

The Oregon Statesman

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THE BIGGEST THING IN SALEM

The biggest thing in Salem—what is it? The biggest thing in Salem is Willamette University—And, by the same sign, the biggest thing that is happening in Salem and for Salem now is the raising of the million and a quarter endowment and building fund—

For this fund is being raised; the work of securing subscriptions is being prosecuted most vigorously and with encouraging success. In the offices of the committee having this great work in charge, here at the institution, there were yesterday on hand actual pledges for \$650,000; over half the amount to be raised—

And the work of securing pledges is going forward, in all the territory from the California line clear across Oregon; and among the alumni all over the Northwest, and in fact all over the United States, and reaching into Japan, China and Africa.

Of course, this \$650,000 total already in hand in pledges includes the \$350,000 pledge of the General Education Board; the foundation of John D. Rockefeller to assist institutions of this class; and it includes some large gifts of individuals who have for some time been known to be in readiness to make these large gifts—

But it does not include thousands of prospects throughout the field that have not yet been reduced to writing—Nor other thousands that may with confidence be counted upon as the result of the vigorous and faithful work of the friends of the historic institution.

The people in charge of this great task say they will succeed—That they must succeed.

It is essential for the vigorous life and usefulness of this institution.

In this connection, President Doney said, in part, a couple of years ago:

"We mention with gratitude the generous expectation from the General Education Board, and the two or three friends of the University whose deliberate confidence in religious education leads them to place faith in Willamette as the great center in the Northwest of Christian scholarship, character and citizenship. We have dreamed, planned and prayed for the day which appears now to be breaking. It has been in the heart of all; but only those who have tried to make ends meet which were far apart can know the sheer joy that comes when relief appears. Willamette has needed so much because its opportunity has been so great. Surely it is right that all youth who wish to be educated at Willamette should have the opportunity, and with instruction and facilities unexcelled by any college anywhere."

There is a coming true of the dreams and there is an answer to the prayers of the years of the immediate past in the great consummation that the next few weeks will witness—

And there is a coming true of the dreams and an answer to the prayers of three-quarters of a century ago concerning this historic school; and of the dreams and prayers of the friends and builders all down the intervening time.

At the stroke of 12 o'clock midnight on December 20, the

work will be done; it must be done, for all the pledges being taken now are contingent upon the whole sum being completed.

That will be a great thing for Salem, the city that was founded with this school, and has grown with this school throughout all its years.

The students of the institution, many of them working their way through school, and the majority of them poor in purse, are raising a \$25,000 section of the endowment fund.

If all other prospects should be realized upon in proportion to the ability of the givers, the stroke of midnight of December 20th will see the \$1,250,000 fund very largely over-subscribed.

SOMEbody MUST PAY

There is one cogent argument against cancelling European debts to the United States. They can't be canceled; they can only be transferred. Loans to foreign countries were made out of funds derived from sale of Liberty bonds in this country. If Europe does not pay back the money she obtained from the proceeds of these bonds it must be raised by federal taxes imposed upon Americans.

DREADNAUGHTS OF THE AIR

Frenchmen naturally are hailing with delight the successful tests made at Villacoublay of their new giant armored airplanes.

Britishers, just as naturally, are viewing the same experiments with intense interest. One sky dreadnaught threatens to be more deadly than a flock of "Zeps." There is already talk of a closer renewal of the entente cordiale.

Army and navy men in the United States are following the reports on this new sinew of war with the closest attention. They may have a vital bearing on the armaments of the future.

For, beyond a doubt, France has added a formidable weapon to the national arsenal. For the first time heavy artillery has acquired wings.

This superplane carries a "75" and 200 shells, is made of gun steel and hardened aluminum, the wings and planes are impervious to machine-gun bullets, it has a radio and new scientific devices for aiming the gun and can fly at the rate of 125 miles an hour.

By acquiring a fleet of these flying dreadnaughts France expects to make herself undisputed mistress of the air. Unless the nations start a new competition in airplane construction there seems little doubt but she will get her wish.

