

The Oregon Statesman

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TO AID THE FARMERS OF THE COUNTRY

The conference called by Secretary of Agriculture Henry C. Wallace in which to consider ways to assist and encourage the tillers of the soil and the producers of the live stock of the country convened in Washington yesterday, with 300 delegates present, representing agriculture in all its phases and industries related to farming.

And the President walked over to the hall where the conference is meeting, yesterday, to give a broad outline of the matters he regards as fundamental in the discussions to follow, without attempting to dictate the course of the conference discussions.

And the following was the President's general idea of the agenda for the important gathering: Practical development of the water resources of the country, both for transportation and power, including plans for electrification of the nation's railroads.

Feasibility of the St. Lawrence-Great Lakes waterway, which he declared is unquestioned; and he said its cost compared with other great engineering works would be small.

Development of a thorough code of law and business procedure, with the proper machinery of finance, through some agency, to insure that turn-over capital shall be as generously supplied to the farmer and on as reasonable terms as to other industries.

Formation of co-operative loaning, buying and selling associations. Creation of instrumentalities for collection and distribution of useful and true information so as to prevent violent fluctuations of markets.

Methods for bringing about further reclamation, rehabilitation and extension of the agricultural area.

Promotion of a new conception of the farmers' place in the national social and economical scheme.

That is surely a platform broad enough for a working session, calculated to bring out recommendations demanding definite and concrete action on the part of Congress.

President Harding was cheered when he made a digression to assert that the present condition of the agricultural industry "is truly of national interest and not entitled to be regarded as primarily the concern of either a class, or a section, or a bloc."

Quite true— And this should be true for all times and seasons; for agriculture is and must remain the foundation industry in this and all other countries; the industry upon which all others are built; the one without which all others would crumble and without which the people would starve.

But the men who till the soil and who produce the food and the raw materials for the clothing of all have not always enjoyed the co-operation and the standing they have deserved.

And, while the writer believes that blocs should not be necessary in the United States, and that class consciousness of every kind ought to be frowned upon and put under the ban of the tabu.

Still, if the agricultural bloc was the only thing that could accomplish a recognition of all the rights of the agricultural classes, then hurrah for the agricultural bloc!

And, by the same sign, perhaps, the work of recognition having been accomplished, the agricultural bloc will grow into desuetude.

That great engineer, Herbert Hoover, agrees with Presi-

dent Harding upon the feasibility and the desirability of the St. Lawrence-Great Lakes waterway—

And in all the other fundamental propositions advanced by the President there are master minds in accord; so that these working plans for doing real things for the benefit of better conditions on the farms and ranges of the country ought to be accomplished, and without long and tedious delays.

The farmers of the United States have the floor. The backbone of the country must be stiffened and supported.

There is no doubt that Marion county will have women jurors hereafter; though some who are called will not be chosen.

The arms parley is getting on famously. Nobody is showing the nicks on their gun stocks.—Exchange.

It is possible that the old-fashioned saying that the way to lose a friend is to loan him money applies to nations as well as persons.

The day is once more coming when the American flag will be seen on every ocean. It has already been too long delayed.

It is claimed that the brand of William Gibbs McAdoo is plainly to be seen on Cordell Hull of Tennessee, chairman of the Democratic national committee.

The first iceberg ever seen off the Hawaiian Islands has just been sighted. But a lot of things are happening for the first time during the Harding administration.—Exchange.

THE OTHER FRANCE

Besides the imperialistic France which has been troubling Europe, there is another France, not less real or less important, which of late has had inadequate expression. The French general election of 1919 which gave the chamber of deputies its present complexion, was held under unfavorable conditions. Bolshevism, earlier in the year, had been a real menace, if not to France at any rate to countries not remote from France, and the more radical French parties by unwise tactics allowed the prejudice excited by the revolution in Russia to be exploited against them.

