

The Oregon Statesman

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NORBLAD WILL TARRY AT JERICHO

The Republicans of the First Congressional district have no notion of swapping horses while crossing a stream— And Mr. Norblad of Astoria will "tarry at Jericho till his beard be grown."

The Republicans of this district who will name a candidate in the primaries of next month, and the people of this district who will choose a Congressman in the election of November, will name and choose Congressman Willis C. Hawley to run and to succeed himself—

Because they know him to be honest— Because they know him to be industrious— Because they know him to be successful. They know he will stand up and fight for what is right; that he will do this in a manner that stamps him in ability among the leaders of the popular branch of the federal law making body—among the first fifty of the 435 members, as a good judge expressed it several years ago—and in fact now among the first dozen; and that he will accomplish results. They know this, because he has been in action in that high station for nearly a dozen years, during which time he has been in the thick of all the great fights and great movements that have been before the country, with which the national law makers have had to do.

He has secured some \$16,000,000 for public improvements in his district in that time—and \$5,000,000 more are authorized in bills now pending.

He aided in the passage of the constitutional amendments for the direct election of United States Senators, and for the income tax, prohibition and equal suffrage, and in the making of laws for the control of railroads, trusts and monopolies; preventing the white slave traffic, gambling in farm products, corrupt practices; establishing national aid for roads with appropriations therefor, postal savings banks, parcel post, federal farm loan act, vocational education, children's bureau; laws beneficial to agriculture; assisted in securing naval base at Astoria—and the list might be extended indefinitely.

He is right on all the great questions, like the protective tariff, the merchant marine, public improvements and developments; the Roosevelt highway; exclusion of Oriental and undesirable immigration; protection of live stock and dairy industries; passage of American vessels toll-free through the Panama canal; airplane patrol of forests—

In short, all legislation and movements for the good of the world, his country, his state and his district.

Congressman Hawley is now a member of the most important committee of the House, the Ways and Means Committee, and he is the fourth ranking member, and is in line for chairman; an advantage that it would be the height of folly for the voters of this district to think of forfeiting—that, in fact, they have no remote idea of forfeiting. Long and faithful service is the only open sesame to such a committee place. Mr. Hawley, while his name does not attach to that bill, but goes to the chairman of the committee, Congressman Fordney, was as much responsible for the form of the present tariff bill as it left the House as was Mr. Fordney himself. He was a member of the joint committee that framed the federal farm loan act, and of the select com-

mittee that prepared and secured the passage of the budget act, and he has served on many important committees, showing the high esteem in which he is held by his colleagues for his honesty, ability and industry.

All these advantages the people of this district would lose in swapping horses while crossing the stream—in sending Mr. Norblad to commence where Mr. Hawley began his climb a dozen years ago.

However able Mr. Norblad may be, and no attempt will be made to cast any insinuation as to his lack of ability or in any way to impugn his character, he could not be of great service to the people of this district now, compared to the work Congressman Hawley is able and in position to do, and which he will be sure to do; for he is in the height of his tremendous power and inclination to work and work hard and long hours and faithfully, for the public good.

His life is an open book. He is a native Oregonian. His whole record is clear and clean, made in his labors here at home and in the councils of the nation. There is not a single reason why there should be a change, excepting to gratify the ambition of Mr. Norblad, which is honorable. But there are many reasons why there should be no change now.

Are you having your new house antennased for radio? Everybody's doing it.

Congressman Hawley will remain in his place of great usefulness to the First Oregon district. It should be unanimous.

Great activities are ahead in the Santiam mining district—and perhaps not very far ahead. Salem will be a mining center some day; perhaps soon.

There are only fourteen women lawyers in all France. The ladies do not lay down the law to the extent that prevails in this sweet land of liberty.

A college professor says that women will rule this country in fifty years more. Why set the date so far ahead? Don't they come mighty near ruling it now?

