

The Oregon Statesman

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E. J. Hendricks Manager Stephen A. Stone Managing Editor Ralph Glover Cashier Frank Jaskoski Manager Job Dept.

TELEPHONES: Business Office, 23 Circulation Department, 533 Job Department, 533 Society Editor, 109

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GENERAL ULYSSES SIMPSON GRANT

General Ulysses S. Grant was born April 27, 1822, and died July 23, 1885. He was buried in Riverside Park on the Hudson, New York City, August 8, 1885, the simple burial service of the G. A. R. being used at the General's grave, as it has since been used at the graves of a million common soldiers whom he commanded.

At the same hour of his burial there memorial services were held in many foreign capitals, the civilized world thus honoring his memory.

Of him General Longstreet, whom many good judges regard the hardest fighter of the South, wrote as follows in his own reminiscences: "General Grant had cause to be known as an all-round fighter seldom, if ever, surpassed; but the biggest part of him was his heart. And as the world continues to look at and study the grand combinations and strategy of General Grant, the higher will be his reward as a soldier."

A noble mausoleum has been built on the Hudson river, where, side by side, repose the bodies of the General and his wife. Over the entrance are inscribed his own words, "Let us have peace."

The one hundredth birthday of General Grant will be observed by the American people on Thursday, April 27, and the good people of Salem and vicinity are urged to unite with the G. A. R. and other soldier organizations and their auxiliary societies in appropriate services to be held in the Armory at 2:30 p. m.

Chief Justice Hon. George H. Burnett of the Oregon Supreme Court will deliver the memorial address. Governor Ben W. Olcott will act as chairman, and patriotic songs will be sung by the audience under a competent director. Appropriate exercises will be held in the Salem schools, as will be done in the schools of all other states.

The public services of General Grant, his campaigns and victories, his loyalty to the soldier's oath, taken in his youth as a cadet and held sacred till death, the simplicity of his life, the purity of his character, his generous treatment of friends and foes, his calmness and courage in places of extreme danger—all combine to stir the admiration and respect of the world as has been done by few great men.

In nothing was the nobility of his character shown more clearly than by the circumstances of his last days. In a single day he learned that instead of being a comparatively wealthy man, he had been financially ruined by the treachery and dishonesty of a trusted business agent, and was, in fact, a poor man, without means to supply his household needs for even a few weeks. His good friend, the Mexican Minister to the United States, immediately sent him a thousand dollars which he refused to accept save as a temporary loan; and a stranger who did not give his name sent \$500, he said, "on account of my share for service rendered in April, 1865." These timely sums served to meet the instant personal needs of the family, which were further relieved by a generous offer of the Century Magazine for two articles which the General was asked to write. Being encouraged by the favor with which the public received his articles, he resolved to write his personal memoirs, hoping that the profits of the sale of the book might save his family from want.

The work thus undertaken was pursued under the most

trying circumstances. A severe ailment of the throat made its appearance and quickly developed into fatal cancer that rapidly ate out his life. Nothing in human history is more pathetic than the sight of the great soldier writing on and on while suffering agony and trying to keep alive, by sheer will power, till he could finish his work. Unable longer to speak in feeble whispers, he would write till exhausted and then while resting would sit and gaze at the walls of his room looking into eternity as calm and unafraid as his soldiers used to see him when watching the approach of an enemy battleline, and determining when the moment for a counter charge had come.

It is hoped that our people will pause for a little time to pay honor to this plain American, their fellow citizen, who, a humble clerk in a small store and almost unknown to next door neighbors in March, 1861, had Fort Donaldson and Shiloh to his credit in twelve months, had added Vicksburg, Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge the next year, and in three years was General-in-Chief of the United States Army and in command of a million soldiers, closing in another year the greatest war in world history up to that time with most honorable peace, and was regarded the greatest general of the century.

During April and May, 1865, the armies under his command captured 222,000 prisoners and 1680 cannon.

His own words will go down to distant generations: "Though a soldier by education and profession, I have never had any fondness for war, and have never advocated it except as a means to peace." "Nothing would give me greater happiness than to know, as I believe will be the case, that at some future day the nations of the earth will agree upon some congress which shall take cognizance of international questions of difficulty, and whose decisions will be as binding as the decision of our Supreme Court are on us." Let us give honor to whom honor is due. —G. A. R.

Under the new tariff law skeletons are free of duty. They do not even have to pass the literary test.

