

The Oregon Statesman

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TEACHING TEACHERS TO TEACH INDUSTRIES

The following press material was yesterday furnished to The Statesman, and it is gladly given prominence:

Teachers' Training Course "Plans are being completed by the state board for vocational education for the organization in Salem of classes for teachers of vocational subjects and others who may desire to secure training as such teachers."

With national Education Week commencing tomorrow, the above comes opportunely, and this is a good time, too, to say something of the activities in the line of vocational work that are being carried on here now.

For the automotive engineering school is being started, under the direction of H. H. Harris, in the rear of Olsson's used car establishment on Liberty street (the same as last year), with day and evening classes. The tuition fees are matched by the state board for vocational education; that is, half the tuition money is furnished from this source.

Also, Mrs. F. E. Barker has her classes in the Red Cross rooms, in millinery and sewing—the same as she has carried on for three years. It is expected that Mrs. Barker will soon start classes in trade millinery and garment making.

Also, a course in salesmanship is being conducted, under the direction of Allen Kafoury. Also, there will be classes next week, in connection with the Spaulding mill, for lumber grading, under the direction of James W. Graham. These classes will be conducted for two weeks, and at a later time for another two weeks. Mr. Graham has been conducting such classes all through the Willamette valley.

Classes in drafting and blue print reading are expected to be started soon, for the benefit of the various trades—

And classes in plumbing and sheet metal work are also on the program. Teacher training work in home economics will be taken up later by Miss Louise Wood, supervisor for the state board for vocational education.

That makes a more ambitious program in vocational education than has been carried on heretofore in connection with the Salem public schools—

But there are visions of greater things ahead. Salem is the center of a great farming, live stock and fruit growing country; the center of what will become, and ought to be made soon, the world's most outstanding example of diversified and intensified agriculture; of the district that is capable of yielding the most annual dollar value from the land—

From an equal acreage of land. It is important, therefore, that our public schools should take full advantage of their opportunities in the line of vocational education; in all the courses having to do with agriculture and the handling of the various kinds of machinery used or capable of being used on the land—

To say nothing of the various trades, every one of which is now or will, in the course of this section's development and this city's growth, be needed. Let Salem tie up to the very limit with the great vocational education program.

HIS HAT IN

Senator Hiram Johnson is an impetuous man. He wants to run for president and he tried as hard as he could to keep from announcing his candidacy until he got beyond Chicago. However, those who think that Senator Johnson will not have to be reckoned with have another think coming. In the states where there are primaries he will be almost irresistible. He is a great campaigner and the people believe in him.

Hiram Johnson changed California politics upon his election as governor. Up to this time the railroads ran the state almost as completely as they ran their own business, and the state officers were little more than clerks of the railroads. The situation became intolerable and resulted in the election of Hiram Johnson as governor.

As governor of California, it is not an exaggeration to say that he was the best the state ever had. He was not radical, but he was determined. He did so much good for California that the people have regularly supported him by a tremendous majority.

identical race. It does not underestimate Senator Johnson as a statesman, but it has hoped that President Coolidge will be given a chance. To enter the campaign now is to demand premature judgment and prejudgment. President Coolidge has not had a chance to show his statesmanship. Also, Senator Johnson is wrong on European affairs. While his declaration is not radical, his entire career has been against the policy of intervention for any purpose whatsoever. We fear that Senator Johnson will appeal more to prejudice and passion than to the interests of a stable world. However we must not minimize the importance of his candidacy.

KNOWING ABSOLUTELY

There is good deal of doubt in this world on nearly everything. Men doubt their own strength; animals doubt their courage. We read an illustration of this the other day. A dog saw a cat and was positive he had a picnic head. As he started toward the cat he could see her running up a tree and himself barking around there until he got tired. However, the cat had other ideas. No sooner did it see the dog than all its fighting blood was aroused and it not only made ready for the attack but assumed the ag-

gressive. The dog found his courage failing fast. While ten feet apart the dog suddenly changed his notion of his courage and went in the other direction.

