The Oregon Statesman

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

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R. J. HENDRICKS, President — CARLE ABRAMS, Secretary — J. L. BRADY, Vice-President

BUSINESS OFFICES:
Thomas F. Clark Co., New York, 141-145 West 36th St.; Chicago, Marquette Building, W. S. Grothwahl, Mgr.
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PREDICTING A HUNGRY REPUBLIC

If the United States continues to grow at its present rate in the next fifty years it will be impossible for the country to feed and maintain itself. This is the deduction of Canadian economists, who believe that America's extremity will be Canada's opportunity. Not for exploitation of this country, but for economic unity between the two nations.

The Canadians point out that fifty-eight years ago we had a population of only 38,000,000 and today it numbers 110,000,000. This means increased consumption in every line, with a corresponding decrease of farming lands and cattle ranges. According to one paper, "Wallowing in gold and up to its ears in food, the United States today is at the peak of its national productive ability; but if, during the next fifty-eight years, its population continues to increase as it has in the past, 1981 will see that republic a hungry force, seeking at all costs room for expansion and additional productive lands."

The Canadian journal looks for this country then to set forth seeking whom it may devour, and absorb Canada and Mexico. However, it regards this possibility with unutterable joy, stating that in economic affinity with the United States lies a bright future for the Dominion. The hungry republic will unite with productive Canada on economic terms of the latter's choosing and a union of the manufacturing United States and its agricultural neighbor will be of tremendous value to both.

However, the Malthusian dream of these Canucks will not disturb the people along the Pacific coast; and more especially in Oregon, and more especially still in the Willamette valley, which is capable of maintaining in prosperity ten, twenty, thirty times its present population, and then some.

The dream of Malthus is being put off further and further each succeeding year, by new discoveries and processes and capabilities of food production.

It is a dream that will never come true—

Though there is a great hope that it may come a little nearer to realization soon in the United States, in order that the demand within our own country may catch up with the supply of the standard things we grow on our lands.

NAPOLEON'S SHIRT

It is not clear with which emotion we are supposed to dilate upon receiving the alarming news that Napoleon's shirt is about to pass from the possession of the French people.

From absolutely reliable cable messages from Europe it is disclosed that when Napoleon died one of his servants—one Archambault—became possessed of the conqueror's shirt. It was handed by him down to his descendants who, in turn, as an act of glowing patriotism, loaned the garment to the museum at Malmaison.

The aforesaid descendents of the aforesaid Archambault, being hard pressed for money, now propose to sell the revered article to the public. The Museum at Malmaison is absolutely inconsolable, but has no money with which to purchase the underwear in question, which seems, therefore, about to be lost forever to the French nation.

Its ultimate disposal is yet a question of the future; but it will probably pass to the possession of some oil millionaire from the United States with a hankering for the shirts of the noble dead.

Napoleon may have been a great man; and again he may not have been. Moralists and ethical savants differ as to this point. But, whether a great conqueror or merely a great monster, it does not seem very clear to the lay mind just what thrill anyone—French curator or American millionaire—could possibly get out of owning his shirt—

Though this is not to intimate in any way that it was not a good shirt—

But one owner for one shirt seems to be the legitimate limit.

There is this to say, however, with reference to shirts in general: The time is coming when the best and most durable shirts in the world will be furnished by the linen mills that will be located at Salem. It is possible to produce enough linen of that kind here to give the whole world a change of shirts; and there was respect for "changes of fine linen" away back at the dawn of history, as was proper, and is proper today.

Luther Burbank has elaborated a prune that is six inches in circumference. Given Salem district soil and sunshine and showers, it will be swelled to at least a foot. This will simplify the business of getting full of prunes, and filling the world full of the Oregon prunes of price and quality.

