The Oregon Statesman

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ITALIAN AND OTHER IMMIGRATION

The Italian government is becoming as deeply agitated over the question of surplus population as Japan is. Formerly emigration to the United States disposed of the excess numbers, but since the new immigration laws have gone into effect in this country the number of Italians who can gain admittance annually is only 42,000—

Against a few short of 300,000 in 1914.

In that year, the United States received more people from Italy than from any other country; Hebrews, with 138,051; Poles, with 122,657; Germans, with 79,971, and Russians, with 44,957, being the only other peoples approaching their number—the total immigration into the United States that year being 1,218,480.

The number coming now from all countries is around 300,000 a year. It was 309,556 for 1922. Of this number, 41,154 were Italians—the largest number of any group excepting Hebrews, who sent 53,524. Germans were the next highest group, with 31,218, and English next with 30,429.

A formidable question confronts the Italian government now in finding an outlet for her unemployed hordes. The Italians are essentially an agricultural people, and the cessation of the former immense volume of emigration to America has left thousands facing hunger and the bitterest poverty. The government is engaged in reclaiming the last 750,000 hectares of marshy lands found in the country and will homestead 100,000 people thereon. When this number is disposed of the government will find itself in a truly desperate predicament.

Italian officials have sent commissioners out to various countries to study the possibilities for sending their nationals there. The result appears very discouraging. Europe can absorb none of them, the Argentine is preparing to emulate America by limiting the numbers of immigrants and Brazil will grant admission to 12,000 only a year. Asia is out of the question, as white labor cannot compete with the natives there.

The only remedy for the situation would be the development of manufactures that would give employment to more people, and the poverty and economic position of Italy prevent a very rapid development of the kind; though there are great unused water powers in the country. Italy is an excellent proof of the contention of many economists that a large and steadily increasing population is not necessarily a blessing.

The plight of Italy helps to bring before the American people the whole question of immigration.

The Hebrews, the most numerous group now coming, nearly all remain in the city of New York. That city is now approaching the 2,000,000 mark in Hebrew population; it is around 1,700,000 now—the greatest number of that people gathered together in history. Approximately a tenth of the whole Hebrew race is gathered there. More than a fourth of the total population of the city is made up of Hebrews.

There is a vast "hinterland" in the United States; immense undeveloped resources. We need new people. Perhaps we can absorb as many as 300,000 new people a year—

But they should be selected people. The law allowing a mere proportionate number of the people of any nation already here to come each year is wrong. The number is 3 per cent.

There are 42,000 people in Italy who could be absorbed into our population in 1924; if we were allowed to select the men with constructive ability; men who would go on the land and build up the waste places—

And we do not need mere numbers; we do not need more foreigners to merely congregate in the great cities and become parts of already too numerous foreign sections. We do not need more candidates for our over crowded prisons and asylums; we need no more additions to our colonies of bootleggers and moonshiners.

This applies to the peoples of all countries. We want to be the asylum for the oppressed of all nations, but not the dumping ground of the world—

And we must exercise our own judgments as to who are the oppressed; as to who are the deserving oppressed—

And as to whether we need them and can absorb them and make good American citizens of them; not in the generations that are to come; not through the long processes of the melting pot; but in the present.

OUR OPPORTUNITY

The republican party is in the majority in Oregon, and ought to carry the state in the next election. If it does not it will simply be throwing away its opportunity. The democrats win in this state, but they win with republican votes. If the republican party is as forward looking as its traditions and up to the minute in public affairs as it is nationally it will win in this state. On the other hand, if it proposes to let well enough alone, to stand against progressive measures and the reactionary it will lose again.

First of all, Oregon must line up with the national party and be in line with the progressive policy of its administration. Furthermore, it must accept the income tax as being representative of fully three-fourths of the people.

A contest between the parties never hurts unless it gets personal and acrimonious. It is not to be deplored that so many are running for nomination to the senate. It means that after looking over the field carefully they think their party will win.

It would not be a bad idea to have half a dozen candidates for governor. That would give a full expression at the primary and have a good effect in the election.

