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Who are the shoppers in the United States? The average reader will be surprised to learn that according to the very latest statistics 90 per cent of the silk hose bought in America

is purchased by men-And this effectively disposes of the oft repeated statement that the modern mania for silk hose that has attacked the fair sex is hurrying the head of the family into bankruptcy. Modern girls who have often been compared, to their great disparagement, to their grandmothers, who not only wore woolen but knitted them themselves. But the masculine toilers like their own feet enscenced in soft silks quite as well as their

It is even more surprising to learn that women buy 50 per cent of all the automobiles sold-

For considering the number of women figuring in automobile accidents and the fact that they buy half the output of buzz wagons, this proves that they are even better drivers than formerly supposed. The cynic will say that the fair driver does not take chances that might lead to a wreck that would mar her fatal beauty and so drives somewhat cautiously; but others will conclude that women are naturally more cautious and more ng than men; including the conserving of life.

Also, the Radio Press Service declares that there are as many women radio fans as men and that many of them enthucally construct their own sets. The radio has become a ig domestic factor, especially in the country; it lightens the burdens of women—helps in instructing and entertaining the children, and gives them information in various lines that keep them in touch with the outside world.

The survey concludes with the statement that women make the largest proportion of purchases, with the exception of real estate buys, which are usually carried on by men.

From this the economists conclude that the wife controls he pursestrings in America to a greater extent than any wholes in the world, in household furnishings and necessities buying practically everything herself.

Joint bank accounts of husband and wife have increased strings in America to a greater extent than any where

ly of late in this country.

All of which furnishes additional tips to the advertisers of the United States. The appeal must be even more largely to women than heretofore.

CANNOT DO IT

usual descretion, this would sat-

stored, and the bolshevicks are

one thought they have is on capi-

talisation, everything else is a side

issue. No matter what they may

pretend, they are actually always

preparing for a fresh onslaught up

does have this at heart is simply

Secretary Hughes sounded fair

alarm when he disclosed the pre-

parations being made to over-

continued hostility to capitalism.

A DIVERSITY OF CROPS

We were talking to one of the

business venture was not satis-

clared that he studied the re-

we had more things to turn into

Salem stands by such a judg-

getting'us some money. The con-

clusion of the whole matter is just

as this business man concluded-

that Salem is a city of opportun-

EGGS AND LOGANBERRIES

The egg combine has just suc-

organized. Half of the crop was

the mercy of an uneducated public.

If the loganberry men would learn

of the egg men, both would be

Listen! Eggs are produced all

ret the northwest eggs, by being c

could find.

factory because he located in a

no bolshevik at all.

NO CONVENTION

ation into a republican state trick that could not stand day. Hughes had not acted with his by law. ht, and doubtless the men back

If the people of Oregon do not int the primary election law they that capitalism is about to be rewe a way to get rid of it, the as any other law. It is just starting a constructive policy. The I to nullify the primary law by holding a convenas it would be to nullify pro-

If the people of Oregon tire of nary, they have a remedy, on capitalism. A bolshevik who til they tire of it, it must used. The primary is the only a devised that protects the e in their rights. Everything ays into the hands of the ns. Under the old system throw this government. Of course, had a government of the poli- the bolshevike know it cannot be by the politicians and for done, but the effort is made to politicians. After they took convince and hoodwink the folrs they let us have what was lowers and to deceive them into ng, but they always got elrs first. The Republican party a always been a party of proves. It never heads backard, therefore it is going to be ard disaster by repudiating the mary law while it is still on

If a campaign is made and the imary loses, the rest of the vothile the primary is a law, the topublican party must obey it.

NOTHING GAINED

Just now the modernists and entalists have an idea that y are very much the center of stage, and some of them seem be very much in earnest in their B. It is all a bubble; re is no substance back of it. r bubbles but the world may some better for the controsy, although these men will n nothing. It is beneficial to as well as current thought. ligion has never once been weakd and that it is stronger after ch attack.

Of course, this attack is from which is always the most ity for the next five years.

there is a regular reforin the offine. It is non-

properly organized, are sold at a profit to the producers. Loganberries are produced in only a very lew localities, and there is practically no competition in the market, and yet loganberries have not been profitable. The growers have not been organized.