OBJECTIONS MADE

Oregon is so strong for the McNary-Haugen bill that we cannot sympathize with the objections that are being made. One objection advanced is that the bill should have been drawn on simpler lines, leaving the market to existing agencies and confining the government functions to collecting the tax on exporting wheat and rebating it back to American growers. The senate has just defeated the Norris bill which to all purposes did that very thing. The McNary bill simply undertakes to relieve a distressful situation. Possibly it should have been confined to the emergency of wheat at this particular time, but practically it is meant as a precedent so that if other industries get in the dumps there will already be a law on the statute books to meet the emergency. The McNary bill should be passed and tried out at any rate. We must work out some plan of relieving the depression in parts of agriculture.

If a man is drowning it is no time to talk of methods of saving him. It is time to jump in and pull him out. That is the wheat situation. It is time to jump in and pull the wheat farmers out.

A NEW THEORY

Since these earthquakes have become so common, science has tried in vain to offer a solution. It has remained for an old colored man to find a theory that is most promising of all. He says that so much oil has been taken out of the earth that the axis has become dry and hot boxes have caused the disturbances. We commend this theory, but let the colored brother tell it himself:

"We has received anuder warnin' not to go pesticatin' into de ways ob Providence. De earf, my breddren, revolutes on its axles, and it takes a right smart ob grease to keep it lubbricated. So de good Lawd done put petroleum inside re earf to keep re axles greased.

"Den, bye and bye, 'long came all dese hyah ile companies, punchin' holes in de ground clear down into de bearin's, and quensecontly all de ile come squirtin' out. Fust thing we know dere's a hot box, and de earf squeaks and rumbles and dat's de earfquake. If dey don't quit it purty soon dere won't be no moah grease left and de earf will stick tight on its axles and won't go 'round no moah!"

AN ILLUMINATING MOTTO

A motto is something that is supposed to fit into the character of the man or institution to which it is assigned. President Coolidge had a motto over the fireplace of his home in Northampton. The motto read:

A wise old owl once lived in an oak
The more he saw the less he spoke
The less he spoke the less he heard
Why can't we be like that wise old bird?

That is a fine line-drawing of the president. He does not talk much but he does make values. Coolidge has grown steadily from the day he entered the White House. He has grown because people have seen the earnestness of the man. He has talked little, but every time he has opened his mouth he has said something. Coolidge has reached the point now that he practically has no opposition in the republican convention and his program is such that he will be elected. Hamilton Holt says the democrats can be counted upon to throw away the presidency. He says that under a constructive program the democrats can win, but upon criticism of the republican administration they will lose. The latter is clearly the intention of the party, and in such a campaign the silent, honest, deliberative Calvin Coolidge will be elected.

SEEING YOURSELF

The story is told of a rich man who put mirrors all around his house. There is such a thing as you call fame, but this man had a theory. He believed that the more people see themselves the less they are likely to be conceited. It is true that occasionally a man admires himself, but the average man is disillusioned every time he looks in a mirror. We are given to nursing our looks, and we need something to see ourselves as we are, "wart and all." If looking in the mirror does this, then looking in the mirror is a good thing and should be encouraged.

"BETTER HOMES" WEEK

The selection of Mrs. Winnie Pettyjohn as the head of the "Better Homes" week observation insures an active, energetic conduct of a week that has large possibilities for Salem. "Better Homes" week this year will have the united support of the realtors, and that organization is strong enough to put over something that will not only be a credit to the city but will be educational to our own people. We are trying to bring in new people and should make a hard effort to do it, but it is just as important, if not more so, to sell Salem to Salem people.

AGAIN DANGEROUS

Word comes again from California that the foot and mouth disease has broken out again and that six counties are affected. No time should be lost in re-establishing a quarantine. It would be a great pity to have Oregon cattle contract the disease. Of course the mischief may already be done, but a careful watch at home and an effective quarantine would make assurance doubly sure. We must not get that disease.

A LAW UNTO ITSELF

The republicans of Benton county assembled at Corvallis and resolved on a pre-convention gathering to name a ticket. Certainly they will think better of that. The democrats thought they would try this but abandoned it. Of all people the republicans ought to uphold the spirit of the law. This is no time to rock the boat.

