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SERVING THEIR CITY, AND MORE

The loyal citizens of Salem who have undertaken to put over the proposition for the second linen mill in this city are deserving of all praise—

Because they are serving their city in the most important constructive way it could possibly be served at the present time, for their success will well nigh fix Salem as the fine linen center of North America—

And they are doing more. They are serving their state by hastening the establishment of the largest permanent industrial development in Oregon—

And still more: They are serving their country by hastening the time of the self sufficiency of the United States in flax and linen products, keeping \$100,000,000 a year at home, and more and more as the country grows. Nor need the market be confined to this country. We can compete with the world, on more than equal terms.

There will be no praise too high for these patriotic hustlers—

And they should be received with open arms. Every one in any way interested in Salem should wholeheartedly speed to their aid.

CONGRESSMAN HAWLEY CAN DO MUCH GOOD

“Representative Hawley, of Oregon, ranking Republican member of the ways and means committee, who has been in New York recently making a thorough study of the administrative laws and the way they work out in actual practice at that great port, will map out a program for consideration by the committee when it convenes in September or October ahead of the next regular session. Chairman Green, of the committee, who is on his way to Europe, where he will spend several weeks, goes primarily to study the tax question, but intends to give attention also to European tariff systems and the way in which they are administered. It is through an intensive study of our own administrative weaknesses, however, that reform and revision in methods of administration in this country must come, and Representative Green has gone about that systematically and thoroughly. Mr. Hawley favors consideration of this subject by congress next winter, and he is wise enough to see that with prompt and proper reform in these administrative features, the existing tariff law can be better enforced, more revenue collected, under valuation prevented, leaks stopped and the interests of all domestic industries and producers safeguarded.”—American Economist.

The above from the American Economist, the official magazine of the American Protective Tariff League, is good news—

And the proposal will have the favor of every American without selfish interests who has or has ever had experience with or intimate knowledge of the administration of the tariff laws—

For it is one thing to pass a tariff law, and it is another thing to administer it; an administration unfriendly to the spirit of the law can make the law fail to do what it was intended by its makers to do.

There are five foot shelves of books containing decisions on appeals as to valuations and classifications—

And there are thousands of cases up all the time. The definition of a single word may make a difference of millions annually to the United States treasury, and it may give free trade to articles that were intended to be protected.

Congressman Hawley will find this a great study—

And he will find it a great opportunity. He can by accomplishing the revision of these laws, some of them in effect almost since the government was established, and therefore obsolete, do much good to his country.

Mr. Hawley is on his way home to Salem—due to arrive here about the 20th.

TAX DISTRIBUTION

The reported efforts of the state board of control to find a basis for greater equality in levying taxes than now prevails should receive public commendation. One of the glaring defects of present taxation is the haphazard methods of assessments the rates varying for different counties and for individuals and organizations from ten percent or less to one hundred percent or more.

Nothing like uniformity is adhered to in assessments, over the state, of different kinds of property. Livestock may be assessed at full value or at any other percent of value decided upon by individual assessors and county courts, while commercial or manufacturing plants are subject to these—or any other rates—usually the latter.

Why not assess every piece of property at full cash value? Verily in this method there would be greater justice and no higher taxes than now. And there should be much less complaint of the burdens of taxation.

WHERE THE GUARDIANS

Appalling is the court record of wild auto rides and wilder parties staged by youth of both sexes in this community recently. One result is that a bevy of men and young girls is now in the lime-light, and the most disgraceful event, in which booze was a prominent feature, clusters around these persons.

And the more's the shame and the pity that among those arrested are girls well within their teens who blush not, it is reported, at their own misconduct. While some of the male

species, arrested with them and too low in the moral scale of human beings to be entitled to the appellation men, maintain an attitude of like indifference.

In the meantime who is responsible for this social condition is a pertinent question. Surely men who thus contribute to the delinquency of girls of school age are subjects of scorn and condemnation. Their connection with such cases might be expected of the moral pervert; their use of booze to make drunken their companions and their part in the whole affair, make a term of hard labor on the rock pile an honor to them.

The girls are not without blame in the matter either. Old enough to be away from home in the companionship of men and engaging in such conduct as the case implies, they are old enough to have known and to have done better.

