

OREGON FORTUNATELY ESCAPED THIS

A caustic observer remarks that the verdict of the coroner's jury on the Nonpartisan League will be that it is a case of suicide—

It meets death at its own hands. The editors of the official publications of the League admit as much, and the present situation is a casting about for a set of capable and convenient pallbearers.

The League was scuttled from within. It had an army of highly paid organizers. It paid fancy prices for its publicity and propaganda. It was not inspired by a long-felt want, but by a created one. The Dakota farmers who thought they were being led by a Peter the Hermit were in fact following an exuberant and boisterous jazz band.

Oregon is very fortunate to escape this terror that twice menaced this commonwealth; once, a few years ago, boring in from the eastern side of the state, and last summer getting a foothold in Yamhill and Clackamas counties.

It would have left a blight the last of which would not have been seen in a generation, or two or three generations. And all this is not saying that there are not many things the matter with Oregon—

Many reforms needed; many ways of doing things that may be improved, and that ought to be improved; many economies that should be introduced, and many short cuts and betterments that ought to be made, and that could be made and perfected if Oregon could be insured a state administration and a legislature for a long term of years with a type of wisdom and foresight characterizing the best efficiency experts in big business and the highest type of statesmanship in public affairs.

THE VILLAIN OF THE FILM

First thing we know the film folk will have to standardize their villains. The government of Mexico was inclined to kick because the villain in a recent film was a Mexican. The Chinese people are complaining because the dirty work in so many pictures is performed by Chinamen. The English do not like the kind of Englishmen that sometimes get into the films. The French folk have become angered because of the scoundrelly performances of some of the Frenchmen accredited to the screen.

As strangers in a strange land. Neighbors were neighbors in name only. As the boy in the street might say: They didn't even take time to give them the once-over. The art of neighborliness is something that can and should be cultivated and that community will thrive most and indicate the most substantial progress in which this art is best extended.

The popular toys at the next Christmas holidays will doubtless be plows instead of battleships.

Peace, Pacific, parley, pact—these are the words to conjure with in the settlement of the world's troubles.

The backbone of winter has been broken several times in the past; but the lusty and gusty patient keeps on recovering.

It will require considerable up-holding of that Uncle Joe Cannon seat in congress to make it fit the new member from Illinois.

Don't get excited about the skyrocketing of the wheat prices. It does not mean a sure rise in all prices and a consequent return to the extreme high cost of living. Wheat went up and down, for many causes, before the war.

The saw mill workers are going to school at Mill City, and the same interesting experiment is likely to be tried out at Silverton and other lumbering centers. It is a worthy phase of the vocational education movement.

The birth of the movies, ten years ago, will be celebrated in March. At that time Wallace Reid was working as a pick-and-shovel man on the Shoshone dam in Wyoming; Agnes Ayres was the belle of Carbondale, Ill., and Jack Holt was herding cattle on an eastern Oregon ranch. Betty

FUTURE DATES

- February 25, Saturday—Traffic Officers state meet in Salem. February 25, Saturday—Marion county Holstein cattle club meets at Commercial club. February 27, Monday—Professor James Matthews, Waller hall lecture. "Love, Courtship and Marriage." March 2, Thursday—Annual Elks Election. March 10, Friday—Intercollegiate oratorical contest at Pacific college, Newberg. March 11, Saturday—El Karaz Kot to dance at Army for all Master Masons and families. March 14, Tuesday—Knights of Pythias lodge of Willamette Valley to confer in Salem. March 15, Wednesday—State basketball tournament, Salem. March 17-19—Meeting of county Sunday school convention in Salem. March 19 and 20—Marion county Sunday school convention, Salem. March 20, Monday—Spring term of circuit court opens. March 20, Monday—State convention Oregon Tax Reduction league in Portland. March 16 to 23—"Better Music" week in Salem. April 16, Sunday—Easter. June 29-30, July 1-2—Convention of Oregon Fire Chiefs' association at Marshfield. July 3 and 4—Monday and Tuesday, State convention of Artisans at Woodburn. September 21, 22 and 23—Pendleton round-up. November 7, Tuesday—General election.

Compton was playing the silvermine circuit in Utah; William C. de Millie was writing plays for David Belasco; Lois Wilson was preparing to become a school-teacher, and Gloria Swanson had just returned to Chicago, having spent several years at an army post in Porto Rico.

Lenin says that he will pay the debt due the United States from Russia. If the moneyed men of the United States will loan him the money. Of course, he does not repay the loan, he can renew his note and in that case we would have the note, even if the coin were missing.

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?