The rising prices and enormous dealings in stocks in Wall street reflects the general feeling of optimism concerning the sound business condition of this country, and regarding the outlook for the future. The corner was turned a while back, and things are beginning to go strong.

Radio is capturing the boys in greater numbers than any other of their enthusiasms since the early bicycle days, except war. It is raising up a generation of young scientists and results are bound to be important to the whole human race. — Chicago News.

"The voters are fed up on post-ponement," says the American Economist, referring to the tariff bill. They surely are, and disgusted to the limit. It is to be hoped that the current proceedings in congress mean an end to post-ponement and procrastination and dillydallying and all other forms of monkey business.

There is no magic in government. It is made up of you and me and the rest of us, associated in various activities. Its only

resources are the funds it gets when it writes to us to please remit. Over in Russia they thought government was a magician and they printed bales of money. Pretty soon the people saw that the magic was a fraud and now the money isn't worth anything.

A Massachusetts commission has recommended to the legislature of that state a bill permitting a person injured by an automobile to have a prior lien on the car for the satisfaction of any judgment that may be secured. Somebody is always insisting upon making life miserable for the careless automobile driver.

FUTURE DATES

April 16 to 23—"Better Music" week in Salem
April 21, Friday—Dual debate at Waller hall. College of Puget Sound vs. Willamette university.
April 21, evening: April 22, matinee—Dance recital, "Butterflies Ball," Grand Theater, benefit Salem hospital.
April 21, Friday—Company F Smoker.
April 24, Monday—Prof. Panosio lecture at Willamette university chapel. "Profiles of Prejudices," 8 p.m.
April 27, Thursday—100th Anniversary of birth of General U. S. Grant.
April 28, Friday—State tax committee to meet in Salem.
April 29, Saturday—Hospital banquet at Marion hotel, evening.
April 30, Sunday—Hospital Sunday; kick-off of hospital fund campaign.
May 1, Monday—W. W. Ellisworth, noted editor and literary man, to address Willamette students.
May 4, 5 and 6—Cherrian Cherrings.
May 5, Friday—Junior play, "It Pays to Advertise," Willamette university.
May 5 and 6, Friday and Saturday—Junior week-end festival at Willamette.
May 6, Saturday—Founders' Day celebration at Champeog.
May 12, Friday—Concert by Mary Schultz, violin. Grand theater.
May 13, Saturday—Junior week-end entertainment at O. A. C.
May 19, Friday—Primary election.
May 19, Friday—Open house, science department of high school.
May 20, Saturday—Marion County school athletes meet.
May 26 and 27, Friday and Saturday—May Festival, Oregon Creation Friday in armor; living pictures Saturday night.
June 3, Saturday—Automobile races at state fair grounds.
June 5, Monday—Track meet, Willamette and Pacific University at Forest Grove.
June 14, Wednesday—Flag Day.
June 16, Friday—High school graduation.
June 29-30, July 1—Convention of Oregon Fire Chiefs' association at Marshall.
July 8 and 9—Monday and Tuesday. State convention of Artisans at Woodburn.
September 12, Wednesday—Oregon Methodist conference meets in Salem.
September 21, 22 and 23—Pendleton rodeo.
September 25 to 30 inclusive—Oregon State Fair.
November 7, Tuesday—General elec-

OF BOOKS

By W. T. RIGDON

Oh books, books, ye monuments of mind in multitudinous supply, sweet solace of our human kind and proofs of our immortality! Thou wert found in stones and running Brooks, long ere letters had represented sounds or figured in records of thought. Thou wert in birds and flowers and fruiting trees with leaves for the healing of nations. Oh, thou art in the flaming sword cutting and dividing the flying thoughts that the truth may be put into record that nothing of worth may be lost or come to naught! That, nor high, nor low; nor rich nor poor may be deprived of the bountiful generosity of books. That all may feel the mighty impulse of the old that shapes the things of the present. That all may walk through time with the great, the noble and the just, and feel the sympathetic ties that bind friends, comrades and counsellors in a golden bond of unity as contemporaries. Oh, to live, to move with the countless ages, to see the faces, to hear the words, to feel the love and affection and to feel the experience of the patriarchs, the adoration of the beloved past, to be overawed by the music of the words of Him who spake as man never spake! These, yes these are only a few of the exultations that carry one to the sublimest heights of enjoyment. That build the giant edifice of thought upon the solid foundations of the world's beginning.