Richmond School Pupils Enjoy Poem About Spring

Recently the Oregon Statesman published a poem by Miss Audred Bunch at the head of the society column. Miss Bunch is in receipt of the following note of appreciation:

"Dear Miss Bunch: Please accept this little note as an expression of appreciation from my pupils for your poem published in the Statesman on March 21. The poem was learned and then each child wrote a note, then one was chosen to be sent. When you know that each little hand was laboriously trying to make his note the best so it could be sent you will perhaps realize its value to them. We thank you kindly.

"Yours truly,
"MRS. BURCH."

Accompanying the above letter the following from the pupils was inclosed:

"Miss Audred Bunch: Our teacher found your poem about Spring in the paper. She liked it so well that she brought it to school for us to learn. We are enjoying it very much and thank you for the poem.

"Yours truly,
"Pupils of 1 A and 2B grade, Richmond School."

Perhaps they call them musical comedies because the music quite often is such a joke.

MY MARRIAGE PROBLEMS

Adele Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

CHAPTER 135

HOW MADGE EVADED A DANGEROUS QUESTION

My father's address!

At this request from the lips of the mysterious foreigner who had come to my aid upon the delayed and darkened train, and who said that he was a friend of my father's I involuntarily stiffened into suspicion—even though his request on the face of it appeared to be only a ruse to divert the curious attention of the other passengers in the car.

But I was on guard definitely. I wondered if perchance his presence on the same train with me was a deliberately planned thing, in order to become possessed of that carefully guarded secret, the address by which my father might be reached by me—only in the gravest emergency—when he was engaged in his secret trips for the government.

Not that I needed to be on guard against giving up that secret. I could not imagine any combination of circumstances which would permit that information to pass my lips to any one save another accredited agent of the government, like Lillian or Allen Drake. But the request made me suspect the motives of the man who had asked it, and revived again the uneasy feeling I had concerning him ever since his entrance into the train.

I let no hint of my alarm escape me, however. Fortunately, I had in my memory an address in Washington which always had been my father's ostensible headquarters, and I dictated it, slowly, painstakingly.

"You will find him there," I said, "or if he is not there, any message you leave will be promptly forwarded to him."

He wrote it down as if much depended upon the accuracy of his transcription, then he looked at me and I felt as though the eyes behind the thick glasses were gimleting my pretense. And I was sure I was not mistaken as to the sardonic little quirk to the mustached lips.

Madge's Suspicion Grows.

"My felicitations to your father, Mme. Graham," he murmured. "You are as discreet as you are quick-witted. But, listen—the train is moving!"

It was indeed true, and for a few seconds I forgot my disturbing reflections concerning the mysterious foreigner in the joyous anticipation of being carried out of the terrifying tunnel. But it was a short-lived hope, for the train lumbered groaningly along for a few feet, then stopped, while the motor gave a few discouraging thumps and also ceased functioning.

"Died at first!" A man near the front of the car chuckled appreciatively at his own gibe, and the men seated near him laughed perfunctorily. The voice of the little girl whose mother was keeping her occupied with wagers on the starting of the train carroled triumphantly:

"That's another penny you owe me, mother," and the mysterious foreigner smiled benignly at me.

"The wonderful artlessness of a child," he said. "Which reminds me. Your own little one is well after his terrible experience of the spring?"

"Very well, indeed," I returned, and my suspicious wonder increased. The man knew and had filed in his memory altogether too many facts about me for the alien stranger he professed himself to be.

"Pardon me, I can guess that you do not wish to talk about so terrible a happening," he went on, and my mind fastened mechanically upon the distinctly American "guess," and as mechanically filed it away for future consideration. "but I have—grandchildren—of my own"—did I imagine it, or was there another amused little quirk to the lips beneath that white mustache, "and, naturally, horror seizes me at any mention of a kidnapping. And when I read the account of the outrage upon my old friend's grandson—I was in South America at the time, and the papers reached me after the whole thing was over—I was terribly shocked, and I always have been curious about it. The papers said that the man who did it was killed, and his accomplice received a long prison sentence, while there was mention of a woman who escaped. But her identity was not revealed. I have wondered often—tell me—was she not the guiding spirit in the affair?"