The effect of this, coupled with disappointment over the treaty of Versailles, was not only to overthrow Clemenceau and his adherents, but to give France the most reactionary and chauvinistic parliament it has had for a generation. Even when the ministry of the day has been not far from the normal center, its position has been wholly abnormal in that it has been subjected to pressure from the right, but not from the left, so that it has not held a true course, but has moved obliquely. The effect of the resignation of Briand and the succession of Poincare must be to reverse these conditions and put the government well to the right even in the actual chamber and to

As yet the politicians have not dared to confess to the people that the promise that Germany would pay, on which hope was nourished during the war, could not be made good. But the time is coming when the confession must be made and the accession to power of the faction favoring the most extreme demands upon Germany may hasten the clarification.

And it is not likely that the Poincare ministry will last long. Nor perhaps the next one, and even the next. Whatever the Poincare government may do or leave undone, it cannot produce milliards which do not exist. Disappointment, when the bubble is finally punctured, may lead to sweeping political changes, but it is not

likely to make France give its considered support to reckless adventures which spell ruin rather than enrichment. Jean Christophe, who saw only too clearly the France which is now uppermost, saw also that there existed with it another France, sober, peaceful and idealistic. Since the war the other France has been sadly submerged, but that it will come to the surface again cannot be questioned, and many are looking to the next election to show that a reaction has already begun against policies which are rapidly forfeiting the world-wide admiration and regard won by France during the war.

IN OLDEN DAYS

They had slot machines in Egypt more than 2000 years ago. Of course they didn't pay off in nickels or distribute gum, but the old Egyptians had the idea. A wild man from the desert could put a coin in a jar and draw an egg. They had a dozen vending devices in commission in their bazaars. There is nothing new under the sun.

IRELAND'S PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT

The Irish Free State has had to wait a long time, but its launching thus far has proceeded with more tranquility and expedition than many other ventures in self-government have enjoyed. The provisional government which is to exercise authority while the many technical details involved in carrying out the treaty are arranged for was brought into being in a quiet and dignified way. Only those members of the southern house of commons who favored the treaty attended the session called for its ratification, and its vote, like that of the Dail electing Arthur Griffith as president, was unanimous. The provisional government was composed of the expected men, including Michael Collins and William Cosgrave, but not including Griffith or George Gavan Duffy, who already held positions to which they were elected by the Dail. The Dail continues, and so does the republic, but the republic is to be merged into the Free State, and the provisional government is to be the instrument for effecting the transition. It may be hoped that the process will be completed with the minimum of friction.

EDITORIALS OF THE PEOPLE

Praise and Blame for Both Sides, and Toleration Advised

It seems the appropriate time for a Protestant citizen to rise and assure his fellow sufferer, the Catholic citizen, that, though there do exist specimens of the rabid "antis" in our midst, all Protestants don't sit up nights gloating over the pages of the "Menace" or thinking up plots to defeat and harass Catholics.

A club to which I belonged, with Protestants overwhelmingly in the majority, fairly swept the Protestant individual seeking the presidency on religious grounds, out of existence in protest against what seemed betrayal of friendship.

There is plenty of evidence that you Catholic people have the rabid anti-Protestant, also, always with you.

Perhaps these brethren lift their voices a little higher, and there are more lifted in a given area, in a democracy than under a monarchial or autocratic form of government. And Protestantism is democracy in religious matters. We have all the failings and the virtues of a democracy.

I am not sure that repressed mutterings and stealthy, hidden slanders (things will leak out even though they are "hidden" and not printed) aren't worse than out and out accusations. A stab in the back is worse than any attack from the front can be. So I, for my part, am very pleased to see a Catholic step out and do something besides complaining, as Father Buck seeks to do in his articles on doctrines and practices and very glad to hear complaint made right out loud—as in the case of the Catholic citizen.

