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A MAN WHO IS NOT AFRAID OF HIS SHADOW

The writer of these few lines proposes to vote for Edward A. MacLean for delegate at large from Oregon to the Republican National Convention at Chicago.

"For outspoken League of Nations man like Taft, Hoover or Hughes."

That is his official slogan.

Of course, under the direct primary law of Oregon, the delegates elected to the national convention of the party must vote for the presidential candidate winning in the primary election.

Mr. MacLean fully realizes this.

And notwithstanding this, he goes before the voters of his party in his true colors; telling them how he stands on the League of Nations.

He is a man who is not afraid of his shadow.

The writer of these few lines is in favor of the League of Nations with or without reservations; also with any one of the different sets of reservations that have been proposed.

He believes that, without reservations, it would be entirely safe for the United States; because the League of Nations will be a progressive organization, like the United States government under its Constitution, that it took so long to adopt with the haggling of the Lodges and Borahs and Johnsons of that day; and there will be amendments and improvements in the League covenant from time to time, to keep step with the changed conditions and the progress of the world.

The writer takes it that Mr. MacLean believes the same way; and he is not mealy-mouthed about telling the voters where he stands.

Men of his kind are needed in Chicago from Oregon.

The convention in which the Oregon delegates participate will make history—

It will set this nation with its face to the future, proudly and bravely taking the place to which it is Divinely appointed in the forefront of world leadership, marching to the music attuned to the highest hopes and ideals of humanity—

Or it will set this nation with its face to the bloody and reactionary past, shackled to the crimes and mistakes of all the long ages of ignorance and darkness and despair.

It would be a great thing for Oregon if this state could send all MacLeans to the Chicago convention, and the San Francisco convention, too, for that matter.

Oregon is overwhelmingly in favor of the League of Nations, and the writer believes there are not many of the forward looking people of this state who would balk at the League without any reservations; however much they have been disgusted at the supreme egotism that has demanded that it be that way or not at all.

As the breezes blew through his ruddy whiskers all dressed as usual in rainbow raiment, Jim Ham Lewis made solemn asseveration to a Wichita, Kansas, audience yesterday that the country may as well make up its mind to the nomination at San Francisco of Woodrow Wilson for President—as much as to say that the country may as well get ready to take its medicine, however bitter a dose in contemplation it may seem. If the country had not already taken the measure of this pulchritudinous wind-bag, who, through a strange trick of fortune once represented the great state of Illinois in the big wind officially known as the United States Senate, his words might excite qualms of consternation. But the fact is, Lewis is just talking through his hat; making talk to give his vocal organs exercise. There is no more danger of Woodrow Wilson than of Julius Caesar being nominated at San Francisco. One is just as dead politically as the other, if not more so. And if there were such danger, the chances of the election of Woodrow Wilson as a third term candidate would be nil; even niller than nil; unless, of course, another impossible thing might be imagined as a condition precedent, like an act of political harikari, like the nomination at Chicago of Hi Johnson, for instance. But why go ghost dancing into the shades of the institutions for the feeble minded? Half the members of the Republican party cannot be imagined as wandering back to the company of the "poor Toms" of the time of Shapespeare, before any insane asylums had been built in the world.

It seems strange that any one thinks it is necessary to make a campaign for the constitutional amendment making it possible to go on with the program of paved road construction in Oregon. Has any one, in any part of the state, heard of a man or woman voter who would think of voting against the proposition?

Voting at the primary election is going to be a good part of a day's work. It will be a truly blanket ballot; if not all wool, at least a yard long.

Of course, the State Fair Grounds ought to be a part of Salem.

The slogan pages of next Thursday are going to try to prove that this is a good grape country—and get away with it, too.

The refusal of congress to further appropriate money is at last causing the demobilization of the army of employes at Washington used during the war, but whose retention has been nothing less than a national scandal. The Wilson administration paid a lot of political debts at the expense of the taxpayers.

It does not seem that President Carranza was able to keep Sonora out of war. And he is running for a second term, too.

Over in Italy they have cut down the alcoholic content to 20 per cent. A man ought to be able to get comfortably soused on 20 per cent stuff if he is careful.

Almost time to talk about cabbages, kings and tainted money to be used in the coming presidential campaign. The other fellow's coin is always tainted.