Little by little, step by step, from the cave to the gilded mansion, from the naked savage to the polished statesman, from John the Baptist preaching in the wilderness, to the bishop in the mighty tabernacle with the whole world for a listening audience, from the feather and the piercing arrow to the big Bertha, from the birch ennoe to the incomparable dreadnought, have the faithful books made the unimpeachable records.

Books, books, books! Thou art the stepping stone from birth to the ultimate, flaming torches through the vicissitudes of time whose light shines brighter and brighter with the perfect day. Without that light, the Indian, the Hottentot, the Eskimo might live in the same groveling sensuality, along with his whiter neighbors but little higher in the scale of humanity; no feeling of the great thrills that, through books, energize the whole living, thinking, throbbing mind of man. Oh books, books, books! Thou art the reservoir, the storehouse, from creation to eternity; the guide-board on the world of destiny, the boulevard for oncoming generations where travelers will crowd and jostle on the highway to knowledge. Thou art also the receptacles for discarded notions and worn-out theories with warning signs to the unwary. Thou art the golden ladder that reaches to the realms of the ethereal where one may sit and muse among the stars.

Little scraps of wisdom, little dreamy thoughts, little visions of eternity, little gleams of destiny of man are caught by the phono-

graph of time and emblazoned on the tablets of imperishable time. Oh books, books, books! Present, past, venerable, glorious books; how I love thy sacred com-

panionship. Dear is the ear that never heard thy music; blind is the eye that never saw thy gleaming; dead is the soul that never felt the thrill of thy inspiration.

Books, blessed books! Links in the golden chain that bind the past with the living present and are stretched along the highway to eternity.

Dame Fashion Says Ear-rings!

and ear-rings it must be



The Vogue for Jewelry

The black and white vogue finds delightful expression in the cut jet and crystal jewelry so smart in evidence. Crystal in high colors is also a favorite for necklaces, bracelets and ear-rings, without which Milady of Fashion feels but indifferent-dressed this season.

Cute Little Novelty Kerchiefs 25c and 35c

Beads at 59c, 75c up to \$7.50 a string Ear-rings 79c up to \$2.98 a pair Handbags \$2.50 up to \$7.50 French Flower Bouteniers 39c up to 69c each

Rhinestone Bar Pins 75c up to \$2.50 Fancy Hat Pin Ornaments 98c, \$1.25 Bracelets 75c and \$1.00 each

Smart are these little squares of colored linen neatly embroidered in one corner.

There's always something new coming into our store daily.

YOUR MAIL ORDERS

Carefully and promptly filled. We pay the postage or express on each order within a radius of a hundred miles.



Salem Store 466 State street

Portland Silk Shop 383 Alder street

We Can and Do Underseil Others

Half Price Selling

1000 Bars of

FAIRY SOAP



On Special Sale Friday Only—Regular 10-cent Bars

SPECIAL **5c** A BAR

Limit Five Bars to Customer



Large Size Package GOLD DUST

Regular Price 40c FRIDAY ONLY **30c**

Always More Inducive Everyday Low Prices at Our Store

This Store offers its patrons

An Added Discount

On purchases at this store through our

Premium Coupons

given on all purchases of 50c or over.

Free Deliveries

with orders of \$2.00 and over.

