

The Oregon Statesman

Issued Daily Except Monday by THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING COMPANY 215 South Commercial St., Salem, Oregon

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MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

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WHAT 10,000 ACRES MIGHT DO

The statement was made at the flax field meet near Turner on Friday afternoon, as was reported in The Statesman of yesterday, that 10,000 acres of land in that district might be brought under irrigation by making wider and deeper the ditches of the present system taking water from the Santiam river; and providing more laterals.

And the impression was given that this was likely to be done. Will the reader take paper and pencil and figure what might be done with this 10,000 acres of land, in making it the source of supply for the raw material for one manufacturing industry alone—the linen industry.

With pedigreed seed, with the very best methods of cultivation, that land could be made to produce 1000 pounds per acre of flax fiber. This flax fiber spun into yarn and woven into cloth and fashioned into the fine linens of commerce, and sold at present retail prices, would bring \$1.50 an ounce; \$24 a pound; \$24,000 an acre; \$240,000,000 for the 10,000 acres.

That is, in handkerchiefs and table cloths and napkins and the finer dress goods and specialties. And still more in laces and tapestries and airplane cloth, etc.

That would be \$40,000,000 a year more than is now taken in all money crops and live stock from all the lands in the state of Oregon. It would be \$140,000,000 a year more than the value of the present imports of linens and other flax products and by-products into the United States.

More than this: There would be a yield of flax seed that would bring about \$20 an acre a year above the requirements of seed for the following year's crop.

Still more, if the flax were threshed and retted and scutched on the ground or near the fields, there would be enough stock feed from the hulls and broken seeds to maintain a wonderful dairying industry.

Still more, the shives or waste from the scutching, conserved and used under modern methods, would furnish all the fuel necessary to make the steam to do all the heating and lighting in the neighborhood, and run all the machinery needed in the threshing and scutching.

And still more. Flax is a crop of quick growth. It matures from the seed in 60 to 90 days. It could be followed with a fall crop of green feed from the same land for the dairy cows; and for the swine and poultry that go with dairying.

That is the picture—That is a dream.

But it could be made to come true, and it would render that 10,000 acres of land the highest producing 10,000 acres, in money crops, on top of the green earth; and year in and year out, for all time. The land could be made to grow richer with the years.

In this process of development, taking the industry only to the fiber stage, there would be employed thousands of laborers in that district the year through, in threshing, retting, drying and scutching the flax, and in planting and harvesting and taking care of the other industries that would be built up and maintained through the use of the flax by-products and crops incident to the cultivation of the flax.

Once more, there is no other crop that grows on the land that has the possibilities of money value, carried to the highest stages of manufacturing, that flax has.

PROGRESS

A sermon has been preached or a speech has been delivered, and as those who heard it scatter to their homes they assure one another that it was great. Now, why was it great? It was great simply because it was commonplace, because it contained nothing new, because it was composed of ideas and phrases long dear to the hearts of the hearers. If it had contained a new theory, idea or argument, those who heard it would have come away full of disappointment and resentment. Man's mind delights in a rut as he delights in the path that leads to his home.

He feels safe in the path, for he has gone that way many times before. Almost every man is a creature of his childhood. He is a member of this church because his mother assured him this church alone teaches the whole truth; he votes with this political party because his father so voted. Or if his choice in these matters is made later in life, it may be that he joins a certain church because he loves the first soprano, and votes with a certain party because his friend is a ward boss. He is a rare individual who faces these questions squarely and thinks them out, uninfluenced by friendships, loves, hates and fears.

Those who would remake the world nearer to their hearts' desire champ their bits and soiled because the world yawns and refuses to get excited—The wonder is that the world makes any progress at all. Parents whose heads were filled with unsound ideas in their turn inflict these ideas upon their progeny, as though in a conspiracy to defeat those who would make further progress in quest of truth; and only the rebels and the unled who must blaze their own trail roam aridly unleashed of orthodoxy, and these are ostracized or silenced by means of force.

