

# The Oregon Statesman

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## THE FLOUNDERING OF FRANCE

The resignation yesterday of Premier Briand of France and his cabinet carries great interest in all the wide world. It is an event showing the great difference of opinion in France on a number of questions of international importance.

Affecting profoundly the agreements reached in the peace conference at Washington and the negotiations for an adjustment on a better basis of the reparations payments by Germany, and efforts to reach conclusions concerning the exchange situation and financial readjustments generally in Europe.

The United States is concerned in all these matters vitally, because our country has become the first world power in most particulars affecting the well being of the citizens of all lands.

The well wishers of France in the United States—including nearly all the people of this country who are capable of reason and sympathy—have faith that France will ultimately find her soul; that she will get over her ease of nerves and shell shock, and that she will finally come to be in complete accord with the aspirations of the forces hoping and working for conditions leading to complete understandings among all the nations of the earth, making for international justice and permanent peace.

France is floundering now, but her great past in brilliant leadership of ideals of democracy and justice is a guarantee that she will not fall from her high place.

## BLOCS AND POLITICAL PARTIES

A New York member of Congress wants "bloes" prohibited by law. The gentleman might as well demand the prohibition of the Republican and Democratic parties. A party is a bloc as much as a bloc is a bloc, in the constitutional sense. The constitution does not recognize political parties. They were inherited from England like the common law and high sheriffs. President George Washington hoped to govern without parties and consequently Hamilton and Jefferson quarreled on the inside of his cabinet instead of on the outside. The first party in America under the constitution was a bloc and so was the second party. New parties have always started as blocs drawing their strength from all possible sources. Antislavery Whigs and Democrats back in the 40's and 50's got together on the slavery issue and by 1856 they had become a regular party with the name Republican.

No bloc can be killed by talk or making faces. There is no stopping one unless its job is taken from it by the old parties. The basis of parties is their usefulness in government; the test of a bloc is the unique work it does for enough people to make it worth while. If there is a large group of people who cannot get results to suit them through one of the regular parties, a bloc will arise to meet the need. Political science in that case points to this development: Either one of the regular parties will take over the mission of the bloc and swallow it whole, or the bloc will eventually swallow one of the regular parties if the issue it stands for is sufficiently commanding and permanent.

The present farm bloc in Congress is a true bloc because it draws strength from both the old parties and came into existence to satisfy the pressing demands of a large economic group. But it is without the elements of permanence, according to the precedent of the Populist party which originated in the same way and for similar reasons. Whether this bloc will have much of a run depends entirely on future economic conditions.

You have to die or go blind to prove it was wood alcohol.

If the ambitions of the men who are pushing the flax industry in the Salem district are realized, it will be a long step ahead. Immense possibilities for Salem and the surrounding country are bound up in this industry, and are sure to be realized in time.

It is getting easier in Salem and Marion county to enforce the law against bootleggers and moonshiners—or perhaps it would be more nearly correct to say it is getting harder. The business is not carried on as openly as it was a little while back. And it is going to be carried on still less openly, for the officers are going to be more vigilant, and the penalties are going to be more severe.

## KING COTTON DETHRONED

The farming districts of America that run to one crop frequently experience disaster. Drought or some pest may destroy the prospects of the season, but sometimes a tragedy of this kind may be a blessing in disguise. In an Alabama town the farmers of the neighborhood have erected a bronze fountain in honor of the cotton boll weevil. This bitter and implacable enemy of what was once America's foremost crop administered a lesson to the planters that has resulted in a profit to them. Year after year and generation after generation their lands were planted to cotton. If the crop was good and the price high they made money, but this combination almost never happened. When the weevil got in, the crop was spoiled and the planters starved—or nearly so. Two or three successive seasons of the weevil brought them nigh to bankruptcy and finally a few of them, of revolutionary tendencies began to give some thought to other crops. They found that the soil, worn out by successive years of cotton planting, responded excellently to certain grain and forage crops and that there was money in vegetables. They found, in fact, that diversified farming was a real money-maker, while cotton planting smelt of tragedy and loss. Therefore they have reared this bronze memorial to the weevil—this devastating pest that had driven them into other aisles of agricultural adventure. They can go back to cotton when conditions are right and the weevil is absent; but they have learned that the south is not at all dependent upon cotton for its life and sustenance.