It would appear that the ministerial association has given Father Buck a great deal of just cause for his feeling of exultation. We're not our forbears martyred by the church of Rome during the Inquisition because they held opposing views and wanted to present these views to the people! It behooves Protestants to beware of even the shadow of a suggestion that we would like to keep any one else from enjoying that right. Quibbling about newspaper space has that effect. On the other hand, why does not Father Buck appreciate the fact that the Rev. Mr. Lisie is doing only exactly what he himself is doing—standing by his own, defending and explaining? Is Father Buck really interested in the truth, or only in such truth as will make Catholics seem to be the only decent, sane and religious people on earth? That makes it mere propaganda. Why, when his zeal has caused him to make a mis-statement, does he call it "mud slinging" when he stands corrected? Whenever Father Buck brings up something incontrovertibly true in favor of Catholics or against Protestants, I, for one, shall not call it "mud slinging." We Protestants are very grateful to Dr. Lisie for stating a few facts that show us a little less insignificant that we are being painted and pointing out the danger, as we see it, in Catholic doctrine. The truly Protestant spirit is that of free investigation and the necessity of admitting any truth, however derogatory and not to our immediate advantage that truth may be.

Why sneer at "antis"? Is not Father Buck himself an "anti"—anti-Protestant?

And after what Father Buck said about Protestants despoiling the Mother of Jesus—the Virgin Mary!—well, no ignorant Protestant that flings out accusations against Catholic citizens could do worse than that! That sounded like an angry man who says something to hurt. If that is the kind of Protestant Father Buck broke away from—let us congratulate him. Now rid of such associates, to get rid of their manner. They do not doubt many of his flock could help him in that effort; for many Catholic hearts shrink at that outburst and felt the untruth of it as much as we did, I am sure. Still some who follow unquestioningly what the church—or the priest—teaches must have formed grotesquely dreadful ideas of Protestant Christianity.

Why not seek the understanding heart and a mind not only willing but glad to get the other fellow's point of view?

Nothing in which so many intelligent people differ as the

UNDERGROUND METHODS

Engineers are planning a subway to get traffic out of the loop district in Chicago. So far as they have got to the estimate; of the cost run up to \$40,000,000 and it is proposed to construct and maintain it as a municipal enterprise. The railway would pay rental for its use. All the great American cities are beset by the question of handling their congested and continually congesting down-town traffics. In New York, the latest proposition is to put subways 200 feet under the beds of the Hudson and East rivers.

THE BIG DOINGS

New York is to have an official press agent. The city administration has created a publicity bureau and hereafter the country will be informed of the advantages of Gotham as a place of residence for retired Oshkosh plumbers. Possibly quotations on the Woolworth building will be furnished for the benefit of itinerant speculators. Philadelphia will also be informed how to reach New York by taking a Chestnut-street car. Possibly the press agent will wear a sign on his cap and will arrange to meet all trains at the Hudson terminal. If Bull Montana can have a press agent the city of New York can have one, too.

THE HOTEL INVALIDES

A New York hotel arranges its menus to suit the invalid, as well as the husky tourist from Montana. There are house physicians of every school of medicine. If a guest from Boston tells the head waiter that he has high blood pressure he will be recommended to follow menu No. 16, which runs largely to green goods. There is a bill of fare for every chronic ailment and the waiter can be advised in advance of the guest's preferences or needs. It is a fine thing, indeed, when our hotels can have all the comforts of a hospital or morgue.

SKIRTED SMOKERS

The ladies of London and its environs are burning up cigarettes at the rate of a million a day, according to returns from the tobacco industry. The British women are among the most profuse smokers we have. Smoking is a very ladylike habit, so far as the English are concerned.

HIGH FINANCE

The senate finance committee

FUTURE DATES

January 21 Tuesday.—Gay McLaren at Grand Theater auspices Salem Arts League. January 25 Wednesday.—Lemon smoker at assembly at Armory. Boxing, general program and "eat, free admission to executive men. 8 p. m. February 1, Wednesday.—Rotarians to have dinner with members of cooking class at Washington Junior high school. Boy Scout Week—February 2 to 14, 1922. Wear the square knot and do a good turn daily. February 10, Friday.—Arbor Day. February 16 to 19 inclusive.—State Christian Endeavor convention.