This carries its own self-applied Adele Garrison's New Phase

About next year Santa Claus will discard his reindeer and travel in an airship; also Father Time will throw away his antiquated scythe and use a self-

MUST CUT EXPENSES

The reduction of taxes is somehing that appeals directly to every man who owns property or who expects to get property. We are penalizing thrift now, and it must be stopped. It is estimated that Secretary Mellon's proposed reduction would effect a saving of income average of \$3000. Of course, the direct tax would not be lowered so much, but the reduction on everything the man buys to make up the total sum.

There is some hesitation in congress because the special interests are always anxious to have their part let alone. Taxation is a good deal like law enforcement; we all want it, but we want the inconother fellow.

THE TWO FORDS

When Henry Ford was looked upon as an uncertain quantity in politics he was much praised. Notics, one half of the people sudcharged him with a diabolical crime—that of trying to sell his

Yet there are not two Fords, there is just the one-Henry Ford than usual if she can manage it." ised. "But if you want to eat a of Detroit.

A DISGRACE, OF COURSE

Of course, it is a disgrace the way the prohibition law was de- pride as they went out. fied and trampled under foot on "Well—what is it?" she asked cussed a good breakfast, for I New Years eve, but you will find when I had closed the door after knew that the officer's arrival unpronounceable name has made inals. They are just insensible a savage attack upon Secretary to the fact that all laws must be antion died a-borning. It was Hughes. If anyone felt that obeyed if we are going to be ruled

Some of these days the people it are heartily ashamed of it isfy them that everything was all will realize that they are criminals in such conduct, and they will listen and file the information re- hour named by Col. Travers when This defender of Russia declares stop it.

> The greatest example of posthumus fame is young King Tut. He was supposed to have ruled but 18 months, yet he is better known today than any other pharach. Advertising pays.

Lest we forget: the birds are our best friends. In this storm place as if they had been plucked we must feed them. A bird is small and it does not take much to starve it to death. We need the birds, and just now they need

Do you know that it is comparatively easy to combine ginger with brains. Men of energy and him conspicuous years ago, and purpose make great progress, the man I know would be clever while some men of brains, lacking enough to disguise it in just that these other qualities, get nowhere.

most successful business men in Salem recently and he told us why Heavy Mail Brings Final he had located here. His first Applications for Bonus

Monday was the final day for one-crop country, and when that the filing of initial applications by crop failed, nobody had any ex-service men for cash bonuses money with which to buy. He de- under the state bonus and loan act, and there was a heavy mail at the department's offices sources of Salem and decided that throughout the day.

"The fact that today is the final money than any other locality he day for this class of benefits under the act does not bar those exservice men whose letters asking ment. It has a wide diversity of for application blanks are on file crops, and if one falls, or gluts the with the department, though the market, which is about as bad, actual application may not have there are a dozen other ways of been received," said Major Simpson, secretary. "In such cases the bonus may be paid at any time.

"It is explained that initial applications for loans may be made up to and including June 30, 1927, which also is the last date for filing a final application for the loan. Both applications for the loan may be filed at any time prior to that date. In the initial application the applicant desigcoeded in signing above 250,000 nates whether he desires a loan hens, and the egg business of the on city or farm property, but if northwest is assured of prosper- he desires to change from one to the other a final application is

The loganberry market is not necessary. "Some ex-service men are renot picked last year. It is still at funding cash bonuses previously paid so that they may apply for loans. About 250 of these have been approved."

over the United States. There is mortals is the fact that the States that does not produce them, ence than one who throws bou- befor

MY MARRIAGE **PROBLEMS**

younsters-" known you pulled them out of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

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CHAPTER 62 THE GUESS LILLIAN MADE ABOUT BESS DEAN'S ERRAND

"Marion, I'll wager you a nick- rising. that you can't get dressed be-

fore I dress Junior." The little girl sat up in bed as shrewdly. "It will be wired back if galvanized at my challenge, al- here tomorrow—a summons to though she had been sleepy come home." enough before. I had slipped \$257 for every man who had an into Lillian's bungalow in the Cosgrove grounds at her waking hour to dress my small lad, whom I had left with her the night before, and I wished to get both children out of the way before I told Lillian of the night's dramatic happenings.