The farmers of the Salem district have been learning the same lesson for a long time, since the old days of one crop a year—the grain crop. And lately they have been learning a still more important lesson— That the Salem district is especially adapted to the production of a large diversity of crops that may be grown to better advantage and at greater profit than in any other section of the country, or of the world. This is the reason why Salem and the surrounding country keep going ahead, with good or fair business, while many other cities or sections, depending upon one or a few crops, or on manufacturing or mining industries, have lately been hard hit. And the more these specialties in agriculture and manufacturing here in Salem and the Salem territory are pushed, the more this section and city will prosper, and the faster they will develop into Gibraltar growth and prosperity.

## BY WIRELESS

The enthusiastic group of amateur wireless operators in and around Salem will be interested to learn, if they have not already heard that a violin solo of "Humoresque" played into the transmitter of a wireless telephone at Wichita, Kan., the other day was distinctly heard on the coast of Scotland by a representative of the American Radio relay league, Paul F. Godley. It was just an incident of the league's experiments undertaken to determine whether the short waves permitted to amateur operators in this country are effective for intercontinental communication.

Mr. Godley also heard a piano solo played somewhere in America, and in the course of his 10 days in the rain in the open field at Androssen he heard from 26 wireless stations in America—about five times as many as he had hoped to hear from—and one of them was at Atlanta, Ga., 3500 miles away. It is easy to believe that he was enthusiastically received by his fellow amateurs upon his arrival in New York, a few days ago. The 20,000 members of the league in the United States and Canada are expected to multiply as a result of the sensational success just accomplished. England's meager 5000 wireless amateurs, it is reported, are already increasing by "leaps and bounds."

This experiment, of course, is especially significant because of the accomplishment with the less powerful instruments of the amateur. Realization of what it means it helped by consideration of other recent developments in the radio field. For instance, it will be recalled that President Harding's message to the nations on November 5, sent from Rocky Point, L. I., was received in New Zealand, about 10,000 miles distant. And answers to a message recently sent from a station in Wales were received within half an hour from Berlin, Budapest,

## FUTURE DATES

January 12 and 13, Thursday and Friday—Basketball, Willamette University vs. Whitman College.  
January 19-21—Elika's Mardi Gras.  
January 21, Tuesday—Gay MacLaren, at Grand Theatre, auspices Salem Arts League.  
February 10, Friday—Arbor Day.  
February 16 to 19, inclusive—State Christian Endeavor convention.

Christiania, Malta, Paris, Prague, Rome and elsewhere and a little later from Nova Scotia.

The important invention which has enabled wireless operators to direct a specially powerful wave in a determined direction, instead of sending waves of equal force in all directions at once, is now added the hope of direct communication between two stations only. This is the purpose of a device said to have been invented by the Ukrainian electrical engineer, Chayko. The possibilities of all this tax the imagination.

One of the possibilities certainly, in its bringing of the peoples of the earth closer together, is a growth of international acquaintance and understanding which mean peace.

## BITS FOR BREAKFAST

Frosty night, sunshiny days.  
Broccoli meeting at 2 tomorrow

It was a notable company of old timers (and some new comers) who gathered last night to help Hal Patton celebrate his 50th birthday. There were about 200 of them—and some one remarked that "there are a lot of us left yet." And most of them look like they might last for a good while. There were many tales and reminiscences of the old days when Salem was new and crude, measured by modern conveniences and later inventions. But the spirit of those times was as free and jolly and enjoyable as that of the present in a more hurried and care-full period.

Geo. P. Litchfield told in his talk of being at the death bed of

## SAYS RED PEPPER HEAT STOPS PAIN IN FEW MINUTES

Rheumatism, lumbago, neuritis, backache, stiff neck, sore muscles, strains, sprains, aching joints. When you are suffering so you can hardly get around, just try Red Pepper Rub.

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E. N. Cooke, the grandfather of the post. He described that former state treasurer and pioneer citizen as a man of great optimism and great faith. He was president of the company that owned the line of freight and passenger boats on the Willamette, and he believed in the great future of Oregon and of Salem, and showed his faith by his works. He was the largest giver in the building of the First Methodist church building. Mr. Litchfield said the death bed parting was one of the most inspiring he had ever seen.

