

The Oregon Statesman

Issued Daily Except Monday by THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING COMPANY 215 South Commercial St., Salem, Oregon

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MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

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

PIE

The well being of Salem is closely bound up with pie. Our prosperity in large measure depends upon pie; we do not live by bread alone, but partly on pie—

In a material sense. We of the Salem district live more largely by pie perhaps than any other community in this country, or any other country. Not that we ourselves have pie for breakfast and both the other meals, and for all the snacks in between, including late night lunch, as some New England people are said to do—

But that we must depend in large part for the markets for what we produce upon the demand for the filling for pies; upon the great American appetite for pie.

Now, it is uncertain when and how pie was invented, or how pie as we know it came to be called pie. The pie concerning which these lines are being typed is "an article of food consisting of a pastry crust with any of various kinds of filling in or under it." That is the dictionary definition of it. The origin of the name is possibly connected with the bird pie; the magpie, or the woodpecker—

And there are many meanings of the word pie. It may mean a jumble, like the printer's pie or "pi." It may convey the idea of a table or collection of rules; or of an alphabetical index or catalogue, as of court records. It may mean a color, or rather white and black. It may mean piebald; mixed, mongrel. It means a coat to some people and as an adjective, pious. It is a liquid measure to some, and to others a foot measure. A pie in India or Siam is a small coin—

But to the great American public a pie is a joy forever and largely a thing of beauty; and to many next to the very staff of life—

And to the Salem district it is a very staff upon which we lean and depend for part of our chance to have our place in the sun.

"It was a common saying among the Puritans, 'Brown bread and the Gospel is good fare,'" according to Matthew Henry—

But it is fortunate for us here in this day and generation in the Salem district that the descendants of the Puritans go further afield in the dietary and gustatory domain and do not eschew pie, but rather chew it and make it a part of their necessities if not of bare life at least of proper and good living.

"I sing the sweets I know, the charms I feel, My morning incense, and my evening meal, The sweets of Hasty Pudding!"

Sang Joel Barlow, in the day of the prevalence of hasty pudding, in the drear times before the great American pie appetite was predominant; in the stage of lower appreciation intermediate between mere brown bread and the pies such as now come out of the modern American home kitchens and the great pie factories of commerce.

This article might run on and on like the brook forever; the subject of pie can never be adequately treated with mere words; not with mountains of mere words.

Our people furnish the fillings for loganberry and blackberry pies, for strawberry and apple pies, for raspberry and cherry pies, for gooseberry and grape pies, for pumpkin and cream pies—and the list might be extended very much. The pies made from these fillings which we furnish to the great pie foundries are all good—each one is so good that the writer has not the temerity to make comparisons, for fear of a troop of disputants coming forward to champion one or all of the others. "There is only one thing as good as a piece of Salem gooseberry pie—and that is another piece of Salem gooseberry pie, properly concocted and baked," says a neighbor. But there are many witnesses who would declare the same thing as to any or all the rest.

But the writer does venture one positive assertion. It is this: No better pie was ever baked than prune whip pie, or prune soufflé pie, as put together by a certain Salem woman—and perhaps many Salem women. Using, of course, the Salem district tart-sweet prune; and eggs laid by Salem district hens of pure breed and high strain. Nor will the writer attempt to go into particulars; will not attempt to describe all the ingredients and the modus operandi. Suffice to say, the soufflé, or the whip needs no upper crust; just as it used to be said in pre-Volstead days that good wine needs no bush.

But as to the soufflé, here is a venture—though it may be only a cue or suggestion. Take it for what it is worth. The following is the prune soufflé recipe as used on the Southern Pacific dining cars, furnished by Allen Pollok, superintendent of the dining car service of these lines:

- 1/2 lb. prunes. 1 teaspoon vanilla Whites of 3 eggs. 1/2 cup of sugar.

Cover prunes with water and let soak two hours. In the same water let them slowly stew in covered pot until tender. When cool remove stones and either cut small or pass through a strainer.

Beat eggs to a stiff froth, add sugar to prunes and gently fold them into the whites of eggs.

