

The Oregon Statesman

Issued Daily Except Monday by THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING COMPANY 215 S. Commercial St., Salem, Oregon (Portland Office, 627 Board of Trade Building. Phone Automatic 511-93)

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and also the local news published herein.

R. 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, 106

Entered at the Postoffice in Salem, Oregon, as second class matter

ALSO TO THE DISGUST OF NATIONS

"Uncle Sam will not be officially represented at the conference at Lausanne, but the American ambassadors to Italy and Switzerland, together with an admiral and a staff of secretaries, will be listed and commissioned as observers. If they are asked questions they will answer them—giving the American opinion upon the problems that arise. But they are not expected to take the initiative or to contribute any volunteer testimony. All of which smatters of jest and doubtless the delegates from other countries will chuckle to themselves while propounding queries to the flock of amiable Americans present. America will have the largest representation on the grounds, but will not be officially present. Uncle Sam is the most impressive unofficial in the universe. It contributes to the gaiety of nations."

The above is from the Los Angeles Times. Yes; it contributes to the gaiety of nations—And also to the disgust of the world.

We are being constantly told by the Washington authorities of high and low degree that the United States does not desire to be provincial in its attitude towards international affairs; that we do not intend to hold aloof from the affairs of the world; that, above all else, we wish to be unselfish and considerate in respect to the affairs that affect all peoples—

And yet we go on being provincial and aloof and selfish—Or, what is as bad, or worse, we persist in conduct that leaves in the minds of other peoples the belief that we are all of that, and more—

Leaves the conviction that we are provincial and aloof and selfish; and still we persist in sticking our noses into the business of other peoples, without taking any of the burdens and responsibilities of attempting to help settle the troubled affairs of the world—

As though our leaders were idiots enough to think that troubles among other nations any where could not reach or affect us.

The whole people of the United States are thus made to appear asinine in the eyes of the thinking people of all other countries—

When the fact is, a large majority of the people of the United States who think and feel and have sympathy for mankind in general have no agreement with this attitude.

It is high time we took stock of ourselves as a nation, and the prodings that the Tiger of France is administering will be good for the American soul—

And the events of the future, and perhaps of the next two years, or even a much shorter time, will, this writer predicts, show the people of the United States as misrepresented in this reputation for provincialism and aloofness and selfishness.

Not that we will or should necessarily join the League of Nations as it is; or without reservations, or with any particular set of reservations—

But we should in some way join in an "agreement among the nations to preserve the peace of the world," which the Republican platform of 1920 pledged the present administration to do, and which it is bound to do, and do it openly and constructively, or acknowledge the repudiation of that pledge.

The bunchgrassers want all the state offices. They think it is their turn.

Why not get Georges Clemenceau to extend his proposed American tour to Los Angeles. The "Tiger" would get the kick of his young life out of a visit to Hollywood.—Los Angeles Times.

The Salem district should produce more raspberries, in order to give our factories a well balanced ration; fill out their "lines." The Statesman of next Thursday is going to try to prove that it will pay to do so. The Slogan editor needs your help, if you are able to give it.

There is plenty of room for the penitentiary flax plant and the cooperative company, too—and 1000 others like them—running all the way up from the production of the flax in the field to the making of the finest linen the world has ever seen, which can be done and ought to be done here in Salem; and will be done, in due course of time, because nature has so decreed.

A friend at the writer's elbow thinks this gyroscope attachment that will enable an airplane to fly 100 miles or more without a pilot will be a fine thing to try out the Democratic machine a year or so hence.

It was 159 years ago on the 15th when Mason and Dixon arrived from England at Philadelphia to survey the boundary line between Pennsylvania and Maryland. It was in the year 1763. They were noted astronomers of London. They placed a stone at the end of every fifth mile to mark the boundaries. It took them four years to complete the work of thus surveying 224 miles, mostly through an uncharted wilderness. By common consent the Mason and Dixon line was accepted as the boundary between slave and free territory.

PAYING THE DOUGHBOY

Des Moines Sunday Register, October 30, 1922: The opponents of the state and federal adjusted compensation bills have attempted to complicate the issue by the introduction of many ingenious but erroneous arguments. The question involved is a simple question of fundamental justice, of right or wrong.