BOY EXPLORER DIDN'T SEE WHITE MAN IN FOUR YEARS

question of Catholicism versus Protestantism can be axiomatic. People don't form sides on two-and-two-makes-four propositions. I consider it a good thing to have had these Catholic articles to read—even though a lot of it has gone against the grain. In the Literary Digest for January 14, 1922, on page 32, is an article headed, "A Church Debate in the Ad Columns," with the details of a plan by which Catholics and Protestants of Pittsburgh present information in regard to the church tenets. Sample "ads" are reproduced—the avowed intention of these being to enlighten, not antagonize one another.

Let us do things in that spirit in Salem.

—PROTESTANT CITIZEN.

An Old Prophecy

I am aware that in this age, and especially in the United States, there is little respect for a supernatural with relation to the worldly affairs of men or of nations, and that the things which in the past have been credited as prophecies in some European countries are only subjects of ridicule here, however I am going to call attention to a prophecy which has long been an inspiration and a source of hope to the people of Ireland and the verification of which has been very closely reached by recent culminations.

Malachy was bishop of Armagh (the county of which Belfast is the seat of government) and died in November, 1148, just 24 years before the Anglo-Norman invasion of Ireland. He was a very holy man and during his last hours was said to be blessed with the gift of prophecy. His words were transcribed at the time and the record of them was found, duly authenticated, in the monastery of Einsiedeln, in Switzerland, in the 17th century. The words and circumstances of the prophecy regarding Ireland are thus related:

"A few years before the Anglo-Norman invasion of Ireland, St. Malachy was stricken with his fatal illness in the monastery of Clairvaux, in France. In his dying moments he was seen to shed tears, and those standing by asked why he thus wept, and the reply is given in the authentic document, 'We is me,' said St. Malachy, 'alas, for my ruined country, alas for the holy church of God! How long, how long dost Thou forget us? How long, my country, art thou consumed with sorrow?' O little after, as if someone had spoken to him, he said: 'Be of good heart, my son, the church of God in Ireland shall never fall. With terrible disciplines, long shall she be purified. But afterwards far and wide shall her magnificence shine forth in cloudless glory. And oh! Ireland, do thou life up thy head. The day also shall come, a day of ages, a week of centuries, equalling the seven deadly sins of the enemy, shall be numbered unto thee. Then shall thy exceeding great merits have obtained mercy for thy terrible foe, yet so as through scourges as great and enduring. Thy enemies who are in thee shall be driven out and humbled, and their name taken away. But inasmuch as thou art depressed, in so much shalt thou be exalted, and thy glory shall not pass away. There shall be peace in abundance within thy boundaries, and beauty and strength in thy defenses.'"

"After this, Malachy was spent for a while. Then with a loud and joyous voice he exclaimed, 'Now O Lord, dost Thou dismiss Thy servant in peace. It is enough. The church of God in Ireland shall never fall. And though long shall it be desired, my country one day shall stand forth in its might, and be fresh in its beauty like the rose.'"

Is Dancing Moral? Editor Statesman: I always enjoy Colonel Hofer's humorous letters and his epistle in the edition of Sunday morning was one of his best. If dancing is a good thing it must have either positive moral, intellectual or physical value. Otherwise the busy and enlightened people of today have no time to waste upon it. How about the dance?

First—I challenge Mr. Hofer or anyone else to show that dancing has any positive moral value. In one winter I performed the marriage ceremony for four couples where the young men honorably gave their names, at the eleventh hour, to the young women they had ruined. In every instance the community, or the high school dance was the factor that led to their downfall. That occurred in as moral a community as Salem.

Mr. McLaren of the Oregon State Children's home society picked up four girls from one Oregon high school and eight from another who were victims of the high school dance, all in one winter.

Every little while I hear young men discuss their partners at the dance. And every man who reads this knows that I am telling the truth when I say that it is neither the graces of mind nor those of spirit of their partners which are discussed. Mr. Hofer knows that this is true.

I have often paused to watch public dances. And if a man would attempt the physical familiarities with the wife or daughter of any red-blooded man anywhere else that is commonly practiced even at the best of dances he would knock him so cold that he would think an avalanche had struck him. The modern dance is merely licensed hugging to music. If Colonel Hofer does not believe this, let him go in the presence of an unprejudiced committee to the next dance, and they will show him.

