

# The Oregon Statesman

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### FIRST THINGS FIRST

Two striking addresses were delivered in Salem, within the past few days, that bear on an important point in community progress.

The first was by Bishop Charles Burns, of the Methodist church, who on Sunday night prefaced a wonderful sermon with a quotation from Gilbert K. Chesterton; to the effect that in looking for a worth while hotel, he did not inquire about whether the sheets were clean or the food well cooked or the servants trustworthy, but he was vitally interested to know of the owner, "What is your total view of the universe?" He didn't mean to talk cosmic theory or molecular attraction, but he wanted to know whether the boniface believed in God and in his fellow man—if he held these momentous subjects in right observance, he couldn't be wrong as a hotel keeper.

The other was by Prof. Reed, O. A. C. college editor, who spoke before the Commercial club, Monday, to insist that "All progress is at bottom a spiritual matter;" and to show that natural advantages of transportation or materials could not build the right kind of community progress without a spiritual outlook that cares for the finer instincts of man. Love of home, of clean surroundings, are more potent for prosperity than mines or mints, he said; and it is the commercial club's duty to look first after these essentials.

It can hardly be doubted that there is a widespread movement to nullify the prohibitory laws that have worked such beneficent marvels on women and children who used to go hungry and ragged, upon business that used to have far more bad bills than it has had under prohibition, upon society that has been spared the degradation of unrestricted booze. There is a disposition to condone the violation of these laws; to hold it clever, or even praiseworthy, to evade its conditions; to shield violators as martyrs of "persecution," and to make all law contemptible by breaking down respect for every sort of restrictions.

If Salem is to take and hold a lead in business, social or political life, there needs to be a better spirit of law observance than there now is. The recent furor over a few small forgeries, indicates that most people still hold "Laws" as mandates to be obeyed. If a dozen or a hundred or five thousand people should be either killing or robbing travelers on the side, or knowing of such killings that they would not report because it was smart or tattling to tell of these crimes, Salem would soon become a moral sink that everything decent would shun.

If the man who winks at the evasions of the anti-bootlegging laws, were to see any considerable portion of the public, or the officers, surlily rejoice when firebugs burned his house, thieves stole his automobile, forgers made away with his money, and ravishers invaded the sanctity of his home, he would be very certain that they were doing him and all society a grievous wrong. Yet his complaisance in the evasion of the liquor laws is a moral warrant for any thief or murderer to interpret these laws precisely as he himself interprets the laws against booze.

### NATIONAL HOSPITAL DAY AND SALEM HOSPITAL

Thursday, May 12th, was the 101st anniversary of Florence Nightingale's birth. That day was designated by President Harding as National Hospital Day.

And its observance ought to last throughout the years. The setting apart of that day for special observance was characteristic of the broad sympathies of the man who occupies the premier place of authority in the wide world.

To understand why this day was selected as the one on which our thoughts should turn to the faltering ones among us, to the bird with the broken wing, it is appropriate to recall some of the events of the life of that noble woman, a title held not through royal favor, but conferred by a grateful humanity.

War departments of old time consisted chiefly of speared fowls bound up in ravel of red tape; wherefore the business end of every war up to the last great struggle was a tangle of mismanagement—and, in many departments, under our own government as well under most of the others, that conflict was no exception. The stupidity and blunders of government officials made the inefficiency record, however, in the Crimean war of 1854.

The crass stupidity exhibited during that war broke its own record in the way it mishandled the care of the wounded soldiers. Thousands of British fighters were consigned to unnecessary graves as tribute to this bovine incapacity. In the first year of the war the number of men who died from wounds for lack of medical care reached the alarming figure of 58 per cent.

In the late world war no single soldier whose life by care, nursing and surgical skill it was possible to save was left to perish for want of organized relief. This result was due to a reform started in 1854 by one earnest Christian woman.

This woman was no dreamer, no sentimentalist. From early youth she had devoted her life to the science of practical nursing. So when the Crimean war broke out there was no one in England so well fitted to fight the chaotic conditions that soon developed in the care of the wounded.

Yet no crusade in a worthy campaign was ever so snubbed and discouraged. Women on the battlefield were an innovation that shocked the war office. The military authorities were against her suggestions. Her own sex branded her as unwomanly—some applied an uglier epithet. Her action excited the jealousy of the medical profession.

