

The Oregon Statesman

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NOT A GOOD PLACE TO BEGIN

There is a general feeling on the part of the people of Oregon that there must be a reduction of the cost of government, and, by the same sign, a reduction of taxes.

But the slowing up of reasonable public school activities and a lowering of the standards of school work is not a good place to begin.

A majority of the voters of both Portland and Salem have, however, struck at a special tax that the directors passed up to them as reasonable.

And many who voted in the negative no doubt had the thought in mind of recording a protest against any extra taxation at all, rather than the idea of depriving the public schools of needed new buildings in Portland and needed departments of work and training here.

In Salem, the paucity of funds will be felt on several accounts, and chiefly, perhaps, because there will be a large increase of public school attendance next year.

So there will of necessity have to be skimming and curtailment and doubling up in a number of directions—to the detriment of the service.

As was plainly shown, the rate of taxation for public school purposes in Salem has not been high, as compared with other cities smaller than our city.

But this showing did not suffice to prevent the protest against even a slight extra tax.

This is the handwriting on the wall: There must be a well ordered movement in Oregon for the cutting down of the cost of government, all down the line—in every single department. It should be sweeping and thorough, and well considered, in order that injustices may not be done, and so that efficiency may not be crippled. It must be thought out in advance, mapped and programmed and set forth plainly, in order that the voters may have the proper guidance in securing what they want, which is a lightening of their tax burdens.

If there is no well ordered program, they are going to strike right and left; they are going to act like a bull in a china shop, and many necessary and essential matters are going to be injured, while some of the most undeserving and non essential high costs are going to be left unscathed.

The granting of the degree of doctor of philosophy by the University of Pennsylvania on June 15 to Miss Sadie Mossell, a young Negro woman, is of interest apart from the fact that she is said to be the first woman of her race to be thus honored by an American university. She is a member of the third generation of a notable American Negro family. Her grandfather, Bishop Benjamin T. Tanner of the African Methodist Episcopal church, has long been a well-known and honored churchman and an editor and author of recognized ability. Her uncle, Henry O. Tanner, son of the bishop, is an associate of the National Academy of Design and examples of his remarkable work are in many of the most famous art galleries, including the Luxembourg in Paris. Miss Mossell's father is a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, and his brother is a graduate of the West Philadelphia Medical college. Whether other American Negro families could make an equally impressive exhibit of three generations of learned achievement would be interesting to know. Many could show an equivalent record of sustained accomplishment in bearing their share of the work of the world in less conspicuous places. It is still only a few years since the emancipation proclamation was issued and there is every reason for confidence in the future for which it prepared the way.

"It is not happiness to have 18 servants," philosophically observes Mrs. Stillman. One doesn't even need 18 in order to be miserable.

It is said that the negotiations between the United States and Mexico as to recognition are at a deadlock. There is nothing new about that.

John D. Rockefeller has informed his grandchildren that he made his first dollar back in 1838 raising turkeys four miles north of Moravia, N. Y. And he still has the dollar.

It is enough to make that sturdy patriot, Grover Cleveland, turn in his grave to know that the most pestiferous slacker carried his honored name.

Oregon still raises more hops than any other state, excepting only California. Oregon is second. Hops in the Salem slogan subject for Thursday. The slogan editor asks your help.

Total disarmament is as far away as the abandonment of pot.

FUTURE DATES June 15 to 29—Oregon National guard campments at Camp Lewis and Fort Stevens. June 17, Friday—High school graduation exercises. High School June 17, Friday—Annual law picnic. June 20, Monday—School elections. July 23, Saturday—Marion county Sunday school picnic, state fair grounds. July 25 to 31—Salem Centennial.

recently by an editorial appearing in that paper, beginning—"If ever another war can be justified, if a continuation of the great war is anywhere justified, it will be, or is, to completely wipe out or disperse the Turks, so that there may be no more Turkey forever. In Turkey is the tap-root of the great war, with other roots of the same trunk extending all over Europe, Turkey and the Turks are just what they always have been and always will be, world without end. One of the worst stains on the history of Great Britain, as the British admit, is her persistent dalliance with the Turk."

That a paper of such pacific tendencies and such an internationalistic slant of mind as that of the Herald should approve a resort to blood and iron to wipe out the unspeakable Turk, is astonishing. The Herald has seen in the League of Nations the rectifier of all wrong. Can it not bestir the League to action?