David Lloyd George was faced by another crisis at Genoa. He simply gave it the once-over and the crisis turned over on its back and gave up the ghost.

Now Senator Newberry is accused of using his influence on behalf of Henry Ford's latest industrial corporation. No matter which side of the road he is on he seems likely to be bumped by a Ford.

What Salem wants and needs is a new hospital—not a row or a lot of talk about what may or may not have transpired or been promised in the past. Mere warm words do not get us anywhere.

A Washington dispatch says a proposal is coming from the White House for the settlement of the coal strike. Hope it may be one that will make it stay settled. This country is fed up on that form of warfare. Strikes should be taboo; relegated to the limbo of the past; ausgespielt. Nicht wahr?

There were 344,503 more people living within 19 miles of the New York city hall (including part of New Jersey) on January 1, 1920, than were living in the Metropolitan police district known as Greater London on June 19, 1921, according to Dr. Walter Laidlaw, executive secretary of the New York city 1920 census committee. On these dates Greater New York and the "outer ring" as above, had a population, he reports, of 7,820,048 and London county and its outer ring, completing the metropolitan district, had 7,456,168.

The following is a paragraph from the weekly financial letter of Henry Clews, the Wall street authority: "Activity is now spreading decidedly into nearly all basic industries and talk about unemployment has practically ceased although there is still of

course some of it in various parts of the country. The question of unemployment is today largely a matter of wages rather than of opportunity for work. Railway earnings continue to maintain the favorable position which they have been developing during the past few weeks and the satisfactory reception accorded to new offerings shows that the investment public has apparently reached the conclusion that the future has still better things in store. Even in foreign trade, the field where so much retardation has occurred, latest figures point to a decided and steady improvement. Foreign trade seems to be once more becoming a matter of finance rather than of demand."

The anonymous tradition of the American press, somewhat modified in recent years, is strikingly illustrated by the career of John Poord, former editor-in-chief of the New York Times, who has died at New York in his 78th year, from injuries received in an automobile accident. He won the highest position on the staff of the Times as the direct result of his brilliant leadership, as a reporter, in the assault on the Tweed ring. He afterward became editor and part owner of the Brooklyn Union and later, for five years, editor of Harper's weekly. He was one of the founders of India House, organizer of the American Asiatic association, and is well remembered as the editor of Asia. For the past 20 years he has been on the editorial staff of the New York Journal of Commerce, and as recently as 1920 he contributed valuable letters to the Times from China and Korea. He is not even mentioned in "Who's Who," perhaps because he would not answer questions about his life.

SPOOFING CHARLEY HALL

The following quoted paragraphs are from last Saturday's Marshfield News: "If there was ever a confident candidate, Senator Charles Hall is it. Politicians sometimes are wrong in their estimates of support, but Senator Hall has the state so well organized through his friends that he can demonstrate to any doubter. Take a few of the reasons which lend him this supreme confidence, and it will be seen why he will be nominated."

"Canvasses in Portland have shown 49 out of 79 electors to be for Senator Hall; we said canvassers. "An unbiased canvass in the Grants Pass district was made; 60 men in 100 were for Hall, one for Bean and one for Patterson; 38 had not made up their minds. "Roseburg and Cottage Grove are practically unanimous for Hall. "Salem has a Hall for Governor club with 500 members. "These are only a few of the many indications that are showing which way the gubernatorial wind is blowing. "Next Monday night Senator Hall leaves on the evening train and will probably not be seen here until the day of the primary. He has an itinerary which will cover most of the state, and will be back in Portland about May 10 or 11. "After returning to Portland he will patch any fences about that section that need repairs, and visit several of the outlying districts, including Astoria, Tillamook, St. Helens, and will also visit Salem, the home of his strongest opponent. "Tuesday will be spent in Portland and on Wednesday morning his journey through the state will commence. Eugene will see him that evening. He will spend the next day at Cottage Grove, where they are for him but haven't seen him. South of Cottage Grove Senator Hall will visit every town as far as Klamath Falls. He is going south by automobile and taking with him 'Dinty' Moore, a campaigner of marked ability and a man with a very wide acquaintance. What 'Dinty' has built up for Senator Hall in Southern Oregon will be clinched as the trip is made. "About the third or fourth of May they will arrive in Portland, spend a day and then tour Eastern Oregon, to Baker, La Grande, Wallowa and Umatilla and finish, as said, at Portland about nine or ten days before the primary."

that the Scots has no sense of humor, but I've a grand joke for ye! The lifebuoy 'awa' for repairs!

