

The Oregon Statesman

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BIBLE THOUGHT AND PRAYER

Prepared by Radio Bible Service Bureau, Cincinnati, Ohio. If parents will have their children memorize the daily Bible selections, it will prove a priceless heritage to them in after years.

December 13, 1924
A CURE FOR WORRY.—Be careful for nothing; but in every thing by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God.

CROOKED TESTIMONY

(Los Angeles Times.) "Trotzky is telling his scarlet bodyguard that America is going in for militarism. He says that American capital has reached its limit of power in the home markets and must take the sword and go abroad for larger fields. He expresses the thought that a nation must use force in extending its contacts. He would make us believe that we have to use sixteen-inch guns to open up a market for our curling irons and clothespins. That seems to be the Bolshevik conception of commercial relations. They have to be established with artillery. But the fact that Uncle Sam is blowing up his own battleships, reducing his army and limiting his navy should be better evidence of our national policy than the inflated words of a Trotzky."

The fact is that the United States, the way things are going now, will not need for very long any European markets for her surplus products; and especially her surplus food products— And there are two reasons. One is the fact that her markets in South and Central America are growing very fast; taking more and more of her surplus, and especially her manufactured surplus products.

The other is that the growth of the United States in population, and in self sufficiency, is so developing her own home markets that she is approaching nearer every year the time when she will have few food products to export. Her own people will need them all— And the United States would become an importer instead of an exporter of wheat within ten to fifteen years, if our statesmen at Washington would get down to brass tacks and pay more attention to self sufficiency in our own country; just exercising such horse sense as would be used by the manager of a great business corporation.

Let the United States grow and manufacture all of its own linens and other flax products; all its own hemp and hemp products; all its own wool and woolsens; all its own starches, and all its other things that may be easily grown and turned into commercial products, and we would be importing wheat, and besides a lot of raw products from other parts of the world that we are either now not receiving or are receiving in relatively small quantities.

Mostly, this would be a matter of tariff adjustments, and preferential duties for American bottoms, involving the same protective principle— Only these, plus a promotion bureau in one of the departments that would really promote, and not just fill and mull around with theories and give out dry statistics and bone dry advice.

There are a lot of very well posted men who will not believe the writer when he tells them that the flax and linen industries here in Oregon are headed towards even greater things than most people dream of; that linen is going to be cheaper than cotton. That we can produce flax fiber here and sell it at a profit at a lower cost than cotton fiber can be produced anywhere on earth. Henry Ford believes this, and is working on the problem. Everybody will believe it, pretty soon. There is no boll weevil in flax. There are no moths in linens. Not only are we headed towards a \$100,000,000 annual industry here, employing directly and indirectly a million people—we are headed towards an industry that will turn off \$200,000,000 a year, and then be only on its way to greater things.

ACCOUNTING FOR CRIMINALS

There are a good many reasons why men go wrong. Some think it is natural depravity; others think it is due to bad company, and other people have various other reasons, all of which have a bearing, but one of the biggest reasons is poverty. Now, we submit that no man ought to be a criminal simply because he is poor, but it is a fact that men become criminals oftentimes because of their need for money. It is wrong, of course, but we must find some way of getting into the minds of these men that crime is never a remedy for poverty.

The man who recently robbed the bank at Kelseo begged from door to door in that town for a week. Similar instances are told everywhere. A man gets down and out and the first thing he loses is his courage; the next thing he loses is his will power, then his self-respect goes, and he abandons himself to anything to supply his necessities. It is in such instances that men turn to crime.

The poor we have always with us, and probably always will have, but they will not turn to crime if they are stifted up morally when they are young. Men must learn that it is not a failure to be poor; it is not a crime to be down and out. There is just as much reason to be honest although poor as honest and rich. But we must take the viewpoint of these poor devils who lose everything because of their poverty, who are enveloped in their necessities, who commit crimes because they have

dullled all their finer qualities. We must get to these men the thought that the avenue of crime is no way to recover from poverty. It does not win in any way, nor in any place.

PARTY PLATFORM IS NEEDED

The voters and taxpayers of Oregon are beginning to realize that our members to the legislature and our executive officers are elected to office without any definite declaration of principles, promises or instructions as to what the officer is to do after he is elected. The campaign promises of the individual candidate is all that the people have to rely upon. These are in no way binding with the officer and with no party behind them. There ought to be some way to put the party, which they represent, behind the candidates. As it is, the candidates do not owe any allegiance or fidelity to his constituency and as a result he runs "wild" and acts as his own party.