It has been figured out that the wool in a suit costs less than $8. But the tailors doubtless justify the high cost by claiming that there is a shortage of material out of which to make cuffs for the pants.

It is reported that President Wilson rallied wonderfully following the first session of the cabinet. Some test on the nerves of the man, we will grant you.

Another big Red revolt is looming in Berlin. It seems to be one thing right after another in that town. Possibly some day they will get all of the devilment out of their systems.

Airships are to be introduced into Mexico. They will be just the thing for Carranza if the campaign for reelection becomes too torrid. He can charge the trips to overhead expenses.

In a measure prohibition is amounting to the decisions of internal revenue collectors. There is a wide latitude, for instance, in what a physician may prescribe in the way of liquor.

Weather man had his wires crossed. But sunshine will come along soon—though it is hard to make the farmers in the dampened ardor of their present mood believe it.

If you know anything about grapes, excepting sour grapes, tell it to the waiting world, through the slogan pages of The Statesman of next Thursday.

One of these days a cannery man is going to shew the consuming public that Oregon can raise the best asparagus in the world—the tenderest and best flavored. And he will make a fortune, and help to build up a big industry.

GOOD OLD FARM.

The immigration bureau has been advised to use all means to induce fresh arrivals in this country to locate on farms and in rural districts rather than in the already-congested cities.

It should not take long to enable a man to realize that life on an American farm or ranch is pretty good medicine and comes as near furnishing independence as any career on this little old earth can offer.

The small farmer doesn't really care if the Santa Fe switchmen quit or the elevator operators in the Flatiron building go on a strike. He can supply his own wants and have a surplus for his neighbor. Farming is no punishment, but rather a source of enduring satisfaction.

This reminds the Salem slogan editor of the articles that were printed in The Statesman when corn was the slogan subject, some weeks back.

One corn grower out south of Salem has a little mill with which he grinds his own corn meal. He uses corn as a soiling crop for his cows, and puts some corn into his silo.

He has plenty of fruit and vegetables, and, if he wants to, he can be independent of all the world, excepting the man who mines salt and sells overalls; and the tax gatherer.

He can raise bees for honey for sweetening, and he can grow a little sorghum along with his corn, and make his own sorghum mill from two logs and a sweep, and twirl his fingers at the Mormon sugar trust.

The man with a little patch of land in the Salem district can be as independent of all the world as the proverbial hog on ice; or two hogs on ice.

And he can live off of the fat of the land, too, with ham and eggs every morning for breakfast, and a chicken dinner every day, and cream an inch thick with every meal—all the results of his own industry.

OREGON PINES FOR LODGE.

The name of Senator Lodge appears on the Oregon primary ballot as a candidate for vice president.

Whether this is the wish of the Massachusetts solon is not stated. He would be a splendid man for that or a higher job but for his unfriendliness toward the big league movement. He always commands respect, even if the people cannot follow him with complete confidence. Oregon is famous for its good board and now it offers a place to Lodge as well.—Los Angeles Times.

Thanks for the compliment.

It is not that Oregon Republicans particularly pine fir the tall sycamore of the baked bean state; the elder statesman of Massachusetts.

But a gink named Webster or Wooster or Wuckster, or something like that, from somewhere on the now only blazed cocktail trail of Broadway, New York, has gotten into the habit of nominating himself for the choice of Oregon Republicans for candidacy for the vice presidency.

This Webster person, unknown to fame excepting in this particular, got on the nerves of a few Oregon voters.

That is all.

A good many Oregon voters would like to put Lodge more permanently on ice than his frigid brand of statesmanship now keeps him. They would even like to vote for him for vice president in order to accomplish the congealment.

COINAGE PROBLEMS.

The senate banking committee is debating a measure which provides for the coinage of both 7 and 8-cent pieces. It is figured that by putting the two together it would make a pleasant change in buying the nickel cigar. Personally, we prefer a 7½-cent coin which would permit getting even with the Jap who is selling two heads of penny lettuce for 15 cents. Maybe we could get along with one.—Los Angeles Times.

THE VIEWPOINT.

It is said to be the desire of the Order of Camels to have a law passed requiring all prohibitionists to drink beer. They claim that a measure to that purpose is just as fair as one which compels the Camels to go without. A sumptuary law for one class should be as good as one for another. But the supreme court thinks differently.

A KITCHEN CABINET.