Second—I challenge Mr. Hofer to show that the dance is an intellectual exercise. The average dancing crowd would die of ennui in an intellectual gathering. The old-fashioned debate and the spelling school of Col. Hofer's



Harold A. Noice, who left Seattle, Wash., at the age of 16, in 1915, to join the Stefansson expedition, remaining in the Arctic with the Esquimaux, has returned to his home. Noice, credited with being one of the youngest explorers recorded, did not see a white man for four years. He said that he learned the native dialects and plans to publish a compilation of them.

younger days were of real social and mental uplift to those early communities. But these intellectual exercises are dead and buried long since. They were strangled by an overdose of "hop."

Mr. Hofer says, "Education is not complete without having learned some form of dancing." This is surely meant for a joke. A few years ago a certain young British officer had the reputation of being the best dancer in the United Kingdom. He made a trip to the East Indies, and upon his return was noticed to dance no more. Someone asked him about it, and he replied:

"In Singapore I ran across a trained baboon who could beat me to a frazzle dancing, and the more I thought about it the more I became of the opinion that if an ape could beat the best dancer in England at that game it was high time that I turned to some more intellectual exercise."

Col. Hofer would take the pains to visit a scientifically conducted gymnasium, either under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., or the German "Turnverein," he would see real physical development, that which builds up a truly graceful and beautiful body. Personally I have helped lay under the sod at least two score finished products of the late hours and irrational exercise of the modern ball room. Col. Hofer is surely not such an antiquated innocent as to present his plea for the dance on the score of its healthfulness as fact. He surely meant that for a piece of exquisite humor.

The hoary old chestnut of calling those who stand for law and order and oppose "licentiousness" "Prudes" and "prunes" was old enough to wear whiskers and vote when the prophets of Baal employed it against Elisha at Carmel. The silversmiths at Ephesus used it to camouflage the fact that they had no argument when opposing Paul. The slave-trader of pre-abolition used it to designate the abolitionist. It was the favorite catch-word of the old soak and booze-vender in pre-prohibition days. And now it is used by the advocates of the public dance or the shady show. But Baal was buried centuries ago; Diana of the silversmiths had blue moulded before the races from which most of us have sprung were born; our fathers settled the slavery question before we came into the world, and the last joint in the end of the tail of the rumsnake is only waiting for sunset to cease to wiggle. The chariot of human progress has rolled over the corpses of these exponents of "personal liberty," and it will not cease to pass on until humanity's day is done.

—W. T. MILLIKEN.

There is a kid in our town Who makes his mother boil; He awakes at dead of night And cries for castor oil.

Things are changing in this world. There are not so many people getting money, but more earning it.

OUCH! PAIN, PAIN. RUB RHEUMATIC, ACHING JOINTS

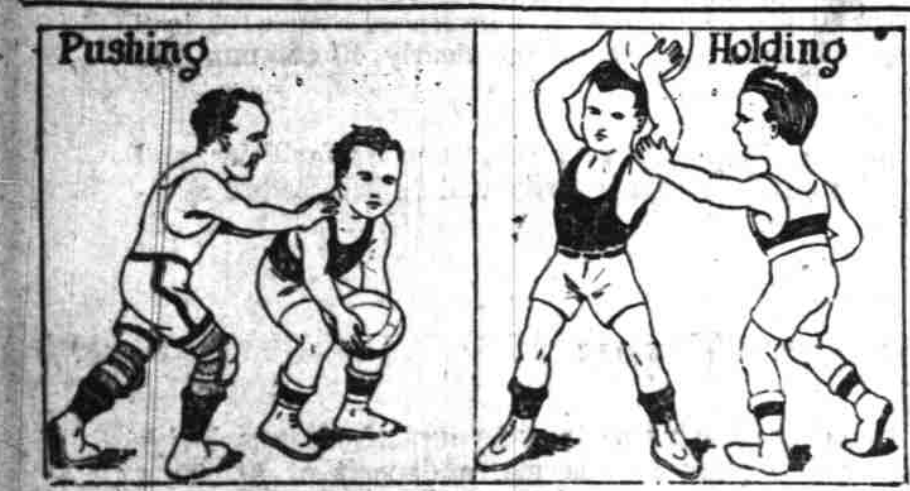
Rub Pain Right Out With Small Trial Bottle of Old "St. Jacobs Oil."