That is a good deal like a lot of us in life. We bristle up ready to fight windmills, but when they begin to really think they would fight back, human courage ebbs fast away. We lose all our beligerency and run like white heads away from trouble.

NAME THE HEN

Down at the agricultural college the grand old Barred Rock is swinging to the home stretch on the laying contest, with head and tail erect and those splendid bars reflecting the refracting rays of the illuminous and voluminous sun. She has six more days to go and has 300 eggs to her credit. Those of us who were reared on Barred Rock chickens and their products have always felt that the grand old favorites would get their stride and put these weak little Leghorn sisters to shame.

But we desire to enter a most emphatic protest, by the memories of our childhood, by the memories of every man's childhood, who came from the farm, where the Barred Rock chickens predominated always. We desire to enter our emphatic protest against the hectic indifference to tradition and treason to the memory of all Plymouth Rock hens exemplified when this matchless specimen of hens and hen craft is known merely as M 506.

If a protest does not lie against this then we shall beat the tomtom, calling in a loud voice "Hey, Rub" and enough fellows will respond to clean out the whole chicken yards of the OAC. Our protest is in the name of fair play for decency and for a proper recognition of the hen that is associated with the children in every farm home in Oregon and the country at large. To know this new world wonder simply as M 506 is an outrage and an insult. We have spoken.

SUBMITTING THE INCOME TAX

There is no law against a bird befooling its own nest, because birds do not understand sanitary matters, but the common law of decency ought to prevent a man from living in Oregon and befooling his state. This has gone so far now that the public is warranted in believing it is vicious and venal.

The people have voted the income tax. And did it after every bush had been beaten, every man that could be induced to vote against it was taken to the polls and still there was a majority. It is safe to say that everybody in Oregon who was against the income tax so visited.

If these men who are sordid in politics commit the republican party to a program of reaction it will be just handing the state over to the democrats. Oregon is a republican state and will continue to be republican if given half a chance.

This is a time for all good men to come to the rescue of their party, and we must not permit victory to be broken on the wheel of a polluted political policy by denying the people the right to let the majority rule.

ALWAYS WITH US

In the course of a fairly long life and an average amount of observation we have failed to find the time when a lot of people did not complain of hard times.

Looking back over recent years, we now know that the country passed through a period of considerable prosperity between 1914 and 1920. Yet during those same years it seems to us we heard just as much hard times talk as we do now. With some people times are always hard and always will be. With others times will be what they make them.

REDUCING TAXES

Senator Borah, with vehemence for which he is characteristic, demands that the republican party reduce taxes. He is exactly right. We have cut some expenses but not nearly enough. Of course, we never can go back to the old times, but we can go back to economy in administration, and let off the thousands of needless employees. Senator Borah will be in position to force a hearing and will come mighty nearly forcing retrenchment. There is no sense in spending the money in government we are now spending.

There is a good deal said about reading these days. Some of it is good, most of it is axiomatic. Many years ago Thomas Huxley wrote to Charles Kingsley: "Sit down humbly before facts as a little child, be prepared to give up every preconceived notion, follow humbly wherever and to whatever abysses nature leads, or you shall learn nothing. I have only begun to learn content and peace

of mind since I have resolved at all costs to do this, and follow wherever nature and truth lead."

The effort to resubmit the income tax looks like a cruel joke on somebody, as the official statement since published shows \$1.03 in the treasury. But it may be there are evidences that the milking has not all been done. It certainly will be before these fellows get through.

MY MARRIAGE PROBLEMS

Adele Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

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CHAPTER 25

THE "HUNCH" THAT LILLIAN HAD

Lillian hesitated oddly, as, after our tea, I gave her the opportunity to tell me the thing she had wished me to know. "It's just this," she said at last, patently half ashamed of what she was going to ask me. "Did you by any chance bring your badge with you?"