At a Chamber of Commerce dinner in Glendale, Cal., the other evening Dr. R. D. Bird, tenth president of Occidental college, left a few pregnant thoughts behind when he discussed community co-operation and the spirit in which it should be held and obtained. This sounds like old and familiar stuff, but Dr. Bird turned it around to the light and showed a new face. The most beautiful thing in municipal life is what Dr. Bird calls the art of neighborliness. A man may be active and prominent in many ways. He may be the writer of great books or the champion checker player north of Mason and Dixon's line. But, at that, he may be a poor neighbor. When you come to think about it, one desires qualities in a neighbor that he would not ask or expect of his family or kindred.

A good neighbor is one who has tact enough to overlook the faults that your friends chide you with and has sense enough to expect nothing in return for his own graciousness. If it can be written on a man's tombstone that he was a good neighbor he will have a sweeter epitaph than can be earned by most of the kings of earth. The art of neighborliness is one we are slothful in acquiring in its community sense.

Many Pacific coast cities have grown so fast and are still growing so fast that the business of being neighborly is being neglected; and Salem is by no means immune from this fault. Families have settled down in busy and bustling districts and in a few months have pulled up stakes and moved from sheer loneliness. No one has shown interest in their welfare or being. They have been held as total strangers by those surrounding them. They were received with acclaim by the real estate agent who sold them a lot or a home, but when it came to making that home they were

MOUNT ANGEL TO HAVE CANNERY Growers, With Banker Leading Way, Find Method Out of Difficulty

THE WORLD THEIR OYSTER

There are several thousand cadets at West Point and Annapolis who understand that they have been promised commissions as officers in the army or navy on the completion of their courses. There are 540 in this year's class at Annapolis alone. All these have dedicated their young lives to the service of the American navy and now that the people are insistent on a program of disarmament and reduction, they are left in doubt as to their future. But they need not worry. The training received at West Point and Annapolis will never hurt a young man in his career. The government has, in fact, given him an advantage over his fellows and he is in a position to reap greater rewards in commerce and industry than he would gain in the army or navy in a period of peace. The graduate of Annapolis or West Point will need neither charity nor commiseration when he takes up the tasks open to him in civil life.

THE FLYING TORPEDO

Prior to the war they had some fiction and theatricals anent a flying torpedo that could be made to blow up battleships and towns at will. Now a bureau chief makes the positive assertion that this vampire is here. The flying torpedo can carry more than a ton of explosives and can be directed by wireless with the implacable certainty of mathematics. It could be guided to the dome of the nation's capital as surely as if sent by a special messenger. Blowing up governments would be purely a matter of setting a dial and timer. It looks as if we might have a right plasant war when we start on the next one.

AT THE STAGE DOOR

They are trying out all kinds of ideas in managing the movies. In one eastern house no admission is charged at the door, but everybody is expected to deposit a coin in a box on going out. The patrons pay whatever they think the performance is worth. The proprietor says he is doing very well under this plan. In Cleveland one of the established theaters now extends credit. Any patron in good standing can get tickets without the money. He can pay by the month, the year, or carry a pass book. If he is hard up or out of a job the proprietor will trust him, anyhow. Just hold up your finger and walk in. Something like that. The show is still running.

THE CHEAP CAR

The Durant interests are going to turn out a motor car that will retail at \$348, according to advices from Detroit. It looks as if Henry might still get a run for his money. If this thing gets to a fight, Henry Ford may yet be putting out a self-starting wheelbarrow that can be sold for six-bits.

THE STORMY PETREL

Now Senator Tom Watson announces that the secretary of the treasury is holding office illegally and should be arrested or removed. Then he thought President Harding might be chucked out for violating civil service in some of his appointments. Nobody seems safe when the Georgia hornet is flying wild. Some day the people will pronounce Tom a public nuisance and a common scold and he will be required to take some of his own medicine.

NEW MENACE

Eugene Meyer, head of the war finance corporation, said at a dinner in Washington recently: "Germany has set to work with a will. We'll all have to strain every muscle to compete with her. We and France and England will have to stop our labor disputes; we'll have to stop profiteering from one another; for these things diminish production and increase prices. Either we must do this, or else—" And Mr. Meyer smiled. "Either we must do this, or else," he ended, "we'll have to pitch in and give Germany another licking so as to make the world safe for inefficiency."

Advertisement for 'The Old Reliable Remedy For Colds' featuring a product image and text describing its benefits for various ailments.