Don't Miss THE UNIVERSAL RANGE EXHIBIT ALL THIS WEEK AT H. L. Stiff Furniture Company

Victim (in the water)—Don't stand grinning there! Throw me the lifebuoy!
Scot—Well, I've heard it said

Coffee Talks! Yes!



Hills Bros Red Can COFFEE

Speaks for itself!

The Original vacuum packed coffee

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The Junior Statesman

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Peggy Plans A Party

Peggy's birthday comes the 13th of the month. Not only that, it comes on Friday this year. "Goodness gracious," said Peggy. "I'll just not dare to give a party. Everything would be sure to go wrong."

"You'll probably burn the ice cream," teased her mother. "I know what," said Peggy. "I'll give an unlucky party; I might as well have a party to fit the day. I'll invite 12 people, so there'll be 13 of us altogether."

She ran over to the table and found a piece of paper and a pencil and began jotting down ideas.

"I'll kind of carry out the idea of having lucky and unlucky things to balance each other," she decided. Then she laughed. "Guess I'll have a ladder in front of the door that they'll have to pass under to get in, and then I'll have a horseshoe hung above the door. And I'll have to borrow Katherine's two black kittens to be playing around the room."

"Let's go out and hunt four leaf clovers before the party," suggested her brother. "We'll try to find enough so we can give some as souvenirs." "That's good," said Peggy,

can make those myself and cut them out in the shape of four leaf clovers. That ought to be all right. And I'll cut out a little horseshoe for each plate with the name of the guest on it.

"That's a good start," said Peggy with satisfaction. "There's

ONE REEL YARNS

"Really," said Miss Pratt, "you can't expect me to read this. It looks just like a lot of chicken tracks."

Marie squirmed and looked up appealingly. But Miss Pratt's gray eyes met Marie's big brown ones goldily. "I'll try to write nice," faltered Marie. "but it is so hard. My hand won't make the letter right."

"You don't practice enough." "But I do," Marie protested, thinking of the hours when, tongue between her teeth, she traced letters so carefully.

"Don't talk back to me," said Miss Pratt. "You will have to copy that composition over before you hand it in. And down the aisle she went, looking sharply at each of the books spread out on the desks. All the grades in the city were writing George Washington's essays for the annual contest, and Miss Pratt was determined that her grade should hand in the finest looking composition books of all. She made the pupils copy their stories over until they were neat enough to suit her. It was only on the third trial that Marie, who was a "foreign kid," was able to make a copy that would pass Miss Pratt's eagle eye at all.

Marie had forgotten all about the stories and was toiling one day over copying a history lesson when the principal came in. They all liked Mr. Phillips, and every one stopped work when he came, hoping he might say something to them. This time he did not disappoint them. "I have something

