

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 Beacon 1193)

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

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TELEPHONES: Business Office, 33
 Circulation Department, 553
 Job Department, 583
 Society Editor, 106

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

IT IS A GLORIOUS VICTORY

The school bond vote of yesterday resulted in a glorious victory for Salem and a progressive and growing Salem.

For it granted the school board the authority and provided the board with a way to secure the means for a well ordered program of improvement, in the working out of which there will be guaranteed for the use of our public schools suitable and permanent buildings and the proper facilities for carrying on the work of educating and training our children.

This will now be known of all men—
 Giving an advertising value to Salem as a progressive city that could not be secured in any other way. There can be no substitute for good public schools. There is nothing else just as good.

The writer believes the school board will be prudent; that the improvements will be carefully planned and that there will be an economical administration of the funds provided all down the line—

In fact, the school board will have to be—
 For this issue of bonds must last for seven to ten years; and the writer predicts that, although the sum, \$500,000, looks large now, it will look very small seven years from now—

For the increase in number of school children is going to be larger than the conservative board has estimated. Salem is going to grow a great deal faster than they have believed it might. So the amount will serve only by the most careful and economical handling of it; and even then the sum will be found to be insufficient.

MAJOR EVENTS OF CONGRESS

Most of us are apt to be too critical of the accomplishments of our law makers at Washington—

And perhaps in strict justice nearly every American citizen owes an apology to the hard workers of Congress. In summing up the major achievements of the federal law making body, one who is in position to observe closely and impartially declares that no other Congress in American history has accomplished so much as that which recently adjourned. Taking the record of Congress, together with that of the executive departments, this administration has to its credit in the first two years of its incumbency the following achievements:

Termination of the Democratic deflation by reviving the War Finance Corporation, liberalizing credits and increasing the funds of the Farm Loan Board.

Repeal of some federal taxes and reduction of others, thus lessening the tax burden about one billion dollars annually.

Negotiation of the treaties settling controversies in the Pacific and providing for limitation of armaments.

Enactment of a tariff law protecting American industry against destructive competition yet promoting both imports and exports.

Funding of the British debt on terms satisfactory to both Great Britain and America, and stabilizing world finance.

Enactment of the budget law and establishment of the system in successful operation.

Creation of the Veterans' Bureau and appropriation of \$500,000,000 annually for soldier relief work.

Restriction of immigration to a 3 per cent basis, shutting out hundreds of thousands of undesirables.

Legislation placing the meat packing industry under federal supervision.

Enactment of a law establishing a system of farm credits.

Ratification of the Colombian treaty terminating a controversy between Colombia and the United States.

Reduction of the army to 125,000 enlisted men and the navy to 86,000.

Authorization of appointment of twenty-four additional federal judges to relieve congestion in the federal courts.

Enactment of the maternity law which is expected to result in saving the lives of 30,000 infants annually.

Enactment of legislation controlling speculation in grain.

Market value of Liberty Bonds brought approximately to par.

Deficit in the postoffice department reduced fifty per cent.

An Indiana doctor says that the world will be crazy in 2123. But that is a long time for the Democrats to wait to win.—Exchange.

As congress has adjourned it is presumed that Bill Borah will have nothing to object to except the weather.

Is the administration of Bonar Law doing the Learning-of-Pisac act? The innocent bystander on the side lines who is smiling is believed to be David Lloyd George.

"Uncle Joe" Cannon has retired forever from public life. And, like he who taketh off the harness, it is not unseemly that he boasts a little. For the balance of his days he will sit by the road at Danville, Ill., and see the world go by.

Fin job; catching the St. Paul bank robbers. The Newberg officer deserves congratulations.

Things are progressing favorably at the penitentiary flax plant, and there are plans for the gradual development of big things there. It will make the institution self supporting, and start Salem as a great linen center.

What was the one thing Woodrow Wilson lacked? He could not leave Olympus; and now he sits in seclusion waiting for us to rise.

FUTURE DATES

March 13, Tuesday—Monthly dinner of Chamber of Commerce.

March 14, Wednesday—Monthly membership meeting of Chamber of Commerce at 8 o'clock.

March 16, 17, Friday and Saturday—Marion County Sunday School convention at Silverton.

March 23, Friday—Salem Symphony orchestra.

March 27, Tuesday—State convention of Benefit Association of Macabees, Senate Chamber, State House.

April 1—Easter Sunday.

April 2, Monday—Clarence C. Hamilton, field secretary United Society of Christian Endeavor, to speak in Salem.

April 13, Friday—Willamette Men's Glee club concert at armory.

May 11, Friday—May Festival, Hayden's organist, "The Four Seasons."

to him, unable to descend to us.—Exchange.