"If Only—"

There was something inscrutable in his voice, which had hardened perceptibly as he talked. It was almost as if he had a personal antagonism toward the miscreants who had taken my boy. And there was an almost malevolent eagerness in his last question.

But not with this stranger could I discuss that terrible blasting episode which had shattered my health and nerves for so long.

"I have reason to believe so," I answered. "But you will pardon me, I cannot refer to that time. It is too—horrible."

"Oh!" he exclaimed contritely. "A thousand pardons! I will not offend again. It must have been indeed horrible for you. If only—"

He shut his lips quickly as if he had been betrayed into saying something he had not meant to utter. And again the convictioon forced itself upon me that if I could only pierce the mystery of those thick-lensed glasses I would make a startling discovery.

(To Be Continued.)

EDITORIALS OF THE PEOPLE

Salem Streets

Editor Statesman: In this morning's issue you quote me as saying that our streets are 99 feet wide, as the result of using the surveyor's chain, which was 99 feet in length. What I aimed to say, and what I think I did say, was that our streets are one and one-half chains wide.

Gunter's chain, the one used in America, consists of 100 links, and is equal to 66 feet; so 66 feet and 33 feet make 99 feet.

The blocks were five chains wide by five and one-fourth chains long. The one-fourth was used for alley, leaving the lots two and a-half chains long, and where they were cut into eight lots each, were made 82½ feet wide, or one and one-fourth chains wide. Where the blocks were cut into ten lots they were one chain, or 66 feet wide.

The chain was, no doubt, a very old one and the links badly worn. When we consider that 500 links measured the side of a block it is readily seen that a very little wear in the links would materially lenthen the chain. This accounts for the fact that all the lots overrun the original measure.

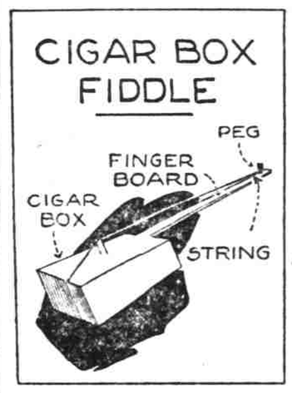
The chain used was probably one brought out from England during the Colonial days and brought across the plains in the early 40's. Possibly Allie Moores might give us the history of that chain.

W. T. RIGDON.

Cap'n Zyb

CIGAR BOX FIDDLE

Any fairly good-sized cigar box can be made into a fiddle which will play a real tune. Take off the hinged top of the cigar box, put a neck on the box, fix up a bridge,



and run a regular violin string from one end of the box over the bridge and up along the neck. The string should be fastened to the movable peg at the end of the neck so the fiddle can be tuned.

Use a regular violin bow to play this instrument. The negroes down South used to, and still do, make lots of these fiddles, and how they can play them! The only thing which you will need in order to play a simple tune will be a little practice.

Of course, you can't expect to be a Kreisler or a Mischa Elman right off the bat.

—CAP'N ZYB.

The Boys and Girls Statesman

The Biggest Little Paper ni the World

Things To Do — Loads of Fun

 Edited by John M. Miller.

PETER PUZZLE SAYS—

Curtain a church community and get a gay city. Double curtail again and get a standard of value.

Curtail a scarf and get a choke. Double curtail again and get an article of apparel for warming the hands.

Curtail a crayon and get a sticky substance. Curtail again and get that which is gone forever.

Double curtail an alcove and get to breathe heavily. Curtail again and get a vesstl used in cooking.

Double curtail the organ of taste and get a verb meaning to lift with pincers. Curtail again and get a standard of weight. Curtail again and get a preposition.

Randy Riddle Says—

If an English teacher is a book worm, what is a geometry teacher?

Answer to today's word puzzle: Parish, Paris, par. Muffler, muffle, muff. Pastel, paste, past. Pantry, Pant, pan. Tongue, song, ton, to.

