

THE OREGON STATESMAN

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

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

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DAILY STATESMAN, served by carrier in Salem and suburbs, 15 cents a week, 50 cents a month.

DAILY STATESMAN, by mail, \$6 a year; \$3 for six months; 50 cents a month. For three months or more, paid in advance, at rate of \$5 year. (THE PACIFIC HOMESTEAD, the great western weekly farm paper, will be sent a year to any one paying a year in advance to the Daily Statesman.)

SUNDAY STATESMAN, \$1 a year; 50 cents for six months; 25 cents for three months.

WEEKLY STATESMAN, issued in two six-page sections, Tuesdays and Fridays, \$1 a year (if not paid in advance, \$1.25); 50 cents for six months; 25 cents for three months.

TELEPHONES: Business Office, 23.
Circulation Department, 583.
Job Department, 583.

Entered at the Postoffice in Salem, Oregon, as second class matter.



DOING IT ELECTRICALLY THE WORLD OVER

The Statesman of Saturday last had reference to the almost complete electrification of the power for the western division of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad—

Which, when finished, will save 300,000 tons of coal and 40,000,000 gallons of fuel oil annually.

Here is another one:

At Newton Abbot, England, the first electrolytic copper refinery in Great Britain is about to be built, at a cost of \$50,000,000. It will produce 100,000 tons of copper annually; through the electrical process.

But it is to be located at the little town of Newton Abbot because that town is on tide water—and more especially because Newton Abbot is over beds of coal containing 800,000,000 tons to be taken out of the bowels of the earth.

Everything is going to be done electrically.

But, here in Oregon, white coal will be used—in the water powers running to waste.

When the electric light and power lines are extended to all the farms in every direction from Salem, which must be done as rapidly as possible, we will be in line with the world's progress.

It will increase the earning value of every acre—

And it will keep the boys and girls on the farms, so that they can be worked to the limit—which is the thing Salem needs above all other things for rapid and solid growth.

Salem property owners could afford to assess themselves to help get the electric light and power lines into all the surrounding country.

Mr. Hoover says he was a Progressive Republican; and that he is as much out of sympathy with the reactionary Republicans as with the radical Democrats. Of course all such will claim that there are none such, as applied to themselves. But the people of the United States have their numbers and know what Mr. Hoover means. It is likely that Mr. Hoover will be allowed to have his choice of remaining a common citizen; but his shadow may keep both parties straighter than they would otherwise be; that is, each party's leaders. And Mr. Hoover will never be a common citizen in any other sense than he himself indicates. He will be one of the world's first citizens, if not its first citizen.

A farmer came to the office of The Statesman yesterday to urge this paper to keep on hammering for the cleaning up of the fence corners in all the country surrounding Salem—for the good of the country in bringing many idle acres into use—and for the good looks of the country in removing unsightly excrescences on the scenery. All right. The Statesman is ready to do anything within its power to encourage the movement.

Goats tomorrow.

Don't miss the goat slogan.

It is certainly a case of deuces wild in the Democratic nomination field.

There is not much use for the coinage of two-cent pieces. The nickels will buy just as much.

What do you know about goats? Tell it to the world, in The Statesman of tomorrow.

The Salem slogan pages of The Statesman of tomorrow, if you will read them, will get your goat; likewise your nannie, and your Angora.

Governor Edwards of New Jersey is a real candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination. Live times are promised at San Francisco.

The Russian situation is a bit mixed and it has not yet been fully determined whether the country most needs nourishment or punishment.

If only the senators would forget the tenth commandment for a little while and remember the eleventh, the whole matter would be speedily settled, for the everlasting good of this nation and the entire world.

The death of United States Senator John H. Bankhead of Alabama removes the last ex-Confederate from that body. However, his son, William D. Bankhead, represents

FUTURE DATES.