But she persisted. Finally her indomitable pluck wrung from Sir Sidney Herbert of the war department permission to organize a band of women nurses for work among the wounded at the front. She assembled forty-one devoted women and took them to the Turkish barracks on the Bosphorus. On the day of her arrival at Scutari the wounded were being brought in by the hundreds from the bloody field of Inkerman. "Red tape" insisted that all army supplies should be inspected before being used by the troops. This would take three or four days. In the meantime gangrene and canker would continue their deadly toll.

Single handed she defied the might of military precedent. With the butt end of a musket she smashed in the door of the room where the hospital supplies had been locked away and on her own authority commandeered the contents. Her forty-one nurses at once got busy among the wounded soldiers.

The results of her labors are told succinctly in the report of the army authorities. In a short time she reduced the death rate from wounds and sickness from 42 to 2 per cent.

Such services finally compelled recognition, even from her most bitter antagonists. At the close of hostilities a dinner was given to the officers who had helped to achieve the victory. Someone suggested that a vote be taken as to whose name would be best remembered as the hero of the Crimean war. When the result was given out there was but one name written on every slip of paper.

And that name was FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

But this was not all. The private soldiers who had learned to adore her under the sobriquet of "The Lady of the Lamp" took up a subscription for her and from their meagre pittance of pay raised a sum of \$250,000. Florence Nightingale turned over the whole amount to found a training school for nurses.

How dearly she was cherished by the British soldiers is also well illustrated in the story of the Balaklavan veteran. This scarred and broken hero many years later, the inmate of a poorhouse, was being congratulated by visitors on the Victoria Cross he was wearing on his breast. A well-dressed lady of title remarked that the day that cross was conferred on him must have been the proudest of his life.

The old man drew himself up to his full height. "No madam," he replied. "The proudest day of my life was not when the Queen of England pinned this ribbon on my tunic, but when Florence Nightingale laid her hand upon my forehead."

As everyone knows, the work of Florence Nightingale did not cease with the Crimean war. It has not ceased yet. Please God, it never will. The Geneva Convention and the Red Cross were the eventual outcome of her labors. And the modern hospital and the schools of scientific nursing, as we know them today, had their inception in the courage and self-sacrifice of "The Lady of the Lamp."

No object is more worthy of our devotion, more deserving of our understanding. However far the practice and profession of Christianity may diverge in other phases of human life, in the institution of the hospital they are eternally and indissolubly united.

This observance of National Hospital Day is designed to acquaint the public better with the general work of the hospital, a work so wide in its scope and so varied in its activities that the layman has no conception of how nearly it covers every function of our daily life. Moreover, it is dedicated wholly to the work of Christ himself, who "went about doing good."

And surely the anniversary of Florence Nightingale is the most fitting date on which to honor the services rendered humanity by the modern hospital. In the role of splendid womanhood what name shines with a more untarnished luster?

In this connection it is entirely fitting to direct attention to the effort now being made to secure sufficient additional pledges to warrant the beginning of the work of constructing a \$100,000 unit of the proposed new Salem Hospital.

And a few thousand dollars will suffice for this. It is hoped that, within a few days, or at the most a few weeks the work of construction may be ordered by the board of trustees to proceed.

Salem is very much in need of a thoroughly up to date hospital with a large number of beds and wards. The \$100,000 unit will make a good start—but the plans embrace the ultimate provision of a \$200,000 plant, to which still further additions may be made from time to time.

Salem is now much better provided with hospital facilities than she had last year. But the beds are all full, and patients are daily going from the Salem district to Portland to still further crowd the already overcrowded hospital facilities of the metropolis.

Salem is a natural hospital center of a large territory, that is constantly growing, and sure to continue its growth. With the best progress that we may in all likelihood make, we will not keep up with the demands that will be pressed upon our hospital facilities.

And the present \$100,000 project, immediately before us, is the minimum that we should undertake now; and not a day should be lost in getting the work of actual construction started.

Why not leave some of the pressing problems to posterity?

Noting the large sum Germany has agreed to pay the allies, it looks as if the billionium had arrived.

Wonder what congress is delaying the main tariff bill for? Time's up, has been since the 15th of March.

Ex-Governor Cox was among the recent callers on President Harding. He possibly wanted to know the latest recipe for a land slide.

It appears that every original Harding man is in Washington for a job. And the worst of it is that but few are landing. The contents of patronage seem to have dried up.

In other words, the Harding administration will recognize Mexico when it agrees to behave itself and makes amends for the past that seems to be fair enough.

Sorghum, tomatoes, kale, rhubarb, mushrooms, khorasandish garlic. The Salem slogan editor.

