

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 1192)

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, 73 Circulation Department, 583 Job Department, 583 Society Editor, 196

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

AUBURN POINTS THE WAY

The Auburn district, just east of Salem's city limits, is pointing the way for Salem to become the Petaluma of Oregon.

Starting only three or four years ago, that has become one of the most progressive poultry districts of all Oregon. A. L. Lindbeck, Salem correspondent of the Portland Journal, was one of the pioneers there. Within a radius of two miles of the Auburn school house, there are now perhaps 12,000 to 15,000 hens, in some 25 flocks ranging from 200 up to 650 or more.

The poultrymen there are an intelligent, progressive class of people. They are aiming at the high places. They are students. Prof. A. G. Lunn, head of the poultry department of the Oregon Agricultural college, who met with the poultrymen of the Auburn district last night, found them alive and alert; eager for all that can be found out about how to improve their flocks and their conditions.

The Salem district needs about 1000 Auburns; is getting a number of them, too.

Watch the Auburn bunch. They are going to make the poultry industry the world over sit up and take notice. Poultry is the third biggest industry in the United States, with dairying first and corn second. The Salem district is bound to cut a wider and wider swath in the poultry world.

FROM THE THRESHOLD OF ETERNITY

(American Economist)

The dying words of a man are usually looked upon as being especially significant. In the last public address of Hon. W. Bourke Cockran, Tammany Hall Democratic Representative from New York, delivered just a few hours before his death, are to be found words as eloquent and impressive as any that have been delivered in the halls of Congress for many days. Had he known that they were to be his last message to America, he could not have spoken more important words. The words were these:

"God knows whether the world will succeed in freeing itself from the calamities that are multiplying around it and the dangers that are constantly increasing in its pathway; but if it is to escape it can be by one way only—and that is by the employment of every pair of human hands with active industry on the soil of some product of the soil.

"You cannot induce the employment of human hands in industry unless you guarantee to every man the peaceful and secure enjoyment of all that he produces. When the day dawns that any number of citizens are

taught to believe that there is a more rapid road to prosperity, to wealth, to the possession of capital than the employment of industry and the exercise of self-denial, and that a more rapid way is through the treasury, by the complaisance of, or the connivance of politicians, then the knell of this country's prosperity is sounded."

That is the very sum and essence of the protective tariff policy. To work with one's brain and hands, to increase the material riches of the country, to diversify its industries, to dig into the soil and cause its products to spring up in greater abundance or of better quality, to invent new machines with which to bring forth more and better products, to experiment with the forces of nature and discover secrets which have been heretofore hidden from the ken of man, to make two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, to delve into the bowels of the earth and to bring forth new mineral riches, to turn those minerals into new forms for the use of mankind, is to fulfill the destiny marked out by the Almighty as the mission of man upon earth, as the mission of Americans in and for America.

Work such as this is man's destiny. The man who follows the plow and sows the seed which he later harvests, the miner who goes down into the earth to bring up its riches, the man who toils in the mill, who guides the working of the loom, is doing his part as well as are men with the genius of Edison or any of the great inventors or any of the great captains of industry.

But men need the opportunity and incentive to work. It would be idle to plow the ground or sow the seed if no use could be made of the resultant crop. If foreigners could come in and drive our own products from our markets, there would be no incentive to work. In more eloquent words, the departed statesman stated the situation:

"You cannot induce the employment of human hands in industry unless you guarantee to every man the peaceful and secure enjoyment of all that he produces."

That is the province of the protective tariff. The tariff does not go down into the treasury and bring forth bonuses for accomplishment. It simply protects the worker in his employment. The production is up to him. Protection creates the opportunity, but the individual himself must be responsible for the use which he makes of that opportunity.

When the United States refuses to protect its workmen in their right to work and to receive the just recompense for such work, "then the knell of this country's prosperity is sounded."