Blue Ribbon Flour, 49 pound sack	\$1.65
Barton's Bacon, per pound	26c
Barton's Lard, put up in pound packages	18c
Mustard, per bottle	10c
6 medium Dill Pickles	10c
Sweet Pickles, per pint	25c
Diamond W Coffee, per pound	35c
Peaberry Coffee in bulk, per pound	25c
Cocoa, per pound	10c
White Wonder Soap, per bar	4c
Old Dutch Cleanser	9c
Cream Oil Soap	7c

THE PEOPLE'S CASH STORE
SALEM ORE.

The Junior Statesman

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Home-Talent Plays

A MAY DAY PAGEANT
A plain stage with a green curtain at the back is all that is needed to stage a little May pageant using a number of characters.
(Enter four girls in a row. They are wearing gossamer, and rain-coats and carrying big umbrellas. They come to the center of the stage.)
GIRLS: April's such a rainy month
You can't go anywhere
Unless you have a bumbershoot,
Although the skies are fair;
For sure as you're away from home
The skies will turn to gray
And bucketful of rain descend
To spoil another day.
FIRST GIRL: April's such a rainy month,
My hat is just a sight.
SECOND GIRL: And all the curl has left my hair—
I simply look a fright.
THIRD GIRL: Those slippers that I cherished so
With mud are caked and brown.
FOURTH GIRL: And every time a picnic's planned
The rain comes pouring down.
(Enter April, a tall girl in a flowing gray gown. The four girls step backwards, as April comes to the front.)
APRIL: April is the name I'm called;
I'm not well liked, it's true,
Because you never stop to count
The good things that I do.
(April waves her hand, and four rain drops, girls in gray dresses and with silver paper caps, scamper in, hand in hand.)
RAIN DROPS: We're the drops of April rain
That play such naughty tricks;
We bring the misty, moisty air
And form the mud that sticks,
But that is not the only thing
That we can do, you see.
For were it not for April rain

ONE REEL YARNS

THE SACRED COW
HIS is the story of the Sacred Cow and the Boy who didn't know any better.
Now it's easy enough to tell about the Sacred Cow, for ever since she could remember she had lived in state in the temple yard, but there's much more to the story of the Boy who didn't know any better. His mother worked as cook in the Louner family.
The Boy had tumbled around the house and grown up with the Louner puppies and the Louner horses. And when one day his mother, who had never paid much attention to him anyway, went off and never came back, he stayed on.
nd when old Mr. Bolton Louner got an appointment to represent his country in the court of a far eastern prince, he took the boy along.
So that was how he happened on the Sacred Cow. He felt sorry for the Cow, standing all alone in the little square before the temple. He didn't know it was a Sacred Cow, guarded by the temple priest, and no one dared touch her. Once the boy put his hand over the fence to pat her on the nose, but the priest came out and called to him in strange words, so he decided the old man was particular about the cow, and after that he visited the cow when no one was looking, taking her hay from the Louner stable.
Then one day Mr. Louner came to the Boy, looking very much worried. "One of the guards of the palace has reported to the Prince," he said, "that you were seen taking hay to the Sacred Cow last night."
The Boy looked puzzled. Then



he said, "Oh, you mean that poor old cow in front of the funny place on the corner? Sure I took her hay. The guy that keeps her gets money to buy her hay from somewhere and he has the hay brought in, all right, but he sneaks it out back at night and sells it cheap to some of the stablemen of the English families here. I've seen it. The poor old cow's about half starved. I like her."
"So Mr. Louner told the story to the prince, and the prince set spies to watch the priest, and the end of it was that the old priest disappeared, the Sacred Cow got plenty of hay and grew fat and contented, and the Prince gave a ring all set with jewels to the Boy who didn't know any better."

TODAY'S PUZZLE
Fill the second blank in each sentence with a word using the same letters used in the word which fills the first blank: "— rabbits are often raised for —."
"Alice attended many — in the —."
Answer to yesterday's: s-nip-e.
Real Illness
Mother: Don't you think we had better send for the doctor?
Father: Oh no, Jimmy has felt ill before and got over it."
Mother (anxiously): "But never on a holiday."