Lillian raised herself on one elbow and gave me one swift, keen look.

"Teaching my cheeld to gamble, early rising as a trip to the teleare you?" she mocked, while Mar- graph office. "Rita Brown did the venience of the cut made on the ion giggled gleefully. "But if you're going to offer a wager, South." give one worth hurrying for. I'll wager a real corn roast, Marion, do." quoted Lillian, "save stage with potatoes and everything, that a fake telegram? Neither has any you can cut Auntie Madge's time talent for facing failure or humildown a whole minute."

"Oh-h, watch me!" squealed take of putting Rita Brown and Marion, diving for her clothing, Bess Dean into the same category. body knew which way he would while I, of course, slyly manipu- Of course, Bess is catty and vain, jump and everybody was prepared lated my dressing of Junior so also she is very angry at you, and for him to jump their way. When that she finished just inside the if there was ever a chance where Ford became a certainty in poli- time prescribed by her mother. she could do you some petty, pure-

questioned his every motive and you please take Junior out for a in her, however. But that other ily. little walk on the path? Don't let dame? I wouldn't trust her across him get his feet wet, and tell the block. If she ever appears on Auntie Cosgrove that your mother your horizon again, you see that and Auntie Madge would like she is hobbled, pronto." breakfast a few minutes earlier "I'll look out for her," I prom-"All right. Come, Junior," she decent breakfast before Col. Trav-

carolled, taking him by the hand. ers appears, I'd advise you to stop "All wite. Dooner tummin," he talking." echoed dutifully, trotting along beside her, and Lillian and I with-one-chicken," she retorted smiled at each other in motherly affectionately, and I fussily

that more people participated in them. "I know you aren't stag- would peremptorily put a period

'The Man I Mean.'

She was dressing swiftly as she spoke, moving with precision and While They Waited. no waste of time or energy in her old efficient way. That she could ceived while completing her dress- we finished, and as we walked out ing. I well knew, and I proceeded to the veranda I noticed that Lilto give her as orderly and detailed lian took from its hook a motor history of the night's events as coat of hers which hung in the hall could manage.

She only interrupted me once. and that was when I was giving light sweater which she had on my description of the man, Smith. "What sort of eyeborws has he?" she asked abruptly.

"Unusually heavy, and jet black. And-yes, they looked in one like a vain woman's. But, of course, that is nonsense."

"As it happens, it isn't," Lillian said quietly. "If he is the man I think he is, he used to have a queer-looking tuft of eyebrow, heavier than the rest, over his left eye near the middle, and it was white, while the rest were black. It was a mark which made way. Where was this appearance of plucking of which you speak?"

"Just where you have indicated," I returned, and Lillian nod-

"No doubt the man I mean," she said. "Go on." Before I had finished she had completed her toilet, and seated herself, by the window, cupping her chin in her hands—the old familiar gesture which I had seen so many times when she had some her continued harping upon the problem, professional or personal, subject of my little maid's queer to think out. It was one I had lanse—indeed, before that, and the look with a quizzical smile. though I feared that she might vertax the strength of mind and

self again." I busied myself quietly with sured her hastily, and then the picking up the children's night noise of a rapidly driven motor, a things, arranging the room, for little whirl of dust, a sudden nothing so annoys Lillian as to slackening before the Cosgrove have any one watch her when she premises, a stop before the gate is engaged in working out a problem. And when she raised her Travers. The officer himself was

in jeopardy, yet I rejoiced at this can."

indfeation that "Richard was him-

Bess Dean Rises Early.

"This Col. Travers is coming at eight-thirty, you say?" "That was the hour he named.

can hurry through."

saucily, "with three such birds as we astir. What's the matter, Madge? You look as if Atlas had just transferred the old world from his shoulders to yours."

"I'm sleepy, that's all," I said.

"I would have given anything to

have slept till noon, but those

bed," Bess Dean interrupted.

too." Lillian remarked quietly.

