican votes not permanently Socialist, but which were cast for Johnson in blind protest against a low price for wheat.

The significant thing is that only forty per cent of the potential vote of the state was cast, and that the victorious Socialist candidate received only about one-fourth of the state's total vote, if every citizen were to register and cast his ballot, as patriotic duty requires—

Indeed, as the safety of our institutions requires.

Minnesota and every other state threatened with Socialist control needs courage and aggressiveness; an aroused public opinion; campaigns of education. They need full votes. Pussyfooting, sidestepping, apologizing and compromising will not turn the trick—will not serve to keep a militant and noisy minority down.

The people of this country, if they are to make and keep the United States safe from the dangers of Socialism, must have leadership not afraid to get out in the open and fight this menace to the finish.

Socialism is wrong. Everlastingly wrong. And there is only one kind, from the pink parlor Socialism of certain of the idle rich, clear back and clear down to the red radicalism of the Bolsheviks of Russia. It is all based on the idea of Karl Marx that property should all be held in common. Again, there are many names, and numerous disguises, but there is only one kind of Socialism; it all goes back to the community ownership of property, and therefore communistic government of all human affairs.

But this is not a Socialist country, excepting in a very small minority of its people; perhaps as small a minority as in Russia. This cannot become a Socialist country, excepting through the cowardice and lethargy of those who have no sympathy with the ideas of either the reds or the pinks.

THE COST OF WHEAT

In Spokane county, Washington, the county agent has figured that wheat costs 97½¢ a bushel to produce. By the way, the farmer is the only man on earth who can continue to live by raising a crop below cost. It is true, however, but we do not want our farmers just to get through, they are entitled to make a fair profit. Unless they are able to give their children advantages equal to town children, then farming must lose out.

It is certainly true that there is an over-production of wheat. The south has been kept poor for years by sticking to the single crop of cotton. The middle west and the west has stuck to wheat when wheat has not responded. Wheat is the easiest crop a farmer can raise, but it is also the most unsatisfactory. The crop that takes the hardest work is the crop that brings the best results. Instead of raising wheat below cost, it is up to the farmers to diversify and not glut the market.

Any plan for regulating prices must of necessity include a plan for regulating production, for the natural law of supply and demand rules over all other laws in the domain of prices.

If it is possible to control supply it is possible to work in harmony with the law of supply and demand.

The farm bureau has a large membership, and since the farmers who are to supply the wheat pledged for the loans will retain ownership and receive advances

only partially covering its value, they all will be interested in curtailing wheat production next year. The cooperation of these farmers therefore seems to be assured.

THE LITTLE ORCHESTRA

Salem music lovers are being presented an opportunity to secure the famous Kansas City Little Symphony orchestra. The big orchestras nearly always lose money in every town they go. At the same time, the price is so high that they shut out many families who love these refinements in life. The Kansas City Little Symphony orchestra carries 22 people—every one a star. This being true, the price of admission can be within reach of all. We know that any musical entertainment that comes to this city will help more if it is heard by a thousand people rather than by the faithful hundred.

Music ought to be popularized because it adds to the refinement and joy of life. The average artist charges unreasonably. The country must turn to these more modest organizations that can reach the masses.

The Oregon Statesman is a great believer in the phonograph. Music is so good that every family ought to have it. A phonograph will bring the world's musical masters into the lowliest hut in Marion county.

A GERMAN CRISIS

Returning travelers tell us that Germany is on the verge of a

blowout. This is either actual or artificial. The fact is the same in either case. The Ruhr invasion has paralyzed Germany, has upset Europe and has yielded France only grief.

The German mark is now valueless, and the French franc has hit the toboggan with tremendous force. France took Ruhr and gave Germany its excuse, if it needed one and its reason if that was needed. Germany is now ready to blow up and chaos means Bolshevism getting a firm foothold in Europe. While we all thank God that America is not complicated in Europe, at the same time, we realize that the kind office of administration and the wise counsel of an unselfish government, could have saved Germany. We need the European markets and we need to affect a stabilizing influence in Europe.

J. ROGOFF, WHISTLER

A young wharf attendant, named John Rogoff, has discovered that he possesses a new talent. He can whistle rats out of their holes. While this talent was new to John, the Pied Piper of Hamelin practiced it many years ago in that famous poem. However, old Pied took not only the rats, but all the children at the same time. It was a calamity because the people needed the children more than they suffered from the rats.

What a glorious thing it would be if this new talent should really rid us of rats. Suppose a man came into Salem, walked in every alley, near every big storehouse and whistled the rats. Listen, the rats destroy \$20,000,000,000 worth of crops in a year. The economical loss occasioned by the rats would make a world prosperous. John, we wish you well, and may your tribe increase.