March 10, Wednesday—Open forum meeting of Salem Commercial club.
March 10, Wednesday—Lecture by Dr. Conklin of Eugene on "The Revival of Spiritism" at Salem public library.
March 11, Thursday—Dr. Frank Bohn to lecture on Salem Lyceum course, subject: "Revolutionary Europe."
March 11, Thursday—Lecture at Commercial club under auspices of Marion County Children's bureau.
March 12, Friday—Williamette "Frost" Gies.
March 22, Monday—Williamette debate tryout for women.
March 26, Friday—Meeting of Women's Republican club at armory.
April 11, Sunday—Baseball, Salem Senators vs. Moosjawa.
September 21 to October 2—Oregon state fair.

No matter how many times you have failed to get satisfactory glasses elsewhere, remember you can get "Glasses that Fit" at

HENRY E. MORRIS

Eyeglass Specialist
395 State Street

hours, during the daytime, when the dew is falling, or when something is falling due.

The bee does it differently. The busy bee improves only its shining hours; we shine only when we improve all of ours.

Also the bee hums as it works, being like the humming bird, which buzzes as it works.

There is an old saw which says that the devil is a self-appointed employment agent for idle folks. This keeps the devil too busy nowadays to do much mischief himself.

America made the world safe for democracy—but it will take a lot of work to make America safe for the Democrats.

There are two kinds of people in the world—people who work and those who don't. And then there are the Bolsheviks.

There are two kinds of workers—you and I—and second-story workers. The latter get away with theirs.—Cartoons Magazine.

SLOGAN SUGGESTED.

If General Wood runs against Herbert Hoover for the presidency, a wonderful slogan for the opponents of the former would be: "Fight or Eat!"—Home Sector.

CITY OF REFUGE.

Over one million Jews in the Ukraine country are already arranging to settle in Palestine, where they will be free from persecution. It may be taken for a fact that Jerusalem will regain a magnitude proportionate to its history.

LOOKING FOR SCHNAPPS.

They are making schnapps once more in Germany. During most of the war no alcohol was permitted to be used for this purpose, but the order has been canceled and the Germans may distill their strong waters again. Some of the old-timers will feel like going back to Berlin where things are schnappy.

THE GOLDEN VOICE.

The Russian soviet government claims to have half a billion dollars in gold as well as three tons of platinum to exchange for the manufactured wares of America, England and other producing countries. When any peoples speak with a golden voice it is hard for commercial nations to resist. Even when wealth is a matter of loot and plunder it seems a certain form of power in the hands of him who holds it. The appearance of a Russian representative with a few tons of yellow gold is apt to sidetrack the ideals of several nations.

ON THE ROAD.

The state of Illinois has ratified a road-building program that would call for the expenditure of \$87,000,000. A system has been mapped out which covers the state and connects up all the county seats. But when the engineering department began to get bids and estimates, considerable apprehension was felt as to how far the money would go.

Some of the contractors wanted as high as \$48,000 a mile for some of the work.

At one time the state was getting what was thought a fair grade of road for \$10,000 to \$12,000 a mile and now to find a demand for four or five times that amount is embarrassing. Now there is a disposition to hold off for a year to await a possible reduction in the cost of materials. Otherwise there will be some change in the specifications which will narrow the paved surface of the highways. Surveys had been made or arranged for seven or eight thousand miles of road, but not one-quarter of this can be undertaken at present prices. Many communities are therefore to be disappointed, as the full program will be delayed for several seasons. There is still a lot to be learned in the matter of road building that shall be both enduring and economical.

TURNER NEWS

TURNER, Ore., March 8.—Mrs. Esther Neal is visiting her daughter, Mrs. T. J. Edwards and family at Monmouth.

Mrs. Frank Bear spent two days last week visiting her brother at Dallas.

Merle Pearson who has been ill with influenza is reported to be improving.

Frank Lyle and wife of Portland are visiting at the home of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. Wipper.

Frank Bear went to Tillamook Saturday for a few days.