Flavor. Pour lightly into a well-buttered dish and bake in a moderate oven 20 or 25 minutes. Serve hot or cold.

FORD AND MUSCLE SHOALS

Muscle Shoals is a long ways from Oregon and we have no direct interest in it, but we certainly do have a great indirect interest. Muscle Shoals in the possession of Ford means cheap fertilizer for the people of the south and cheap fertilizer is one thing that for a quarter of a century has stood between the south and prosperity. The south does not compete with Oregon in its production, but even if it did, it is entitled to consideration as a part of the country. The fight over Muscle Shoals is both intelligent and unintelligent. Part of it is because the fertilizing trust reaches far and ploughs deeper, the other part is that many men do

farmers who have been led to believe that the sale of the government property to the automobile manufacturer would bring them cheap fertilizer. That expectation has been Mr. Ford's strongest pulling point. But the Iowa congressman says it is deceptive, since "no definite provision is made in his proposal for the manufacture of cheap fertilizer, and he prefers not to come before the committee and make personal guarantees that would be binding."

That kind of talk is nonsense. Ford has made a business offer and all the yelpers over the country have attacked. He has not fought back because there is nothing to fight. He made a clear statement and it carries its own argument. America is passing up its greatest business opportunity if it fails to rise to the occasion and give Henry Ford the contract and support to which he is entitled.

LEARNING TO GIVE

There is a good deal of complaint because since the war we have been having drives for so many things. The war is held directly to blame, in a measure it is blamable. For the first time we learned what team work can do in the matter of making collections, but we are not using the big stick at the present time.

Further, up to the war we did not know that there was any way to get these public enterprises, the result was we did not have any. New churches were rare and these other institutions went without, but when we found a way to tap the fountain of wealth, straightway the world was full of plans for drives of one sort or another. We are giving away a lot of money, but it is all well spent and only a few give beyond their ability.

There are lots of public enterprises that take money that must be put across in the next few years. We have learned to give and that giving is not a liability. We will give more in the next few years.

A PITY

The Oregon Statesman cannot enter with any enthusiasm into the petty controversy between the governor and the secretary of state in the boys' school site. There is no site so outstanding but that others will do just as well. It simply means that neither the governor nor the secretary of state is willing to forego temporary elation for the interests for the suffering boys in the training school. We are sorry for this, and more sorry because it is the boys that are suffering and not the men. Certainly there is some way to find a site upon which both can agree. We were told some time ago that they had fifty sites offered. More than one of these fifty can be selected as harmony sites and the interests of the boys cared for.

It is a great pity to have this needless controversy while the boys are paying the penalty.

BROADENING EDUCATION

It is true that education has been revolutionized, but it has not stopped there. In the old days the three R's held despotic sway; a boy had to get education via that route or not at all. A good many boys were set down as dullards because they were not efficient in the three R's. In those days a very small per cent of the boys secured an education.

A change has come. We are now majoring on the individual boy rather than the mass, and courses are being provided to meet the mental bent of everyone. That is why high school enrollment has doubled in the last ten years. It is unfair to any boy to prescribe his course for him, and we know no two boys are alike. They must be given selective courses and allowed to graduate, or education is a failure.

BOOSTING SALEM

Salem is receiving lots of boosting these days by men who have come here recently and noted the possibilities of the country. They wonder why Salem does not have 100,000 population. After they stay here a while and study conditions they will understand that Salem does very well to have 22,000.

Salem is going to have 100,000. The new day has dawned and the abundance of providence is being utilized by the people of the Willamette valley. We know what we are, but knowing our possibilities it is hard to estimate what we shall come to be, but we know that when we arrive Salem will be the center of the richest country in the world.

A CONSPIRACY

There is just one solution of the liquor prosecution and that is to declare a conspiracy, just as Judge McCourt advocates. The

Oregon Statesman expects to publish the judge's address in full in its Sunday issue. It contains the crux of law enforcement and we urge our readers to give it a careful and thorough reading. According to an official statement the prohibition law is enforced 95 per cent in Kansas and 50 per cent in Oregon. The reason for this lies with the enforcement officers of the law. When a man goes to buy liquor of a bootlegger he conspires against the laws of the country and both parties are guilty if a transaction is consummated. Judge McCourt makes this so very plain that we trust his address will be generally read.