It has been a long, hard fight; but H. H. Lotz the mining engineer, of the Lotz-Larsen Mining company, whose property is at the junction of Gold Creek with the Little North Fork of the Santiam, about fifty miles east of Salem, begins to see daylight ahead. He is likely soon to prove to Salem that she has a great mining district at her back door; meaning in due time, millions annually.

BREAD HUNGER

The department of agriculture has learned of a new type of economic revolution in Europe destined to have a tremendous effect on the world's markets. This is one of the wheat producing and bread eating. Heretofore the peasant farmers of Russia, Rumania and Hungary produced the grain and all but an infinitesimal portion was taken from them by the landlords for rents. The surplus enabled these countries to be the granaries of Europe, as well as supplying their own cities with the staff of life, and developing commercial centers in the handling of the export trade.

The peasant was frightfully underfed, but centuries of poor nourishment had accustomed him to working long hours on a meager diet that would not have sustained life in a city person. But since the war the peasant has rid himself of the landlord and has control of his own produce. As a result he is eating much and often the major portion of the crops are consumed by the farmers and their families and none is left for export. The Agriculture Bulletin asserts that there would never have been a great surplus in times past had the peasant been allowed to eat all that he desired.

The resultant situation is most serious and is effecting a wide-spread revolution in the life of the common people and middle class of southeastern Europe. If the grain is to be consumed on the farms the cities will be deprived

of food as well as stuffs for export and will gradually disappear. Wheat will become a prize commodity in the world market and exceedingly expensive. Even if the peasant can be taught to curb his appetite and learn scientific methods of quantity production the old days are forever past when he could be left in a state of hunger so that city dwellers might have an abundance.

FASCINATING WHISKERS

Are whiskers really fascinating to the female sex? Of course, we know that in some of the more benighted portions of Europe no man is considered truly alluring without a magnificent crop of alfalfa obscuring his features and lending a certain mystery to his countenance. But can the possessor of such hirsute adornment vamp the American girl? Heretofore the answers to this question have always been in the negative. It was contended that a diplomat or judge might get by with a flowing beard, but for the ordinary run of mankind to be other than clean shaven was to court single blessedness and the scorn of ladies.

But only a few days ago a Spanish dancer in Chicago secured a divorce from her musician husband and laid all her woe to his wavy whiskers. To quote from the stricken woman's testimony, "He has a wonderful set of whiskers; the women simply go wild over them." Wherever he went the damsels were seized with a heartfelt yearning to clutch his beard and whisper sweet words into his ear, with the result that the adulation turned his head so completely that he threw up his promising career as a musician and devoted himself exclusively to the maintenance of his whiskers in the proper state of "pristine elegance."

One might be moved to doubt his fatal enchantment were it not for the wife's statement that she endured him five years and spent \$40,000 keeping him and his flourishing chin crop in the proper style. So there must be something to the whisker idea, after all. Or perhaps the ladies go on the theory that any man who can sport a beard and not look like a bandit must be a species of superman.

DANGERS OF LIE-DETECTORS

The police department of Pasadena, Cal., now has a lie-detector, an instrument which indicates whether or not a person being questioned is lying.

There has been a good deal in print about those things recently, but this Pasadena acquisition brings it close to home with a little shiver. It is almost in our midst, and the far-sighted cannot but begin to speculate as to its ultimate results.

What is going to happen if some one starts manufacturing lie detectors by wholesale and they are put in the reach of all? Aren't we likely to have to face a new era in business, in politics, in society, in the home?

Will the time come when landlords will have to place their hands on one of those when asked if the roof ever leaks, what the average gas bill is and how soon the new papering will be done?

Will the spellbinder whose eloquence makes thousands weep (after he is elected) not utterly lose his power of oratory is conscious that one of those things is registering everything he says?

Will not hostessing become an utterly lost art?

And what, oh, what are ardent suitors and bridegrooms going to when asked "Am I the only girl you ever kissed?" and numerous other questions which any married man can think of for himself?

Isn't there a possibility that when this thing gets into general use we'll all of us be either in jail or the hospital?

More work, less war

A new means of coping with the labor problem has been adopted in Bulgaria, where every able bodied man between the ages of 20 and 50 is liable to conscription for enforced labor. This is some-

what drastic, but, in view of the economic collapse of the little country and the worthlessness of its currency, the government officials argued that this was the only way to restore conditions to normality.

The law is enforced uniformly against persons of all stations. Whatever one's rank or wealth, he is liable to be mobilized into the great army of the employed at any time. And the period is for eight months straight service, with no excuses granted save in cases of ill health. An amendment to the law will shortly make it applicable to women also.