Another advantage of the mechanical flax puller—it will release a good many hands in harvest time for other operations in the gathering and handling of the fruit and other crops. And they will all be needed—and then some.

Alimony has been awarded to a man in a divorce suit just tried in Los Angeles. Sometimes there seems to be something to this equal rights talk, after all.

St. Patrick's day, dedicated to keeping alive the memory of one of the world's greatest men because he was one of the best.

County Road Master Jim Culver is planning to put in a new paving plant at Jefferson, in order to do the market road work required in the southern end—the little piece from Jefferson to Green's bridge and the stretch from the Looney school house on the Pacific highway towards Sidney. This will make five paved roads plants operating this year. It will enable the virtual finish of the five year program in four years; at the end of the present year. There will be some trimming around the edges needed next year, but the 100 miles of market roads will be virtually done when the fall rains call "30" on the operations of 1923. The Statesman of next Thursday will have a lot to say about paving in Oregon and in the Salem district, and the resume will be worth reading; and most encouraging.

PAVEMENTS OF PARIS

They allow a certain amount of speeding in Paris. On some of the downtown boulevards a pace of thirty or thirty-five miles an hour is permitted and accidents are much less frequent than in this country. Now the Parisians are thinking of disciplining or regulating the pedestrians. They have classified "jay-walking" according to the American standard and those who journey on foot are to be taught how to do it with safety and dispatch. It is asserted that a common understanding of the rights of others would ease all traffic problems a lot.

JOB FOR LAME DUCKS

There will be a couple of jobs on the new joint commission for the regulation and control of the halibut fisheries of the North Pacific. Looking after our fish should be a fine job for a lame duck. Any statesman who knows a halibut from a handsaw would do well to get in touch with President Harding. The Canadian government will also designate a couple of commissioners—for an international situation exists and it is well that the fishermen of both countries bait their hooks in unison. The need of a group of halibut commissioners has been felt by the nation for a long time and now we are to have them. Possibly they may arrange to supply the fishermen with such bait as they may require.

BITS FOR BREAKFAST

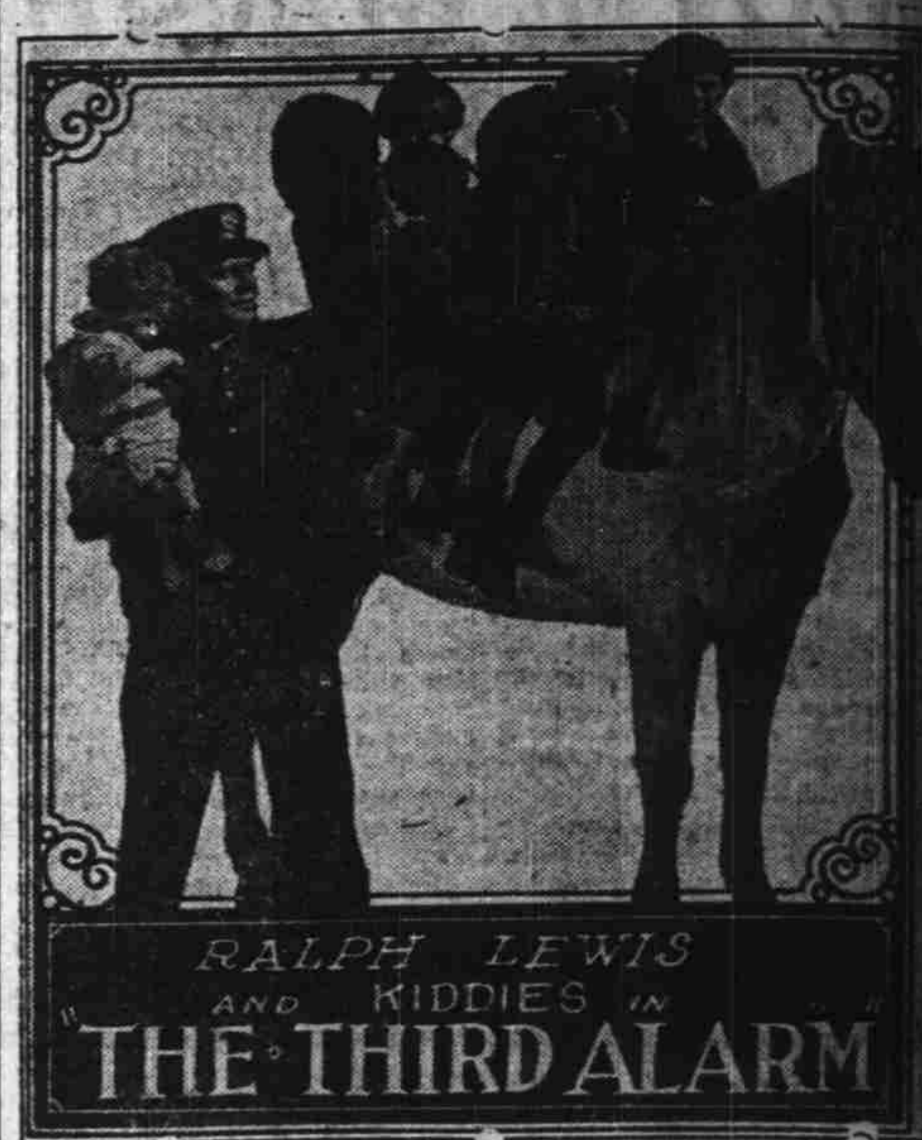
St. Patrick's day. St. Patrick was great because he was good.