FORMER PRESIDENT SPOKE

Woodrow Wilson broke his long silence and made an appeal on Armistice day for world peace. His utterances will roundly disturb the people. His sincerity can not be questioned. He has a right to lift up his voice for world pleace.

Mr. Wilson will never again lead the American people but he will always wield a great influence.

America must give its friendly offices to Europe. We must look out for our markets and the sooner Europe is stabilized the better for our markets, and it is much better to send our diplomats there than our army. World peace can only come when we make up our minds to so settle public questions, and not resort to armies unless in self protection and then only as a last resort.

WHO WOULD PAY?

There is not much agitation for government ownership but there is enough to cause the railroads to issue warning. The per cent of people who want government ownership is small, very small. The public would be the greatest loser. Inadequate service, increased operating expenses, and the loss of $300,000,000 in taxes must be reckoned with. Furthermore, government employees are not as vigilant and careful as employees of private institutions. Furthermore, of high importance, the public would suffer from manipulation of the politicians and service would be shot to pieces. What is needed is regulation, justice to the people and justice to the railroads. A square deal meets the requirements of both sides and government regulaion should make this so as to satisfy all interests.

OUR CROPS

The year just closed has been a tremendous one in farm production. The crops have been so large that there has been difficulty in handling them and some farmers have lost thereby. One of our big crops is potatoes. We produced 416,722,000 bushels. Our tobacco crop was also of considerable size. We raised $1,436,738,000 pounds of tobacco, which is the record-breaking crop. Our apple crop was 193,855,000 bushels. The commercial crop is placed at 33,522,000 barrels, with Oregon and Washington leading in production. The crop this year is reported good both as regard to size and quality.

Other crops are estimated as follows:

Wheat, 781,737,000 bushels.
Oats, 1,302,453,000 bushels.
Barley 199,251,000 bushels.
Rye, 64,774,000 bushels.
Buckwheat, 14,511,000 bushels.
Sweet potatoes 97,429,000 bushels.
Hay, 10.,914,000 tons.
Flax seed, 19,343,000 bushels.
Rice 32,737,000 bushels.
Peaches 45,555,000 bushels.
Pears 15,335,000 bushels.
Sugar beets 6,667,000 tons.
Grain sorghums 103,505,000 bushels.
Cranberries 619,000 barrels.
Beans 14,936,000 bushels.
Onions 16,694,000 bushels.
Cabbage 821,000 tons.
Broom corn 68,000 tons.
Sorghum syrup 33,643,000 gallons.
Clover seed 1,121,000 bushels.
Peanuts 647,589,000 pounds.
Hops 17,028,000 pounds.

FRANCE IN THE WAY

It is hard to understand the course of reasoning by which France can justify itself in its present selfish conduct. Although the American administration was willing to risk its life in order to inject the American spirit into European affairs, France would have none of it. The restrictions left the question so limited that America in honor could not go in. In fact, there was nothing to do if she we had gone in.

The cold, hard facts are that France by its selfishness is overturning Europe and all the results of the war will be lost. It is a terrible indictment to make against a nation, but it is true.

If any more evidence were needed to back up George Chamberlain's assertion that he is not and will not be a candidate, it is found in a picture published in the Journal Wednesday morning of George Chamberlain wearing a plug hat. No man who wears a plug hat can be nominated for office in this state. We feel humiliated enough over the fact that one of our senators occasionally has his pants creased and another came back last fall carrying a cane. But plug hat—that's not a part of the Oregon system.—Corvallis Gazette-Times.

CO-OPERATIVE MARKETING

There has a dispute arisen in the president's commission as to what is the most effective means of helping the farmer. Some want direct action; others want to help the farmer help himself. The latter has the approval of The Oregon Statesman. The farmers do not want anything handed to them. They simply want to be given the opportunity to work out their own problems. The farmers are the most independent people in the world. They will win of given a fair field and no favors.