While this is a decided inroad on personal rights, it shows a disposition to set conditions right in the only possible way, namely, hard work. One of the chief troubles with Europe today is that it has forgotten the meaning of the word toil. Each country is looking hopefully around for some one on whom it can unload its troubles and taxes, rather than getting down to brass tacks and repairing its shattered economic system. While Bulgaria's system would doubtless be a trifle harsh for all Europe, the zeal that led her to institute such a revolutionary means of getting her people to work might be emulated in some form. More work and less war would work wonders for all the nations of the continent.

TRIBUTE TO MICHAEL JAMES EGAN

(By Judge Peter H. D'Arcy)

A pioneer of the early days has passed from this life to the sincere regret of his many friends and acquaintances. As we look down the aisle of memory there are a few of the pioneers who stand out prominently in the days of my boyhood. Mr. Egan was one of them.

He crossed the plains in 1852. He stopped for a short time near what is now known as Philomath in Benton county. He came to Marion county in 1857. He has been a continuous resident of our county for 66 years. At the time of his death he had lived more than the allotted Biblical period, being 84 years of age. Mr. Egan suffered all the privations and vicissitudes incident to pioneer life. He crossed the plains in an ox team, two thousand miles from Independence, Missouri. He was of the sturdy race of pioneers who blazed the way that we might enjoy the blessings, culture and refinement which surround us today. We of the younger generation can not fully realize what a struggle for existence the pioneers of Oregon had to contend with in their long journey before they reached the garden spot of the world, the beautiful Willamette valley.

Mr. Egan in the early sixties, attended the old institute, the Willamette university, the pioneer college of the northwest. Mr. Egan was a gentleman of many accomplishments and an eloquent speaker, well versed in the literature of the world. He had a keen and comprehensive view of the weaknesses and strength of humanity. Surrounded in his home by the classics in which he took a deep interest, and the writings of noted authors, his mind was amply stored with the best thoughts of the ages. He practiced law with much success, for a number of years. On account of failing health he was obliged to retire from the practice of law and engage in stock raising and agriculture. Away from the temptations of the city he lived the life of the country, which brings out the best there is in man. He was a thorough and painstaking student. He loved poetry, science and the sayings of eminent men, and all that is especially good in life. His heart went out in sympathy to the unfortunate. He was beloved by his neighbors and friends on account of his noble character. When the angel wrote his name on the list of those who occupy a high place in the Great Beyond there is no doubt that Michael James Egan's name was written among the first because of his unselfishness and his love for his fellow men.

Mr. Egan's long residence in our midst gave him the right to say, "I am one of the oldest pioneers in Marion county."

A prince of the Oregon nation has fallen. His memory and good deeds will long be cherished by those who knew his splendid qualities.

"His life was gentle, and the

elements
 So mixed in him that nature
 might stand up
 And say to all the world, This
 was a man."

ODDS AND ENDS

By Ella McMunn

I see where 10 railroads and the Tourist association have decided not to spend \$200,000 advertising Oregon. Very well, it is now quite unnecessary, since we are like a celebrated brand of soap or breakfast food, "we are advertised by our loving friends," that is by the tourists themselves. As an instance of this I may cite the recent visit of the Rev. Martin Feshelhan to some of the big cities of Canada. In talking with some prominent people, one of them said: "Oh, yes, we know Salem, Oregon, as we came through by auto and there heard your wonderful Halleluiah Parish Hinges sing at a band concert."

And speaking of local attractions, have you thought about our wild flowers and shrubs? I am just in receipt of a wild flower catalog from Southern California, and I find that they are so hard up for wild flowers down there that they fairly rave over things we call weeds, among them dandelion and crowfoot. Last summer I found 75 varieties of real flowers within a mile of my home and feel sure that a survey of the state would disclose hundreds more. And a recent copy of the Florists Review tells me that Pussy Willows are now selling at \$1 a bunch in Chicago. Think of the millions of dollars worth of pussy willows that line our highways.

I have Emil Coue's book and I am reminded that he and Clemenceau and my Rhode Island Red rooster are alike in one particular. None of them can write a book. Coue has one idea, and while it is a most excellent idea, after one has read "Better and better and better and better," for 90 pages you turn to Dr.

Miles' almanac all about the liver pills to sort of rest your weary soul. But I do the man an injustice. He has one other "mantram," which you are to perpetrate when you are but sleepy but know that you should be. You are to sing aloud, with a sort of humming sound, "I am going to sleep, I am going to sleep, I am going to sleep, I am going to sleep, I shall not try it. My mother is a patient woman and permits me to have cats and chickens and turkeys and cabbage plants and typewriters around under foot, but if I began to sing in bed at 1 o'clock in the night, I know very well, before hand, what would happen."

Many a happy evening is spoiled by the wife not arranging to let the supper dishes go until the next morning.