I knew instantly what she meant, of course. It was the only badge I ever had worn, the little piece of metal which had given me rank during the world war as Lillian's assistant in the important secret work she was doing for the government. Lillian still held an important place in the service, but with an arrangement by which she was only called on for aid when some piece of work which called for her special talents was on foot. So far as work went I had no place at all, but Lillian, by virtue of my own influence, had managed things so that I was still on the reserve list and had kept my badge. But I had done no work since the war ended. "No, I didn't," I replied. "It is in my safety deposit box at the bank."

"Good place for it," Lillian commented, and I could not tell from her tone whether she approved or disapproved my caution. "But it doesn't matter," she added. "I have my badge with me, and as long as you're still on the rolls in good standing, I can lend it you. I want you to wear it when you go on that fishing trip tonight."

I suppose my face looked the startled inquiry I did not wish to voice, for Lillian suddenly laughed. Clear Reasons.

"I don't blame you for that startled - fawn expression," she said. "I don't know, myself, whether I'm getting feeble-minded or unusually sagacious, but I've got one of my hunches, or at least a fraction of one, that you'd be better off if you had that badge with you in case of an emergency. And yet I haven't anything to go on—except—"

She paused, as if weighing and sifting the ingredients of her hunch while I mentally sat up and took notice. Many years of close association with Lillian Underwood have taught me to regard her hunches with awe and respect, to consider them almost clairvoyant.

"It won't be betraying any confidence," she said, "if I tell you that the powers that be are getting all het up—and between you and me their temperature ought to have risen long ago—over certain slimy undercurrents in the seas which the ship of state is sailing, undercurrents which have been unknown and uncharted as long as they are beginning to chart them, and I should imagine—though I don't happen to know—that the authorities wouldn't encourage night visits to a big drinking-water supply like the dam. Of course, the natives like Tom Cosgrove, could fish there at night a hundred years without any damage, and the patrols know it, and no doubt close their eyes ninety-nine times out of a hundred. But every so often there's a spasm of virtuous investigation in all systems, and when it starts, everyone's caught in the same net. I'm positive that fishing at night is forbidden there—did you see and hear Tom when he was asked that question?"

Lillian's Request.

I nodded with a vivid remembrance of the big man's humorous embarrassed evasion of the query. "So on the whole I think it's as well you should have my badge," she concluded. "You may have to go some to explain the fishing end of it, but claim Tom as your uncle or something like that, and say you wanted to see the dam by night—in other words, take all the blame yourself. But," she shrugged her shoulders with a deprecating motion, "probably I'm just the 59th variety of idiot, and you'll have the most peaceful kind of evening. Let's talk of something else. How's everything at home?"

It was an idle question, but it set me to thinking of something I had not told Lillian because we so far had kept everything disagreeable from her knowledge. But a sudden impulse made me tell her of Katie's queer behavior,

and of Mother Graham's demand that I come home and straighten her out.

"I would have gone for a day or two, at least," I finished, "but Dicky would not hear of it. He—I stopped, flushing with a sudden remembrance of the reason why Dicky objected to my going.

"I don't blame him," Lillian said, ignoring the flush. "If I were in his place I wouldn't be left unguarded to the tender mercies of that would-be man-eater that is prowling through this compound."

BITS FOR BREAKFAST

Talking of schools—

Thinking of national education week, beginning tomorrow—

The new buildings out on Capitol street ought to be ornamental; they will be on the Pacific highway. But the main street ought to be on utility.

Note the invitation in the news columns to help boom the poultry industry. If every one will get the vision and boost, Salem will grow quickly into the Oregon Petaluma. That would help a lot. It would be a bigger thing than a couple of new paper mills. And it would not injure the prospects of getting the new paper mills, either.

No, Ethel, the Japanese Diet is not made up of rice exclusively.

Let's not wait for a fire in some tall building of Salem before getting some fire ladders more than 20 feet long.

