

The Oregon Statesman

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HOW FINE IS OUR FLAX FIBER?

The fact that the beginnings are being made of work that will lead to the making of Salem the Belfast of North America is sufficient excuse, if excuse were needed, to discuss in these columns the wonderfully interesting features of the miracle plant fiber flax, which by soil and sunshine and showers is produced in the Salem district from the seed in 70 to 90 days, and yields a fiber that, woven into linen, will outlast the life of the weaver—indeed, under favorable conditions, will last thousands of years; will in constant use last hundreds of years, as many possessors of articles made from flax and handed down in families for generations, will testify.

The Slogan editor of The Statesman printed a number of years ago, and has repeated many times, the statement of the fact that a sample of fiber made from flax grown near Turner, Oregon, seven miles from Salem, took the world prize at the Philadelphia Centennial in 1876, on all nine points, including length, strength, lustre, pliability, etc., etc., the judges being unanimous in their verdict; and none of them knowing the country or district of origin of any of the samples submitted in the contest.

And the statement that a Belfast linen manufacturer who was there said at that time that he could take two pounds of the Oregon flax fiber and spin a thread that would reach around the world!

And every time the Slogan editor has printed that statement he has wondered if it were true—Wondered if the Belfast man might have not been "drawing the long bow," or if he did not mean two tons, or two stones, instead of two pounds.

Well, Alfred S. Moore of Belfast, in his authoritative book, "Linen," published in 1922, says:

"The late Lord Kelvin, in his arithmetic, stray copies of which are yet extant in Ulster, tells of the skill of a girl, Catherine Woods, in his native place, Ballynahinch, County Down. When about thirteen years of age she spun a hank of linen yarn, of 12 cuts, each cut 120 threads, and each thread two and a half yards—weighing altogether only 10 grains, which was at the rate of 700 hanks to the pound. The extreme fine quality of this yarn may be judged when he estimated that 1 lb. of it would stretch out 1432 miles, or from London to Berlin."

The same author, in the book quoted above, writing on the fiber of the flax plant, says:

"The fibers, when separated from the ligaments, may be divided again and again, so that when we have discriminated one, which seems to the eye so fine as to be incapable of further separation, it will be discovered under a microscope to be a bundle of fibers capable of almost illimitable division.

"From a quaint essay published in 1740 we get this description of the bast (flax) tissue: 'Harle consists of the longitudinal fibers tied together by little ligaments of membranes. These fibers are themselves composed of smaller fibers, united by lesser ligaments, and these again are a system of small threads which have also been constituent threads of fibers joined in the same manner. This regular succession of component fibers goes on beyond the reach of thought or imagination and in the language of mathematics to infinity, and consequently how fine soever you suppose any given fiber, it is in effect a bundle of other fibers, and may still be unfolded into threads of a finer texture.'"

How fine is Oregon flax fiber; Salem district flax fiber? It is so fine that one might with two pounds of it spin a thread that would reach twice around the world—

If one might imagine mechanical ingenuity to separate the threads to the point of infinity; and if one might imagine the threads thus separated being strong enough to hold together—And, any way, however near to the point of infinity, and however strong, the thread thus extended would be the finest and the strongest the world can produce; a statement proven in international competition as long as forty-eight years ago.

The great wonder is that Salem did not earlier begin to take on the growth that is to make her the great linen city—the Belfast of the New World; with the magic fibers of flax drawing dollars from all civilized countries; \$100,000,000 from continental United States alone; for that is what the present movement means. Means it so surely that the discussion of this miracle plant will in a comparatively short time intrigue a million people directly or indirectly employed in the flax industry—just as the people of the north of Ireland talk of flax more than of any other one thing; for it is their bread and butter, and the web and woof of all their living.

WILL NOT WORK

The single tax theory is beautiful, but it is not practical, or workable. Some western Canadian cities put this into practice a few years ago and after giving it a thorough trial, abandoned it. A report says:

"If land alone is to continue to pay, you will find reversions will increase from year to year and finally the end will be an avalanche. This is not our opinion only; it is the experience of every city in the west in the last few years. Edmonton abandoned single tax in 1918, since when 60 per cent of the value of improvements has been taxed. In 1919 Calgary was forced to raise the taxation on improvements from 25 per cent to 50 per cent of their value. Moosejaw now taxes 50 per cent of the value of improvements; Saskatoon has raised the tax on improvements

from 25 per cent to 45 per cent; in 1918 Vancouver abandoned single tax and now taxes 50 per cent of improvements. Victoria was the last important western city to continue to exempt improvements and finally was forced to acknowledge the fallacy of single tax, and now taxes 32 1/2 per cent of improvements."

