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THE PRINCE OF PEACE

(Los Angeles Times.)

Once more the Prince of Peace resumes His scepter in a broken world from which He was banished to be again a wanderer, with no place whereon to lay His head.

The bloody years have passed, and bugles sing truce across the hills of morning after the sorrow and suffering and agony of the night. Once more are silent the iron throats of the guns. The red swords sink back to their worn scabbards.

Peace on the rocking hills of death; peace in the rent and ravished valleys; peace among the gaunt ghosts of once green forests and on the moaning shores of haunted seas.

He rules again who died upon the tree of Calvary. The eyes that looked their tragedy from the Crucifixion now smile once more serenely with the light of Resurrection.

It is the Great Dawn; it is the second hour of the world's redemption. The feet of Christ are lifted again from the dust of Damascus.

What protocols the generals have signed upon the blackened fields, what terms the vanquished to the victors yield—these matter much. But, what matters more, and most, is that Christ again walks down to Galilee, His garments shining in the sun.

"The captains and the kings depart," but the Prince of Peace returns.

In His keeping are the dead who died for liberty as once He died for the sins of men. Out of the reeking trenches it is His face that the worn and wearied soldiers see.

Thrones crumble and the crowns that monarchs wore are tumbled in the ancient rust of earth to be buried there with the baubles of 7000 yesterdays.

But, there is one throne that has not crumbled, one crown that gleams with a new luster of its everlasting glory. It is the throne that was built in the manger of Bethlehem; the crown that was made of thorns before the house of Pilate.

Red are the poppies in Flanders' fields; white are the lilies somewhere still in the vales of France. Long were they crushed beneath the invaders' brutal feet. But, now they lift up their petals again in gladness.

II.

Ended at last is the bloodiest and the most heinous war of which time has any record.

In a Christian world, amid countless shrines erected to Christ, a nation that counted itself a part of that world and that boasted of its shrines, suddenly bared the hypocrisy of its soul.

Through long years of peace it wrought in secret upon instruments of destruction; behind its masked smile it hid the dreams of rapine and murder that were in its heart.

By day and night it brooded upon the hour when it would make envious the departed spirits of its barbaric progenitors in one wild blood-drunk reel of all the seven deadly sins.

And the day came. And, when it came, the very fires of hell itself were loosed upon the shuddering earth.

In the most brutal war that had ever been known before, there was always some semblance of mercy or of pity to be found, somewhere at some time, even among those who laughed as they put their victims to the sword.

In this war there was none. The Goth was outdone, the Vandal was outstripped, the ancient Hun in his filthiest debauchery was outvied.

In order to school itself to its diabolical task, Prussia reached back into a heathen past and refurbished for its own special uses the fiendish philosophy that there was found.

In this philosophy the God of the Christian world was contemptuously dethroned, and what they called "the old German God" was set up in His place.

More than that, and as the final necessary achievement, they jeered and mocked at Christ.

What use had they for that lowly Wanderer who came out from the tender shadows of a humble home in Nazareth? What use had they who plotted assassination and murder against an unsuspecting world for Him who wore no armor upon His breast and who grasped the hilt of no sword in His gentle hands?

And yet, tonight, when the voices of the guns are hushed, the voice that spoke on Olivet is heard in all the wide-flung German fatherland, whose pride is crushed forever.

It is the insistent voice that will not be stilled. It is the voice that speaks when all others are mute. Neither thrones nor guns can silence it.

III.

Let whoever will have what visions he may in this vast hour of gladness; there is but one vision they see who rest now upon their arms across the battle-blackened fields that stretch between the narrow seas and the red waters of the Marne.

It is the vision of the Prince of Peace.

It is the vision that the soldiers of freedom forever saw across the trenches; the face of the Wanderer that haunted the shell-torn nights and that gleamed through the ghostly mists of the zero hour, and moved in mystic radiance among the shadows of No Man's Land.

It is the vision that made lighter the weary pack upon the soldier's back, that steadied his stumbling feet in the deadly dark, that soothed him when death came to put cold dew upon his brow and film his eyes with the summons to take the long journey West.

To Him alone have they clung who covered in the ruins of their broken homes in all the ravished lands of war. It was His name that was on their lips in the tragedies of their griefs.

When hope seemed fled and despair sat gibbering with hideous face upon their roof trees' broken rafters, they called on Him. There was no other refuge save the shadow of His wing. There was no other hand to cover their defenseless heads.

And now, as the trumpets ring upon the morning hills, it is His name they speak again—his name and only His.

Amid the wild sob of joy, in the salvos of the camps and amid the ashes of ruined hearths, it is His feet they bathe with the torrents of their tears—the tender feet, the tireless feet that were nailed upon the tree.