There should be a party platform behind all elective officers of the public and the party platform and pledge should be binding in their official acts. At present there is no punishment that can be meted out for failure to perform party duty, or disloyalty. —Bend Press.

PICKING AT THE NEWSPAPERS

We talk a good deal about the power of the press, and yet the politicians buffet the press around just as they please. You never hear of a man hesitating to visit

against a newspaper. He rather takes delight in doing so. In our last campaign one of the candidates for president had as his largest stock in trade complaining about the newspapers.

There is a deficit in the postal department the same as there has always been, and the first thing pounced upon is the newspaper postage. The newspapers are paying too high postage already. The postage is something that has to be absorbed by the publication. There is no way to pass it on. It means that the newspapers have that much less money to spend on keeping up and improving their publications. It is not fair to the newspapers and it is a reflection on their power or alleged power.

It is time for the newspapers to get together and fight. They have been run over by the politicians long enough. The primary election law enabled newspaper men to score personally, but it did not help the newspapers in a material way. They continue to get the worst of it.

ALASKAN INDIANS

The time has come when Salem should get very busy about the continuation of the Alaskan Indians in the Indian school here. They have been here for a number of years and graciously the government is permitting those already here to remain until they graduate. That is a wise decision.

What we should do is to realize our responsibility to the Indian children in Alaska not yet in school. It is all right to talk about reservation schools and Indian schools up there but they do not get them. The Indians of Alaska are in the habit of coming down here. Sent to any other school they would be timid and dissatisfied. The large list of satisfied former students assures every one in Alaska that the Indians are fortunate to be sent here to school.

These young people must have higher education and Chemawa is better equipped to train them than any other school. We know the needs; we know what ought to be done, and for us to remain idle while a great wrong is being done to the Indian children of Alaska should not be endured for a moment longer.

HELPING THE KIDDIES

The Corvallis children's home is asking for \$50,000. Certainly the need for this money is apparent to every citizen of Oregon. It is to be used for new buildings. An orphan should be a charge of the state and yet the state is not responding to this obligation. Another way is to have private institutions which are mere money-making machines and not always manned by men with kind hearts. The third way is to have a splendid organization like the WCTU take hold and provide a home for these children. Every woman connected with the organization is sympathetic and every move made is for the betterment of the children. Certainly the state of Oregon can afford to get behind such institutions.

We spend a good deal of money for our training schools to take charge of the boys and girls who make mis-steps, but we spend no money for the parentless children who are just as much wards of the state as if they were wayward. Giving to this home is giving to the orphans of the state a chance for life, an opportunity for developing into good citizens, and they can repay the state many times over by the character of service they can perform when they go out into the world. The Corvallis home should appeal.

BITS FOR BREAKFAST

Four hundred fifty-nine was the number— That many prisoners in the Oregon penitentiary last night—

And of that number 77 fought in the World war, or some other war, in the service of Uncle Sam. This information was secured for the benefit of certain good people in Salem who are in the habit of remembering these men at Christmas time.

They are human, and they helped to uphold the honor of their country at a time when it needed men. And there is not one of them who might not be helped by a little kindness and brotherly consideration.

It is almost Christmas time, and yet Prof. A. G. B. Bouquet, who was in Salem on his way home from the Woodburn farmers' meeting, and who is the professor of vegetable gardening at the Oregon Agricultural college, has in his garden at the present time, all crisp and fine and good for a king's table, the following: Cabbage, Brussels sprouts, cauliflower, curly kale, Swiss chard, carrots, beets, parsnips, turnips, salsify, head lettuce and celery; and, ripening in a cool shed, tomatoes and peppers. There are some garden sharks in Salem, such as George Patzner and others, but they will have to go some to keep up with Prof. Bouquet. What would a man east of the Rockies think of that list for his Christmas dinner, fresh from his own garden?

HELL BENT.

My Dear H. B.: Perhaps Bill Kent is he who really is Hell Bent. Go fishing; someone else is meant

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Prof. Bouquet was at the Louisville national convention of market gardeners last summer, where Oregon took the first, second and third prizes on celery, and an Oregon boy won the contest as junior gardener against all comers in the United States. At the banquet that was held for the winners, Prof. Bouquet was almost embarrassed at the applause and encomiums heaped upon Oregon as the premier state in the blue ribbon class, and all the other colors, too. Kalamazoo did not even get green, though her celery was turned that color with ink.