This may be a materialistic old world, but the final test of greatness is goodness. Watch that Auburn poultry district grow and prosper, and reach for the high places in the poultry industry of the world.

Some people are just waking up to the fact that Oregon has a Democratic administration; or at least a Democratic governor.

However, what about the administration at Washington? It is asserted that more Democrats than Republicans have been appointed postmasters in the south in the past two years.

NOW PLAYING



RALPH LEWIS AND KIDDIES IN THE THIRD ALARM

With mechanical pullers, there will be no good excuse for mowing any flax at all. It is all pulled, that will add to the tonnage and to the final money returns. Especially when the spinning stage is reached. Some one remarks that Germany will miss the doughboys and the dough. The springing up of the poultry industry in the Auburn district shows what one or two men with a vision can do for a country. If we will all keep hammering on the fact that this is the best poultry district in the world, Salem will be the Petaluma of Oregon; and then some. And this is the best poultry district in the world, too.

FUTURE DATES

March 16, 17, Friday and Saturday—Marion County Sunday School convocation 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 2, Saturday—St. Kader temple of the Shrine, ceremonial in Salem. May 11, Friday—May Festival, Hayden's oratorio, "The Four Seasons."

There will be more called than can be chosen in the list of flax growers this year. It is a pity the penitentiary plant could not handle 400 or 500 tons of flax instead of 200 tons, or that we were not far enough along in the coming flax development of this district to have several independent plants. There is no doubt that the 1600 or 2000 acres to be sown to flax this year could be multiplied a number of times, if there were a market at good prices for the straw, as there ought to be, and will surely be in time. And perhaps in a much shorter time than most of us now realize.

The Junior Statesman

SCHOOL STUDY REPORTS HUMOR PLAY WORK Copyright, 1923, Associated Editors The Biggest Little Paper in the World Edited by John H. Miller

For Boys and Girls



BASEBALL—How To Bat



(This is the first of twelve articles in which William J. McCabe, the National League's youngest utility man, tells the big leaguer's way of playing each position. Mr. McCabe, although still a young man, has been playing professional ball for twelve years. In 1920 he helped the Brooklyn Nationals win the pennant. At present he is utility man on the Los Angeles Angels. Having played every position on the field, Mr. McCabe is able to tell any boy who plays baseball exactly what and what not to do.)