Fleeing like hunted dogs to what secret havens they may find are the princes who flaunted the proud plumes of their power but yesterday. Into oblivion of eternity has been flung, with Odin and Thor, that ancient German god that aided Prussia in its hour of need. The crack of doom has sounded in all their brazen ears.

But the Prince of Peace is not fled. Still stands the throne He

built in the souls of men. They press His crown of thorns against their hearts.

IV.

This is the gladdest hour the world has ever known since that hour when the star-guided Magi trekked the desert trails with gifts of frankincense and myrrh. Out of the womb of that hour is this hour come.

To feel gladness to the full it is necessary first to have known pain. And God knows that the world has known now such pain as it has never known before.

Like the waters of the sea is the blood that has been shed; like the sands of the shore are the lives that have been sacrificed. Things that men wrought out of the dreams of their very hearts and in the visions of their souls have been broken into dust.

Yet, there is solace; there is still compensation. Those who died that the world might be free are now folded in the Everlasting Arms. The Gates of God swung wide in welcome for them. The humblest name among them all will never perish from the endless memories of earth.

Rheims that was shattered, and Louvain that was stricken in its wondrous beauty—we need not mourn the loss of them. After all, they were but wood and stone and plaster.

That which was of them that was immortal could not be destroyed, and this was that they were sacred to the memory of the Prince of Peace. His footprints are yet where stood their stately arches and their shadowy naves. There never was the crudest handful of earth or the simplest stone moulded in His name that can ever perish.

It is the great new dawn; it is the hour for which earth has endured through all the countless centuries.

Upon the banners of the free peoples, with which is entwined the starry flag of God's own America, Christ folds the glory of His nail-pierced hands.

Of course, we want motor freight lines to Portland. We want every kind of transportation facility for the increased and improved business that is coming. But the Legislature at its next session ought to make provisions to protect the newly paved roads (and all the roads) from being cut up by heavy trucks. The people as a whole have to pay for the roads, and the people as a whole should be protected in their rights.

Unscramble. Cut out all grafts.

The way to unscramble is to unscramble, everywhere.

President Wilson will have a seat at the peace table. At the head, or up near there.

How would you like to be with the Yanks being welcomed by the Belgians and French?

Also, raise more prunes. The world, that has had a taste of the Oregon prune, will always want more than we can produce and cure.

All kinds of rumors are coming out of Germany. The world's greatest lie factory may be expected to function to some extent for a long time yet.

The farmers in Salem territory must raise more, and Salem must buy, pack, ship and manufacture more. The whole country is preparing for greater expansion, and Salem must be in the swim.

Japan is tanning thousands of rat skins and converting them into material to be used in clothing or the industries. A friend at the writer's elbow says any time the mikado runs out of rats he may have his.

The voice of the United States senate has been raised against pollyfoxing. Pollyfoxing is said to be pussyfooting with malice prepense—which explains itself. It sounds as if it ought to be in the next dictionary, anyhow.

The press is filled with execration of profiteers. Congress has denounced them, individuals have stigmatized and arraigned them at the bar of public opinion, and what has been accomplished? Nothing, absolutely nothing.

Hun propagandists are at work throughout the world, according to the United States department of justice officials, attempting to get better terms at the peace table, and at the same time working up enmity towards the allies and the United States, especially in Mexico. The boneheads are not dead yet. But they might as well be.

When the terms of the capitulation of the central powers are finally fixed in every particular. It is not too much to say that never again will be world be annoyed and worried about the "Balkan war-cloud." There ain't going to be any such thing. Peace will be the portion of the little nations involved, such as they have never known before.

BITS FOR BREAKFAST

Belgium is redeemed.

The last Hun goes today.

And all Belgium is rejoicing.

She sends word to the world that she will have order; that the Bolshevik will have no place in Belgium.

Salem must go over the top in the war drive; away over the top. Salem must remain 100 per cent true and patriotic.

It may take a few days or weeks

FUTURE DATES. November 15 to 22—International Livestock show, Portland. November 20, Wednesday—Annual meeting of Willamette chapter, Red Cross. Nov. 23, Thursday—Thanksgiving day. December 1, Sunday—Elks Memorial program at Grand Opera house. December, date not set—Fifth annual Merion "Chest" Fairs Show. December 23, Wednesday—Christmas. December 25 to 28—Christmas holidays in Salem schools.