## Troop of Boy Scouts is Organized at Silverton

SILVERTON, Ore., Jan. 12.—(Special to The Statesman)—Rev. Sydney Hall organized tentatively a chapter of the Boy Scouts Monday night at the Methodist Episcopal church. The organization cannot be completed until the official forms arrive from New York. Rev. Mr. Hall will act as

scout master. There were 12 charter members. Mr. and Mrs. Harold Chase spent the week-end at Silverton. Mrs. Amos Corhouse is ill at her home on East 11th. C. A. Benson, of the Benson Pheasant farm was at Sator Saturday to visit Frank Ha, who is at the old people's home there. Arthur Steelhammer is at San Francisco. Vernon Snook of Portland was at Silverton Monday.

### Delicious! Appetizing!

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Invites you to hear

## Stuart McGuire

the eminent baritone, in an Evening at Home with the Player Piano

at the

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Tuesday evening, January seventeenth,

Nineteen twenty-two

Music at 8:15

In order to avoid overcrowding, admission will be by ticket only. These may be obtained at our store, or will be mailed to you upon request.

# The Junior Statesman

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## Home Talent Plays

"East—West—Home's—Best"  
Scene: Living room of the Palmer home. The davenport, the easy chair, and the grandfather's clock are the characters. A boy or girl concealed behind each one of these articles does the speaking. As the scene opens the room is in half darkness, with only a floor lamp on it.  
DAVENPORT (in deep, slow voice): Seems mighty lonesome in here. We're left alone most of the time.  
EASY CHAIR: (In smooth, soft tone): That's right. I hate being deserted so much. It didn't use to be this way.  
CLOCK (in measured, monotonous tones): It makes me feel pretty badly when I think of the happy family gatherings I have seen in my long life—Children who have grown up and formed family circles of their own. A long, long time. A long, long time.  
EASY CHAIR: Sometimes Mrs. Palmer sits here a while and sews and reads, but she gets restless and finally goes off to bed. Every night and every night those two are off somewhere.  
DAVENPORT: It isn't as if Marjory and Tommy Palmer were two wild young people who liked to run around with rough gangs at night. The trouble is they don't know how to spend a pleasant evening at home. They have to go off to the movies, or off studying with some of their friends, or in their rooms making something. They see each other only at meal time.  
CLOCK: It wasn't that way in the old days.  
EASY CHAIR: I feel sorry for their mother. Since their father is away so much, you'd think her children would try to entertain her. But no, sir! And she lets them go most of the time, because she is afraid they'll think they're

funny old thing. I remember when I was a little kid and granddaddy lived with us. How he liked it! We used to have lots of fun together. By the way, whose mother?  
TOMMY: Oh, mother! Come on in, Marg and I want to stay home and visit.  
CLOCK: Tick-tock. Tick-tock. That's right—home—night.

## ONE REEL YARNS

NORA TELLS A STORY  
"Tell us a story, Nora," begged Anne and Constance, as they leaned against the kitchen table and watched the new maid roll out cookie dough.  
"I'll bet you know a lot," said Constance. "Can't you tell us an Irish fairy tale?"  
"Well, I might," said Nora. "I'll tell you about the fairy shoemaker. It's a famous old story."  
"Do tell it," cried Anne, and Constance seconded her.  
"Long ever ago," began Nora, "outside a little village in Ireland there was a fairy ring, and this ring belonged to a fairy shoemaker. The people of the village would bring their old shoes there at night and put them in the fairy ring, which is a sort of a little white ring in the grass. They'd put a bowl of milk there, too. And in the morning the milk would be gone and their shoes would be mended up as good as new."  
"No one ever saw the shoemaker at work, though sometimes unbelieving folks would hide behind trees at night to watch, but he couldn't be fooled and he never came to mend the shoes those nights. Sometimes people wandering near there late at night would hear the tap-tap of his hammer, or even hear him singing at his work."  
"One night he came to the ring, bringing his magic workbench with him to begin his night's work. He stopped in astonishment and vexation. 'What's this in my ring?' he said. 'They look



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# AT THE GRAY BELLE