"I'll bet if the truth were

"You must have been restless

"Oh! I'm the original early

riser," Bess Dean declared. "That

proverb of early to bed was writ-

But when Bess Dean had saun-

tered out of hearing. Lillian-to

whom I had confided a little of

the personal drama in which Bess Dean had figured-had a differ-

ent solution of the girl's early

"She went to mail a telegram

to some one in the city," she said

CHAPTER NO. 63

THE SOUND MADGE HEARD

BEHIND HER WHEN LIL-

"She's not particularly origin-

al," I commented idly, when Lil-

same thing when we were down

"What else could the poor girl

iation. But don't make the mis-

"Good enough advice, old-hen

one to utter such words idly.

vouchsafed no explanation, simply

laid the coat over the railing of

the veranda and seated herself in

"Is there anything in the world

"Unless it be the moonlight up-

"Getting homesick for the east

"I think myself it's nearly time

we all went home," she said re-

flectively. "I am ever so much

above all, there is Katie. I want

I looked at her, wondering at

"I do take a lot of patience,

don't I, Madge? But trust me,

heralded the approach of Colonel

ticed that the boy was heavy-eyed

from fatigue and lack of sleep, the

routine, while the officer - evi-

equal to the beauty of the morn-

ing sun upon these mountains?

on the ocean," countered, with a

vivid memory of that never-to-be-

end of Long Island?" she laughed.

one of the big porch chairs.

she asked dreamily.

forgotten sight.

What Lillian Asked.

"A little," I confessed.

to see that young woman."

LIAN DROVE AWAY

ten about-me."

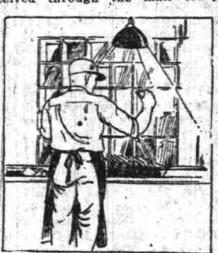
THE BOYS AND GIRLS STATESMAN

The Biggest Little Paper in the World

Those New Year's cards you received through the mail today

How a Letter Travels

Copyright, 1923, Associated Editors.



were sorted just as this man is sorting mail in the post office. This man is one of the crack mail sorters in a great city post office and he knows all the streets and numbers in the city with as much accuracy as a city directory.

Every letter you get has passed through the hands of some man lian had interpreted Bess Dean's like this several times before you

> Andy Andrew's New Year Resoutions are: Always be on time. In all things be honest. Wear in your fellow men.

lian. Then he spoke crisply but deferentially:

"I have only a very few minutes, and our talk must be undisturbed. Can I talk to you where we will be sure of no interruption or pos-"You won both wagers, dear," ly feminine ill turn, she'd contrive sible listeners-of course, unindenly became his enemy, and I said, kissing her. "Now, will the trick. There's no real villainy tentional ones?" he amended hast-Lillian's answer was a question.

"Can you drive and talk at the same time?" She had thought it all out be-

forehand! I saw the meaning of the motor coat laid over the veranda railing.

Into Col. Travers's eyes flashed gleam of admiration. "Yes, and that is of course the

best solution. How soon-" "Now." Lillian rose and pickwatched her until she had dised up the motor coat from the railing.

The officer, with quick accustomed courtesy, took the coat and the orgy this year than will next ing all this dressing haste and to any further thought of food. helped her into it. Another minyear. These people are not crim- early breakfast without reason." She had said that "he must not ute and they had walked to the be kept waiting, for there is stiff car, entered it, and the officer was work on hand," and she was not bending to the switch key.

Behind me I heard a sibilant intake of the breath almost a gasp. I turned to see Robert Savarin, with face drained of all color and It lacked five minutes of the his eyes flaming.

(To be continued.)



Cap'n Zyb

It would be a pretty good idea for you all to adopt a little motto for this year, which the great "Teddy" Roosevelt gave to his sons. He said, "Don't flinch, don't foul, but hit the line hard." Now 'Teddy," as most of you know, was a real man and he had some real boys-they're grown up now but they're still boys. What he said was good dope for his boys and it is good dope for you.

Whatever you fellows get into this year, and you'll get into plenty of scrapes I guess, don't lie or cheat. If you've done something better, and there are any number wrong, take the punishment withof things I ought to do. And out whining or flinching, and then go out and play the game again, and play it hard.