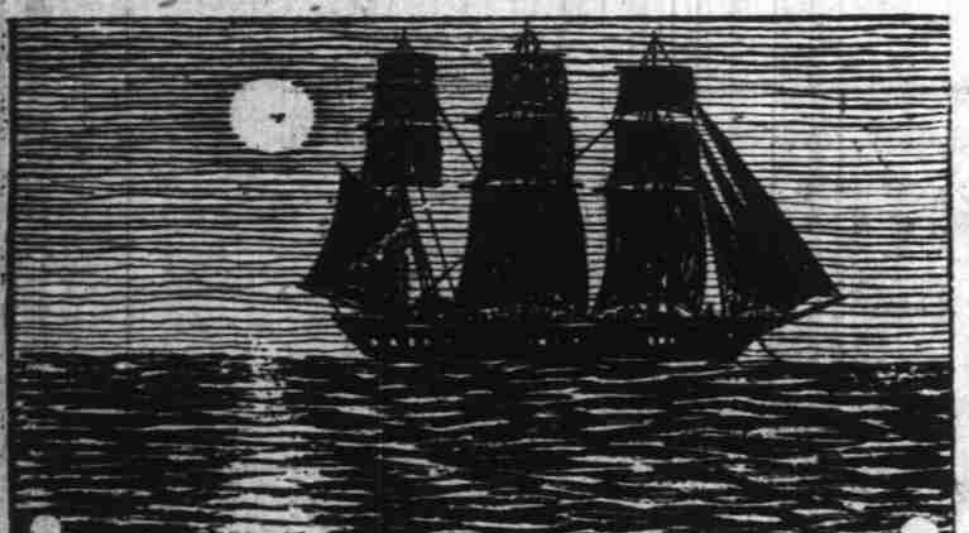
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The Junior Statesman

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For Boys and Girls



BOY ADVENTURES

John Paul Jones' Flight to Sea.

Sea fights of other days were very different from the modern duels between battleships. A big-bore gun was unknown in the seventeenth-hundreds. Instead of ships shooting at each other from a distance, they drew up side by side when they met in battle. The men swarmed over the rails with knives in their teeth, proceeding to cut down every one in sight. Boys, two hundred years or more ago, were tempted to run away to sea when seeking a life of adventure. Young Paul Jones was one of those who heard the call of the water.

John was born on the southern shore of Scotland. At twelve years of age, he began to beg his father to allow him to go to sea. One sunny day, while he was begging very hard, a large vessel called the Friendship, cast anchor in sight of the Jones home. Then and there, and whether he obtained permission or not, young John Paul Jones determined to go aboard the Friendship.

John swims to Boat

The boat was anchored a full mile from the shore, but mere distance could not daunt John. He waited until nightfall, and then started to swim out to it. A mile in the ocean is no small undertaking. John swam until his arms ached. Still the lights of the vessel came no closer. He had about

THE SHORT STORY, JR.

WHY FELIX TIGER WALKED UP AND DOWN

The tiger kept walking all day; "Poor fellow!" the people would say; "He longs to get out And go roaming about— How sad that he suffers that way."



Behind the iron bars the tiger stretched himself and yawned. "Goodness," he sighed, "I believe I'm getting fat! And it's no wonder—cooped up in this little pen the way I am, with nothing to do but eat and sleep. I've tried to diet, but the keeper get worried whenever I do. I just can't bear to worry him, especially when he has a nice big piece of meat for me."

The tiger looked at himself in the glass, at the end of his cage. "I'm not exactly getting fat," he said, "but I'm not as trim as I used to be when I ran wild. It's exercise that keeps you fit, that's what! And I don't get enough. But I don't know what I can do about it. One surely can't exercise much cooped up in this little pen."

"Here, here, Felix," called the keeper, poking a large juicy piece of meat through the bars to the tiger. "Here's your dinner. Now go for it."

"I don't believe I'll eat it," thought the tiger. "Well, not all of it, anyway." But when he had taken his first bite he found the meat so good that he never stopped until it was all gone. "Well, I guess I'll take another nap now," he sighed, as he lay down on the floor of his cage.

"Look at that fat, lazy old thing," cried a boy, poking his nose as close to the bars of Felix's cage as was safe. With a growl the tiger made a dash for the boy on the other side of the bars.

"Nasty thing!" he spluttered. "I'm not fat at all. I know I'm not." That day fewer people came to see the tiger, and he had to admit to himself that he was not as slim and graceful as he had been. Besides, he didn't feel as



PICTURE PUZZLE

WHAT 4 DIFFERENT KINDS OF CHICKENS DOES JACK OWN?



Answer to last puzzle. "So, I meet 'em say piece I go."

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W. Roberts

GROCERIES

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Use your good spinach and mustard greens, also Brussels sprouts, Rhubarb, as well as fresh ripe tomatoes. For salads try lettuce and new cabbage—also fresh ripe tomatoes. We have some good eating apples. Oranges and grape fruit are not at their best.