THE RIGHT PLAN

The Oregon Statesman was glad to see the boys from the training scohol in the parade yesterday. There are two reasons for this: the first is that the people of Salem should familiarize themselves with the boys and they will come to like them, because they are a very likeable bunch. The second is that it is good for the boys. They learn to hold up their heads before the world. They are at school, the best school these boys could attend, and it is going to make good men out of nearly every one of them when they grow up.

RING OFF

The Oregon Statesman has quit reporting insignificant automobile accidents. The only effect of this publicity is to make people nervous. Nobody hesitates about going on a journey but a good many are nervous en route. The big accidents, of course, are news but the little ones caused by slipping or from faulty backing are not news, just personal misfortunes, and nothing is to be gained by this publicity and considerable lost in the discomfort of the people.

POUND IT IN

We have watched the Willamette football team carefully in the two games it has played at home and have come to the conclusion that what it needs is to be inspired with the belief that it can win. Coach Rathburn is a conscientious, effective coach. The only thing he lacks is the ability of inspiring the men with the belief that they will win. In the game last Saturday the first ten or fifteen minutes the boys were full of pep and in splendid force, but after the accident which permitted Whitman to score first there was a letdown in the playing and the game was almost listless from that time forward.

THE TURKEY SCARE

A Chicago dispatch inspired, of course, declares that the turkey business is nearly on its last legs. Every year this same dispatch is sent out and every year a few fellows are enabled to manipulate the markets.

Roseburg, a city of turkey culture, reports a 10 per cent increase in the turkey crop and we doubt not that other counties would make the same showing.

The turkey industry admits a wide expansion, of course.

MY MARRIAGE PROBLEMS

Adele Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

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CHAPTER 21

WHAT LILLIAN AND DICKY AGREED ABOUT BESS DEAN

"Well!" Dicky's voice held an ironic upward inflection. "Where's the crippled Cinderella? Did she finally get into the house without any more sophisticated masculine eyes than Pa Cosgrove's gazing at her swollen tootsies?"

I gazed at him a bit blankly. But a minute before, under the pricking of my conscience, I had told Bess Dean that Dicky would get no explanation from me of her inability to walk into the house. But he had voiced his own explanation of her plight—and the correct one.

"Why, why! How do you know her feet were swollen?" I stammered.

Dicky drew himself up to his full height, stuck his thumbs into the armholes of an imaginary waistcoat and glared at me loftily

"Keep Away—"

"My good woman," he began, "you woefully underestimate my powers of observation. If there was a stone or a bush, a chipmunk or a rabbit on that mountain that didn't know Bess Dean was suffering the tortures of the damned in those sneakers of yours, I'd like to see the article. Of course, she didn't say so—she's game as the devil—I'll give her that credit—but she couldn't get away with it. The kid's clever, too, and she staged a slip, with a consequent wrenched back that was a pippin and gave her the chance to lean on us the last part of the way and ease her feet a bit. And then old Lil's spiel about making her comfortable and our not turning around—of course that meant shoes and stockings off. As a matter of fact, I heard the snip of the shears, and Lil's stage whispers when she doesn't care a hoot whether anyone hears or not are mighty carrying.

"So you see I know all about it except how bad her feet really are," Dicky grinned. "If it's just something that's temporary, I shan't care. It'll teach her a good lesson. She's altogether too cocky. But if it turns out to be serious, I'll be mighty sorry I didn't let you give her those larger shoes. Say, do you know you're a good scout, old dear?"

He threw an arm around me and gave me a careless kiss, but though I thrilled to it, as I almost always do to his caresses, I could not linger in his embrace, for what he had just said alarmed me.

"Oh, it couldn't be serious, could it? I must go at once and see."

"Keep away from the buzz saw, that's my advice," Dicky called after me, but I already was on my way to the house.

Lillian's Advice.

Lillian came out of Bess Dean's room as I entered the hall. When she saw me, she laid her finger on her lips and came swiftly down the hall toward me."

"I've turned her over to Mary," she said, meaning Mrs. Cosgrove. "It's better all around. What Mary doesn't know about blistered and swollen feet up here in this mountain country isn't worth knowing. And I don't think Miss Dean particularly cares for my company just now. She knows I'm your most intimate friend, and you—you're in Dutch with the fair damsel. How dare you be able to wear a smaller size shoe than she does?"