Well, it's a safe plan. Each sound idea gathers converts as the centuries pass, until at length it is woven into the fabric of civilization; and if man's love of ruts and dread of change did not neutralize his love of adventure, he would be forever chasing after strange gods and forever nursing bruises got in some venture wholly foolish.

INCREASING

According to a statement of F. L. Hoffman, consulting statistician of the Prudential Insurance company, suicide is increasing on the Pacific coast. Mr. Hoffman mentions 13 cities especially, eight of which are on the Pacific coast, and they show a decided increase.

Of course there is a reason why the west is showing an increase in suicides. So many people in frail health come here who are not able to go anywhere. They are scarcely able to live at all. They make a fight out here, then they give up and take the suicide route when they fail. The west is full of people who have cut all their

moorings for other causes frequently than health. They are tired of the world and come here to seek fortunes anew. There is bound to be a lot of disappointments and the disappointments unfortunately are such as to cause all hope to be abandoned.

Mr. Hoffman endeavors to get at the bottom of suicide causes. Admitting ill health, business worries and financial difficulties as causes, he finds that suicide is increasing among the well-to-do, the socially prominent and the highly educated. He speaks as an insurance man anxious to cut down risks. Mental deficiency, he finds, is a persistent factor, and the sui-

cidal impulse is often hereditary. There are many suicides among borderland mental cases. He censures the church for its failure to influence character. He believes the schools do little to emphasize the higher possibilities of ethical thought. Society, he finds, is doing little with regard to murder and self-murder. Annually 100,000 people die in this country from murder, suicide or accidental. This is equal to the number who die annually from cancer or pulmonary tuberculosis. Science and society leave no stone unturned to combat the latter. They do little to curb the conditions that promote the morbid melancholy and despondency out of which most suicides develop.

CHURCH ADVERTISING

The Oregon Statesman has frequently lamented that the churches had not yet reached the point where they advertised properly. The younger parsons are in favor of advertising, but the older ones can not quite bring themselves to it. Yet the churches must advertise legitimately in order to combat outside influence. It is a hard job for a minister to keep his pews filled when there are so many counter attractions—the movies, golf, radio, and all tugging to keep men away from the church. The church must have counter attractions in order to pull men in and have them worship. The only way is to have a definite amount of practical advertising.

The clergy suffers peculiar disadvantages in the advertising field. It has to maintain a measure of dignity, although this is denied by some authorities. Devices of publicity that would draw huge crowds to a sale of cloaks and suits would drive them away from the church. The bait of lowered prices can not be used, because salvation is free to begin with.

An actor can, with propriety, allow himself to be billed as the greatest on earth, but for a clergyman to claim superlative excellence is considered unbecoming.

Yet the parsons contrive to advertise themselves and their churches, and not always in ways that are open to criticism. No public gathering of any consequence is complete without ministerial eloquence from the platform. The indorsement of the pulpit is sought by every aspiring cause. By means of the radio the enterprising pastor can be sure that his admonitions are going into many homes where regular churchgoing is not a habit.

If he has something to say, and an energetic way of saying it, he need not worry because he is barred from the use of billboards and brass bands.

Judge McCourt stated recently that we would never properly enforce prohibition until we adopted a conspiracy law and made it so that a man who bought liquor was conspiring to violate the law. As a matter of fact that very thing is happening, only it needs to come under the purview of the law.

At Hartford, Conn., two bootleggers were arrested and officers found a list of 30 customers. It turned out to be lawyers, doctors, bankers and manufacturers. The judge ordered them brought into court and, pointing to the prisoners, expressed his opinion as follows:

These men here have pleaded guilty to breaking the laws of their country, not in an accidental way, not in any outburst of passion, but coldly and conscientiously to get your money. Not only have they broken the laws of their country, but the trade that they represent, as every man of you knows, drags after it every manner of violence up to murder and piracy and, worst of all, bribery and corruption.

The trail of these crimes leads right up to the doors of you men who have come here and told that you have played your part in it. It is your money that causes it.