The parents have their responsibility also. What were they doing? What the supposition about the daughter's absence from the home all night? If, through indifference, these girls were allowed such freedom in companionship unworthy or unknown to those whose chief concern should be their guardianship, then these guardians are also guilty of contributing to delinquency and they should be punished also. In case these parents were unable to exercise proper control, the girls should have been saved from the lasting shame and degradation of now being before the courts by authority of the state.

And last but not least, what share of the blame is the burden of society? Were there those, good men and women, within neighborly distance of the homes thus brought into unfavorably mention, who saw the danger as it must have shown itself in various ways? Did they as individuals, or did the various clubs for social betterment, or any other organization, protest to the parents or the girls themselves their danger, perhaps none of them knew?

But will society now put forth every possible effort to redeem and to direct the wrong doers into lives of future well doing and to take such stand on law enforcement and social well being as to make it difficult for a recurrence of such events. There should be no apology for such endeavor. It is plain duty. Meanwhile the law will take its course—for the wages of sin must be paid.

MY MARRIAGE PROBLEMS

Adele Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

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CHAPTER 432

THE NEWS THE TELEGRAM HELD FOR DICKY'S FRIEND

“This is a pretty pickle!” Dicky said, still with the frown which had greeted Claire Foster's announcement of the telegram on the mantel. But both frown and words were now directed toward me, and I knew that if possible he would contrive to saddle me with some variety of blame concerning the wire.

He took the yellow envelope from the mantel, turned it over in the absurd way people have of handling telegrams or letters which they do not wish to open, but whose contents they ought to know, then looked at me witheringly.

“I suppose it was beneath your dignity to make any inquiries concerning old Bob's address, so that this telegram could be sent on to him.”

Dicky is Worried.

I looked at him with the cool, poised, secretly amused gaze which every wife knows is an exceptionally efficient weapon.

“Do you know his address?” I countered smoothly.

“What's that got to do with it?” he snapped.

“Nothing, save that if you possessed it, and had given it to me when we came here, I would have been able to forward the telegram. As it was, I returned so near the time of your own arrival that I knew it would be useless for me to do anything about it.”

“Always there with the ready alibi,” Dicky sneered, and the familiar phrase brought memories of times when I had shed bitter tears at hearing it from his lips. But it rebounded from my mental armor now, leaving no more scar than a baby's rubber ball might leave, and I smiled provokingly at him.

“It's an ever-present help in time of trouble,” I murmured.

Dicky muttered something under his breath, and stared down at the telegram, evidently worried.

“When did this come?” he queried sharply.

“I left at ten, and I imagine from what Claire said that it arrived shortly afterward,” I replied.

“Seven hours,” he calculated.

“Well, there's no other way out! I've got to open it. It may be something that ought to have an answer right away, and I can't get Bob on the wire for hours. They're miles from a railroad, and while I know the address from which a message can be sent to them, I couldn't get a reply before morning. So here goes. I guess I know old Bob well enough to

open a telegram for him.”

He tore open the envelope, unfolded its enclosure, and read the contents, the while I watched him with subconscious eagerness. Was terrible news for our absent host in the telegram?

It needed but a second's scrutiny of Dicky's features, always expressive, to relieve my anxiety on that score. He was too warm-hearted, I knew, too fond of his friends, to read unmoved any tidings bad for them. And on his face when he had finished reading

there was intense surprise and genuine pleasure, emotions evidently so strong that they banished all recollection of the bad temper he had just exhibited toward me. And he tossed the telegram over to me with the patent expectation that I, too, should read it and rejoice.

“Just look at that!” he said, jubilantly. “Old Bob's certainly struck 12 this time. And I never knew exactly what he was up to. I've always known he had ambitions to get on the writer's end instead of the editor's, but I didn't know he'd accomplished this much.”

My pique prompted me to hand the telegram back with the remark that I was not interested in it, but my curiosity triumphed over my rancor, and I took up the telegram and read its brief contents with interest:

“Becher pronounces your novel one tangerine,” it began. “Predicts hit of year. But firm insists on stipulation to which you objected in first negotiations. Will make it up to you financially, but are obdurate. My private advice to you is to accept their terms. It means your whole future. Please wire me immediately your decision, so that I may pass it on to them. Personal congratulations, old man. (Signed) ”

“WOODWARD.”
“Pretty nifty, eh?” Dicky queried, when I had finished reading it. “But old Bob deserves every bit of it. But now, what the devil's to be done? Woodward, whoever he is, ought to be notified of this telegram's delay, and I haven't the slightest idea where to find him. Can't you think of something?”