The previous occupant of the White House has long been the idol of the Herald, and he is largely entitled to the thanks of the Turk and the criticism of the Herald for the part he played in protecting Turkey. His 12th point recited that "the Turkish portions of the present Ottoman empire should be assured a secure sovereignty," and that, with the independence of Poland, was about the only portion of the 14-point program which got by, and the portion which is raising the most disturbance right now. Even the Republican party was not so blood-thirsty as to advocate the complete annihilation of the Turks. The leaders of that party merely suggested that Turkey should be confined to Asiatic territory. But Mr. Wilson was so considerate of the tender susceptibilities of the sensitive Turk that he would have no war declared against that nation, and his premature calling of the armistice permitted the whole kit and bilbl of them to escape the punishments they deserved.

The Herald speaks truly of the British stain, due to Great Britain's fear of what might happen to her Indian possessions if Turkey was not supported as a set-off to Russian ambitions and entrusted with the wardenship of the Dardanelles. Yet the Herald has insistently advocated, and does yet, that the United States entangle itself in a League of Nations the members of which have been par-boiled in problems of this sort since 476 A. D. Now it would put Turkey to the sword. Who has been feeding the Herald raw meat?

The above was written by the Republican Publicity association, Washington, D. C., of which Hon. Jonathan Bourne, former United States senator from Oregon, is president.

The people of the United States have no right to demand that the Turks be wiped out or dispersed, "so that there may be no more Turkey forever."

But they do have a right to demand, as The Statesman has contended, that Turkey be prevented forever from persisting in murdering Armenians. They have a right to expect this, in the legitimate pursuit of her immortal idealism by the United States government; by the American people before they organized their government.

It might take no bloodshed. But if the enforcement of the order that should come from the American people to Turkey to be decent and respect the amenities of civilization should take drastic action, the American people would be following only their immortal precedents of idealism in applying that force; to the necessary limits to secure implicit obedience to that order.

THE HIGHWAY PROBLEM.

The Manchester (N. H.) Mirror calls attention to the fact that "two thousand years ago the Roman empire put down stone roads that its legions might, disregarding weather, march to war. Some of these roads are there now and in good condition. Four or five years ago, or less, New Hampshire put down roads of other forms of material and construction and they are not there now. The auto and the truck have plowed and harrowed them, the contracting firms and profit-taking alone endure." The Mirror is an advocate of cement highways. It is a pretty expensive first-cost of construction, but it will probably pay in the long run, particularly if the advice on this subject contained in the first address of President Harding to congress, is followed:

"There is begun a new era in highway construction, the outlay for which runs into hundreds of millions of dollars. Bond issues by road districts, counties and states amount to enormous figures, and the country is facing such an outlay that it is vital that every

effort shall be directed against wasted effort and unjustifiable expenditure. The federal government can place no inhibition on the expenditure in the several states; but since congress has embarked upon a policy of assisting the states in highway improvement, wisely, I believe, it can assert a wholly becoming influence in shaping policy. * * * I know of nothing more shocking than the millions of public funds wasted in improved highways, wasted because there is no policy of maintenance. The neglect is not universal, but it is very near it. There is nothing the congress can do more effectively to end this shocking waste than condition all federal aid on provisions for maintenance. Highways, no matter how generous the outlay for construction, cannot be maintained without patrol and constant repair. Such conditions insisted upon in the grant of federal aid will safeguard the public which pays and guard the federal government against political abuses which tend to defeat the very purposes for which we authorize public expenditures."

To authorize large sums for highways without making adequate provision for patrol and maintenance is a folly which finds no favor in those European countries renowned for their highway systems.

ITALY AT WORK, BELGIUM BUSY.

There were 1192 corporations newly organized in Italy during 1920, with a capital stock aggregating 1,654,384,000 lire (about \$330,000,000), and 767 corporations increased their capital stock by an aggregate of about \$684,000,000 for the same year. On the other hand, 190 corporations whose capital aggregated \$27,500,000, dissolved, and decrease in capitalization of 55 corporations amounted to \$21,000,000. This leaves a net increase in capitalization for the year of about \$867,000,000, or 53 per cent of the increase being recorded during the first six months of the year. We do not hear such a great deal of wailing from Italy about securing American funds. The Italians are getting down to cases and Italy appears to be coming through.