OTHER MEN'S WIVES

The Oregon Statesman may be old fashioned, and it is beginning to think that it is, but it adheres to the belief that no man ought to be out joy riding with his neighbor's wife as did this man Miller in Portland. Our friend Claude Ingalls has donned his Don Quixote armor, unheated his wooden sword from his cotton trappings and challenges the world to combat on this idea. He contends that it is all right. It may be all right for him and his, but we do not want any in ours. We never did subscribe to this promiscuous wife idea.

NOT AN ISSUE

We read that somewhere in Oregon the democrats have ordered ten thousand miniature teapots to be used as a campaign emblem. Our prediction is that this spasm will not last a week. Presidential elections are conducted on a higher ground than mud slinging. Real issues will enter in. Before the lines are drawn taut all sorts of loose talk will be indulged in, but when it comes to cases it then becomes a serious matter. The teapot dome scandal is a regrettable incident of government, but that is all. There is no principle involved and nothing upon which a spell binder can go out and entertain an audience.

THAT CASTLE BUSINESS

It is strange that no one thought of calling the home a castle until the prohibition law came along. If a man steals a horse or a dog or commits a murder, he does not expect protection through his castle. If a man uses his castle for illegal purposes, it becomes a road house and not a castle at all. This castle business is greatly overworked because it is a new defense.

We will be mighty glad when someone sails over the North Pole and reaches civilization in the opposite direction. Until this is done there will always be more or less speculation and more or less appeal to the imagination.

Anyway the determination to enforce the curfew lasted two nights. That's something.

BITS FOR BREAKFAST

This is groundhog day.

But whether the groundhog sees his shadow or gets a dose of Oregon mist, spring is not far off. "All signs fall in Oregon," as the pioneers used to say. (All but the good ones.)

If you imagined that Salem would stop growing, you have another guess coming. Watch the development of the flax industry here. That will make Salem the Belfast of the New World.

Ex-Governor Walton of Oklahoma wants a review by the United States supreme court of the action of the legislature of that state in impeaching him. Some men are gluttons for punishment.

Civil war is reported in Honduras. The insurrectionists have been mobilized in a hack. If O. Henry were only alive to assume the role of generalissimo.

Henry Ford is said to be spending \$1,000,000 on this year's advertising campaign, although he needs it less than any man on earth. At that, he prefers to put it into business rather than into politics. For a man who put the horse out of the running he still indicates a lot of horse sense.

FUTURE DATES

- February 8 to 14—National Boy Scout week. February 12, Tuesday—Lincoln Day dinner, Salem Kiwanis club, 6:30 o'clock Hotel Marion. February 12, Tuesday—Annual Ladies night, Kiwanis club. February 15, Saturday—Hotel men of Oregon to meet in Salem. February 24-27—Tuesday and Wednesday—Lions Club minstrel show. Grand theater. March 13, 14 and 15—State Inter-scholastic basketball tournament, Willamette gymnasium. March 14 and 15, Friday and Saturday—Marion county Sunday school branch of religious education meets at Stayton. April 19, Saturday—Dedication of state "The Circuit Rider," in state house grounds. May 16, Friday—Primary election in Oregon. June 10, Tuesday—Republican national convention meets in Cleveland. June 24, Tuesday—Democratic national convention meets in New York.

MY MARRIAGE PROBLEMS

Adele Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

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CHAPTER 91

LILLIAN SAVES THE DAY AND THE PEACHES

It was with much misgivings—for I well knew my husband's little ways—that I waited to see what his "own way" of transporting the peaches I had bought would be. As we finished our acid little colloquy the farmer who had sold me the peaches appeared at the corner of the house and walked toward us with slow gait and maddening deliberation. "Look at that pallbearer," Dicky growled under his breath. "If the peaches are as mossy as he looks you'd better leave them and make him a present of the kale."

"I walked quickly toward the man for fear that he would hear the gibe. "I came for the peaches," I said quickly.