Let us pick out six young men who were working at various oc-

FUTURE DATES

- November 25, Saturday — Football, Salem and Eugene high schools in Salem.
November 27, 28 and 29—Marion county teachers' institute, Salem.
November 30, Thursday—Thanksgiving day.
December 2, Saturday—Bazaar, St. Paul's Church, 560 Commercial.
December 14, 15 and 16 — Marion county corn show.
December 19, Tuesday—School budget meeting at high school.
December 15 and 16, Friday and Saturday—Meeting of fruit growers at Woodburn.
December 25, Monday—Christmas.
January 8, Monday—Inauguration of Governor-elect Walter M. Pierce.
January 8, Monday—Legislature meets.

cupations as citizens of the United States in 1917. The general manager called these men into his office and turning to the first of them, he said, "Mr. Doughboy I have a difficult and dangerous commission for you to undertake. You will have to give up your old job and leave your family and go at once to a camp to be trained for your new occupation. You will have to work about 16 hours a day under the orders of rigorous and exacting task master, doing hard physical labor of a new and tiresome kind. You will have practically no time in which you can call your soul your own. After a few months of this intensive training you will be penned up like a beef steer in the hold of a ship and sent to Europe. After some more training in Europe, under rotten living conditions, you will be sent to a muddy silt in the earth's surface in the northern part of France and told to fight for your life. You will be exposed to liquid fire and mustard gas, which will burn through your clothing and blind and disfigure you. You will be exposed to chloring gas, which will get into your lungs, and kill you or make you an invalid. You will be exposed to the fire of rifles, machine guns, trench mortars and cannon of all sizes, firing high explosive shells, shrapnel and gas. You will see your comrades killed, maddened and crippled around you. You will be protected from the elements by clothing made here at home which does not protect you, and your feet will be covered by shoes that fall to pieces. But this is a vital job and you will have to attend to it." Mr. Doughboy replied, "Well, I will go, but I want a little time to straighten up my affairs." The general manager answered, "No, you will go tomorrow."

He then turned to the other five men and said: Mr. Building Trades, you will build the camps for Doughboy. Mr. Farmer, you will grow the food to feed him. Mr. Munition Maker, you will make the guns and shells for him to use. Mr. Railroad Man, you will run the trains to carry him and his equipment and food. Mr. Ship Builder, you will build the boats to take him to Europe. I want you five men to stay at home with me at your old trades and take care of this end of the work. You don't need to work more than eight hours a day and you can live with your families while the work is going on. The matter of your pay I have given a good deal of thought to. You five men have been earning about \$3 or \$4 per day, but this is not enough for your services in these times, and I will start you off at \$10 per day, with a promise of a raise to \$15 and a bonus for continued service. But as for you, Mr. Doughboy, you are going to have an ennobling and enriching experience. You may get killed, or crippled for life, and your job will probably be gone when you get back, but we must be very careful not to put a bonus on

patriotism, and as you have only been getting \$4 a day at your old business, we will pay you \$1 a day from now on and call it square."

If this is the American idea of a fair deal, there should be no adjusted compensation. The legislature of Iowa did not think so and did its part in meeting the obligation by passing unanimously the adjusted compensation bill which comes before the people on Tuesday, November 7. This bill attempts in a small way to make up for the injustice done the soldier during the war by paying 50 cents a day for each day of his military service up to and not exceeding \$350. The cost per capita to a population of about 2,500,000 in the state of Iowa is practically negligible. What it really means is that Iowa is borrowing \$2,000,000 from eastern capital, to be spent in Iowa for the payment of obligations, for immediate living expenses and for investments. The far-reaching benefits of such a loan at this time, to be repaid of a low rate of interest and during a long period of years, are too obvious to need further explanation. Similar bills have been passed in 18 other states and no such bill has ever been defeated. Every man and woman should vote for the Iowa adjusted compensation bill who believes in the validity of a moral obligation.

ON THE JUMP

The proof reader who let it go as "rabbit transit" was possibly watching the procession of Fords from the window.

AMERICAN STYLES WINNING

The grace with which American girls wear their clothes, and not so much the cut of the clothes themselves, is gradually displacing Paris styles as the standard for feminine fashions. Probably, too, the fact that American women spend more on dress than the women of other nations is not without magnetic power to draw Queen Fashion and her

court to this side of the Atlantic.