One member of the council, replying to the deputation, said that he had been elected through his pledge to hold to single taxation, but after going into the matter thoroughly he could not possibly see how Oak Bay could carry on under the present system of taxation; that he would go before the taxpayers and present his resignation rather than carry on under present conditions. After the meeting several other members of the council informally said that they would go before the taxpayers and present their resignations

If no other scheme could be found to raise the necessary money to carry on the town's affairs. It seems, from the statement of the protesting citizens, that the single tax worked fairly well in boom days, but "when speculation ceased and profits vanished it was soon apparent that unimproved land could not continue to pay. Consequently the wisest of the owners were those who realized the truth soonest and decided to let the municipality have the land."

Undoubtedly the single tax would have been more workable, too, in the good old days of light taxation. The slump in boom real estate valuations, plus the ever mounting tax levy, spelled the doom of the single tax.

DAUGHERTY STILL FIGHTING

The Oregon Statesman still believes that Attorney General Daugherty should have resigned and saved the president embarrassment. A cabinet position is a delicate and peculiar thing. The minute a man is out of harmony with his chief, and the minute he causes annoyance in the administration, that moment he should get out.

It is not customary for presidents to keep in their cabinets men whose attitude and conduct in matters of supreme importance are adverse to the principles of their chief, of their party and of their country. Mr. Daugherty is indicted under the above statement, and it is up to him to either obtain the explicit and public approval of his chief or immediately resign.

However, the fight on Daugherty is contemptible, and there is a strong reaction all over the country. The divorced wife of a dead man is hailed as a star witness, and everything she does indicates studied maliciousness. The other witness against Daugherty is a man who was tried for murder, who has been an adventurer all his life, who does not know what it is to be out of trouble, and is now under two indictments. If there ever was a despicable man in the world whose testimony ought not to be received against a decent man, that man is Gaston B. Means. No man in public life has had such unscrupulous, despicable assaults as Daugherty, and if Senator Wheeler had any conscience he would not give credence to their testimony. Neither one of these malicious witnesses really connect Daugherty with anything. They deal in innuendoes and they lay everything on a dead man. How a sensible man like Senator Wheeler can glory in such testimony is more than we can see.

A NEWSPAPER CHANGE

Frank Munsey seems to have slackened a bit in his newspaper pace. He talks about the biggest of any men in the country, but he has just sold his most important newspaper. The New York Herald has been purchased by the New York Tribune. What a world of newspaper history this does recall.

TALKING MUCH

There used to be a tradition that a new member of the senate was to be seen largely, and not heard in the first two years, and not much after that. Gradually this was cut down until it was left as a single year of probation. A young fellow named Dill, sent to the senate in Washington, has shattered the precedent entirely. He began talking the moment he entered the halls of congress and has never quit. Inside and outside the senate chamber he is always talking, always trying to get into the limelight. It is not going to take long for this man to talk himself to death. He is not smart enough to continue indefinitely.

THE NEW TREASURER

Governor Pierce acted wisely in appointing a new treasurer quickly. If the governor had filled all his places quickly there would not be one-tenth the trouble there is now. As it is, a few men will be greatly disappointed, but they will not have time to make a campaign against the governor, Jefferson Myers, the new treasurer, is a democrat, a man of state acquaintance, and a man whose appointment will give probably as general satisfaction as any that could have been made in the state. He entered upon the duties of his office in a manner that leaves him a singularly free hand, and we bespeak for him, although of opposite political faith, a fair chance for his white alley. Oregon cannot afford to have its officials hounded and persecuted, as was done in the case of Mr. Myers' predecessor.

THE TOYING OF THE NOMINATION

Senator La Follette is spending his energy trying to organize a third party. It is hard to believe

yet that as astute a politician as he would be led into a third party. It means that strong will is no longer curbed by the situations. La Follette is the most willful man in the world, but has steadily avoided the third party. He has always believed that he could work better with the Republican party, although out of harmony with it. La Follette was doubtless angry at the refusal to make him chairman of the appropriations committee. He earned the place, but his republican colleagues refused to give it to him. Since that time he has been very bitter. If La Follette did run, it would be simple for revenge and not for a hope of making a permanent third party. He has been a sick man for a long time, and it may be his vision has been dimmed.

WOMEN AND RADICALS

The current German Independent, a great magazine by the way, has a long article about the soviet and the bolshevik making progress in the women's clubs. It points out unmistakable evidence that there is an adroit and systematic campaign being made to further sovietism in America through the women's clubs.

On the other hand the DAR of Oregon, composed of the highest class women in the United States, has started a determined warfare against propaganda literature calculating to undermine our institutions and cause trouble in America. The Oregon women are planning a vigorous campaign and they should encourage the women in other clubs in America in this cause. Women's clubs have come to be so influential that the temptation to use them for unworthy purposes is strong, and only the determination of the most far-seeing and patriotic can prevent insidious propaganda being given to the membership of the clubs.