Answer to today's riddle: A geometry teacher is an angleworm.

Answer to today's picture puzzle: When John is on page 73, Bill will be on page 45.

STORIES OF PRECIOUS JEWELS

Queen of Gems, the Diamond

The queen of precious stones is the diamond. It is of greater value than any other precious stone, and is undoubtedly the most beautiful. The most desirable is of a pure white hue, but it is found in pink, red, orange, yellow, green, blue, brown and black. Diamonds have their main source in South Africa and their variety depends upon the mines from which they come. There are found most of the exquisite white jewels and the rare, unusual specimens.

The Indian diamonds were undoubtedly the first diamonds to be discovered and are of a hard, steely brilliance. Colored diamonds are found in large numbers in Borneo, while New South Wales produces small, extremely brilliant stones which are very costly.

Is Hardest Mineral

Diamonds are of great importance in the manufacture of other precious stones. Because the diamond is the hardest of all mineral substances, its dust can be used effectively on the other stones. It cuts, polishes and slices other gems. The edge of a crystal is rounded and used to cut and engrave glass and steel. The black diamond is used for boring hard rocks.

Diamonds are cut in several ways. Two diamonds are securely fastened and rubbed together until each has obtained the desired shape. A "rose-cut" diamond is one which is flat underneath and topped by 12 or more little facets, the uppermost ending in a point. A "table" diamond has a large, square face on top, surrounded by four smaller facets.

Brilliant Is Popular

The "brilliant" cut is the most modern, and shows off the beauty of the diamond best. It is cut in faces both at top and bottom, the principal face of which is flat. There are 58 faces altogether, 32 on the top and 24 on the back. A very slight imperfection may greatly lower the value of the diamond.

Many curious superstitions are connected with the diamond. It was believed to be magnetic, to strengthen poisons, and sometimes to be capable of driving away madness. The diamond was believed to influence its wearer to be good and brave. It is especially lucky for all persons born in April to wear diamonds.

The illustration shows how diamonds were once used in England to make frames for painted miniatures and cameos.

OAC Party Is Enjoyed By Silverton People

SILVERTON, Ore., March 24. (Special to The Statesman).—One of the most distinctive social affairs of last week was the Silverton OAC club banquet to the Silverton high school seniors. The atmosphere of OAC was given to the dining and club rooms of the WOW hall by the many penants, light shades, cushions and table runners of the orange and black. These colors were particularly appropriate as they are also the Silverton high school colors. Sophomore and junior girls assisted with the serving.

Frank Riches, president of the Silverton club, acted as toastmaster for the occasion. Miss Eleanor Adams, president of the senior class, responded. Theodore Hobart spoke on "College Life," Albert Hobart spoke on the alumni. Dean Peavy of Oregon Agricultural college, spoke on higher education. Out of town guests were Dean Peavy, Darwin Peavy, Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Hobart of Portland, Miss Marion Chase of Eugene, Clarence Harwood of Albany.

Following the banquet the club and its guests enjoyed informal dancing.

FUTURE DATES

March 27, Thursday—County Community federation to meet at Salem Heights.
March 28 to 30—Hi-Y boys convention in Salem.
April 2, Wednesday—Democratic candidates for United States senate to be entertained at dinner a Marion hoel.
April 7, Monday—First Annual Ladies night, American legion. McCornack hall.
April 12 and 13, Saurday and Sunday—Baseball, Salem vs. Kelso at Oxford park.
April 13, Sunday—Evangelistic campaign opens at armory.
April 17, Thursday—Annual inspecion Company F, 162nd infantry.
April 19, Saturday — Dedication of statue "The Circuit Rider," in state house grounds.
May 16, Friday—Primary election in Oregon.
June 10, Tuesday—Republican national convention meets in Cleveland.
June 14, Saturday — Annual Marion County Sunday School picnic.
June 24, Tuesday—Democratic national convention meets in New York.
June 27-28 — Educational conference University of Oregon, Eugene.

Read the Classified Ads.