When you're with the gang, be a regular fellow, but not a fool behavior as reported by my mo- If some one of your friends sugnot seen since the day of her col- ther-in-law's letter. She returned gest doing something which you know is foolish or dangerous. don't do it just because you are dared to. It often takes more real body which had been for so long I'll tell you all I can as soon as I nerve to refuse a dare than it does to accept one. If you know what "I don't mind anything, just so you are doing is right, go ahead am of real use to you," I as- and don't let any one stop you, but if you see you're wrong, face about and start all over again.

I was talking to a big business man in Chicago the other day about boys. He said, "Whenever I see a boy I size him up and see head, it was to ask an incisive driving, and beside him sat Ted whether I think he's going to grow Cosgrove. As they alighted and into the kind of a man I'd like to came up the path together I no- have working for me." What kind of a man are you going to grow into, the sort that people interruption of his healthy boyish want to have around or the other



NEW YEAR'S CUSTOMS IN SCOTLAND

The great national holiday of Scotland is New Year's, or, as the Scotch call it, Hogmanay. Where this name came from is not certain, but whether from France, Norway, or elsewhere, the customs of the day are of the Scots' own invention.

In certain parts of the country, children of the poorer classes, on the morning of the last day of the year, bundle themselves in great white sheets, doubled in front to make an apron or pocket. They go along the streets where live the wealthier folk to ask for oaten bread. Sometimes their begging takes the form of song, and a housewife may be summoned to her door with such a rhyme

Get up, goodwolfe, and dinna sweir. And deal your bread to them

that's here. For the time will come when ye'll be dead, And then ye'll need neither ale nor bread."

At one time in Scotland the New Year season was celebrated with such joviality that the days were called "Daft Days," meaning mad ones. Mummers used to go about at night singing humorous "I need some exercise." songs before the houses. At the end of a performance, the troupe you want?" asked the warden, what is becoming. Profess belief would be invited in for a supper. Frequently the members sat down grinned.

to six or eight tables in one evening, and it became a marvel that they could eat so many suppers

Edited by John M. Mille

WEAR WHAT

"Warden," said the criminal, who was ticketed to the gallows,

"I'd like to skip the rope," he

"Her Dangerous Path" By PAUL FORREST

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CHAPTER II Fetters of Gold

Wong, who had given a lifetime dowager and her daughter arrived of service as the Grant's chef, at the little apartment with an of future destinies.

"Tell us, Wong," smiled Cor-inne, "would we be happy as hus-band and wife?"

to unfold the future anxious young people As the future unfolded. saw that life with young Bartlett was refused admittance by spelled only unhappiness. His butler, What could she do? mother was the domineering per- brain was burning up. sonage in the big mansion and

the girl could not visit modiste's without her.

was standing with Mrs. Bartlett. "Your husband and I have been talking business, Mrs. Bartlett," he astonishment in time to call for he

Corinne smiled her delight, but Mrs. Bartlett seemed extremely displeased. Your son," he continued, turn-

ing to the young man's mother, "will learn the mining game from small body lying before them. The maid was the first to retered it, I expect to take him in as cover her composure. She bent partner. I'll expect you next Monday," he added turning to Donald. "You're not going to disgrace your family by going to work, are you?" asked the horrified dowager. "I am," smiled her son.

It was Corinne's moment of triumph. At last her husband had asserted himself. She could not help but smile at the way Mrs. Bartlett whisked herself away.

"It won't be for long, dear little girl," Donald assured his wife, "and glanced nervously at the young man just as soon as I am established and sure of my self I'll send for

It was a long, weary year for Corinne-a year in which a baby had come-but word had come that Donald Bartlett had won his place among men and was preparing to leave for his new duties in the East. However, relentless nagging to Arizona. by Mrs. Bartlett and her daughter had driven Corinne to seek refuge in a little apartment of her own. She could hardly await the return of her husband.

door. A messenger appeared with a telegram. Corinne nervously opened it and read:
Pine Bluff, Aria., Sept. 23.
Mrs. Donald Bartlett: Your husband accidently killed here

Poole, Supt. Corinne was prostrated. The shocked brain and tortured body The you care to accept?"

time in making Corinne more herself in the hands miserable. With the pull she en-joyed with those higher up, the (To

in a row!