so little notice of the outrages of the Germans on church property in France—why he made no interposition in favor of the Belgians—why he and his associates have in so many ways embarrassed Italy—and why, while pretending neutrality, he has in so many underhand ways, helped the Germans. Thanks to this help—and the like—German territory has escaped invasion by hostile forces, and the war has been wages on territory other than hers. The empire as an organization is doubtless bankrupt today, but her people have still in their homes and factories and other properties enough of possessions to make restitution for the highway robbery they have practiced. And humanity will be outraged if any sentimental notions as to mercy, or even as to the suffering that may come on the German people, if the allies pocket the damages done by German outlaws, and permit German people to escape the refund and replacement. Beyond the matter of making refund for property destroyed, we believe that every person who has held responsible position in the civil government—the army or the navy or any of the "central powers" so called—should be put on trial for any part he may have had in the campaign of "frightfulness," and that every person, from the kaiser down, who has acquired or has handled, "loot" should be appropriately dealt with. But the peace commission of the allies will doubtless attend to all these things. Let the German poor have bread, but let her richer people pay in full for the outlawry practiced by the nation at the instigation of their leaders. —James Lisie, Willamette University, Salem, Or.

IN A SOCIAL WAY

By MURIEL GRANT.

MISS Leona Coshow of Roseburg left Monday afternoon for Salem where she will be the house guest of her sister, Mrs. Knafle Pickens, and of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Kay during Thanksgiving week. After Thanksgiving Miss Coshow will go to Corvallis where she will be a guest of Phi Phi fraternity, of which she is a member, having attended Oregon Agricultural college last winter.

The war department held an S. A. T. C. singing convention at Reed college Thursday and Friday of last week. Delegates attended from the universities and colleges of Idaho, Washington and Oregon. At the first assembly at the college for demonstration of mass singing the first song was directed by W. H. Boyer of the Portland city schools. The singing of the other songs was directed by Miss Louise Hurlley, chorister at Reed college. Miss Huntley introduced John Robert Sites of Willamette university who directed the singing of other songs, and Rees F. Veatch, regional supervisor of singing, who spoke on mass singing in large cantonments, and taught the students some of the most popular overseas songs. In the conference on mass singing which was followed by Professor John H. Landsbury of the University of Oregon, Lieutenant Spague H. Carter of the school of music at the University of Idaho, William F. Gaskins, director of the school of music of Oregon Agricultural college, and Lieutenant George J. Beggs of Reed college participated. The college entertained the delegates at dinner at the University club Thursday evening.

An interesting and social event of next Monday evening will be the first of a series of dancing parties to be given during the winter by the Monday Night Dancing club. The affair will be given at the Moose hall. The Monday Night Dancing club is one of the oldest clubs of its kind in the city and numbers among its members many of the Salem smart set. Its parties are always looked forward to with keen pleasure by the city who attend. Ellis Grier has been elected secretary for the coming season and at a business meeting recently held a number of new members were voted in for the coming season. Elaborate preparation is being made for Monday night and delightful music is assured.

Mrs. Lizis Smith, past department president of the Woman's Relief corps of Oregon paid an official visit to Lebanon Monday. She had been in Salem during the past week, and paid an official visit to the W. R. C. of Salem.

Mrs. Walter L. Spaulding is the recipient of several souvenirs from the battlefield of France from her husband, Lieutenant Walter L. Spaulding. They are now on display in the windows of the Clancy Floral shop and include a shell from a 37-millimetre French gun and another of the famous 75-millimetre. The largest shell is a solid brass one of 165 millimetres. The shells were handsomely engraved in Paris. They were picked up on the battlefields of the Marne, Chateau Thierry and the Somme.

Charming in every detail was the tea given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Kirk, 1450 State street, Tuesday afternoon. The tea was presided over by the Junior girls of the Willamette university in honor of the new Freshman girls. Miss Mary Findley received the girls, who were later greeted by Miss Genevieve Yanke. The afternoon was spent in social conversation and music. Mrs. Kirk presided at the tea table which adorned with a bowl of delicate hued pink carnations. Assisting about the rooms were Miss Odella Savage, Miss Bertha Knuths, Miss Frieda Campbell, Miss Mary Findley and Miss Genevieve Yanke. About 70 girls called during the hours from 4 to 5.

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Mrs. Mable Poland Walsh arrived in Salem Tuesday evening to be the house guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Poland, during the absence of her husband who is in France. During the past few months Mrs. Walsh has been with Mr. Walsh who was stationed at San Francisco with Company D, Eighth infantry but upon October 24 he left with his company for France. While in San Francisco she was with the state council of defense of California. Mrs. Thomas R. Townsend will leave the last of the week for her former home in Weed, Calif. She will be in company with her mother. The Salem friends of Mrs. Townsend are glad to know that she will return to Salem the first of the year to make her permanent home here.



THE SAW OF THE SHIRT

A saw-edged collar or cuff or a wrinkled neck-band may not be much to growl about, but it's just enough to ruffle a man's disposition—and set off the fire-works.

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