Rheumatism is "pain" only. Not one case in fifty requires internal treatment. Stop drugging. Rub soothing, penetrating "St. Jacobs Oil" right into your sore, stiff, aching joints and muscles, and relief comes instantly. "St. Jacobs Oil" is a harmless rheumatism cure which never disappoints and cannot burn the skin. Get a small trial bottle of old, honest "St. Jacobs Oil" at any drug store, and in just a moment you'll be free from rheumatic pain, soreness, stiffness and swelling. Don't suffer! Relief awaits you. "St. Jacobs Oil" has cured millions of rheumatism sufferers in the last half century, and is just as good for sciatica, neuralgia, lumbago, backache, sprains.—Adv.

The Junior Statesman

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PLAYING BASKET BALL



By A. F. Hammesfahr All-around basketball star; basketball chairman, Amateur Athletic federation; vice president Athletic Officials' association, Chicago district.

"While basketball is principally a game for boys," says Mr. Hammesfahr, "many, many girls' teams have been organized about the country. There is a special set of rules for girls' teams. Basketball for girls should be encouraged."

It is not an easy task for a guard to stop the opposing forward from scoring once the forward gets possession of the ball. The best rule for the guard to follow is, play the ball and intercept all throws and passes as they are made by the opponents; don't wait until your man gets ready to shoot before you try to get the ball from him.

Rarely does a guard pass the center of the floor unless he is a "running guard," and then only when another player of his team has been instructed to take up the guarding of the man that he has hit.

GUARD

any fouls at all if you can avoid them. Get the reputation of a clean player.

The artist has illustrated in his picture two attacks that are illegal. One is pushing. The other is holding. Beware of both.

TODAY'S PUZZLE

SLEE, MCEA, SIMS, LOCI When each group of letters has been arranged properly, the words may be formed into a word square.

ONE REEL YARNS

IN THE SHADOWS OF DUSK

"Where's Avery?" asked Mr. Holt. "Messing around in his 'dark room,'" replied Mrs. Holt. "He's always doing something in there. He spends all his time fooling with that camera of his."

"Oh, let him alone," said Mr. Holt. "He really takes good pictures. And it's a lot better to have him—"

"Look," said Avery, coming in to the room just then, "this picture I made of Rex, Mrs. Thornton's dog, came out fine. I caught him just right."

"That's a nice way to waste your time, taking pictures of animals," remonstrated Mrs. Holt. But Avery had gone back to his dark room, a large closet of the dining room, which had been used as a catch-all for rubbers, old wraps, and odds and ends.

After a while Mrs. Holt called to him: "I'm going down town to do the shopping for Sunday. You'd better stay here. There's been some burglar scares in the neighborhood, and I sort of hate to leave the house."

Avery answered her absent-mindedly and went on with his work. Early dusk soon filled the dining room with quiet shadows. Then one of the shadows seemed to detach itself from the rest and

move forward. It came from the direction of one of the French windows. Straight across the room it went, hesitated a moment, and then started to open a door.

There was a blinding flash. The shadow fled back across the room like a streak, and out the way it had come, leaving the window open.

"Good thing I saw him coming," said Avery, coming out of his dark room. "It's lucky, too, I had that new flashlight powder."

And when Avery developed his picture, which resulted in the arrest of the marauder, Mrs. Holt declared that he could "use the whole house for a dark room, for all of her."



A stupid young scholar named Lancer. When asked to recite, stammered: "Can't, sir!" But it chanced that topic was: "Please name a tropic."



The teacher thought Lancer said "Cancer."