FUTURE DATES May 16 to 19 State Bohobak assembly. May 18 Wednesday Welcome program for newcomers at Commercial club. May 20 and 21 Baseball, William W. Whelan at White Walls. May 22 Sunday Memorial Sunday services. May 23 Monday Memorial day. June 7 Tuesday Auction sale of bonded papers at state fair grounds. June 14 Tuesday Elk's annual flag day program. June 15 to 20 Oregon National grand regatta at Camp Lewis and Fort Stevens. June 16 Thursday Oregon Pioneer association meeting in Portland. June 17 Friday High school graduation exercises. June 22 Friday Annual senior play by High School. June 27 Friday Annual Iowa picnic, State fair grounds. July 30 Saturday-Memorial service Sunday school picnic, state fair grounds.

will attempt to prove, tomorrow, that some of our farmers should specialize on all these crops. If you can help the slogan editor, do it today. It is important.

### WHEN IS A BALL GAME?

It takes 18 men to make a ball game, according to a court decision. A complaint charged some youths with disturbing the peace by playing baseball in the street and in proximity to the home of the complainant. But there were only seven boys and the judge held that it could not be a baseball game and therefore was not a disturbance within the meaning of the declaration. The judge's name was Daniel, at that. When eight men get out on the diamond they are not playing ball; possibly they are playing horse.

### FAR APART.

The program of the I. W. W. called for the seizure of all the industries of the country. But what do the I. W. W. want with industry? They wouldn't recognize it if they saw it. There is nothing in common between industry and the I. W. W. Industry suggests work and the I. W. W.'s won't work.

### RECAPTURE LOVE'S DREAM.

A Romeo who endeavored to recapture love's young dream at 41 has just died at 88, confessing failure. It couldn't be done, he said. But perhaps the mistake the elderly Romeo made was to have remained a bachelor for 47 years in the first place and to have insisted upon marrying a demsel of 22 in the second place. For this aged Romeo advertised for a 22-year-old wife way back in 1914—and got her that way. Had an 81-year-old Juliet acquired

a 22-year-old bridegroom Cupid would have turned in his grave, risen up and forbidden the bans, but he allowed Romeo to take the chance. And Romeo complained that his wife was cool towards him! Strange, indeed, that bought-and-paid-for 22 could not wax emotionally romantic for yearful 81! But, alas, the charms of antiquity have been sadly overrated and the lady merely found him stinky!

There have been many aged Romeos and Juliets who have tried to recapture love's young dream at three-score and ten. For in trying to recapture it they have lost it forever, lost the sweet memories, tarnished the treasure.

### DOING THINGS.

Some wonderful things are accomplished in the way of human reclamation. By the aid of an especially constructed keyboard a blind and armless soldier has been taught to operate a typewriter. It would seem that there were other aisles of effort in which the patient could be better directed, but the wish of the soldier had been in this channel and when its accomplishment seemed impossible, science and patience combined to produce results. A legless dancing master or a deaf and dumb auctioneer will be next on the program. Men never know what they can do until nature assumes to prove that they cannot.

### REFRESHMENTS.

The inventor of the combination we know as ice cream soda is dead. The young folks will agree that he was a good scout, although few realize that the blend is now nearly 50 years old.

### A FOREIGN POLICY.

In foreign affairs our policy is to mix in all matters in which we feel an interest and avoid all entanglements and responsibilities for which we have no liking. This is a great system—if we can keep it up.

### PAPER TEETH.

The Germans are making false teeth out of paper. If teeth were made from copies of certain newspapers one might mention they would be false, all right. Think of being bitten by teeth made from copies of the Volksblatt! A man with paper teeth should be confined to the Prussian Diet.

## EDITORIALS OF THE PEOPLE

### The Rafferty Case

Editor Statesman: I have been reading with interest the results of the arrest of Chief Traffic Officer T. A. Rafferty on a charge of violating a traffic ordinance in this city some time ago. I note that in an investigation made by the city council Mr. Rafferty went before the committee and stated that he was not guilty of any traffic violation.