They have been threshing flax at Rieckreall for a week. They are hurray for the buildings at the penitentiary, and the state flax industry will soon be in full swing again—swinging towards a self supporting institution, and towards the building up of the biggest industry in Oregon.

The country would like to know what substitute Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, president of the National Woman's party, would recommend for the institution of marriage, denounced by her at Colorado Springs as "a sort of slavery."

A half-dozen old battleships have been sold to the junk dealers at a price that will make big profits for the purchasers. Some day we may awaken to the idea that it doesn't pay to make money for the junk dealer.

There will be a number of missing leaders at the coming session of congress. Death has laid a heavy hand on congress since March 4 last. The list of distinguished dead includes Senators Nelson, Nicholson and Dillingham and Representatives Mann, Kitchen, Cockran, Nolan and Cantrell. Three senators and fifteen representatives have died in office.

Shout the gland tidings! A doctor asserts that, with the judicious use of the thyroid gland from sheep, the race in one generation can be boosted to an average height of over six feet. Ex-

To Cure a Cold in One Day Take Bromo Quinine Tablets

Statesman Advertising Reaches Large Field BUSICK'S GROCERY received returns from their advertising in Wednesday's Statesman from as far away as Falls City, which is west of Dallas, Oregon. This proves conclusively that the advertisements in the Statesman draw from a large surrounding territory. The order follows: Falls City, Oregon, November 14th, 1923. Dear Sirs: Will you please send to me, at the above address, by freight, four sacks of Fancy Burbank Potatoes, as advertised in today's Statesman, for which I herewith enclose check for Five Dollars and Seventy-Two Cents (\$5.72) and oblige. Yours sincerely, EDW. G. WHITE. (Signed)

FUTURE DATES November 11 to 29—Seventh annual Red Cross roll call. November 17, Saturday—First Annual Pioneer Rally, YMCA. November 17, Saturday—Football, Salem high an Medford high at Medford. 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 Graydy under auspices Chamber of Commerce. November 23, Friday—Football, Willamette vs. Pacific, probably at Fort land. 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—WRO all day bazaar and cooked food sale. November 25, Sunday—Oregon Trial Club Shooting Dog Lake, Lebanon. November 25, Thursday—Football, Salem high and Corvallis high, at Corvallis. November 29, Thursday—Football, Willamette vs. College of Idaho, at Astoria. November 30, Friday—Benefit dance by members of Co. F, O.N.G. Armory.

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FOOTBALL LESSON ELEVEN Charging Positions CHARGING POSITIONS OFFENSIVE DEFENSIVE

THE SHORT STORY, JR. THAT WILD ANIMAL When Norma went down on the farm She feared that she might come to harm: When Jerry began To chase her, she ran— No wonder she screamed with alarm. "Now do be careful," warned Norma's fussy mother. "You've never been on a farm before and goodness knows what might happen to you. Don't go horseback riding, for goodness sakes. You'd be sure to fall off. And don't go near the pastures where they keep their cows and those awful bulls!" With these warnings ringing in her ears, Norma set out to spend the week-end with her friend, Doris, in the country. Doris

HERE ARE FIVE FAMOUS BOYS NAMED JACK: Peter Puzzle Says— By leaving the same number of letters between, starting with the first letter in the following sentence, you can pick out the letters that will spell the name of an animal: Keep a toy, nice game and a rock or a rope. Answer to today's picture puzzle: Five famous boys shown are Jack Frost, Jack o' Lantern, Jack o' Hearts, Jack-in-the-Pulpit, Jack-in-the-Box. Sweet Remembrance Fanny: "Just what are Italian forget-me-nots?" George: "At a venture I should say garlic." Answer to today's word puzzle: The answer is a kangaroo. 'Tis Sad A deaf man upon seeing a rooster crow at the top of his voice exclaimed, "That bird must be sleepy. See how he yawns."