UNCLE ABE SAYS:

If you think conditions are improving your thought makes them improve.

The fellow who takes the day's work more seriously than the day's pay will always have pay enough. When you talk hard luck you help spread it; poor mouth never gets a rich purse. The task done joyously is the task done well; the man who can't take joy in his job, needs another job. Farmers are natural optimists; no pessimist could plant a tree. You can't be independent and in debt at the same time. Do you take daylight and dark as mere matters-of-course? Or are they God's good gifts for the blessings of work and sleep? One of the best ways to find out what you could do, and to do it, is to learn the things you can't do, and then stop wasting time on them. Buy and buy many things you can't afford and you can't afford anything by and by. One wishes there were as much interest in the shortage of homes as there seems to be in the shortage of houses.—Farm Lite.

BITS FOR BREAKFAST

Down with high taxes! That is the way a good many people feel about it. But the shortage of funds will make it hard sledding to get by, especially with a much larger attendance next year. They are shipping their cherries east from The Dalles, the other cherry city of Oregon. Perhaps they are showing the way for the disposition of a lot of the crop of the Salem district. Bruce Cunningham is going to let his new dryer at West Salem, one of the largest dryers in the world, lie idle this year. It would cost him \$600 or more to fully

finish and equip it for drying; and perhaps \$30,000 to \$40,000 to fully equip it in addition for canning, and money is too tight for this at the present time. The land here the mountains prevail. Where the rivers all flow from the gorge of snow-capped mountains. When the peaks are so high that they puncture the sky. And man, a star they impale. Till the darkness from its field a bright silvery shield. To embalm that mountainous trail. There are canyons so deep and big mountain peaks so steep. That the light, at midday, would be pale. But the stars and the sun they unite as but one light on that wonderful trail. Oh, those mountains were cast in the far away past. On such a magnificent scale. But the architect left a most generous gift. As a cap for the Oregon trail. Where the song of the breeze through the quivering trees. Is pitched in a monotone scale. Yet the carter's rousing and gay's exploding. Enliven that musical trail. But the swift running rivers, they gave us the shivers. Like a quake; a tree in the awale. We worried across with great danger of loss. On that wearisome Oregon trail. Then the Indians rose gave us spells of awe. As they crept through the brush like a shadow. Or boldly came out with a whoop and a shout. To scare us from that dangerous trail. Oh! the people who traveled that trail were a marvel. Their courage and hope would not fail. And seldom they grumbled as the big wagons rumbled. Along on that tiresome trail. So seldom they rested, their endurance was tested. Like a ship that outweathers the gale. For their goal was ahead where the sailing sun was red. Was glimmering at the end of the trail, and the workshop with hammer and nail. The singer with ode and the lawyer with codes. All mingle alike on the trail. The country school teacher, the old vil lage preacher. The scholar from Harvard or Yale. All suffered alike on that memorable hike. O'er the rocks and the bumps on the trail. They were nature's great noblemen, wise as Solomon. For in nothing were they found to be lacking.

THE OREGON TRAIL

Read by W. T. Rignold, author at Iowa public State fair grounds, Friday, June 17.

O' what the day, when we started this way. To hunt for the Oregon trail. Our horses were as high as the stars in the sky. With never a thought that we'd fail. Our faith was a strong as the journey. And as deep as the ocean we sail. The father was steady and the mother was ready. To start for the Oregon trail. With knowledge though meager, the children were eager. To gather their parents and sail. So farewell to the teacher, that horrid old creature. While we skip on the Oregon trail. We heard of the glory, through many a story. That came by the mouth of the mail. Of the wonderful scenes on the mountains and streams. To be found on the Oregon trail. Yes, we heard of a land where a magical hand. Was controlling the rudder and sail. Where dame Nature was smiling, while wealth she was piling. At the end of the Oregon trail. Where the trees and the flowers in odorous bowers. Where the grouse and the chattering quail. Where the heaver and bear with all game is found there. Eucharizing the end of the trail. Where you'll hear the old ocean in reverent devotion. When the winds from the west will blow. Where prospects are growing, and dame Nature is showing. Her best at the end of the trail. So with spirits exalted and with courage unshakable. With never a doubt to assail. We'll strike out with a song and a shout. To assure that Oregon trail.