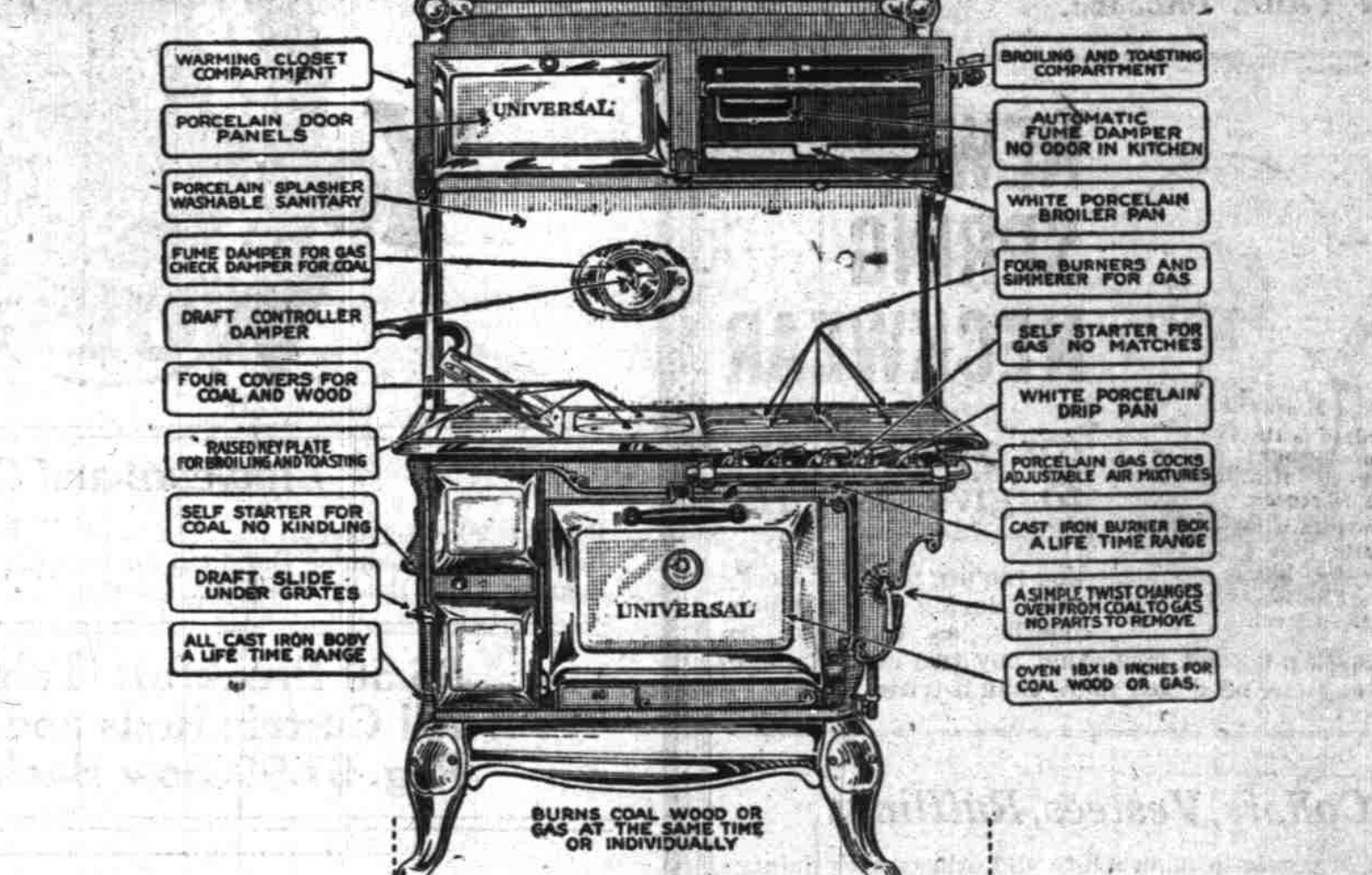


to tell you," he said. "One of your number has won the George Washington prize for the eighth grades of the city. The story was unusually well told. I am quite proud of her. Most of you, I am afraid, pay too much attention to how things look and not enough to what the thought is."

Marie couldn't remember just what else he said, for next thing she knew she was on the platform and the principal had his arm around her shoulders and was telling her he would give her a chance to carry work in a higher grade. It was then that Marie just couldn't help glancing out of the corner of her eye at the silent Miss Pratt.

TODAY'S PUZZLE

Here is a floral charade. The letters in a certain flower have been numbered straight through from 1 to 12. 1, 6, 3, 11, 5 spell perspiration. 12, 10, 8, 4 spell a measure of distance. 2, 7, 9, 5 spell to fade away. Answer to yesterday's: F, hit, tiger, ten, R. How, Why and What How long do homing pigeons live? Pigeons live long, if given freedom and proper food. Some live to be as old as 20 years.



WARNING CLOSET COMPARTMENT

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PORCELAIN SPLASHER WASHABLE SANITARY

FINE DAMPER FOR GAS CHECK DAMPER FOR COAL

DRAFT CONTROLLER DAMPER

FOUR COVERS FOR COAL AND WOOD

BASED ON RATE FOR BROILING AND TOASTING

SELF STARTER FOR COAL NO KINDLING

DRAFT SLIDE UNDER GRATES

ALL CAST IRON BODY A LIFE TIME RANGE

BROILING AND TOASTING COMPARTMENT

AUTOMATIC FUME DAMPER NO COOK IN KITCHEN

WHITE PORCELAIN BROILER PAN

FOUR BURNERS AND GRILLER FOR GAS

SELF STARTER FOR GAS NO MATCHES

WHITE PORCELAIN DRIP PAN

PORCELAIN GAS COCKS ADJUSTABLE AIR MIXTURES

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BURNS COAL WOOD OR GAS AT THE SAME TIME OR INDIVIDUALLY

SETS IN 40 INCH SPACE

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\$5.00 cash will hold any UNIVERSAL Porcelain Range or Pipeless Furnace you may select for future delivery and entitles you to all special inducements of this exhibit.

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