A COAL STRIKE

The administration has forbidden a coal strike. No one conversant with the coal situation will believe that this will have any effect. The coal miners are a law unto themselves. They are mostly foreigners who obey their local leaders implicitly. Up to this time, miners and operators have fought it out among themselves and the public has never failed to pay the bill.

A new note is being sounded in our industrial life. The people, the party of the third part, are demanding a hearing, because the interests of the third party outweighs the interests of the two other parties.

There is a lesson in pluck in the state of Washington. R. A. Long preceded by several brass bands and followed by a large hallelujah chorus set out to found the city of Longview. He let the chips fall where they may and heeded to his purpose. Kelso was four miles away. Would Kelso give up in despair, throw up its hands and whine? Yes, Kelso did not. Kelso perked up. She is spending thousands of dollars in improvements. She does not propose being wiped off the map or thrown off her feet by Longview. Noble Kelso, what it is doing under stress any city can do as a business proposition.

THE NEW CHURCH

The Oregon Statesman has noted with much pleasure the effort to erect a new Christian church in Salem. This is naturally an almost model town. But it can be kept so only by the dominating influence of the churches. Churches must be attractive and homey. Big bare walls and stiff back chairs with hard seats will not do. Man must have some comfort with religion.

As usual, it is noticeable that the biggest contribution of all was made by the women, the Mary Martha society. But the men are not going to let the women do it all and let the project fail.

Clarence Saunders has given up the direction of a large chain of stores. Saunders was yellow. In his extremity he called upon the financiers to help him, but when the help was extended, he set up a cry that they were trying to rob him. For ten days he was a hero. Then the public learned that he was a lath painted to resemble iron.

For some reason Salem does not seem to have an ordinance against jay walking. Jay walking is more dangerous than jay driving. A pedestrian cannot take his own responsibility in crossing a street, and there are so many autos now that the law must step in and tell him where he must walk.

The automobile industry has grown so tremendously that it is impossible to realize it. There are now 120 standard automobiles and 400 models.

FASHIONS

FOR A TIME this summer it seemed that we could all have to develop arms that were impervious to sun, rain and wind, so exposed were they by all the frocks. It comes as a relief to find that the poor sleeveless girls of this year's styles are not going to be expected to develop an immunity to colds after all. For the latest contribution to the costume world is a short light silk coat that is almost a blouse.

It is made of crepe de chine and may be of any color—either to match or to contrast with the rather tight sleeveless dress of pleated silk crepe with which it is worn.

The frills, which are very fashionable, are made of the same tissue as the blouse and occur at the neck and sleeves. The collar, tucked finely about the neck, narrows as it descends until it dwindles away at the bottom of the blouse-coat. The sleeves, tucked just beneath the elbow, fall in two frills. Two straight bands finish the coat beneath a suede belt.

Demountable costumes have also been developed in different materials. A French couturier has invented a robe cascade—a coat dress of woolen material to be worn over a light costume of silk. This is a great help for week-end

visits, as the frocks may be worn separately and the space saved in the suitcase used for an extra gown.



HOLDING A HUSBAND

Adele Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

CHAPTER 381

THE CONFIRMATION MADGE READ IN LILLIAN'S FACE

I purposely walked with a jaunty stride and forced a smile in my face as I stepped toward the car where Dicky and Robert Savarin were waiting. But the shock I had received in being told of Marion's death, even though the next minute had brought proof of her well-being had been too great for me to hide its traces. Both men exclaimed at the sight of me—Dicky swung toward me and put his arm under mine.

"Good heavens, girl! Your face is an ash heap. What's the matter?"

"Bad news from the hospital?"

Robert Savarin's lips were stiff as he framed the words.

"No, Good," I replied. "Both Marion and Lillian are in splendid condition this morning, and we can see them as soon as we get there."

Madge Explains.

"Are you ill, sweetheart?" Dicky's voice held the tender solicitude which softens any terror, any ailment for me.

"No, but I've had a shock that has upset me. I'll be all right presently, and I'll have time to tell you about it, for I don't want to drive for a minute or two."

"Perhaps you think it strange that I don't offer to drive, Savarin," Dicky said flippantly, his volatile spirits rushing back with the assurance that I was all right, and that there was no bad news. "But I assure you that taking candy from a baby is a mild crime compared to taking the wheel from my wife."

I smiled faintly under his railway, then struck directly into my story. They listened attentively, characteristically, Dicky showing distinctly, sympathetically, his comprehension of what the shock had been to me.

"That woman ought to be lynched," Dicky said when I had finished. "But I fancy it's a mistake not unknown in hospitals at that. I know I've had the same thing happen to me three distinct times."

"It's a mistake that there's absolutely no excuse for making," said kindly Robert Savarin, sternly, and I saw that the thought of what might have been had struck him deeply.

"Visitors For Miss Marion."