As a matter of fact, I was present when Mr. Rafferty was seen driving without sufficient lights. City Traffic Officer Hayden and myself with several others were standing on the street in front of Tyler's drug store talking at the time. Mr. Rafferty drove away from the Marion hotel and drove north on Commercial street. He had a spotlight burning, but his headlights and tail light were dark. Officer Hayden said:

## LATEST BOOKS

- "The Enchanted Canyon" By Willis, Price \$2.00
- "Hidden Creek" by Burt, Price \$2.00
- "Find a Woman" by Roche \$2.00
- "Jacob's Ladder" by Oppenheim \$2.00
- "Flood Tide" by Bassett \$1.50
- "The Brimming Cup" by Canfield \$2.00

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"Some one give me a machine and I will get that man." I offered my machine. By this time Mr. Rafferty had turned east on State street, still without his tail light burning. When officer Hayden returned he stated that the man was Chief Traffic Officer Rafferty, who had forgotten to turn on his lights.

If Mr. Rafferty was not arrested at that time, why was the charge entered on the police blotter? If he is not guilty of a traffic violation then an immediate refund should be made to all those arrested and fined on a similar charge.

Ronald J. Smith.

## WOUNDED SOLDIER GOOD RECRUITER

1107 Men Secured For the Army On Hike Through Mountains

WASHINGTON, May 17.—When Edward M. Bentley, Chicago law student, enlisted in the army for the war, he went in, lock, stock and barrel the whole 245 pounds of him. He got to France with the First division, became Sergeant Bentley, was wounded and came home to conduct a single-handed recruiting campaign in the south that has backed all previous exploits of the kind off the map.

The sergeant conceived the idea of "hiking" through the Blue Ridge mountains in search of good soldier material. He was at it eight months. When he wound up with a stay at Walter Reed hospital here to recover from the exhausting effects of the experience, he was shy 54 pounds in weight, had spent \$2,000 of his own money, worn out 17 pairs of

army shoes, been shot at by a suspicious moonshiner; but had enrolled 1107 recruits, 1004 of whom had passed muster and are now in the army.

Incidentally, the suspicious young moonshiner who took a crack at the soldier with a rifle is one of the recruits. Bentley talked it out with him over a nip of the mountain dew and said he had turned a poor whiskey maker into a good soldier.

Have you ever watched a woman trying on hats and gowns? If she smiles at her reflection in the glass, nine times out of ten she will buy the garment she is trying on.—Exchange

It will be "A Perfect Crime" If you fail to see the show at The OREGON Friday, Saturday Read The Classified Ads.

THE MODERN ATTITUDE—LOVE IN A FLAT QUITTE possible, of course, but how much better Love in your own bungalow, with your carefully selected furnishings, your garden, your fruit, and your children. Saving, through an account at the United States National Bank, made his dream home a reality for many a man earning a moderate salary. United States National Bank SALEM OREGON



Tell Your Friends Start Today A pretty prancing pony, The greatest of chums for a boy, A real sweetheart for a girlie, To win one, oh! think of the joy. Nominate Yourself Receive 5,000 Free Votes

## Win A Real Live Pony All For Your Very Own

### Boys and Girls Attention!

THE GREATEST OPPORTUNITY OF YOUR CHILDHOOD DAYS The Oregon Statesman has decided to announce a contest that far exceeds in value of prizes offered anything yet dreamed of for boys and girls by any newspaper in this state.

Think of it! Four handsome and valuable ponies with their outfits to be awarded to four proud and happy boys and girls, just at the dawn of summer, just when the fields are turning green, when boys and girls or ponies love to roam around and enjoy one another's company. Just at a time when you can turn your pony loose on a nearby piece of land to enjoy himself when you are away to school.

Those who are fortunate enough to be boys or girls eighteen years of age or under will no doubt hail with delight the announcement of such sensational prizes when it is understood that if for any reason a pony is not won a cash commission will be paid on all subscriptions received from active candidates.

Such elaborate prizes and cash commissions are conditions heretofore unheard of and with such an opportunity available it behooves every boy and girl to take the prizes and the immense value of these rewards assures the Statesman of the active cooperation of every boy and girl.

It costs nothing to be a candidate and a little effort for the few weeks this contest is in vogue may win for you one of these famous Ponies of the Great West. The best opportunity of your childhood to get one of these greatest of all childhood companions is at hand today.

Over 100 boys and girls have already been awarded ponies and outfits by the contest editor. What these contestants have already done you can do if you try. Own a pony and outfit to keep and enjoy as long as you like. Nominations are free.

NOMINATION BLANK Pony Contest Editor, Statesman Publishing Co., Salem, Oregon Please register my name as a contestant in The Pony Contest and credit me with 5000 votes. I have read the rules of the contest and agree to same. Contestant's Name Address Signature of Parent or Guardian This blank properly filled out brings you further information and supplies by return mail.