And you who are supposed to represent property, respectability and social position—what are you, after all, but participants in crime, instigators of crime? American citizens, some of you with creditable military records, digging at the very vitals of your country! Take a recess, Mr. Sheriff, and air out the room!

The person who purchases liquor or its camouflaged substitutes abets lawbreaking and endangers his own life and the lives of all to whom he gives a drink.

LEGISLATIVE CANDIDATES

The following from the Spokane Spokesman Review is very severe, but there is a whole lot of truth in it and it ought to appeal to Oregon as well as Washington:

"It is filling time for candidates and the right time for people interested in the welfare of the state to give a thought to the 1925 legislature. Probably the saddest thing in politics is the legislature. The biennial session at Olympia, or any state capital, is usually awaited with groans—the people looking for more unnecessary laws and more taxes. But the legislative session should be regarded as an assembly to correct mistakes that time reveals and to make things better for the two years ahead.

"Responsibility for this unfortunate feeling toward the legislature must be borne by the people because they make little effort, at the proper time, to improve the quality of the legislative assembly. While the governorship and federal offices hold the people's interest, so-called leaders and groups bring out enough candidates to control the legislature.

"The people can not elect good men if good men do not file as candidates, and the proper time to insure the legislature being made up of good men, republicans or democrats, is filling time.

"This is not meant as a reflection on the roster of the present legislature, because many of the members are fine men and would help by going back. Others, of course, would help by staying at home."

SOMETHING WRONG

There is something wrong with prohibition enforcement in Oregon. One of the most patent wrongs is lump expense, which is fast coming to be a scandal. Mr. Cleaver must make a show-down of what constitutes his expense account in order to allay the growing suspicions that it is honeycombed with graft, nepotism and extravagance. It will be mighty easy for him to make this statement if he is on the square. It will be mighty hard for him to make it if he is not on the square.

But the people of Oregon who pay the bills are entitled to the facts. A public official must be like Caesar's wife, "above suspicion," and when once suspicion is aroused the official who does not lay all his cards on the table before the people is going to find that suspicion growing. No one wants to prejudice Mr. Cleaver, but the public has a right to know why he is spending so much money and what he is spending it for.

The Fun Shop

MAXSON FURNITURE

THE BOOZE BUYER

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THE FAMOUS GOOD-BYE

Stella: "Does Jack stay very late when he calls on you?"
Bella: "Does he? Why, he already calls our milkman by his first name."

THEY ALL CAN!
Flubb: "My wife is a resourceful woman."
Dub: "So is mine. She can always find a use for my spare change."

THE LAST DANCE
She (cuttingly): "Do you step on the feet of all your partners like this?"
He (catching the mood): "No, only those with abnormally large ones."

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A SPORTY PROPOSITION

Whenever I read the sporting page, it starts anew, my wishing, That I could star in other sports Besides the dance and fishing.

But then, my tender nature balks; My mind is set a-reeling, To think of playing baseball, The horrid thought of stealing!

The game of golf might interest me; But prospects are alarming, I never did like teas and greens; I had my fill while farming!

I've often thought of bowling, too; But mother's mem'ry dailies; Reminding me I shouldn't play In gutters or in alleys.

Now, billiards aren't bad at all (The girls, of course, are missing); From movie stars I take my cue, But get bailed up at kissing!

Recipe
Stranger in town: "Please tell me how I can get to the hospital."
Old inhabitant: "By being careless."

Why Men Go Wild!
She kissed him. Then, smoothing back his hair, as she gazed into the depths of his dark eyes, she murmured:

"Did I div oo a nasty, dog biscuit for breakfast?"
—Truman B. Mills.

Tell Us
What sort of a male flirt is a potato masher?

What sort of a female is a spin-jenny?

What sort of a legal complication is a sport suit?

What sort of an easy job is a ginger snap?

What sort of a safe is a pole vault?

What sort of postage is a handstamp?
—N. M. D.

The Reason
Dinah: "How come you didn't git no chickens ovah at Marse Benton's place?"
Tomus: "Well, ah concluded 'at his ol' bull dog liked niggah a whole lot bettah'n dis niggah liked chicken."