A steel monster whirling

FUTURE DATES

- November 1, 2 and 3—Polk county teachers institute, Dallas.
November 3, Friday—Republican rally at army.
November 3, Friday—Meeting at Lincoln school to discuss city ballot measures.
November 3, Friday—Marion county Y. M. C. A. convention at Stayton.
November 4, Saturday—Road district special tax elections in Marion county.
November 7, Tuesday—General election.
November 10, Friday—Apollo club concert at army.
November 11, Saturday—Armistice day, legal holiday.
November 12, Monday—Scottish Rite Masons to meet in Salem.
November 14, Tuesday—Representative W. C. Hawley to speak to Salem Six O'clock club, First Methodist church.
November 30, Thursday—Thanksgiving day.
December 2, Saturday—Bazaar, St. Paul's Church, 560 Chemeketa.

through the air at 100 miles an hour, armed with a "75" firing thirty shots a minute, is a foe man to command respect. With a whole fleet of them at her disposal France wouldn't need any channel tunnel to do away with England's sea defenses. Nor could England any longer urge her sea defense as a reason for opposing the boring of the tunnel.

In fact, these dreadnaughts of the air may make a lot of other problems look different.

22 NATIONS TAKING PART

The following is a dispatch with a Portland, Oregon, date line of Tuesday of this week:

"Opposition to the 1927 Oregon exposition based on the opinion that the nations of Europe cannot be counted on for participation and that it therefore cannot be made a successful world's fair, received a stiff jolt yesterday when word was received at exposition headquarters from the Brazilian delegation in Washington, D. C., that 22 nations are now participating in the world's fair in Brazil.

"The information was obtained by the office of Congressman McArthur from the consulate in Washington and shows that of the 22 foreign nations represented at the exposition 13 are European nations which have been mentioned as too 'sick' to take any interest in expositions. The Oregon exposition commission says the situation in Brazil sets at rest the fear expressed about the success of the Oregon exposition.

"The nations taking part in Brazil are: Great Britain, France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Japan, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Holland, Belgium, Cuba, Canada, Poland, Roumania, Uruguay, Czechoslovakia, Peru, Bolivia, Mexico, Chile, Argentina and the United States.

VOCATIONAL EDUCATION

"The present trend of education seems to be to make these three subjects—the home, agriculture, and industry—the basis of universal, democratic education." Whoever wrote the above fugitive quotation has expressed in a paragraph the vision of those who are advocating vocational education.

Over in the Philippines there is a deadlock for speaker of the legislature on. Isn't it wonderful how quickly our wards get the hang of American ways?

"GETS YOU NOWHERE BUT BACK"

Editor Statesman:

"He who steals my purse steals trash. 'Tis mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands. But he who filches from me my good name, robs me of that which not enriches him, but makes me poor indeed."

Thus spoke the bard of Avon in the long ago, and no utterance since the morning stars first sang their sweet night lullabies together has been more pregnant with truth; a truth that challenges recognition and respect from every normal, thinking and fair-minded person of accountable age.

Another pregnant truth, taught in an old book lying dusty on some of our shelves (too many alas) is that the fellow who is ever seeing moats in his brother's eye carries a beam across his own retina. This old book truth seems to teach us—if we are willing to be guided by it—that if we guide our thoughts in the proper channel, it will require about all our spare time to correct our own optical delusions.

"My good name!" The bard knew its worth. What is there on earth to compare in value? Imagine if you can a good name destroyed. A character assassinated, friends deceived by false accusations have deserted, he stands alone and forsaken. Dependents of former days jibe and jeer as they pass him by. Oh, what a tragedy! And oh, what a terrible responsibility rests on the man who in any way contributed to his brother's downfall! And yet, some there be among us who would "drag angels down" in this campaign if they failed to agree or belonged to the other party. These thoughts suggest themselves to me time and again, as I read over, day after day, the vitriolic attacks of the Portland Telegram, one of Portland's leading newspapers, on the life and character of Mr. Pierce, Democratic candidate for governor. And anyone guilty of supporting the public school measure now before the people to be settled at the polls next Tuesday. The writer is an old man. Time and experience have had much to do, perhaps, in softening the political asperities of more than a half century in the ranks of the Republican party. I have voted its ticket consistently for more than fifty years. Not that I thought my Democratic brother unqualified, dishonest, or unparliamentary; but because I thought our party policies more progressive and better adapted to the wants of our people and government.