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The Fun Shop

By MAXSON FOXHALL JUDELL

FINESSE (By Alexander E. Redfern)

"Jus' look at this month's report, Pop. Almost a hundred—eighty-two! Pretty good, hey? If they'd stop Pickin' on me I could do A whole lot better—'n' I will. What is it—a match? You set still.

"You hear about them burglars, Pop? Not more than a dozen blocks away—Aw, shucks, th' cop! Them burglars don't care fr' locks! A dog's th' only thing fr' them—A good ol' dog, like—like—Ahem!

"You ain't seen Jim Wall's dog, I bet. She's pretty 2s a picture, and—And—You set still, tell me; I'll get it—matches? Glasses on th' stand? This is what I like t' do—Run errands fr' Mother, 'n' you.

"An' Jim has seven pups—I mean His dog has, an' he'll give me one on.

A beauty, Pop! Its eyes are green, An' it's real cross—a real g' d' run. If he's just heard it growl, he'd fly! Pop, c'n I have it—say, can't I?"

Modern Girl Helen: "She's scarcely old enough to get married!" Irene: "Nonsense, my dear. Her ideas on divorce are more advanced than her mother's." —Gertrude Marie Heller.

The Value of the Church Sister Perkins: "Are you coming to the sale and supper tomorrow night, Sister Turtledove?" Sister Turtledove: "I didn't hear about it. What is it?" Sister Perkins: "Why every woman is to bring something with her that is of little use and yet too useful to be thrown away, and then supper will be served in the evening. Can't you come?" Sister Turtledove: "Yes; I'll come, and I'll bring my husband."

The Road House Comedian A Tongue-Twister (By C. L. Edson) Avery Everest, known as the cleverest Duffer in Flover Roost. Opened an inn which was known as the "Flivver Rest."

Glover McNally West stopped at the Flivver Rest. Telling Boss Everest, "I am the cleverest McNally West Song-and-palaver-ist Vaudeville ever has had, Mr. Everest. The funniest, cleverest, jolt-up-your-liver-est Clown of them all is Myself—here in Flivver Rest."

Glover talked on and let Everest never rest. Avery thought: "Must I kill this palaverist, And let his cadaver rest—so we can have a rest?"

Aiming at jolly West, who was a pal-y guest Proved such a bally pest, he hit McNally West Knocking him galley west.

Sorehead! "Has the Editor a sense of humor?" "No, he can't take a joke."

Wally the Mystic He'll Answer Your Questions, Somehow The wisest man of ancient days Said he could not explain the ways Of men with mads; well, that's where I Know more than that most famous guy.

Dear Wally: Should my fair intended Learn that my clothes should all be mended And that my temper is a wreck, I'd promptly get it

IN THE NECK In love's sweet game The rules for both are just the same; Hide all you can till you are one; She's holding out on you, my son.

Always Fish in the Sea Dear Wally: All my luck is spent; I love a dear girl, Helen Dent. But she says she will wed Bill Kent. Please help me stop her. Yours, HELL BENT.

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Charlie Chaplin and Lita Grey, His Film Actress Bride, Returning from Secret Wedding in Mexico



Chaplin, who is credited with having amassed several millions by posing before the camera, tried to avoid photographers when he and his bride alighted from a special car in a suburb of Los Angeles on their return from Em-palme, Mexico, the wedding place. "We have been trying to avoid publicity, for once," he said as they left by automobile for his home in Beverly Hills. Mrs. Chaplin is the comedian's leading lady in the films.

FUTURE DATES

December 15, Monday—Rotary club annual ladies' night, 6:35 p. m., Matson hotel.
December 15 and 16, Monday and Tuesday—DeMolay show, Grand theater.
December 17, Wednesday—Rhonda Male chorus, 8 o'clock, Armory.
December 17, Wednesday—American War Mothers foot sale, Southern Pacific city ticket office.
December 19, Friday—American War Mothers' Cooked food sale at the Southern Pacific city ticket office.
December 19, Friday—Salem OAC club party at Colonial Dame Tea Shoppe.
December 20, Saturday—Portland Kiwanis chorus at armory.
December 25, Thursday—Christmas day.
January 6, Tuesday—Coronation of King Bing of Oberlin and installation of other officers.
January 12, Monday—Opening of 1925 legislature.

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The romantic lands are those so far away you don't get the smell.

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Make Your Dollar Stretch

THE purchasing power of a dollar bill has shrunk considerably in the last ten years. There has never been a time when discriminate buying paid bigger dividends. Every day this newspaper contains information that you should have to increase your buying power. The advertisements are intimate little lessons in every-day economy. They teach you how, when and for what your dollar will go farthest.

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There's just one way to do this
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