Mrs. A. H. Clark has been ill recently.

Miss Hazel Bear came from Salem Thursday evening for the weekend.

THE MIRACLE

BY MOLLY BRUNK

The little fellow had never heard of Pollyanna and her "Glad Game", and Pollyanna had never heard of Bobby, but they were playmates just the same.

All day long Bobby sat in the big chair, in front of the window of the dingy kitchen, his crooked little spine getting more crooked as the weeks flew past. Sunshine seldom found its way into the corner where he sat, but there was other just as literal sunshine in the smile that illuminated his pathetically small face, turning up the corners of his lips and playing hide-and-seek around his brave eyes.

Bobby had learned not to watch the battered clock upon the mantel, that tick-ticked its endless way to nowhere in particular. He divided his days into sections, events spelling hours. There was the first hour when the little boys and girls of his own age, but bigger and stronger went "a-skipkin'" by to the big school house on the avenue. There was the next hour when big brother Jimmy rushed in with a merry noon-time greeting, as he snatched a bite. In that all too brief hour's relief from the monotonous grind of the factory; and there was that last hour, marked by the noisy arrival of "the fellers," who played their afternoon games in front of Bobby's window.

The early morning time was a happy, happy one. Bobby loved, like Riley's little cripple, to have the children "yell, an' shake their fists at him" because, like Riley's little cripple, he knew, "they're thist in, you know." He loved big brother Jimmy, and his gladness, but best of all he loved the last hour of his day—that hour when the children made him forget that he was a little cripple; when he could play as well as any of them. Of course he couldn't run and jump, but sitting right there in his chair he could be king or captain or merchant prince, or a great general, leading his vast army on to victory, couldn't he?

Then one day "th' fellers" brought to him a new and different game. They kicked a big leather ball around and around, and fell upon it, and pushed and scuffled boisterously. They made Bobby "umpire" of this new game, and that he knew was a high honor; and they told him over and over very patiently, all about "why ya do this" and "why ya don't" but Bobby just couldn't remember those complicated rules—that new pain in his warped little body, under the left side of his shabby denim shirt just wouldn't let him. For the first time in his existence he was unhappy; he wanted so to be out there with "th' fellers" scuffling and tumbling in that glorious struggle.

He sat in silence long after the last boy had departed—so long that his tired, work-worn mother took note. "What's the matter, Honey?" she wanted to know.

"Well, Ma," his voice trembled with frank sobs, "Well, Ma, d'y'e s'pose I c'n ever play football like th' yuther fellers? D'y'e s'pose I c'n?"

Bobby's "Ma" found it suddenly necessary to fill the kitchen stove. She poked viciously for a moment, her back to Bobby's corner. Then she said with fine courage: "Sure ya can Bobby! Sure yer'll play as big's anything. Jest yer wait'n see ef yer don't."

She couldn't tell him of that letter to the big specialist, and of the tragedy that the \$200 in answer almost losing sight of Jimmy in keeping the rent paid and the two bins in the corner filled with corn meal and potatoes.

Then one day, just like it happens in books, a Good Fairy found Bobby, and Bobby's mother and Jimmy, and learned their story. The Good Fairy got to work right away. She told the big specialist all about them and he made her a wonderful promise. There was a nurse and a hospital with the same kind of heart (if hospitals have hearts) that made other wonderful promises.

Followed a day in which two great miracles were wrought—that one which we call Spring, and that other marvelous one in which a little child was made to walk.

There was the creeping back of a new life all about him as the little fellow passed out of the big building. He looked about upon an entirely new world. "Gee," said he.

HAIR SOON TOO SHORT TO DO UP

A Little "Danderine" Stops Your Hair Coming Out and Doubles Its Beauty.



To stop falling hair at once and rid the scalp of every particle of dandruff, get a small bottle of delightful "Danderine" at any drug or toilet counter for a few cents, pour a little in your hand and rub it into the scalp. After several applications the hair usually stops coming out and you can't find any dandruff. Help your hair to grow strong, thick and long and become soft, glossy and twice as beautiful and abundant.

his eyes shinging, "I c'n play football now!"