"Suppose we don't think of it any longer," I suggested, turning my switch key. "I told the nurse to tell Marion we'd be there inside of fifteen minutes, and I must make good my promise."

"You'll have to go some," Dicky said, looking at his watch. "I'll take the back streets," I replied, sending the car forward.

"There's a most efficient nuisance of a motorcycle cop over here," Dicky explained, "and he certainly holds you strictly to fifteen minutes, which is ridiculous in the forenoon hours. Do you drive?"

"I have learned in the last year," Robert Savarin replied.

"What make of car have you?" I suspected that Dicky had asked the question purposely in order to divert our guest's mind. And whether accidental or intentional, it was efficacious, for the motorist discussion that followed lasted spiritedly until we reached the hospital door. Then Robert Savarin fell silent, and I hurried him down the hall and into the corri-

dos which led to the private rooms.

"Wait here just a moment," I whispered, as we neared the door. "I'd better speak to Miss Jones first."

The nurse answered my knock quickly, stepped outside, and shut the door after her.

"Has her uncle arrived?" she asked, then smilingly: "I hope he hasn't breakfasted, for Marion refuses to eat hers until he can eat with her. So if he will give me his order I will hurry it down, for I am anxious to have Marion eat her breakfast as soon as possible."

I hastened to introduce Miss Jones to the two men, and to explain her dilemma. Robert Savarin was prompt and smiling in his response.

"Any breakfast you serve will be perfectly satisfactory," he said. "I would like a cup of strong coffee, the rest is immaterial."

"Very well, then, if you will follow me, please."

She opened the door and called cheerfully:

"Visitors for Miss Marion." Dicky and I purposely held back a little that Robert Savarin might go in first. To me, Miss Jones said:

"Have you and Mr. Graham breakfasted?"

"Royally," I smiled. "Just serve the three."

"I'll go and order immediately," she said, adding with a significant smile, "I fancy my services are not much needed here."

Robert Savarin was kneeling by Marion's bed, while the child with her hands tucked at his hair, an old trick of hers, was excitedly pouring forth her delight at his arrival. And on Lillian's face, watching them, there was the glory that never was on sea or land.

(To be continued)

CREDIT CLAIMED BY COMMISSION

Early Construction of Natron Cut-Off Due to Action From Oregon

THE SHORT STORY, JR.

to consent to the lease and stock ownership of the Central Pacific by the Southern Pacific railroad.

According to the statement of the Oregon commission it remains now for the interstate commerce commission to act upon the petition of the Central Pacific Railway company for authority to construct the Natron cut-off, now pending before that body. In the event that the interstate commerce commission acts favorably upon the petition for certificate of public convenience and necessity, part of the railroad construction program as sought under the Oregon public service commission's complaint filed with the interstate commerce commission in October, 1922, will have been accomplished.

History of Case.

The application of the Southern Pacific company to acquire control by lease and by stock ownership of the Central Pacific Railway company was filed with the interstate commerce commission on October 17, 1922. The Oregon commission's complaint, seeking railroad development in the state of Oregon, was drawn during the month of September and was filed with the interstate commerce commission on October 29, 1922.

Hearing on the application of the Southern Pacific to acquire control of the Central Pacific began in Washington, D. C., on November 22, 1922.

HUNDRED MEN THOT LOST IN COAL MINE

(Continued from page 1)

dictated that there had been little damage to the inside of the mine. With the exception of one cave-in, the interior is said to show little effects of the blast. Rapid extension of the "trip" tracks indicated that progress was fast inside the mine, and that the workers were not greatly hampered by debris.

Things To Do

THE BOYS AND GIRLS NEWSPAPER

The Biggest Little Paper in the World

Copyright, 1923, Associated Editors.

Edited by John M. Miller

Peter Puzzle Says—

You can arrange the letters in the following words to form the name of a city in Alabama: Lie, mob.

Getting Its Time, Too

Morton: "This clock won't work."
Ella: "Why not?"
Morton: "It's striking."

Answer to today's puzzle: Mobile.

Eventually

As usual, the hungry tramp came to the back door for something to eat, and as usual the housewife showed him the woodpile. Now, this wood pile was an exceedingly large one, and the tramp unusually lazy. He sat down and told jokes to the wood; they cracked their sides laughing. Of course the lady fed him, and he went away.

The next morning a tremendous crack was heard in the vicinity of the woodpile. It was an English walnut just catching on to the tramp's jokes.

PUNCTUATION PEOPLE

THIS EXCLAMATORY DAVE
I ONE TIME SAW
A SCANDAL-MONGER
DAUGHTER-IN-LAW
SHE LIVED ON GOSSIP
A FIRE! A RED!
A RAISE ALARM
A BATTLE! BLOOD!
SHE DIED WITH GOIN'
SCREAM WITH PAIN!
THE MORE EXCITING
THINGS BECAME
HER LIFE WAS ONE ECSTATIC RAVE
SHE WENT EXCLAIMING TO HER GRAVE

A GOOSEVILLE TALE

Jack Sprat stole a pork roast away,
So the brother pig vowed he'd repay
To Jack's rival he sped,
With a placard that said:
"Fat pigs—very special today!"