At any rate, the styles that commend themselves to American taste are the styles that are going to be worn.

Parisians tried strenuously to drag down the level of the waistline and the hem of the skirts, the first to somewhere near the knees, the second to the trail of the pavement. American women resisted both these tendencies. And Fifth avenue has won against the Bois de Boulogne.

Waistlines are going back to where nature fixed them, and skirts are receding from contact with the dust of the streets. Both on hygienic and artistic grounds this is as it should be.

And on hygienic grounds a long skirt mopping up the mire and microbes of the gutter is an abomination to all the principles of health.

So, perhaps, American styles are winning against those attempted in Paris because they are sane and moderate and don't violate the canons of good esthetic taste. If so, this is another proof that the world is getting back to the normal.

COST OF HIGH LIVING

The passage of the Wright act is said to have already had its effect in the moonshine market. The price of the hard stuff has gone up several dollars a quart.



The bootlegger insists on being paid for the extra risks he runs. If he is to be put out of business he wants enough to retire on with comfort. The cost of high living is becoming fierce. With hip liquor at \$12 a pint it is lots cheaper to leave it alone. In time we will have a bone-dry country. The drinkers will run out of money. — Los Angeles Times.

The Wright act is the new California enforcement law, carried at the polls November 7.

With liquor being brought to our shores in sailing vessels, it might be said that the bootleggers have three sheets in the wind.

It is true that Joan of Arc wore bobbed hair. But see what happened to her.

White-of-Egg In Calumet a Vital Element Most Baking Powders Lack

Don't use a leavener that does not contain white-of-egg. When you do you take chances—you run the risk of spoiling your bakings.

CALUMET

The Economy BAKING POWDER

contains a small amount of white-of-egg. This makes it possible for representatives of the company to test it frequently for leavening strength—right on the dealer's counter. Nothing but absolutely fresh stock is permitted to remain on the dealers' shelves. It must always be up to the high Calumet standard.

Remember the white-of-egg in Calumet protects the success of your bakings. It is the economical positive bake-day aid and its sale is 2 1/2 times as much as that of any other brand.

A pound can of Calumet contains full 16 ounces. Some baking powders come in 12 ounce instead of 16 ounce cans. Be sure you get a pound when you want it.



THE WORLD'S GREATEST BAKING POWDER

The Junior Statesman

Copyright, 1922, Associated Editors. The Biggest Little Paper in the World. Edited by John H. Miller

THE FUN BOX

OPEN THE LID AND LAUGH "Natural" History Teacher: "A biped is anything that goes on two feet. John, can you name one?"

Like a Lady The mother of Gladys was having callers when her daughter entered the room. "My dear," cried mother, "you came down the stairs like a herd of elephants." Now go right back up and see if you can't come down quietly."

A few minutes later Gladys entered the room noiselessly. "That was fine," beamed her mother. "You came down just like a lady. I didn't hear you at all."

His Reason Old Lady: "I hope you don't sell papers on Sunday, too." Small Newsboy: "Oh, no'm."

Old Lady (beaming): "That's a fine boy!" Small Newsboy: "I ain't big enough to carry the Sunday editions yet."

Mrs. Cat (leaving home in anger): "Farewell; from now on I shall lead my own lives."

No Wonder A robin spied a garden hose; Said he, "Well, I'll be bound! I'd like to see the bird that pulled that worm above the

On the Safe Side "Say, Mrs. Smith, can Jimmy go swimming with us?" "No, indeed. Not until he learns how."

Did She Mean It "I'm going to be a very near neighbor of yours," announced Mary Ellen. "I live just across the river now."

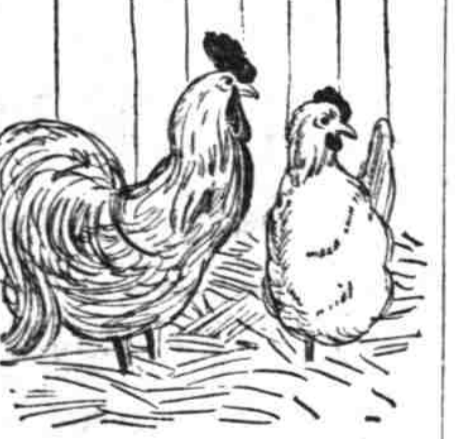
Times Changed Grandfather was telling about his war experiences. "Yes, sir," he declared, "it seems only yesterday that my head was grazed by a bullet in the Battle of Chickashauga."

