

The Oregon Statesman

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BIBLE THOUGHT AND PRAYER

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

March 25, 1925

A SURE DWELLING PLACE:—Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed. Psalm 37:3.

PRAYER:—O, we give thanks unto the Lord; for He is good; for His mercy endureth forever.

THE PURE BRED HONEY BEE

The Statesman of yesterday contained a news article concerning an industry that ought to be encouraged and that will keep a good deal of money at home—

The breeding of honey bees and queens, by H. M. Mead, on his Polk county place a few miles west of Salem, on Rural Route 2.

The honey bee is one of the most marvelous of all creatures. The philosophers of old studied the habits of the bee and books have been written about the works and government of this wonderful insect; books telling fascinating facts.

But the pure bred honey bee of the industry under discussion is for the fruit growers of the Salem district a most practical necessity. The fruit growers must have bees to pollenate their fruit blossoms. In no other way will this be done—

And it will not be done thoroughly unless there are great numbers of worker bees; "virgin daughters of toil," billions and billions of them—

And there will not be great numbers of bees unless the bee industry pays. It will pay only if we have pure bred bees of the golden kind; and we should tolerate no other—

And unless there is provided ample late bee pasture. So it is a fine thing that we have a breeder of bees here with knowledge; one who can supply the right kinds and tell of the right ways to treat them for the greatest profits.

The pure bred honey bee is as important for the people of this district as the pure bred cow, or the pure bred anything else. And our aim should be to weed out the scrubs in every line.

The moving of the offices of the state superintendent of banks from the capitol to rented rooms in Portland should help to bring about a campaign for an office building on the site north of the supreme court and state library building, purchased and set aside for that purpose a number of years ago. With such a structure as ought to occupy that site, there should be no excuse for the state renting many, if any, offices in Portland or elsewhere. If for convenience some state offices ought to be maintained in Portland, it would be better for the state to own its own building there. Could that be done, under the Constitution?

MORE SHEEP, BUT NOT ENOUGH

Consider the wool industry, how it grows; they toil and likewise do they spin, and Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like Americans of the present day. Note a decade of development: In 1914 the census bureau counted 799 mills engaged in the manufacture of woolen and worsted goods. These factories employed, to use round numbers, 159,000 hands, who were paid an aggregate in wages of \$76,000,000, or an average per capita, part and full time, skilled and unskilled, of \$480 a year. The cost of materials was \$246,500,000, the value of products was \$379,500,000, and the value added by manufacture, \$133,000,000.

In 1923, according to a bulletin just issued by the census bureau, there were 851 mills engaged in the industry. They employed 194,500 wage earners, who were paid an aggregate of \$223,000,000, or an average per capita of \$1150, an increase of nearly 140 per cent over 1914. The cost of materials was \$623,000,000, an advance of 153 per cent in the course of the decade; the value of products was \$1,063,000,000, and the value added by manufacture was \$440,000,000.

The woolen industry today is protected by tariff rates—So is the wool which the farmer produces. In 1911, under the protective policy, we had 53,000,000 sheep in the United States. The Democrats removed the protective duties in 1918, and in 1920 the number of sheep in this country had fallen to 35,000,000—

But protection to wool being restored in 1922, there followed an upward movement, and last year the census count showed 38,000,000 sheep, and the growth continues. It can scarcely be too fast, because even yet we are importing from foreign countries, principally from Australia, over half the wool we are using—

And we will not be living up to our opportunities till we produce all the wool we use; and until we become as nearly as possible a self contained nation, raising and making in this country all the articles we need, as fast as the natural conditions will warrant—

Everything that may be produced in the temperate zone. We are coming up—getting more sheep, but we are not getting more of them fast enough.

Meanwhile, the price of wool clothing, while it has advanced appreciably, compared with 1914, has not begun to record such an increase as have wages and the cost of materials.

ABOUT MUSH

Our good friend Claude Ingalls who shines at everything touching human sympathy for fear it is progressive, criticizes The Statesman for saying that Europe suffered from lack of love. The distinguished Corvallis editor declares this is mush.

Now, mush has been a staple article of diet since time was. In the days when the Corvallis editor was a barefoot baby his parents fed him on mush, and it gave him that good start which enabled him to stretch over the six-foot

limit. In those early days every family was almost literally brought up on mush. The larger families made it by the bucketful. The children had it for supper, together with milk, and the next morning it was fried—oh! such a delicious dish it made.

In all races mush has served as a stimulant as well as a growing portion of the human diet. It has never had a substitute. The breakfast foods have not touched it, and the next generation will have mush the same as the previous one. We venture the statement that there are more great men fed on mush than on any other article of food in the world. It is a better muscle maker than meat; it makes children grow. It satisfies the appetite of the middle aged and the old, and the strong men partake of it for supper diluted with milk, and have it in the morning fried as only a mother can fry it. Mush has never been properly recognized. Some people think it is a plebian dish, but it is not; it is simply great and it makes people grow. It has held its place through all the years and it will continue to hold its place because there is no substitute for it, nothing that can take its place. It is always there when needed, always cheap, always filling, and always satisfying.