Most of this time I have been, and am now, a member of a Protestant church. Not that I thought my Catholic brother carried in concealment cloven feet, forked horns and other regalia of the "Prince of Sulphur", but because I thought the faith of our Fathers (not of Rome's) best adapted to our wants and more in accord with the Divine will. Now why are we not big enough in this campaign to respect our opponents' honest convictions, and throw the mantle of charity over those who fail to see clearly as we do? Why not? Vituperation and abuse act like a boomerang. It "gets you nowhere but back." Its primary campaign against Hoff seems to have lost its lesson on the Telegram. It's editor will sometime find out that most people have some of the Missouri boy's spirit. "You got ter quit kickin' my dog around." He will serve his cause much better since his vial of wrath is full to the bursting point, to step outside in front of his office and crack it on the curbings to let its vitriolic contents glide down the gutter to its natural outlet. A great newspaper makes a mighty poor sewer. Cither newspapers on both sides may be as dictatorial as the Telegram. I am subscriber only to the Telegram and Statesman. I commend very heartily the dignified course the Statesman has pursued in this campaign; as a life-long Republican I as heartily condemn unfair methods and attacks. In any party, at any time, by anybody—or any papers.

—REPUBLICAN.

Salem, Ore., Oct. 30, 1922.

EDITORIALS OF THE PEOPLE

Is For Pierce

Editor Statesman:

I notice that the chairman of the Republican state committee is calling loudly upon the Republicans not to desert their principles at the coming election, but stand loyally for Ben Olcott for governor.

The same cry is also being continuously uttered by the soft mild tenor voice of the Salem Walter.

Now I would like to ask Mr. Editor, what real obligation rests upon the Republicans to support Ben W. Olcott? It is a notorious fact that he was nominated by Democrats who changed their political registration in order to vote for him at the May primaries. Even the editor of the Democratic Capital Journal admits that he was guilty of this trick. What sort of a Republican is Ben Olcott anyhow? He does not deny that he participated in the Republican primaries which resulted in the nomination of Hon. Jay Bowerman, but becoming disgruntled at the result, immediately hired an office in the U. S. National Bank building and did his utmost to secure the election of Oswald West. Governor West as a reward for his treachery, subsequently appointed him upon the death of Hon. F. W. Benson, secretary of state. This started him upon his political career a direct result of bolting, repudiating the regular Republican nominee for governor. Why should Olcott complain now if he should receive a dose of his own medicine? The public records show that Olcott personally contributed the sum of \$1550.00 to secure the election of Oswald West. The Oregonian in answer to inquiry some years ago stated that up to January 1, 1917 Olcott had drawn \$25,687.00 in salary from the state. An easy calculation will establish the fact that from the time he assumed office, April 17, 1911 up to January 1, 1923, he will have drawn from the state of Oregon the huge emoluments of over \$57,000.00.

Has he been worth it? I have been a Republican voter for 35 years and so far have a clear record. I have voted it "straight." I am tempted however this year to break my record and vote for Walter M. Pierce.

—INDEPENDENT REPUBLICAN

Salem, Oct. 28, 1922.

BITS FOR BREAKFAST

It is going strong—Willamette's endowment campaign.

It has to win; in the bright



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to \$42.50 For Suits Made to Measure

They're all 100 percent pure wool Worsted in the very latest weaves and colorings.

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SCOTCH WOOLEN MILLS 426 STATE ST.

lexicon of its backers there is no such word as fail.

Success comes in cans; failure in cants. There are no cants in Willamette's book of deeds.

Down at Astoria business was thrown out of joint by a big saw-mill fire. Nothing of the kind should be allowed to happen in Salem. Vote for the two city measures. Give the council money to properly equip the fire department, and authority in keeping with its responsibilities in conducting the city's affairs.

Stinnes, the colossus of that country, says the eight-hour day is retarding Germany's economic recovery, and there is a movement there for a longer working day. In this country the big fight is for a shorter working day

than eight hours. Thousands of printers in commercial plants in the United States struck last year for the 44-hour week; and now the shops in America are about equally divided between the 44 and 48-hour week.