Across the wide plains with our slow moving trains. We stirred up the dust like a gale; But with joke and wit and just and true, we followed the Oregon trail. 'Till we reached in the distance with little resistance. The loud where the mountains prevail. Where the rivers all flow from the gorge of snow-capped mountains. When the peaks are so high that they puncture the sky. And man, a star they impale. Till the darkness from its field a bright silvery shield. To embalm that mountainous trail. There are canyons so deep and big mountain peaks so steep. That the light, at midday, would be pale. But the stars and the sun they unite as but one light on that wonderful trail. Oh, those mountains were cast in the far away past. On such a magnificent scale. But the architect left a most generous gift. As a cap for the Oregon trail. Where the song of the breeze through the quivering trees. Is pitched in a monotone scale. Yet the carter's rousing and gay's exploding. Enliven that musical trail. But the swift running rivers, they gave us the shivers. Like a quake; a tree in the awale. We worried across with great danger of loss. On that wearisome Oregon trail. Then the Indians rose gave us spells of awe. As they crept through the brush like a shadow. Or boldly came out with a whoop and a shout. To scare us from that dangerous trail. Oh! the people who traveled that trail were a marvel. Their courage and hope would not fail. And seldom they grumbled as the big wagons rumbled. Along on that tiresome trail. So seldom they rested, their endurance was tested. Like a ship that outweathers the gale. For their goal was ahead where the sailing sun was red. Was glimmering at the end of the trail, and the workshop with hammer and nail. The singer with ode and the lawyer with codes. All mingle alike on the trail. The country school teacher, the old vil lage preacher. The scholar from Harvard or Yale. All suffered alike on that memorable hike. O'er the rocks and the bumps on the trail. They were nature's great noblemen, wise as Solomon. For in nothing were they found to be lacking.

Each developed his trait as they built a great state. At the end of this famous old trail. You, the old pioneer, who journeyed our here. In advance of the steamship and rail. Will be written in story and chanted in glory. As time shall illumine the trail. When their works are all ended and their errors all mended, call for his mail. He'll feel a great thrill when he reads of the work of the Oregon trail. For these giants of the Oregon trail. But their local hero meets, who prepared the good state. With the pan and the pot and the pad. To speech our desires around the campfires. Shall have a good word from the trail. No ladies in classes, they mingled in many. Distinctions were cast in the gale. Yet all were serene as the stateless queen. As we ended the story on the trail. The women in their, who've won the world's glory. In legend, tradition and tale. Will never outshine the brave girls in the past. Who conquered the Oregon trail. That trip was a school wherein patients must rise. And passion sink low in the scale. On the world had not seen the most sensible queen. 'Till developed on the Oregon trail. Now when we all meet on that golden paved street. In that only more beautiful vale. We'll crown every queen with a celestial crown. Who endured on the Oregon trail.

TEACHERS EXAMINING BOARD IS GRADING RECENT PAPERS

A board of examiners drawn from the teachers of the state and appointed by J. A. Churchill, state superintendent of schools, is now in Salem examining papers of teachers who took the state teachers' examination June 9, 10, 11.

FONDANT

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Teachers Examining Board Is Grading Recent Papers

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and 12. The members of the board are: Mrs. Minnie Baltman, Jennings Lodge; Mrs. Emile C. Shaw, West Linn; U. S. Lottson, Miss Margaret Cosper, Mrs. Marie Shipley, Miss Irene Curtis, Mrs. Maud Halverson, Miss Marie Churchill, Mrs. Edna Sterling, Mrs. La Moine K. Clark, Miss Ivy Martin, H. F. Durham, Mrs. Anna Miss Olive Chenault, Mrs. Anna Read, Grace Davis, Miss Christine Jewett, Portland; Miss June C. Reynolds, Dallas; Mrs. F. H. Morrison, Dallas; Mrs. Blanche Coe, Turner; Mrs. Gladys Carson-Douglas, Eugene; Miss Theda D. Perkins, Seattle.

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JUNE

June is the month of perfect days, when the call of the "Great out-of-doors" attracts young and old alike. Whether it be in recreation or vacation sightseeing, good vision always adds the zest that makes the enjoyment complete. You cannot afford to be without good vision, which science now assures you, through glasses that accurately correct defective eyesight.

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