Grandson looked at him thoughtfully before he said: "Not much grazing there now, is there?"

THE SHORT STORY, JR. CHARLIE CHICKEN'S SUNFLOWERS

"Ma!" crowed Charlie Chicken. "Hey, Ma."

Old Mother Hen tucked her head farther under her wing and uttered a little snore of disgust. It was late and every self-re-



but her wayward son was still out in the barnyard. "Ma!" crowed Charlie Chicken at the top of his voice. "Hey, Ma!"

She made up her mind to ignore his calls; then maybe he would come in to roost. She had spoiled Charles in the past, but from now on she was going to start to be more severe with him.

"Ma!" he crowed, louder than ever. "Hey, Ma!" Old Mother Hen sighed resignedly and flopped down off the perch. It was no use. She might as well go see what he wanted first as last, for he would keep that up all night if she didn't. He was a spoiled chicken.

She waddled out to the barnyard. "Now, Charles," she clucked. Charlie Chicken was not afraid of his mother. "Ma, I want those sunflowers in the sky," he crowed, flopping his wings.

What a bright boy Charlie was. Ma Chicken thought proudly. She had seldom been out late at night, but she had always wondered what those bright spots in the sky were. Charlie, this early in life, had discovered that they were sunflowers.

If they had only half of all those growing up there in the sky they would have enough sunflower seed to last them all the rest of their lives. Ma Chicken thought fast and hard. She was too old herself to start on such a long trip, but what was there to keep Charlie from going. He was such a smart chicken that he could find them alone, she was sure.

"Ma," wailed Charlie, "I want those sunflowers." "Well, be sure to be back by morning," she said, as she pecked him goodbye.

"Sarah, I'm going to kill that crazy young rooster this morning," the farmer told his wife. "He crows all night and keeps us all awake."

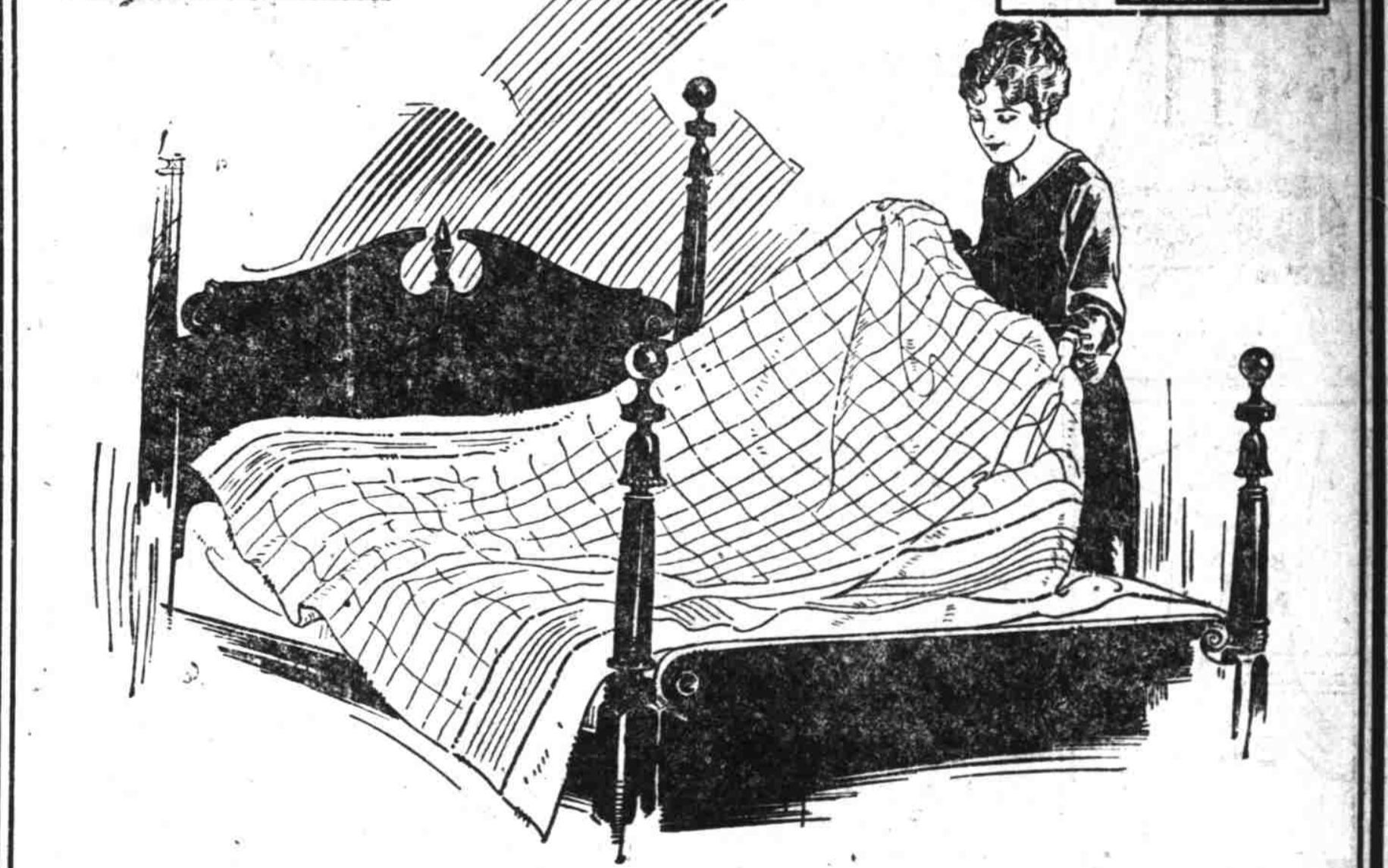
But when he shouldered his axe after breakfast and went to the barnyard Charlie Chicken was nowhere to be found.