Aren't you glad that there was a hospital for Bobby to go to?

BITS FOR BREAKFAST

Goats tomorrow.

It will be a symposium—

If you get the idea; a lot about goats; and there is a lot that we ought to know.

Every man believes in the income tax; but believes it should apply to incomes larger than his own.

There are two kinds of people in the world—foolish people and those who are waiting away something for the inevitable rainy day.

At that a great part of the high cost of living is the desire to show off before the neighbors.

Only about 15,500,000 people of our 110,000,000 population are well; entirely free from bodily ailments. And the nineteen-odd million may get sick any day.

Hence the absolute necessity for good hospital facilities. There is nothing more necessary.

There is no reason why Europeans should stay and starve when they can come over here and lecture.

Under the new railroad law there can be no adjustment of the salaries of the trainmen before September 1. Wonder what the walking delegates will do in the meantime? They may be compelled to go to work.

Times have not changed appreciably. When you are in a hurry your shoestrings always break.

The present unrest in Europe is susceptible of explanation: Col. Edward Mandell House is on this side of the briny.

Don't understand just why the south should oppose woman suffrage. Under the method of doing things

down there the colored women would have no better opportunity to vote than the men have now which is nil.

All of the presidential candidates are pulling for the adoption of the equal suffrage amendment to the constitution. Can you beat that for a genuine case of death-bed repentance?

There is not always luck in large numbers. We have often noted that important things were done by a committee of three when one of the members was sick at home and the other one could not be present.

The ambitions of many cities in the United States will be chilled by the official announcement of the population.

Another Mexican earthquake and Carranza not among the victims. It is evident the quake didn't know what it was here for.

And it looks to an outsider as if John Barleycorn would be an unblinded delegate at both of the national conventions.

With the owners in charge of the railroads the conductors are no longer giving the impression that they belong to them.

County Judge Quits and Is Renamed by Governor

So that the people of Hood River county may elect his successor at the November election, County Judge L. N. Blower of that county who wishes to be relieved of the office has changed his plan to resign, effective December 1, and makes the resignation effective immediately. The person appointed by the governor as his successor can serve only until the next general election, and to avoid giving any person the advantage at the election of having served in the interim following Judge Blower's resignation, Blower is today re-appointed by Governor Olcott to succeed himself. Had Blower adhered to his original plan to make his res-

Ohio Republicans Spurn Own Senator for Wood

COLUMBUS, O., March 8.—While speaking kindly of Senator Warren G. Harding personally, Ohio supporters of General Leonard Wood for the republican presidential nomination in conference today, condemned the senator's campaign management.

Watkins Liniment
Watkins Menthol Camphor
Watkins Cream of Camphor
Watkins Laxative Grip Tablets
Watkins Mustard Ointment
Watkins Anodine Cough Medicine
Watkins Laxative Cough Balsam

Can you beat these for a cold. Just ask anyone who has used them.

M. W. ROWLEY

The Watkins Man

Phone 402 331 N. Liberty

YOUNG PEOPLE AND PIGS

SAY we wager that the young folks who have been members of the United States National Bank Pig Club know far more than the average boy and girl about conducting business affairs—to say nothing of their skill in raising pigs.

Now if you want your boy or girl to have the advantages the Pig Club affords, come in and let us tell you how they may become Members.



CAMCO CORSET



We are pleased to announce that Mrs. L. C. Harris, special representative of the Camco Corsets will be with us March 11-12-13 to demonstrate and give individual fittings. This is your opportunity to get a corset that is designed to fit different peculiarities of various figures and to give scientific support to every organ of your body.

Don't fail to attend the demonstration at 466 State Street Salem needs a Hospital—Subscribe now

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THE STORE FOR THE PEOPLE

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