"I shan't," I replied demurely, "until I can get to a shoe store."

Lillian stared, then laughed. I had known from her turning the care of the girl over to some one else that she feared no serious consequences, and her laugh confirmed my own optimism.

"That's so," she said. "Your shoes are cut to pieces. Well! I'll repeat my dictum of a few hours back. If you ask me, I think the whole performance has been distinctly worth while. That girl's colossal vanity needed a blow, and it certainly received a Dempsey knockout. She'll stage a comeback of some kind, you mark my word. Oh, I don't mean anything melodramatic or vicious, such as Draper or Rita Brown would engineer! But if she can humiliate you in any particularly aggravating way, Bess Dean's going to do it, and make her own chance if none comes her way.

I went back to Dicky with her words filing themselves away for reference in a corner of my brain.

"I'm glad it won't be serious," Dicky said when I had told him what Lillian had said. "But aren't you getting pretty well fed up on little Bess-ee? Can't you manage to send her home with a flea in her ear, or make it so uncomfortable for her that she'll vamoose?"

"Dicky, you know I couldn't do that!" I expostulated, although there was a tiny thrill of joy in my heart at his query.

"All right, she's your guest and your funeral," Dicky retorted. "But you just listen to your Uncle Dudley! That lady isn't going to forget this stunt in a hurry—and—she's apt to make you remember it—unpleasantly."

(To be continued)

EDITORIALS OF THE PEOPLE

Going to Marion square on Armistice day ten minutes before the advertised time for the parade to start, he found no one in sight but a bakers' dozen of Civil war veterans with their colors.

It was not a warm, promising day, and many doubted if a parade would be attempted. The white-haired group were asked if they thought it wise for them to try to take part in the parade. Quietly but very deliberately came the answer: "We old fellows like to follow that flag whenever we get the chance."

What a rebuke to younger America who humored himself to an indolent holiday, perhaps standing on the curb indifferently viewing the line of those who did feel the urge of patriotism, and calmly neglecting to doff his hat when Old Glory passed by.

Thank God for the Boy Scout movement.

—J.W.

BITS FOR BREAKFAST

Next, Thanksgiving—

And may every one have good cause.

Strawberry growers, attention! In Thursday's Statesman you have a chance to compare notes. And it is good for the industry to do this. It is needed. But get your contributions in today or tomorrow.

Chairman Howard Elliott of the Northern Pacific says that the Northwest is suffering from "gloomy exaggeration" of its present difficulties. This is one of the most troublesome of human ills. If every one in the Salem district should turn booster, all the difficulties would vanish. And we have more good reasons to be boosters than any other people on the green earth.

President Coolidge and Secretary Hughes will not make a Buttinski out of Uncle Sam. Europe can take our suggestions or leave them alone. She will finally take them. "Some day, why not now?" in the language of the advertising slogan.

America gave approximately ten millions of dollars to the Japanese sufferers. That shows the spirit that brought together the Washington conference.

A Salem speeder on the Pacific highway tried to convince the speed copy that he was not going 50 miles an hour, because he had not been out an hour. But he did not get by.

Armistice day will in time come to mean universal peace day. But the progress looks distressingly slow.

Yes; perfect fall weather. But not unusual. Any other kind would be unusual.

Revenge is sweet. New York girl married a cop who arrested her.

If You Need a Medicine You Should Have the Best

Have you ever stopped to reason why it is that so many products that are extensively advertised, all at once drop out of sight and are soon forgotten? The reason is plain—the article did not fulfil the promises of the manufacturer. This applies more particularly to a medicine. A medicinal preparation that has real curative value almost sells itself, as like an endless chain system the remedy is recommended by those who have been benefited, to those who are in need of it.

A prominent druggist says "Take for example Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a prepaartion that I have sold for many years and never hesitate to recommend, for in almost every case it shows excellent results, as many of my customers testify. No other kidney remedy has so large a sale."