If love can do for Europe what mush has done for the human race, there will never be another war.

HELPING THE DAIRYMEN

American Consul Dow at Rotterdam has sent to the United States department of commerce a table published by the Dutch government showing the quantity of raw materials used in the Dutch margarine industry of 1923. During that year the industry consumed 45,124 metric tons of animal fats, 66,103 tons of vegetable fats, 298 tons mixture of animal and vegetable fats and 253 tons of butter. Please note the last amount. There are 57 factories and the output was 66,669,206 pounds. Of that amount only 3,000,000 florins went for butter, milk, yolk of eggs, salt and other ingredients.

Do you wonder that the dairymen are becoming alarmed and that the issue of pure butter is a live one in Oregon and the northwest? So far the producers of dairy substitutes have defeated the dairymen. They defeated them in a direct vote in both Oregon and Washington and in the legislature of Idaho. The situation is one that calls for serious thought because it is a menace to our butter industry.

SALOON IS BACK

British Columbia has shilly-shalied on liquor legislation. It tried prohibition and the howl went up that the bootleggers were doing the business. Then they tried government dispensaries but the bootlegging was worse than ever. The liquor traffic is always resentful of any restraint, and when a dispensary refused to sell to inebriates or minors, the bootlegging flourished more under the dispensary system than it did under prohibition.

The third proposition that was submitted to the people was the plebiscite, or as we would say in this country the referendum, and prohibition was sustained, but in some unaccountable way the government construed this as authorizing the selling of beer. B. C. now has saloons.

TIMBER FARMERS

The Statesman published a letter the other day from a man who has been engaged in timber farming. It attracted our special attention because it is along the lines that must be followed in Oregon. We must replant our forests, we must find some way of replacing cut timber. By careful timber farming it is possible to keep forests going forever, but we can not depend upon the government's reforestation. That is on a gigantic scale, of course, but the real test will be how well the individual farmer replaces his cut timber. This opens an avenue of great possibilities for the Oregon people and one that we must follow.

PERSHING

A most excellent position has been found for General Pershing. He is to be the official representative of the American government wherever exhibitions are held, or wherever we want to go and join in a parade. General Pershing is upstanding, has a splendid figure, marches well, is 100 per cent American. He has got precisely the position he ought to have and he will be a credit to America everywhere he goes.

The Divine Plan includes countless fools, but it has not yet been revealed what we are supposed to do with them.

The Fun Shop

By Maxson Foxhall Judell

A SPRING FLURRY

By Wallace M. Baylis

Spring smiled, I'll swear she smiled at me. So ravishingly sweet she smiled My sense and judgment were beguiled. I feared. Alas, such treachery! Spring frowned, and clouds bedimmed the sky. Anon she eke began to cry: Aye, what is worse, she cried on me. She wept. She bawled. She leaked, by gosh! At home at length, soaked to the skin I cried: "Assistance! Help me, Min! Bring out the camphor and sage tea! And telephone some wise M. D. I'll get pneumonia, I fear; Stay not, but hasten thee, my dear, Or else a widow you may be." The doctor came. He charged a V. "Drink lemonade that's good and hot; Tomorrow you'll be well, I wot." That's what he told me for the fee! Though still I live, my prized beauty Is marred by sores upon my lip And puffy nose, because a Snip Called Spring the hussy, smiled at me!

A Squalling Brat

Alvin: "Radio is still in its infancy." Roland: "Yes, I notice it keeps people up at night."

Theory And Practice

Mildred: "Warren says love is a disease that attacks us in the spring." Margaret: "He's awfully absent-minded, dear. He tried to make love to me all winter." —S. A. Kates.

Spring is here! Now watch the country go to the (hot) dogs!

Betty's Praise

While seated at supper Betty's older brother, with his mouth full of cake, remarked appreciatively, "That's fine cake, mother; you're a good baker."

Not to be outdone in the paying of compliments, Betty looked up from her dish of fruit and said pleasantly: "These are nice plumbs, mother; you're a lovely plumber." —Rev. John S. Lowe.

Love Letters Of Famous Men

Fairest Queen: I feel sad and neglected this evening, dear one. I am all alone in the palace tonight with only a couple of hundred wives to keep me company. The rest are having a Mah Jongg party somewhere and have left me in solitude. It's funny, isn't it, that such a wise man as I am can have such foolish wives? Some of them are even working cross word puzzles. I wouldn't mind it at all but they have a habit of using my dictionary! I may be the wisest man in the world, but this "Jerusalem in four letters" stuff gives me a pain. Fair one, when you told me that you hated cross word puzzles, I learned to love you. If you consent, dear, I'll make you wife No. 1027, and I'll send a royal Justice of the Peace over tomorrow to record your finger prints. Answer by messenger.

King Solomon

The Modern Critic Kessler: "So Trovatore is your favorite opera?"