It is time for the women to be aroused on this subject and to insist upon 100 per cent Americanism.

HOFF IS DEAD

At 7:40 yesterday morning State Treasurer Hoff passed away. It was really the end of a great tragedy. Mr. Hoff has been an outstanding figure in republican politics for some years. His election as treasurer came as a reward of merit. His health was gone when he entered the office. Treasurer Hoff was hounded with malice up to this time unheard of in Oregon politics, and many people believe that the character assassins who attacked him so viciously are responsible for his death. It is known that after these attacks he always had a relapse. Mr. Hoff was unable to personally conduct his office, but the office was well run. He had good assistants.

The outstanding thing of it all is that Mr. Hoff was hounded to his death by character assassins, by men who wanted to put across their own mischievous ideas.

MY MARRIAGE PROBLEMS

There used to be a tradition that a new member of the senate was to be seen largely, and not heard in the first two years, and not much after that. Gradually this was cut down until it was left as a single year of probation. A young fellow named Dill, sent to the senate in Washington, has shattered the precedent entirely. He began talking the moment he entered the halls of congress and has never quit. Inside and outside the senate chamber he is always talking, always trying to get into the limelight. It is not going to take long for this man to talk himself to death. He is not smart enough to continue indefinitely.

MY MARRIAGE PROBLEMS

Adele Garrison's New Phase of

REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

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CHAPTER 129

THE RETORT DICKY DREW FROM MADGE

If Dr. Pettit's social manner were only as charming as his professional manner he would be of much greater use to himself and to every one else.

This reflection came to me, not for the first time, as I saw him bend over my mother-in-law when he had arrived in record-breaking time after Dicky's frantic telephone summons. He appears instinctively to know what manner to adopt with each patient, and his address to my mother-in-law

is invariably tinged with a sort of saturnine banter which I have noticed she enjoys. "You evidently like to have your limbs different from those of other people," he said to her, as he took up with infinite care the limp arm by her side. "This is the second one you've smashed, isn't it?" "That ought not to worry you," she retorted with a grim little smile, which I knew hid intense pain. "What would you fellows do without fool old women like me? You'd miss half your practice. And now, hurry up with whatever you've got to do. This isn't very much fun, I can tell you."

FACING FACTS.

"I know it," he said sympathetically. "Just let me listen a second, and I think I can save you a good deal of pain." He took a stethoscope from his case and listened carefully to my mother-in-law's heart, which has not for years been all that it should be.

"Surprisingly good," he commented. "I was afraid I might not be able to use this, but I shall, after all."

"This was a hypodermic syringe, which he proceeded to use on Mother Graham's arm. That he had used but a mild dose I deduced from the fact that she did not succumb entirely to its influence, moaning and turning her head restlessly while the setting of the fractured arm was in progress. But that the opiate had saved her the worst of the pain was patent to us all, and we were correspondingly relieved. It has always seemed especially terrible to me to see children or elderly persons suffer.

"And now we must face a few facts," I said when, after everything was over, Mother Graham had fallen asleep, and Lillian and I were putting things to rights in the living room.

"Yes, Mr. Gadgrind," agreed Lillian mischievously, and I flushed even as I smiled at her little thrust for I realized that my manner had been a bit didactic.

"We simply must have competent help in the kitchen for the next few weeks," I went on. "You know I've been through this broken arm business with Mother Graham before."

"I remember it was some party!" Lillian interpolated with an amused little chuckle.

"Exactly, and she and Junior will take up most of my time, and you must be free for your work, and there will be no one to break in a new maid, therefore I am going after Katie."

A Different Dicky. It takes a good deal to startle Lillian, but I saw by the quick look she gave me that I had accomplished this feat.

"Do you think she will come back?" she asked quietly. "If it lay simply between you and her, was a housekeeping problem, it would be different, but you know what she said about not being able to bear it here with Jim gone in the way he has."

"I know I said desperately, 'but it's a case of the boy and the woodchuck. I've just got to get her.'"

"Will you tell your mother-in-law you are going to get her?" "Yes, it will keep her mind more occupied than could any other possible topic. And please don't think I'm shirking the nursing if I start early tomorrow

Cap'n Zyb

BOOK CHATTER

By the number of letters I have received I guess some of you fellows must like to read books pretty well, because some of you keep asking for more books—so here they are.

Of course, a lot of you have read



NEW CORPORATIONS

The following articles of Incorporation were filed yesterday with the state corporation department: Mission Mining company, Marial, Or., incorporators, A. C. Barber, Evered Billings, George W.

it, but for those who haven't, get a copy of "Swiss Family Robinson." It's one of those stories where the folks get wrecked on an island—sort of like Robinson Crusoe, but I think it's more interesting than Robinson.