The Slogan subject for The Statesman of next Thursday is walnuts. There is a race on between the filbert and the walnut industries. The stiffer the race, and the longer, the better for the Salem district. Great prosperity lies that way in the future. There will never be too many nuts of these varieties in this section.

MINNEAPOLIS WHEAT

MINNEAPOLIS, Nov. 2.—Wheat cash No. 1 northern 1.15 a 1.21; December 1.11; May 1.11-7-8.

Brings More Comfort to Mother. Nelson Bros. 355 Chemeketa Phone 1906. SUNBEAM PIPE and PIPELESS FURNACES. Mother has enough work without worrying about a balky furnace or mussed stove. Let us install a Sunbeam Furnace and she'll never again complain to you about the house being cold. And she won't be reminding you so often that the coal pile's getting low—because the Sunbeam Furnace actually makes your fuel go further. There are definite reasons why the "Sunbeam" will give you more satisfactory home-heating at lower cost. We'd like to tell you about them. Drop in and see us right away—before the extreme cold gets here.

Cause and Effect. Taste is a matter of tobacco quality. Chesterfield CIGARETTES. Over 7 billion Chesterfields are smoked every year—20 million every day. SCOTCH WOOLEN MILLS. 8000 Barrels of Cement Are Awaiting Shipment. EUGENE, Ore., Nov. 2.—More than 8000 barrels of cement are awaiting shipment at the plant of the Beaver Portland Cement company at Gold Hill and cannot be moved on account of the car shortage said P. L. Jones, field engineer of the Portland Cement association who was here today. Mr. Jones said that if the product could be shipped to other parts of the state where it is needed the cement shortage that has existed for a long time would be relieved to a large extent. Building operations at many Oregon towns are being seriously retarded by the cement shortage.

The Junior Statesman

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THE FUN BOX

Open the Lid and Laugh. A Sunday Question. A School Girl's Song. I like to lie and watch the sky, Indulge in dreams and wishes. And while away a pleasant day—While others wash the dishes.

The Right Place. "Is this a second-hand store?" "Yes." "Well, I want one for my watch."

Explaining. A strange woman entering the church had gone to the wrong pew. The nervous young usher came up to her: "Madam, no, pardon, but you are occupying the wrong pie. Allow me to sew you to another sheet."

A Soft Answer. Freshman: "I'm doing my best to get ahead." Sophomore: "You need one."

THE SHORT STORY, JR.

CHOOSING A MOTHER. At last Mary had made up her mind she would run away. She could stand it no longer. That very morning her mother had punished her by sending her to bed. Mary considered herself far too grown-up to be sent to bed. When a girl is as old as Mary she shouldn't be treated like a baby. Mary was seven. Mary's mother was going to a



dinner party, so she would run away that afternoon. She had decided that the best way would be to go out and look for a new mother. She would go over to the park and sit on a bench and watch the women go past. Just as soon as a beautiful, kind lady came along, Mary would ask her if she didn't want a little girl. Of course she would say "yes," and would take her home to live in a wonderful house.

As soon as her mother left for the dinner party, Mary put on her best dress and stole out the back door, for she didn't want any of the neighbors to see her.

She hurried down the street to the park, where she sat on a bench near the entrance and waited for her new mother to come along.

The first woman to pass was a slovenly person dragging a dirty child in each hand. Mary shuddered when she thought of having her for a mother. Then an ugly fat little woman passed carrying a little poodle dog. Mary would have liked the dog, but she didn't want the mother. One after another they passed, but there was something wrong with every one of them. She began to be discouraged. It was getting dark, but she could see quite plain

enough to know that she didn't want any of them for her mother. It got darker and darker and Mary was getting cold. "I guess I can't be so particular," she sighed. Just then through the dark came the very mother she was looking for. She was tall and beautiful, and by the way she walked Mary just knew she was kind and good. Her heart skipped a beat. She jumped down and pulled at the lady's sleeve.

"Pardon me," she began. The lady turned. "Why, honey," she cried, "did you come to meet mother? You must never come so far after dark again. What would mother do if something should happen to her little girl?"

Mother held her tight in her arms and Mary decided she would not look for a new mother any more that night.

PICTURE PUZZLE

WHAT 3 EXPLORERS ARE THESE?



Answer to yesterday's Catalogue.