THE FUN BOX

ALWAYS IN ALL THINGS

Awaiting Good Noose

"Just what kind of exercise do-

Adapted from the Patheserial by Hal Roach

sands with his stick, he prepared Eluding her nurse, Corinne to

Donald was as clay in her hands.

Bartlett even took it upon herthe house where there was a trellis

Finally a turning point came. hope when Mrs. Bartlett gave one less maid had left an electric of her sumptuous dinner parties on an enameled burea Among the guests was John Dryden, a Western mining engineer in his company. Finally both men "It's mine, I tell y approached the spot where Corinne Corinne shouted.

sure of my self I'll send for face was white and his hands

Suddenly there was a ring at the

today by fall of rock. Please advise.

slowly recovered only to receive a It was a good offer, and one that Mrs. Bartlett had wasted no she ask Wong? Or should she greater misfortune.

ANDY ANDREWS SAYS THAT AN ARTIST MAY INFLUENCE THE PUBLIC FOR GOOD THROUGH HIS WORK. HERE ARE HIS NEW YEAR RESOLUTION

PROFESS B IN YOUR 3 FELLOW MEN

looked up wonderingly as Corinne, officer armed with a court order his mistress, entered his quarters giving Mrs. Bartlett custody of with Donald Bartlett. Viewed through a veil of Oriental superstition he had always been an unfactorial superstition he had always been superstition he had always be fathomable mystery to the house-hold. His bamboo stick and magic sand box held mysteries and told child,

then on a night when a fierce Wong grinned good-naturedly, was raging outside, the delirium Watch," he said, "sands speak returned, and Corinne seemed to

> to the two a wrap about her and left Corinne storm to the Bartlett home. She Running through the rain,

self to select. Corinne's hats, and leading up to the second floor, the Clinging to the wet lattice w Corinne managed to climb ur to her baby's room. Flames in the Corinne was about to give up all room greeted her arrival. A care Corinne rushed to the tiny crib

and gathered the baby in her arms. a commanding figure in the She stumbled down the stair world of finance. He seemed to toward the door only to encounter take a great liking to Donald and Mrs. Bartlett, just returning from spent a great deal of the evening a social function. "It's mine, I tell you! It's mine!"

take it from me!" Mrs. Bartlett recovered fr told Corinne. "He has agreed to maid, and both rushed toward the start work next week in my Ari- girl to prevent her leaving the

"Stop!" the girl cried, "I_" She suddenly swerved, toppled backwards and fell in a heap at their feet. The two women st in amazement and stared at the

over the girl and made a quick examination. "Her-her heart-it has stopped

beating!" she gasped.
"Ah, yes! The sands tell alltell the truth!" Corinne drew her hand across her glanced nervously at the young man who had asked for her hand. His

seemed to tug at one another. What should the girl do? You have seen," turning to young Bartlett. Don laughed nervously. "Yes," he answered, "but now that I know it wouldn't happen. I wouldn't go

"Your mother-what of her? Donald Bartlett bowed his head. He was beaten. Corinne waited until he had left. Then she stepped into the enor-

mous living room. A footstep on the staircase startled her from her reverie and she looked up to see Dr. Markham, the family physician, approaching her. "I've been thinking, Corinne," he smiled, "that I can get you a post in the hospital as nurse. Would

The girl thought for a mon

dently used to catching sleep when -CAP'N ZYB. "He must not be kept waiting, he could get it, doing without for there is stiff work on hand. it whenever necessary—was as fit Come on to breakfast. There'll as possible. I had not noticed in he nobody there so soon, and we the stress of the evening before what a really handsome man he But early as we were, Bess was, with his magnificent figure, Dean was before us. She looked clear complexion, a hit high colmy as we entered, smiling as se- ored, and black hair heavily tinged enely as if she had not been with gray. not a township in the United knocker always has a larger audi- hoist by her own petard the night. His manner was faultless, too. as he bowed in acknowledgment