PICTURE PUZZLE

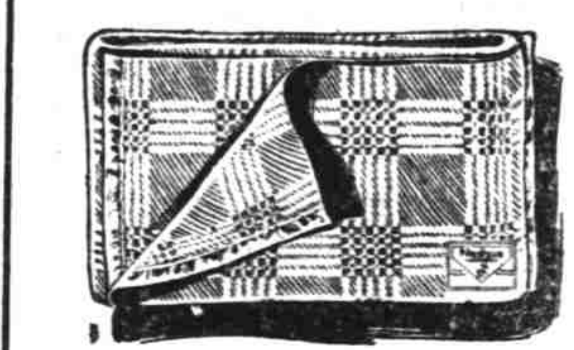
Rearrange the letters in each column and form 5 ditties of the US

T	A	K	A	T
E	O	E	O	E
E	C	O	F	D
S	C	W	F	O
L	G	R	B	R
A	I	Y	L	I
T	H	N	U	T

THE PEOPLES CASH STORE



The Weather Man Says Cold Snap Is Due! We Say "Buy Blankets!"



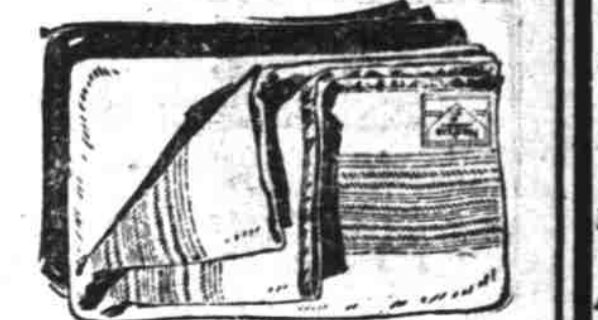
GENUINE NASHUA 66x80 BLANKETS

A limited number of genuine Nashua first quality Blankets, 66x80 in the latest colorings.

Not more than three pairs to a customer.

Fine Sheet BLANKETS \$1.98

\$4.19 Per Pair



72x80 White SHEET BLANKETS \$3.49

THE PEOPLES CASH STORE SALEM ORE. Were \$2.75. A fine soft double cotton sheet blanket 64x80. Good weight. They come in tan and gray with an assortment of colorful borders. 3 Pound Cotton Batts quilted and ready for use. Special 98c