Did you ever wonder why the little pig went to market? I'll bet you thought he went in order to do the Saturday's shopping. I used to think so, too, but it wasn't for that reason at all. And I'm going to tell you how I happened to find out.

It was Old Mother Hubbard that told me. She lived in Gooseville, just down the street and around the corner, from Jack Sprat, so she would know. It was all Jack Sprat's fault. You know, Jack Sprat was a butcher, and a more horrid, stingy, grasping old butcher you never heard of in all your life.

Mother Hubbard told me with

tears in her eyes that it was all that horrid Butcher Sprat's fault that she hadn't any bone in her cupboard, but then that's another story. I was going to tell you about the little pig.

Of course, the little pig was just scared to death of Old Butcher Sprat. All the animals hated him, most of all the cow that jumped over the moon. I have heard that was the reason she jumped so far, to get away from that horrid old Butcher Sprat. However, I don't know how true that is.

Now the little pig was just as fat as he could be. In fact, he was fatter than a pig ever had been before or ever has been since. Jack Sprat would have given anything if he had only had this nice, fat, little pig. But no, indeed! The little pig was too sly for the old butcher.

The little pig's brothers and sisters were not as clever and sly as he was. And the little pig that stayed at home was one of them. One day he disappeared and the very next day our little pig recognized a pork roast in Butcher Sprat's window.

You don't wonder, do you, that the little pig hated Butcher Sprat worse than ever now? Just think how you would have felt if you were a little pig and saw your brother made into a nice, luscious pork roast! The little pig determined right on the spot that he would make that terrible Sprat

The work of bringing the bodies to the surface, which began this evening, is expected to be completed tomorrow. Rescue workers have attempted to stop the trip of the United States

bureau of mines rescue car, reported on the way here from Utah it was said, because of the belief that the mine will be cleared of bodies and virtually all debris tomorrow.

A New Display of

Bungalow Aprons



So complete in workmanship and style designs that they may well be called house dresses.

Materials are of ginghams, percales and crepe in all the bright colors and color combinations.

Particularly becoming is the white with blue check with the side-tie sash.

We have arranged a display in our south window.

The prices are

98c to \$2.98

Shipley's

We are now showing our line of fall coats, suits and dresses. Styles have changed to extremes this year and we extend to you a hearty welcome to inspect our stock.

The Prices Indicate that it Pays to "Pay As You Go."

A Sweetmeat Shop Party



A heart-aproned maid brings surprise sundaes to guests who wear paper hats at this girls' summer tea party.

Ye Sweetmeat Shoppe! This inviting sign over the diningroom door means delights in keeping with its name to guests at the summer afternoon party.

After the arrival of every one, the hostess brings out numerous sheets of colored paper announcing that a millinery school is begun. Each girl chooses a color combination and with scissors, paste, pins, needles and thread begins work on her bonnet. The milliners vie to create the most stylish models. Upon completion are to be seen every kind from turbans to picture hats, flower-decked. Then wearing their hats the girls visit the Sweetmeat Shop.

The dining room has been turned into a tea room with small tables and chairs and made artistic with flowers, bird cages, or other decorations of the hostess's choosing. There are heart-shaped candles which a little maid brings with menu books from which to order. The maid is really only one of the guests in a heart-shaped paper apron and cap. Her menus contain such tempting things—a Sweetmeat Special and delights named for the various guests. Of course each orders a different thing and each is brought something new. The sundaes are easily made with chocolate, vanilla and strawberry ice creams fixed up in different ways with syrup and nuts.

It's as pretty as in a really truly tea shop to see pink and yellow hats bob over strawberry and marshmallow!

butcher pay for it. He thought up all the horrible things he could do to him.

"Killing him would be too good for him," decided the little pig, and then he thought harder than ever. "Oh, I know," he cried at last. "He's such a stingy, grasping old miser if I could only ruin his business that would be the worst thing I could do to him."

For days the little pig thought and thought, and at last a wonderful idea came to him. He immediately rushed off to the market as fast as ever he could with a big placard in his hand. Then he hunted up the butcher there—the only other butcher in town.

"Every morning, I'll come down," the little pig said, "and you can hang me up in front of your stall. When the people come past and see this sign, 'Nice, Fat Pig Today,' they will all come here to buy their meat and soon old Butcher Sprat will have to go out of business." And that is just what did happen. Soon Butcher Sprat could not afford any fat or lean meat, either, and the little pig had his revenge.