A Cold Cut
Hostess: "Do you like tongue?"
Cynical Bachelor: "I was always fond of tongue, and I like it still!"
—Mrs. Mary Morgan Ware.

And Then the Fireworks
Wife: "I am afraid people will make fun of us if you call me pet names over the telephone, as you did this afternoon."
Hubby: "Why, I didn't call you this afternoon!"
—Sinbad.

Wait Till "Doc" Traprock Sees This
Old Doc Traprock, c'fooled old skate,
At least he's on the bias,
One thing's certain, he's not straight,
The blamed old Ananias!
—L. T. Holt.

Sidney says that the loose leaf system dates back to Adam's time in the garden of Eden.

After Reading This One We'll call It A Day
Applicant: "I desire a position as clerk in your Fun Shop."
Proprietor: "Are you a wit?"
Applicant: "My wife has always called me a half-wit."
—E. W. Millholm.

Readers are requested to contribute. All humor, epigrams (or humorous notions), jokes, anecdotes, poetry, burlesque, satires and bright sayings of children, must be original and unpublished. Accepted material will be paid for at regular rates. All manuscripts must be written on one side of the paper only, should bear name of the contributor and should be addressed to the Fun Shop Editor, The Oregon Statesman.

MY MARRIAGE PROBLEMS

Adele Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

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CHAPTER 226
HOW MADGE RECEIVED A HAPPY ASSURANCE FROM KATIE

I went directly to Katie's room after parting with Lillian, and this time Katie admitted me promptly. But it needed only a glance to tell me that the girl had been weeping tempestuously.

I guessed that the composure enforced by her loyalty to me even in the face of Mother Graham's stirring reference to her, had broken the moment she was alone. And as I saw her quivering lips, her flushed, swollen face and her tear-filled eyes, I drew her quickly into my arms and held her close.

I am not an emotional person, and I detest the casual caressing which so many women bestow upon their feminine friends, but

Katie is like a frightened, grief-stricken child sometimes, and it is as such that I treat her.

"Oh! Missis Graham! My dear Missis Graham!" The familiar wail was smothered in my shoulder, as I patted her brown head comfortably.

"I Can Do Dot."
"Don't think about any more, Katie," I said. Then, with a sure knowledge of the quickest way to divert her attention, I added: "I want you to do something very important for me, Katie, something my father wants by tomorrow. Can you control yourself enough to listen to me?"

She drew herself erect from my arms. "Vait shoost vun leetle minnit," she commanded, walked to a stand in the corner, poured some cold water from a pitcher into a bowl, dashed the water over her face and then rubbed her face with a towel until I thought she surely would remove the skin from it.

"Dere!" she exclaimed when she had finished, turning to me with a funny little air of triumph. "I all feexed oop. Now tell me vot eet is you vant by me."

"This," I returned, taking from my dress the paper she had secreted in my mother-in-law's hat. "My father wants you to reproduce."

"I stopped short at Katie's blank look, and groped for words which she would understand—"wants you to fix another paper just like the one you gave Joe. Every figure and letter and bit of drawing must be the same. Can you do that?"

Katie held the paper I had given her close to her eyes and scrutinized it with a worried little frown. Then her face cleared and she spoke confidently.

"Sure tins! I can do dot. Me, I remember me now vere I put dose leetle funny lines, and dose letters! I shoost take, one more each time, and figures one not so mooch. I feex dot all right. Ven you vant eet, tonight!"

Madge Comforts Katie.

"No, indeed," I returned. "Go to sleep at once. And we will have breakfast an hour later in the morning. No one will be up, I am sure, we are so late tonight."

"Dot's all right to say," Katie returned. "You, Meesis Underwood, Marion and your fader, maybe dey not coom down for another hour. Und dot lazy Meester Drake, he probably not show oop till nearly noon. But dot blessed babe he vake early, und dot oik vobans, you know she coom down like vild vobans, eef breakfast not reddy for hoem."