"Oh, yes, I'll get them," he assented and with the same deliberation went back to the house, returning a few minutes later with a younger man and a woman, each bearing a basket of the most luscious-looking peaches I ever have seen in my life. But the baskets had no covering whatever, and I quaked at the vision which arose before my housewifely mind as to the appearance of the peaches when our journey's end should have been reached.

"But they're not covered," I expostulated. "They don't need to be," Dicky interrupted. "There's no room for those baskets. I'll have to carry them loose."

"Loose!" My exclamation was almost a shriek. "Of course. Now don't stage any hysterics. I said 'loose' and I mean 'loose.' Just come here!" to the farmer. "I'll pile these suitcases on the seat, and then you dump the peaches on the bottom of the car."

"Them suitcases won't bounce off and smash the peaches, will they?" The old man voiced the frantic thought which was in my own mind. I had a panic-stricken vision of the appearance of the peaches and the suitcases at the end of our journey if Dicky persisted in his plan. The only gleam of light in the whole situation was the malicious reflection that the only really good luggage Lillian and I own—our traveling bags—was in the car with us. Our suitcases are old, almost at the point where they must reach the lowest social level for all luggage—that of parcel post carriers—but Dicky's luggage is all new and good, and he is quite fussy about it.

"No, the seat slants," Dicky's voice was curt as he answered the farmer's query, and the old man promptly took the hint and came forward with the peaches, prepared to pour them from the basket into the bottom of the car. The woman with him, after a compre-

hending feminine smile at the vagaries of men, turned toward the house after setting down her basket, and as she did so, Lillian slipped out of the tonneau door. "Say, I want to see some jars of jam," she whispered as she turned toward the farmhouse, and I knew that she had some scheme in her mind for minimizing the effects of Dicky's obstinacy. "All Set!"

BROKER GIVES FIRM TO CLERKS.



Five years ago John H. Borg, then 18 years old, started to work for his uncle, John Borg, broker, as a quotation boy. The following year Charles Haldenwang, 19, and William Gilmour, Jr., 20, entered the same office. On January 1 the three will be the sole owners of that business which, in eighteen years, has netted its present head \$2,000,000. It includes three memberships in the New York Curb Market. Left to right—Charles W. Haldenwang, John H. Borg, a nephew; John Borg, who retires, and William Gilmour, Jr.

The Boys and Girls Statesman

The Biggest Little Paper in the World

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Basketball POINTS ABOUT PLAYING CENTER

PRACTICE THE PIVOT



A strong point for the good basketball team is in possessing a good center. A good center should almost always be tall, so that he can get the ball on the jump-off. He must be more than tall, however; he must be fast and aggressive, and know how to handle the ball well. Good jumping is necessary if you would get the ball for your

team at the outset. Practice jumping after a ball which has been tossed up; it will develop you as a center. Another way to increase your jumping ability is to stretch.

A trick which centers, and the other players, as well, must know, is how to pivot the ball in their possession. Here is the way to pivot successfully. The feet should be well apart in starting. Suppose the pivot is to be to the right—the player makes a half or three-quarters turn to the right on the ball of the right foot, trying to just come in contact with the body of his opponent. When this is completed, the ball should be in the player's left arm. The ball should immediately be dribbled when the pivot is completed. The pivot is used to get out of the way of a guard or to work around the guard so that a shot at the basket or a pass to another player can be made.

Randy Riddle Says— Why do umbrellas cost more in wet weather?

Answer to today's picture puzzle: As the books are arranged, from the first page of the first volume to the last page of the last volume would be 400 pages. If you do not believe it, arrange six books as in the picture and count.

Answer to today's riddle: Because in wet weather umbrellas always go up.

"All set!" she called gaily to Dicky. "Shall we start?" "For the love of Mike, yes!" Dicky retorted, and I lost no time in obeying his suggestion.

"Those bags will protect the suitcases a little," Lillian said, "and if there should happen to be any delay on the road, you and I could rearrange things while the Dickybird struggled with the repairs."