The Home Newspaper

The morning newspaper is the home newspaper in every city in the country. The morning newspaper goes into the home before six o'clock in the morning, the world's news is leisurely read by the men of the home before breakfast, and then with the entire dull day before them the other members of the family carefully read their morning newspaper, from front page to the last advertisement. If the ladies' plan a shopping trip they carefully read the ads. in the morning newspaper before they start out in the afternoon. The morning newspaper can be truthfully called the home newspaper, for all members of the family. The morning newspaper has few street sales, practically all of its circulation being delivered in to the home by its own carriers in the city and by mail in the country within a few hours after the news off the wire. The afternoon paper has large catchpenny street sales selling to people attracted by sensational scare heads or still more sensational cries of the newswies. Such papers are glanced at and thrown away. Few if any reach the home. The mail subscribers of the afternoon paper get their paper 15 to 20 hours after it is printed, in the same mail as the morning paper, printed 12 hours later. In an agricultural community this feature is of tremendous importance to the reader and to the advertiser.

The evening newspaper reaches the home about the time the busy hours at home approach. Dinner must be prepared and eaten, the children entertained and put to bed, the events and gossip of the day discussed. It is the only opportunity of the day for all members of the family to visit and get acquainted. Social affairs, club, church and other functions are frequent and must be looked after. Should there be any time at the end of the day, one must do a little solid reading, and this is the only opportunity. And so the evening paper remains untouched or is hurriedly glanced through. Next morning the morning paper has arrived, and the evening paper, now stale goes to the waste basket unread. The morning newspaper is the advertiser's solid medium, and the best patronized medium because it pays best.

The Morning Statesman is Salem's Home Newspaper

Over 97 per cent of the Statesman's great circulation is delivered direct to the home by our carrier or by mail.

Advertisement for Bromo Quinine tablets, featuring an image of a hand holding a tablet and the text 'To Cure a Cold in One Day'.

Advertisement for Rostein & Greenbaum, featuring a list of special goods for Friday and Saturday, including tablecloth, curtains, and various fabrics, along with a list of prices and a note about the Millinery Department.

Home Talent Plays

THE HURDY-GURDY MAN Scene: A poorly furnished attic room. A pale-faced little girl is sitting in a big chair, wrapped up in a comforter, so that only her face peeps out. Hilda, an older girl, is busily sweeping, humming a little as she works. HILDA: I won't sweep very hard so that the dust will make you cough, Mignonette, dear. MIGNONETTE: I don't mind the dust. It seems that it must be nearly spring, Hilda. I can smell it coming in through the cracks in the window. HILDA: And you'll smell something else soon, too. In a jiffy I'll put on the fire the finest stew you ever tasted. Mother doesn't know I'm having stew. She'll be so surprised. MIGNONETTE: She's so tired when she comes home she doesn't notice much what there is to eat. HILDA: But she'll notice this. I can tell you. And you shall eat a big bowlful that will make you want to get up and carry bricks or something. MIGNONETTE (laughing): You are so funny Hilda. Listen! What is that? (The strains of a grind organ are heard in the distance, and as the two girls listen, it comes nearer.) HILDA: I do believe it's a hurdy-gurdy! It's been the longest time since I've heard one. Do you mind if I open the window just a little bit, dear? I don't think you will be in the draft. MIGNONETTE: Open it, please. I want to hear it. (Hilda goes over to the one window and raises it a little.) HILDA: It's playing in front of the house next door. Isn't that the prettiest thing! MIGNONETTE: Hilda, do you remember when I could walk, before I was hurt, and you and I used to go down on the sidewalk

to listen to the hurdy-gurdy music? HILDA: Yes, and one time we followed a grind organ man with a monkey away down the street and got lost and the nice big policeman brought us home. MIGNONETTE: I remember. We never told mother, did we? Listen! HILDA (sticking her head out the window again): He's right in front of this place now. MIGNONETTE: I used to dance and dance all around, over the sidewalk when I was such a little girl and the hurdy-gurdy man came around. HILDA: Indeed you did, just like a fairy. MIGNONETTE: I wish I could ever do it again, just once. HILDA: But I'm sure you will. You've been getting so much stronger. And the doctor said that one day you would walk, all right. You've just been afraid to try. MIGNONETTE: But it hurts so, even to stand up for one little minute. Oh, I love that hurdy-gurdy! He's playing the nicest piece ever. I do hope he won't go away. Haven't you a penny to throw him, Hilda? HILDA: Not a penny. I used all the money left to buy the stew with. Mother gets paid again today, you know. MIGNONETTE: But that doesn't do any good now. I want hurdy-gurdy music. He's stopping! He's stopping! HILDA: No, he's started another piece again. I'll go look in the bureau. I just happened to think I have some money in a box there. MIGNONETTE: Hurry, Hilda, hurry! (There is a little silence, during which the music continues. Then it begins to die away.) MIGNONETTE: Hilda! He's going away! Haven't you found

Advertisement for 'ONE REEL YARNS' featuring a cartoon illustration of a bear and text about a puzzle and a menace.

Advertisement for 'TODAY'S PUZZLE' featuring a cartoon illustration of a bear and text about a puzzle and a menace.