"Junior is in my room," I returned, "and I'm trying to train him not to waken so early. He'll go to sleep again if I'm with him, and I'm sure Mother Graham will sleep if she is not awakened. So you may have an extra hour I am sure. Did you put the vacuum bottle of black coffee and the crackers in Mr. Drake's room?"

"Yes, I feex everything to heem," she said, with a sudden accession of sullenness, which knew was not caused by the extra work entailed by Allen Drake's invariable requirement wherever he may be. His stipulation that he must have stimulant and nourishment when he wakens in the night, and does the greater part of his work, ordinarily would appeal mightily to Katie's imagination, but her resentment at the st. humorous digs he had given her evidently overshadowed every thing else.

"I knew you would attend to everything, Katie," I said warmly ignoring her clouded face. "You never fail me when I ask you to do things. And now—good night."

She seized my hands and raised them to her lips, with a gesture that only her sincerity redeemed from cheapness.

"You say I never fail you," she repeated earnestly. "I vonden don't you tink I feel, dot, dot you neter fail poor Katie? Tonight, you only vun who know I not bum flar, you only vun who believe."

I patted her bent head reassuringly and hurried out of the room glad that she had not looked at my face, read there the truth of which I now was sincerely ashamed, that for a few minutes, I also had doubted her.

(To be continued)

EDITORIALS OF THE PEOPLE

Bill Gives Reasons

Editor Statesman:

I notice that you are accused of leaning toward La Follette. I wish I could see something in it but possibly I could if I would lie like the other fellow.

I am a democrat but I have just

"THE FOOL HATH SAID IN HIS HEART, THERE IS NO GOD"

Copyright 1924, San Jose Mercury
Inherent in every thinking, normal human being born into the world is the idea of a creative power. Even the materialist—the man who believes that matter and its attendant qualities—is all there is—refers all to the Great First Cause, without which he could not account for what he finds.

The greatest agnostic or atheist the world has ever seen must stop his negations at this same First Cause, and admit that some power must first have brought into existence the laws we find active in the universe, and created the matter upon which they act.

In this sense no reasoning being denies that there is a God. But when we seek to go further than His creative character, the negations of the atheist, the materialist, the agnostic and the infidel begin. They insist that we know nothing of the character or attributes of this Being or Force. They see no proof of His present existence or of His ruling the universe which He brought into being, except in the laws which are inherent in matter from the beginning of its existence. They neither see nor feel, and therefore they deny, any manifestation or evidence of divine wisdom, justice, care or love. Especially as applied to the affairs of men they see no divine or guiding hand. Here everything goes by chance or according to a law which is inherent in matter, which law is not only immutable, but cannot be superseded by a higher law, because there is no other or higher law. Such, in brief, are the ideas of a very large class of people of this age, some of them men the most learned in books that the world has ever seen.

How much above these ideas is the philosophy of some professing Christians who feel that, while God created the world, and all that is in it, as to man and everything relating to his individual, national and social life, He has very little to do with them. The view of such persons evidently is that God does not control conditions here—in fact, that He has very little to do with things mundane, where Satan is apparently running the whole show without much, if any, interference from above.

Many persons with these ideas are fond of quoting such Scriptural passages as "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourges every son-whom He receiveth." They assume a constant air of solemn resignation and seem to expect nothing but suffering, sorrow, sacrifice and disaster while in this life. They thus really admit that if God did make the world including man, He made the laws over and in man so imperfect and weak that Satan, and evilly disposed persons can upset and defy them, thus producing results which a God of love and good intentions could never have intended. Such try to believe—many of them do believe—that as a reward for their inevitable sufferings, their resignation and their belief in Christ and His atoning blood, at their demise they will be whisked away to some far away, local, circumscribed heaven. Here they will be entirely oblivious to the sufferings of their fellows on the earth or in hell, so indifferent that they will not even desire to help them out of their misery, and will spend their time in complete and useless idleness, which they call rest.