"I hope your words won't be a prophecy," I laughed, but when we were within two miles of Kingston an unmistakable loud report told me that one of the tires had blown out. (To be continued)

EDITORIALS OF THE PEOPLE

From Mr. McDonald Editor Statesman: I noticed an article in your paper telling of a "cruel dog killer," and you seemed to regret you could not make public the slayer, so am enclosing my name and hope you will publish this in my favor.

If there had been an eye witness why was it not reported to the police department? This I did, but no one else had done so. The article said the accident could have been avoided, which is false, absolutely so.

One thing that was omitted was the fact I was going at the rate of ninety-two (92) miles per hour in my Ford.

OUR NATION LEADS WORLD IN WATER POWER SUPPLY

By S. W. Straus, President American Society for Thrift

It is a matter of interest and importance that greater public attention is being given to the development of our latent water power resources. Scientists have calculated that the maximum of potential water power in the United States exceeds 54,000,000 horsepower of which we have only utilized about 9,000,000 horse power for commercial purposes.

A better idea of what these figures mean is gained when one understands that one hydraulic horse power is equal to about eight tons of coal energy. Something like 40 per cent of our total possible horse power is to be found in the states forming the Pacific Coast division. Montana apparently leads all other states in water power possibilities, as 8 per cent of the nation's supply is found within the borders of that commonwealth. New York State possesses about 3 per cent of the nation's available amount.

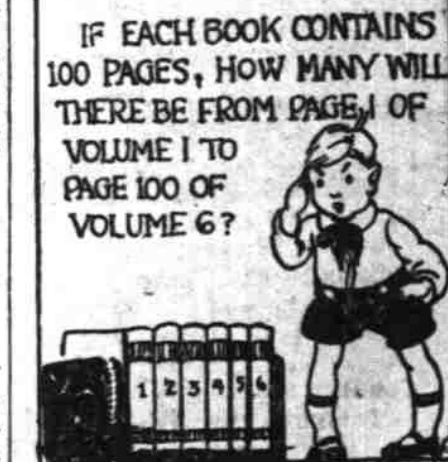
Our lakes and streams possess a wealth of fabulous value and our failure to more thoroughly take advantage of our water power possibilities probably constitutes one of our greatest sources of national waste.

This country leads the nations of the world in potential water power resources. In fact about 30 per cent of the world's supply may be found here. Canada ranks second, China third and Russia fourth. As our nation grows in population, and the cost of mining and transporting becomes more difficult and expensive it will be necessary to draw more and more upon our water power supply, and it is within the range of possibilities that great store house of wealth as the years go by become more and more a contributing element to our national leadership in important affairs of mankind is a matter of such far reaching consequence that there should be no neglect of it through lack of information or understanding.

THAT NAME NICOTINE

The word "nicotine," the official name for tobacco, dates back to the days when Catherine de Medici was the ruler of France. Legend tells that the famous queen of that age of bloodshed was subject to headaches. Catherine's ambassador to Portugal, Nicotina by name, on a visit to his country once told the queen of a new herb that the Portuguese were using. It was taken in the form of snuff and was believed to have strange healing powers. Catherine immediately sent for some of the weed, with the result that taking a pinch of "nicotine" became the whim of all connected with court life, for Catherine's subjects soon picked up the fad from her.

A while back you advocated "Let the truth be known," and this you could apply to this real and unfounded report. Marks on the left side of pavement will show what a narrow escape I had, when my car hit the curb, jumped same and came within a few inches of a fair sized tree, but I suppose some dog-fanciers would chuckle and say: "The big fool should have hit the tree and broken his neck!" C. L. McDONALD, 925 Locust street, Salem.



IF EACH BOOK CONTAINS 100 PAGES, HOW MANY WILL THERE BE FROM PAGE 1 OF VOLUME 1 TO PAGE 100 OF VOLUME 6?

Cap'n Zyb INDIANS PLAYED THIS This is a good indoor or outdoor stunt which Ernest Thompson-Seton showed me. The two players get their feet in a straight line, right toe behind the left heel, and stand about two feet from one another. The hands are raised, as shown in the illustration, and the game begins. Each fellow tries to knock the other off-balance by merely slapping his opponent's hands. It is illegal to hit any other part of the body. After the trial, you will find that it takes some skill to play this Indian game successfully.

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