LENTE TALKS THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST JOHN by Rev. ERNEST H. SHANKS, Pastor of the First Baptist Church

MARCH 25, 1925 John 12:1-19. "The Triumphal Entry." The Anointing. 1-5. The Many Beliefs. 9-11. The Triumphal Procession. 12-19. Key: "Hosanna." Memory verses: 3, 7, 15, 19.

PALM SUNDAY marks the beginning of what is sometimes called "Holy Week," or "Passion Week." The triumphal entry was on the first day of that week. It would be well for us to read the story of this event as recorded in the Gospels of Matthew, Mark and Luke along with the account given here in John. There was that beautiful anointing in Bethany, when Mary took the small flask of pure nard, very precious, and anointed the feet of Jesus. Then He turns toward Jerusalem, His Jerusalem. As He reached the crest of the hill where He may look down upon the city, He halted, and wept over the city that had rejected Him. It is now to be left desolate. The day of His grace is past. In a few days that city will demand His crucifixion. As the multitude came out to meet Him with shouting and great demonstration, it must have filled His heart with mingled joy and sadness. How easily the multitudes are swayed. One day acclaiming and the next day condemning. Poor Jerusalem! No wonder Jesus wept over it!

Mary took a pound of spikenard, very costly, and anointed the feet of Jesus, and wiped His feet with her hair; and the house was filled with the odor of the ointment.

Then said Jesus, "Let her alone; against the day of my burying hath she kept this."

They took branches of palm trees, and went forth to meet Him, and cried: "Hosanna; Blessed is the King of Israel that cometh in the name of the Lord."

"Fear not, daughter of Zion: Behold thy King cometh."

The Pharisees said, "Perceive ye how ye prevail nothing? Behold, the word is gone after Him."

should be satisfied with the Ford the way God made it.

There are more motor cars in Oregon each succeeding month. Our autos are not only keeping up with the population, but running a lot of it down.

How fresh the spring landscape looks with new paint on the billboards.

Still you can't expect the same people to enjoy Freud and windshield stickers.

Most people could reduce by living on what their services to the world are worth.

The new dollar bill seems all right until you try to buy a dollar's worth with it.

Praise is deserved, anyway. It takes a clever father to think up those bright sayings of his child's.

When a lot of folks cast bread on the waters they expect it back the same day with blackberry jam on it.

Los Angeles doctor finds we all are half lazy. We find he hasn't told the half of it.

SAP & SALT

By Bert Moses

When you want one thing and get another—that's experience.

If the doctor guesses right, he wins; if he guesses wrong, you lose.

Where the husband goes out nights, it gives the wife a chance to go out too.

All things have two sides except divorce, which usually has three and quite often four.

Some men have the reputation of being honest, when really they are not clever enough to cheat.

Noah, at the age of 600, made a more lasting reputation in the ship-building line than anybody has ever made since.

Hex Heck says: "The main difference between a leg and a tooth is that the tooth can be pulled only once."

Women are good looking but peculiar. They want their clothes all just alike only different.

THIEF IS COMING

PERSONALS

Gus Abraham, McMinville Kiwanian, was a guest at the Salem club luncheon Tuesday noon. Mr. Abraham formerly lived in Albany.

Sprague Carter, of Pendleton, was a Salem business visitor Tuesday. He was a guest at the Kiwanis club luncheon.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul V. Maris, of Corvallis, were Salem visitors Tuesday morning. Mr. Maris was a guest at the Kiwanis club luncheon.

In New York, a woman kicked in a shop window. May have seen a hat there just like hers.

A Point of Ethics

THE modern funeral director is not primarily a merchant, as was his predecessor, the undertaker. The funeral director of to-day is a professional man first and foremost, with a most strict code of ethics.

One of the points of our code of ethics upon which we lay great stress is that all who call upon us, regardless of station, shall be served with equal care and consideration.

WEBB'S FUNERAL PARLORS
"Superior Funeral Service"
205 So. Church Street
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RECEPTION ROOM

Bits For Breakfast

Near spring weather— Several fair imitations of spring days.

Have you seen the beautiful peach blooms in the near by orchards?

Everybody wants to know more about the flax industry. Hon. T. B. Kay talked to the Corvallis Chamber of Commerce at the noon hour yesterday on flax.

"People with idle tongues should visit the play at the Oregon theater." That is the way a note reads that was handed to the Bits for Breakfast man by a Salem lady yesterday.

A Polk county man thinks accessories carnal and says man

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Table of Contents
Dictionary of the English Language
Origin and Development of the English Language
Principles of Grammar
Orthography
Punctuation Marks and Their Meaning
Verifications Terms and Rules
Key to Abbreviations
The Boy Service Movement in the United States
The Boy Scouts in Foreign Countries
Verification and Purity
Biography and Autobiography
Classical of Aristotle's Theory
Glossary of Abbreviated Terms
Facts About the Earth
Nick-Names of the States and the Nations
Health of Leading Nations
Metric System of Weights and Measures
Values of Foreign Coins in the Money of the United States
Names, Origins and Meaning of States and Territories
List of Presidents
List of Presidents, Working Ambassadors, Presidents of the United States, Congress of the United States, Members of Congress
Birthdays
Lives of United States Presidents

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