You fellows who are Boy Scouts probably remember Baden-Powell, because he was the originator of the Boy Scouts. He was also one of the most famous English secret service men—a spy. His book, "My Adventures as a Spy," has certainly got a lot of thrills in it and, what's more, all of his stories are true—they all actually happened to him.

The last book on the list was written by the same man who wrote Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn. It tells about one very comical visit to heaven. If you want to get some inside information on how Mark Twain could see a lot of funny things about heaven, read this book.

CAP'N ZYB.

The Boys and Girls Statesman

The Biggest Little Paper in the World

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STORIES OF PRECIOUS JEWELS

An Unlucky Stone, the Opal



The opal has been described as "displaying the colors of all the other gems glowing together in combination. Interestingly enough, the brilliant effect of color of the jewel has nothing to do with the color of the substance of the jewel. The opal of value possesses reflection of light from the flashes within the stone. Almost always the color of the stone itself is a dull, unattractive yellow. The flashes may be of one color or several. Of course, the more colors reflected from the flashes, the more valuable the jewel.

Hungary is the opal center. There the opals have very brilliant and changeable flashes of color, even though composed of colorless

Billings and others; capital, \$10,000.

Home District Investment company, Portland; incorporators, W. W. Ferguson, C. A. Houghtaling, A. H. McCurtain; capital \$10,000.

Albany Building company, Albany; incorporators, F. J. Miller, Fred Dawson, Gale S. Hill; capital, \$20,000.

A permit was issued the Sunland Sales Cooperative association, a California corporation, to operate in Oregon. E. M. Page is attorney-in-fact for Oregon. A similar permit was issued to the General Light & Power company of Nevada to operate in Oregon, with C. T. Cunningham of Newport as attorney-in-fact.

But what is the sense in sending a rocket to the moon unless the navy department encloses annexation papers?

Pain and congestion is gone. Quickly?—Yes. Almost instant relief from chest colds, sore throat, backache, lumbago follows a gentle rubbing with St. Jacobs Oil.

Rub this soothing, penetrating oil right on your chest and like magic relief comes. St. Jacobs Oil is a harmless liniment which quickly breaks chest colds, soothes the inflammation of sore throat and breaks up the congestion that causes pain. It never disappoints and does not burn the skin.

Get a 35 cent bottle of St. Jacobs Oil at any drug store. It has been recommended for 65 years.—Adv.

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FUTURE DATES

March 19, Wednesday—Prune growers meet at Dallas. March 19, Wednesday—Annual concert, Women's auxiliary YWCA. Methodist church. March 21, Friday—Hamilton Hill and Dr. Nebemian Boynton to lecture at First Methodist church. March 27, Tuesday—County Community federation to meet at Salem, Heights. March 28 to 30—H. Y. boys convention in Salem. April 7, Monday—First Annual Ladies' night, American legion, McCracken hall. April 12, Saturday—Annual National County Sunday School picnic. June 24, Tuesday—Democratic national convention meets in New York. June 27-28—Educational conference, University of Oregon, Eugene.

RUB CHEST COLDS AWAY; STOP PAINS



Make Yourself Known

The United States National has every banking facility for which you may have need. You will find here a safe place for your extra funds, advice and counsel on your unusual business problems, safety deposit boxes for your valuable papers, and many other features.

But how can we explain these things to you or know your needs unless you come in and talk them over with us? Our officers are here to serve you whatever your need may be. Come in and make yourself known.

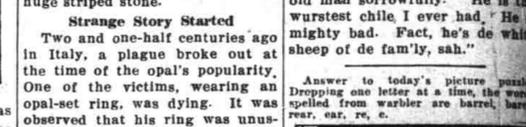
The United States National Bank Salem, Oregon

THE FUN BOX

Better Late Than Never Maid: "Please, mum, may I pop over to the toy shop and get a skipping rope?" Mistress: "Whatever do you want a skipping rope for?" Maid: "I've just taken my medicine, and forgot to shake the bottle."

Disgrace "That youngest boy of yours does not seem to do you credit, Uncle Mose," remarked the minister to one of his negro parishioners. "No, sah; no, sah," replied the old man sorrowfully. "He is the wurstest chile I ever had. He is mighty bad. Fact, he's de white sheep of de fam'ly, sah."

Answer to today's picture puzzle: Dropping one letter at a time, the words spelled from warbler are barrel, barrel, rest, car, re, e.



ARRANGE THE WORDS IN THEIR LETTERS SPELL THE KIND THEY ARE, AS THEY FLY AWAY, ONE AT A TIME, A COMPLETE WORD IS ALWAYS LEFT

These gimlets are of the hardest steel," says an ad, and that's queer. Life never bores anybody until it gets too soft.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND. Chichester's Pills are the most reliable and most effective medicine ever made. They are sold by all druggists everywhere.

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