Henry Lane Wilson, former ambassador to Mexico, says that when William Jennings Bryan was secretary of state he ran his department like the back kitchen of a restaurant. Is that a boost or a knock? Anyhow, it is where the goose is cooked.

MUCH CONTEMPT.

If it is contempt of court in Nevada for applicants for divorce to have a fresh marriage in contemplation, there has been a frightful lot of contempt offered to the courts of Nevada.

BORDERLAND INSURGERY.

The Mexican state of Sonora wants Uncle Sam to recognize it as a belligerent. On several occasions it has been necessary to recognize the belligerency of citizens of Sonora while they were shooting up the border and it is no trouble at all to identify a Mexican as a belligerent when he is caught with a gun in his hand and paprika in his temper. Go to it, and may the best man win.

MUCH TANGLED.

Civil war is difficult in Germany because the different classes who would start one cannot get together on any program and the first thing they know take to shooting at one another while the government referees the fight.

FUTURE DATES.

April 23 Friday—Banquet at First Methodist church for representatives of Community clubs of county to organize Salvation army campaign.
April 23, Friday—Student body election at Willamette University.
April 23, Friday — Howard Evarts Weed, landscape architect of Portland, to address Salem Art league at public library.
April 23, Friday—Debate between Willamette university and Pacific university.
April 25, Sunday—Baseball, Salem Senators vs. Rupert team of Southern Idaho league.
April 25, SundayBlossom day.
April 28, Wednesday—Boy Scout entertainment at armory under auspices of Salem Elks.
April 30, Friday—Debate between Willamette university and McMinnville college.
April 30 and May 1—"Awakening of Spring" pageant Opera House, hospital benefit.
May 1, Saturday—Founders' day celebration at Champoeg.
May 1, Saturday—May day and junior week end at Willamette university.
May 2, Sunday—Reports on Sunday school census due.
May 3 to May 8—Second annual Oregon Jersey jubilee.
May 6, Thursday—Banquet of Jersey cattle breeders.
May 11, Tuesday—Intercollegiate debate, Willamette vs. O. A. C.
May 14, Friday—Debate between Willamette university and Oregon Agricultural college.
May 14 to 16—Older Boys conference in Salem.
May 14 and 15—Nineteenth annual convention of Oregon State Association of Master Plumbers, in Salem.
May 18, Tuesday—Pacific Coast Ad club automobile excursion passes through Salem.
May 21, Friday—Special and primary elections in Oregon.
May 29, Saturday—William Howard Taft speaks at armory.
June 14, Monday—Flay day.
June 14 to 17—Officers' schools for Oregon National Guard at Vancouver and Fort Stevens.
June 19 and 20—National gypsy-tour motorcycle events in Salem.
June 22, 23 and 24—Imperial conclave of Mystic Shrine in Portland.
June 23, Wednesday—Imperial conclave of Mystic Shrine to visit Salem.
June 24, 25 and 26—Portland Rose festival.
July 6 to 20—Annual encampment of Oregon national Guard, infantry and engineers at Camp Lewis, artillery at Fort Stevens.
July 22, 23 and 24—State Elks convention in Salem.
September 27 to October 2—Oregon state fair.

BITS FOR BREAKFAST

Weather man says fair again.

He at least has the courage of his convictions.

Several more Mexican states have seceded. If this thing keeps up, old Carranza will soon have nothing left but his whiskers.

Spring is at least three weeks late, by all signs. But late springs are not always bad ones for this section; not unusually bad ones. It is all a question of plenty of late rains.

The workmen on the Vick Bros. and the F. N. Derby buildings to be, at South High and Trade streets, are going at it like they meant to have the walls up and the roof on by the time it rains again.

There is no good excuse for wood to be so high as it is in Salem; excepting the excuse for almost everything else being high. That is, high wages and high costs generally. All the same, some man or some company with a little capital and a lot of industry and pluck and good sense might make a killing now, and at the same time give the consumers of fuel here a much better run for their money.

Once more: Buy local building and loan shares, and keep on doing it; and the building of homes will take care of itself.

It is seldom that a newspaperman commits suicide. He has no curiosity to know what is coming next, having seen about everything on this side of the line that is worth looking at.—Exchange.

Another thing that we do not propose to worry about is the shortage in the crop of goldfish.

Those proposed two-cent pieces can be used to buy a match.