(To be continued)

Scientist's Ship is Said To Be Safe; Report Heard

WASHINGTON, April 11.—The steamship Arcturus with a party of scientists aboard, is safe near Galapagos Islands, off the coast of Ecuador in the Pacific, the naval commandant at Balboa, Canal Zone, reported tonight to the navy department. The message, which was relayed through headquarters of the third naval district, said all on board were well.

The Fun Shop

By MAXSON FOXHALL JUDELL

Of all the wondrous things that man Has showered on him, in God's plan, The greatest blessing on this earth is honest, clean and wholesome mirth.

To Make Sure

First Burglar: “I guess we have got everything. We haven't overlooked anything, have we, Mike?”

Second Burglar: “I don't think so, but we'll get a newspaper in the morning and see.”

BARNYARD BITS

I
Old Tom, the Mason, scattered a crowd
O clucking chickens, with lordly tread,
But Tom would have never felt so proud
Had he understood what those chickens said.

“There goes old Tom,” said a bright-eyed hen,
With his old bent beak, and his old bent legs!

I have to laugh when I think of men,
Like him lay bricks, while we lay eggs!”

—Frieda McLoughlin.

II
The Black Sheep
I am black, I know I am;
Whoopee! What care I?
I'm a gay, rambunctious Ram,
Peppery and spry.

With a black sheep, it is true,
Misdeeds are connected,
Therefore, anything I do
Is to be expected!

—Silas Brockhorn.
THE MUSIC DEPARTMENT

Educated
Prof. Fugue: “When will it be convenient for your daughter to take her music lessons?”

Palmer: “Any time when I'm not home.”—Mrs. B. F. Kelcey.

HEADS UP!

Some time when you're feeling blue,
Sort of tired, lonely, too,
Here's a scheme to raise your spirits

That I recommend to you.
Start the phonograph and play
One of Sousa's marches. Say!
E'er he's half way through the music

You'll be feeling bright and gay.

To a march there is a swing
That makes drooping spirits sing:
As its melody entralls you
All your troubles lose their sting.

Next time you're in trouble's zone,
March out, with your head high—
Down!

But don't march to Wedding Marches;
They're good things to leave alone!

—Rosetta Duncan.

Somewhat—
Mrs. Cooper: “As soon as I begin to play the piano my husband puts on his hat and goes out.”

Mrs. Craig: “Do you think, my dear, that's the reason why he gave you the piano?”

—J. H. Shapiro.

Different
Mrs. Dennis: “You surely don't object to our daughter going to Europe for the sake of her music. It's just the finishing touch.”

Dennis: “Tut, tut, woman. What I object to is getting the finishing touch myself.”—G. F. Reuther

DR. BALDPATE'S CAMERA
It was to Dr. George A. Baldpate that Marion Ross naturally turned for advice regarding the purchase of a new camera.

“There is only one real camera in the world,” he said. “That is the one which you see there on the mantel. It can almost talk, that camera.

“Take the films, for instance.

The spools designed for long trips, carries films for 100 exposures. It is then reversed, automatically, and an entirely different set of pictures taken on the other side. It will take either colored or monochrome pictures and, by the adjustment of that button on the side, becomes a moving picture camera. The flashlight pan is always ready for discharge in case of sudden darkness.

“One of its great advantages is that it not only takes the picture but also develops, prints, and mounts it, up to a half-dozen, thus doing away with any cumbersome, portable dark-room. By combining the latest developments of science with it I have fitted it with a radio transmitter, making it possible . . .

“Hold on a minute,” we burst in. “Let's have a look at the thing.”

The Doctor lifted it down from the mantel but, as he turned toward us, his hands slipped. The camera fell with a crash! He picked it up, shook it and gazed at us solemnly.

“Ruined,” he said, “ruined . . . and it took me 12 years to perfect it. Heigh-ho, such is life. How about a slight lip-soother?”

Here Come the Ladies!
‘Tis said that the — (1) Charles Dickens

Liked Easter time—here the plot — (2)

His — (3) was clear,
That's the — (4) of the year
We get a brand new — (5) of chickens!

1. One who writes for a living, anything except checks. 2. What flour does to soup. 3. What you lose when you fall in love. 4. What men do who are sent to the pen. 5. What makes or breaks a farmer.

—Esther Price.

SALLY will be in SALEM next SATURDAY

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