According to sworn statements and verified testimony of thousands who have used the preparation, the success of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is due to the fact so many people claim, that it fulfils almost every wish in overcoming kidney, liver and bladder ailments, corrects urinary troubles and neutralizes the uric acid which causes rheumatism.

You may receive a sample bottle of Swamp-Root by Parcel Post. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and enclose ten cents; also mention this paper. Large and medium size bottles for sale at all drug stores.

FUTURE DATES

November 11 to 29—Seventh annual Red Cross roll call.
November 12, Monday—Armistice day celebration in Salem.
November 12, Monday—Football, Salem high and Eugene high, at Salem.
November 13, Tuesday—Special school election on question of buying site and building junior high school
November 17, Saturday—First Annual Pioneer Rally, YMCA.
November 17, Saturday—Football, Sa
November 17, Saturday—First annual Pioneer club rally.
November 18-24—Father and Son week.
November 22, 23 and 24—Corn show and industrial exhibit at armory under auspices Chamber of Commerce.
November 23, Friday—Football, Willamette vs. Pacific, probably at Portland.
November 23, Friday—Football, Salem high and Albany high, at Albany
November 23, Friday—Closing Program Daily Bible School.
November 23 and 24, Friday and Saturday—Annual home-coming and Oregon OAC football game at University of Oregon.
November 24, Saturday—WRC all day bazaar and cooked food sale.
November 29, Thursday—Football, Salem high and Medford high at Medford. lem high and Corvallis high, at Corvallis.
November 29 Thursday—Football, Willamette vs. College of Idaho, at Boise
November 30-December 1 and 2, Friday, Saturday and Sunday—Willamette Valley Older Boys Conference, Portland.
December 4, Tuesday, election of officers, American Legion.
December 5 and 6, Wednesday and Thursday—Western Walnut Growers meet at Chamber of Commerce.
December 12, Wednesday—Annual Rotarian ladies' night.
January 12, Saturday—Muscovite ceremonial at Albany.
February 23, Saturday—Dedication of statue "The Circuit Rider," in state house grounds.

THINGS TO DO

THE BOYS AND GIRLS NEWSPAPER

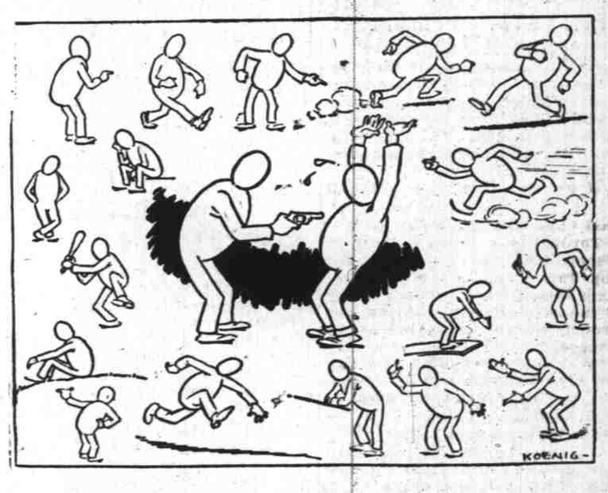
The Biggest Little Paper in the World

LOADS OF FUN

Copyright, 1923, Associated Editors.

Edited by John M. Miller.

HOW TO CARTOON



THE FIGURE

The easiest way to draw the human figure is by the "oval method." In this method a small oval or egg is used for the head, a larger one for the trunk of the body, and then the arms and legs are added.

Notice how simply the above sketches are drawn! no features are included, yet they are full of action. A cartoonist usually sketches his figures in by this method, then goes over them carefully, adding the facial features, the hair, clothing, etc.

Practice drawing the figures on this chart—don't try to add details, as that will come later. After you have drawn these figures several times originate a few of your own.

When you have worked at drawing figures, you will be ready next week to study clothing.

WATER EVERYWHERE

Water is water, no matter where it is found, yet there are some fifty-seven or more flavors. Various mineral waters are given a peculiar taste by substances held in solution in them, such as salt, compounds of sulphur, calcium and soda. These waters are supposed to have splendid medicinal properties, and some of them, such as Vichy, Appolinaris, Litha, and waters from Sulphur Springs, Virginia, and Hot Springs, Arkansas, are bottled and marketed.