What makes a good batter? Players often discuss this question among themselves. I would say that the player's natural ability makes him a good or bad batsman. It is true that a player can perfect his style in fielding, but it is not so easy to make a good batter. Some boys will naturally bat better than others. To those boys who do not bat a high average, a few hints, if they are closely followed, cannot help but improve that batting ability.

Watch Holding of Bat Holding the bat is a matter

you should watch closely. Most boys have a tendency to grasp the bat cross or back-handed. This must be watched, for if you start wrong it will take years to break the habit, and you will always be a weak hitter. If you are right handed hold the right hand on the top, and the left beneath.

Some ball players who have strong arms hold the bat eight or ten inches away from the end. Others grasp the stick directly at its end. Whatever way gives you the greatest hitting power is the style you should adopt. Once, however, you have decided how to hold the bat, be sure you continue to practice that way.

Don't Pull Away A batter can never hope to be a great hitter if he has a tendency to pull away from the plate. Backing away from the plate is really due to a lack of confidence. Good ball players hold their ground, and will not allow a pitcher to drive them back with wild balls. Don't be afraid of getting hit. It is always easy to avoid the average wild pitch. Stand up close to the plate and determine in your heart that you will hit a strike when the time comes.

A batter needs speed, as he must always run out all his hits. Run as fast as you can whenever you hit the ball. No matter how close in your hit falls, speed is first base, and never consider yourself out until the umpire says you are. Choose the easiest kind of ball for you to hit, and standing close to the plate

swing at it. Then run. Follow these simple rules, and you will improve your batting average. (Next week: "More Batting Hints.")

THE SHORT STORY, JR.

THE SAME OLD TRICKS

Kate's mother was gloomy and sad. Poor Kate was so hopelessly bad; Poor Kate was dismayed. By the tricks that she'd played Which worried her mother and dad.

Mrs. Mathers shook her head sadly as she looked at her daughter, a puckered frown between her brows. "I'm sure I don't know what to do with you, Kate," she said. "I've threatened and begged and punished and implored, but nothing seems to have any effect. What did you do today?"

"With all her faults, Kate was always truthful. "Why, I just took a bunch of milkweed seeds to school and when Miss Jones wasn't looking I opened them up before the fan and they blew all over the room."

"Kate!" Mrs. Mathers' voice was full of horror. "Well, you will have to go to bed right after dinner this evening."

"Oh, mother," Kate begged, but it was no use. As soon as dinner was over Kate was marched off to bed by a very stern father, who had listened in shocked surprise during the meal to her mother's account of her sins.

"It makes mother and dad feel just dreadful to have such a naughty little girl," he declared, as he left her without his usual "good night" kiss.

a lot of flourishes you sat down to play. You thought it wouldn't make any noise if you didn't pump it, but the old thing had some air in it, and when you came down on it with an extra flourish it let out an awful blare."

"They both laughed merrily at the remembrance. "I never was so surprised and scared in all my life," Mrs. Mathers said. "A funny thing happened that night. Mother punished me by sending me to bed. I couldn't sleep, I felt so wicked. But when I crept downstairs to ask her forgiveness I overheard father telling about the time when they were young and mother had taken a needle and thread to school and sewed all the children together while they were having a spelling match. I went back to bed and never told them that I had heard."

Kate thought that a good deal. She did the same.



PICTURE PUZZLE

WHEN FRANK GROWS UP HE IS GOING TO BE AN



BUT FRITZ IS GOING TO BE A



MILLER'S SUBWAY STORE

at a lower level of prices.

Women and Misses Coat Sale Today

Big Values! \$10 New Styles!

Sizes 16 to 44

Just 28 Coats in This Group

Colors—Pampas Reindeer Pongee Tans Styles—Raglan Plaited Belted Strap Wrist Materials—Polairnets Overplaids Soft Woolens For Balmy Days

TODAY 9 a. m.

"OUR SUBWAY STORE UNDERSELLS"