Both of the classes of persons referred to above have very different viewpoints from one who sees God as a spirit, immanent in His creation, who is the life of all life, including that of meep, without whose notice not even a sparrow falls to the ground and who numbers the very hairs of our heads, as Christ, the disciples and apostles teach. They have not yet come to understand that His laws in and over us are perfect and prompted by love, intended to compel our development and cause us to forsake the lower things for those which are highest. That, therefore, if we have sorrow or pain or sacrifice or disaster these things are the results of our own violation of the higher law of our beings, of our failure to forsake the lower for the higher things of life.

Men have these belittling ideas of God because they do not know of the living God spoken of in the New Testament and exemplified in the life of Jesus; the God who is to manifest himself not only to us but in us, and who will become a quickening spirit in our lives when we learn to obey the higher laws of our beings.

There is really no God to any man in any true spiritual sense until he comes to feel and know Him through His own consciousness. Only by the development of His life in our own can we come really to know "in our hearts" that there is a God; one who is not only the Creator, but the ruler of the universe, possessed of love, wisdom and power so infinite, so all-embracing, that no matter how far from the truth and the perfect life man may wander,

he cannot drift Beyond His love and care.

When we know God in this way we shall realize that He has a law for every condition in man, in society, or in nation; that His laws and His power are capable of bringing happiness to all sentient beings as a result of high, elevated, pure and harmonious living, and suffering as a result of debased, inharmonious and animal existence, in order to make men forsake the low for the higher things of life; a God who looks into all the little affairs of life as well as the greatest, and directs both great and small for the best good of all in the aggregate as well as of each and every individual composing that aggregate; a God who will be a living and constant presence to us, to lead us to the truth, to strengthen us, to rebuke when we do not live as high as we may, to encourage when we do well, to sustain and comfort in times of trial, and to lead us into paths of peace, beauty and happiness as fast as our natures appreciate and grasp His spiritual life; whose spirit will take away from us all hate, envy, jealousy, sordid selfishness, malice and bitterness, and fill us with love, happiness and a sense of security which no words can describe.

about concluded to come out for La Follette. His first plank is government ownership of railroads. Of course I am for that. Myself and every man in America could get a job and our whole families could travel on passes. There would be no work. The government would do everything. It is a great opportunity for those of us who have had to pay railroad fares every time we traveled.

Again I am for La Follette because he wants to do away with the supreme court. I recognize in that an ultimate conclusion to do away with all courts and have a free for all. Courts are our most expensive luxury and a good many men have been inconvenienced because they had to appear before them. I thought once I would run for constable but didn't because I didn't know about trailing along after the court. I did not even run for the democratic nomination in my township which I could have had for the asking. I all I would have to do was to vote for myself and keep the other democrat from going to the polls, and as he is kind of weak minded I could easily have done that. If the supreme court can override congress, then, of course, the supreme court of Oregon could override our own unimpaired legislatures, and our county commissioners would be accountable to no one, and the same with the township board—the ones I am after.

I want the township board bigger than the United States, then I will get to be a township officer.

Furthermore, La Follette wants Europe to pay its debts. So do I. I want everybody to pay their debts but me. The next logical step to this naturally is to pass a law that all bills are due the first of the month, then to pass another law abolishing the first day of the month. It is a legitimate outgrowth of the La Follette position and all of us who owe more than we can pay can win by standing together for La Follette. It is a rare opportunity but I am afraid we will all be very ripe before Bob is elected.

Very sincerely,
BILL SINICALER.

Wrinkles Removed "While You Wait"

It has been discovered that the mere sprinkling of a spoonful of powdered Bickel's Cream with a spoonful of lemon juice, will remove wrinkles and creases in fifteen minutes or less. There is no rubbing, no work, and the expense is trifling—less than three cents. It is only necessary to spread the mixture over the face, sit down before the mirror, and watch those unsightly marks of age, thinness or weary disappear like magic. The effect is incomparably better than that produced by the most skillful massaging. The mixture is so pleasant and refreshing that it is perfectly safe to use. While on the face it is perfectly soothing and refreshing. It is a remarkable effect on wrinkles, checks or chin. No woman who purchases a package of powdered Bickel's Cream from her druggist will regret having done so.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS

For Constipation
Pills in each and every medicine chest.