Artesian water, drawn from artesian wells, is so-called because the first well of the sort in the world was at the town of Artois, in France.

Soda water is made by dissolving marble dust with acid. This makes carbonic acid gas with which the water is highly charged in copper tanks. It is the water with which ice cream sodas are made.

Distilled water is water that has been heated till it forms steam and the steam is then collected and condensed in pipes.

A Back Fence Romance

"I would lay down my lives for you—all nine of them."

A PRODUCTS MAP OF A LAND OF LURE AND MYSTERY

The great triangular empire of Asia, known as India is famed as a country of mystic charm, a land of strange priests in shadowy temples, of dangerous jungles and warring natives.

India is a country of commercial importance as well. Its million and a half square miles are inhabited by 240 millions of people, an area and population equal to that of all Europe, omitting Russia.

England, who rules the country, has added to it another tract on the eastern shore of the Bay of Bengal, called British Burmah, which you see in the insert below India. The empire as a whole has a rich contrast of climate and scenery, and therefore a variety of products.

Fish Named for Animals

Fish may have been made before animals, but some fish were named after animals.

There is the "dogfish," so called because it hunts around the ocean in packs like hounds or beagles. The "catfish" gets its name because it has long feelers about its mouth that look like cats' whiskers. There is no doubt about where the "bullhead" gets its name, for it has a very broad head with sharp, stiff horns above its eyes.

The "boarfish," which is not often heard of, has a head somewhat like a boar with its mouth at the end of a turned-up "snout." The "Eagle Ray" has fins that spread out like eagles' wings. The "parrotfish" has parrot-like jaws and a brilliant coloring much like that of a parrot, while the 'wolf fish," unlike most fish, has teeth which he uses as ferociously as his namesake.

THE SHORT STORY, JR.

Relief for Old Polar Bear

Polar Bear thrived on icebergs and snow,
The colder the better, and so
Poor Polar entreated
His cage shouldn't be heated—
He craved to the blizzard to go.

Old Polar Bear had spent a very unhappy summer because he was so hot all the time. In his heavy white fur coat, he sweltered and grew crosser with every rise in the thermometer. But finally a day came when the chill air of winter blew into his face, and he took a deep sigh of delight. When the keeper let him out of the Zoo, he ran about in the yard, cutting capers. He frisked and danced as the air grew colder, and when a shower of snowflakes fell tumbling down he snorted and laughed in the faces of the other animals.

Now it happened that a new keeper was on duty the afternoon of the first snow, and when he saw Old Polar Bear out in the yard showing his teeth and letting out low gorwls, he murmured, "Th' poor beast, havin' to stay out in the cold, when inside the Zoo it's warm and cheerful!" So he went out and at much protest from Old Polar Bear, poked the animal back to his cage inside.

"Poor old bear, so cold he's lost his mind," said the man.

There was heat in the building, and soon the Old Bear was getting uncomfortable and steamy and hot again. When night came on, he could not sleep, but packed back and forth gazing up at a little window at the top of his cage where he could see the swirls of snow coming down. At midnight, the keeper who had led Old Polar Bear into the hot Zoo came along on his rounds, and seeing the pacing bear, remarked, "It's a cold night, Old Fellow. No wonder you can't sleep," and he turned on the heat more than ever and even brought out a heavy coverlet for Old Bear to lie on.

The storm outside grew worse. Old Bear nearly went mad as he heard the snow beating against the pane of the window above. There was wind and hail and finally, with a great blast, the wind tore through the tiny window shattering the glass, and in swept a drift of snow. With a leap Old Bear was in it. He lay down and let it fall on him till soon a soft cool blanket enfolded him. The air grew chilly, then freezing. In two winks Old Bear was asleep and when the keeper came around the next morning he found Old Polar Bear slumbering away, dreaming of icebergs, and snowstorms and thinking he was in Paradise, a place where there were no radiators or woolen comforts, but where cold was chilly all the time.